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HOUSE & GARDEN

JULY 1989

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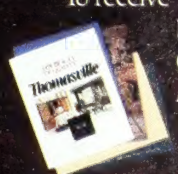


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HOUSE & GARDEN
JULY 1989
Volume 161, Number 7



COVER *The dining table is set with Moustiers faience at La Prouveresse, Jean and Irène Amic's summer house in the south of France. Page 126. Photograph by François Halard.*

On the Rue de Rivoli Marie-Paule Pellé lives with the visual flair that is her signature. By Charles Gandee **68**

Starck Modern Philippe Starck makes his architectural debut with a dramatic house on the Seine. By Charles Gandee **78**

Legacy of Splendor The newly restored Musée Camondo commemorates a passionate collector of eighteenth-century furniture. By Martin Filler **86**

Le Style Jacques Grange Like his high-profile clients, decorator Jacques Grange is an international star. A portfolio of recent work displays a striking counterpoint of luxury and restraint. By Edmund White **92**

Prisoners of Taste For the French, *chacun* really doesn't have *son goût*. By Jane Kramer **106**

Princess in the Garden A cultivated woodland flourishes in the coastal domain of Princess Greta Sturdza. By Mac Griswold **108**

In Her Own Fashion While helping Lagerfeld shape his public image, Birgitte de Ganay cultivates her own personal style. By James Burstall **114**

What Price Glory? To cement his place in French history, François Mitterrand decreed the $3 billion architecture program that has changed the face of Paris. By Martin Filler **118**

The Essence of Provence Three generations of Amics have found refuge in a Provençal family retreat. By Charla Carter **126**

Barbarians at Play Paris designers Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste have polished their neo-primitive style. By Charles Gandee **132**

The Hands of Time The varied treasures of an American's Paris apartment reveal a fascination with the enigmatic encounter. By Ingrid Sischy **136**

Norman Retreat Investment banker Nicholas Worms finds tranquillity in a country house in Normandy. By Rhoda Koenig **142**

Royal Lineage In the town house of Louis XIV's architect, decorator Jacques Garcia's apartment recalls the majesty of Versailles. By G. Y. Dryansky **148**



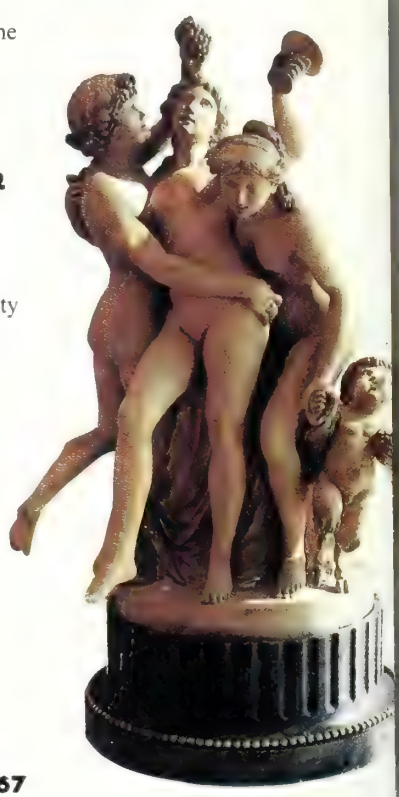
Marie-Paule Pellé's entry hall, above, features wooden evergreens and her dog, Ouzo. Page 68. Photograph by Alexandre Bailhache. Below: Decorator Jacques Grange. Page 92. Photograph by François Halard.





In Christian Lacroix's Paris [illegible], under above, by Bonetti and Garouste. Page 132. Photograph by Thibault Jeanson.

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Among the treasures of the Musée Camondo is Bacchanale, *above, a terra-cotta sculpture by Clodion, 1770. Page 86. Photograph by Jacques Dirand.*

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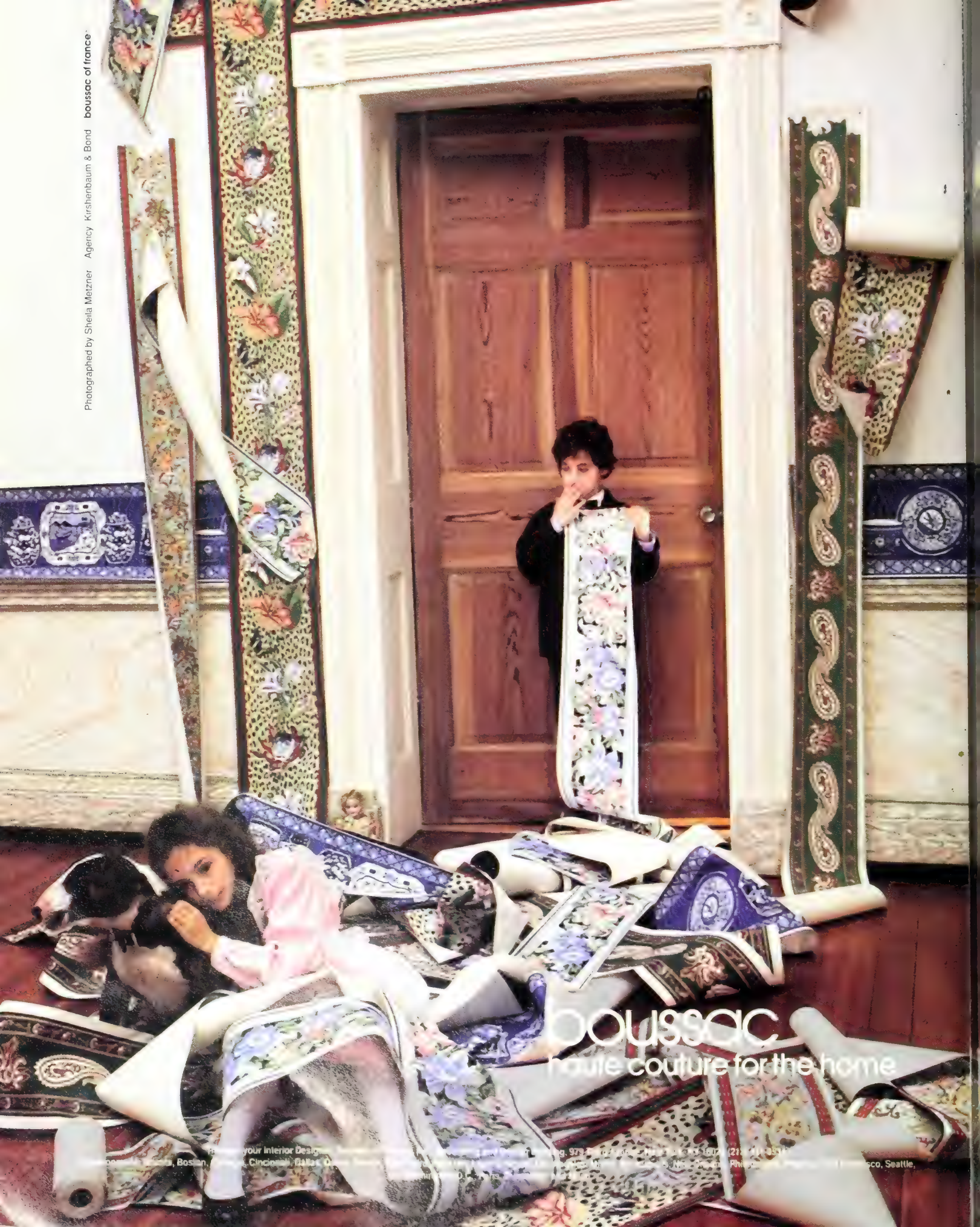
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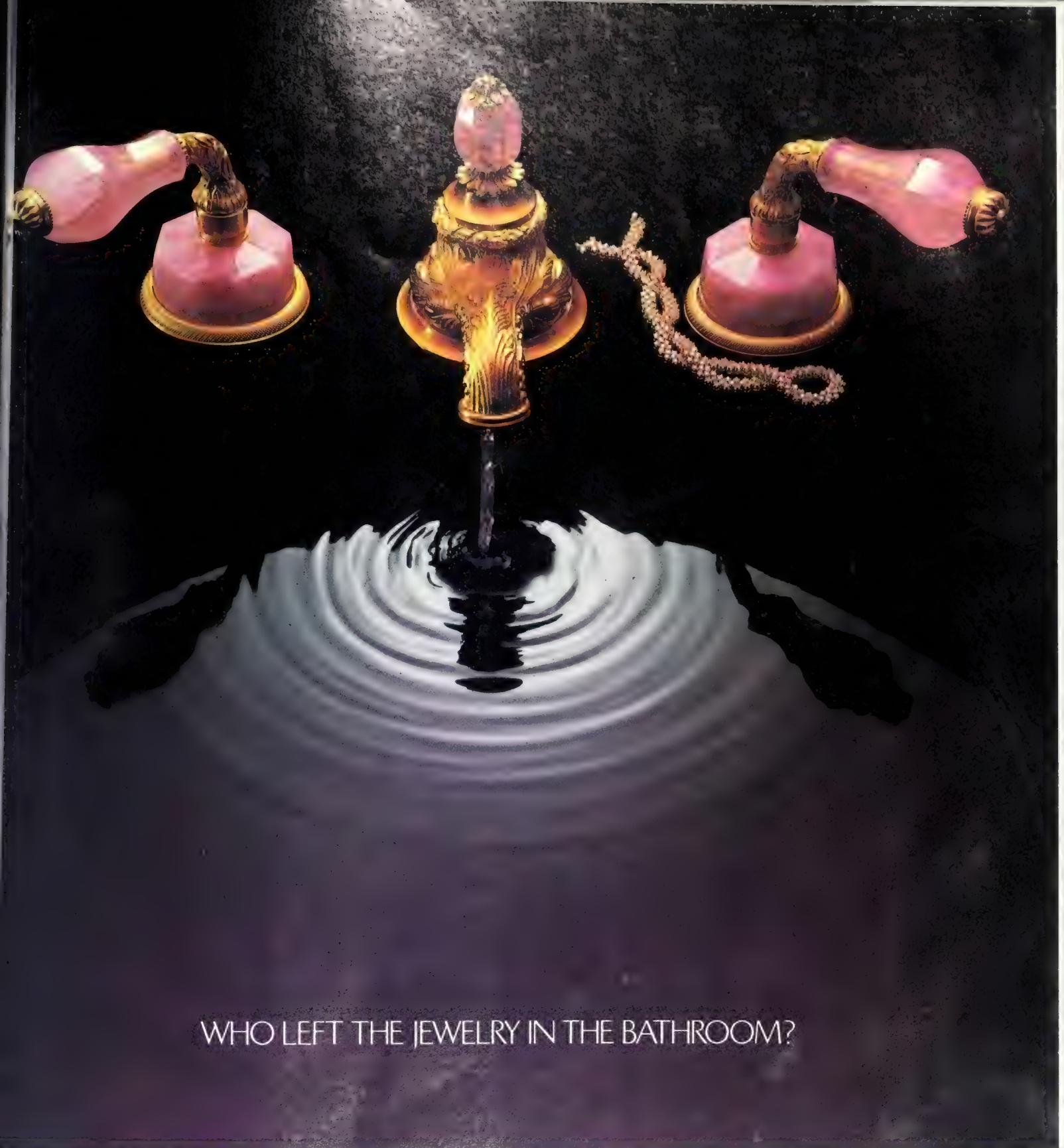
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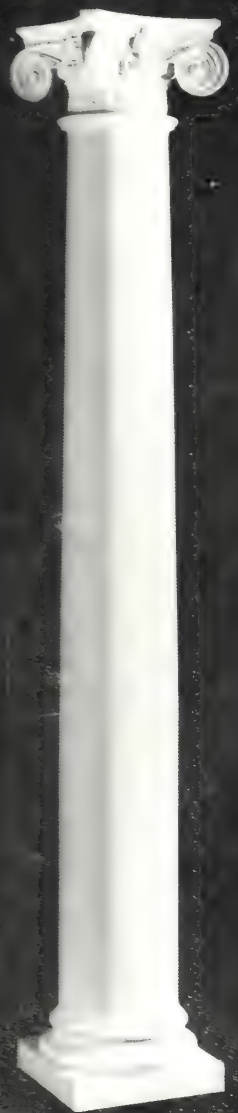
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ALEKSANDRA CHAPANO

Jane Kramer, whose most recent book is *Europeans,* writes the "Letter from Europe" for *The New Yorker.* In this month's HG, she reports on the French invention of taste: "They are the only people in the world who have managed to create a consumer economy based on the supply and demand of their opinions of each other."



Alexandre Bailhache compares taking pictures to eating, citing his desire for variety and flavor. For this issue he photographed Marie-Paule Pellé's apartment in Paris—"I didn't dare nibble on the chocolate fish in her kitchen"—and captured France's peerless craftsmen for "Workroom."



IVAN TEHESTCHENKO

Pascal Chevallier likes to mix decoration, people, and fashion in his photographs, adding "lots of theatrical details to create interesting mise en scènes." For July "Notes," Chevallier posed French designers with their latest chairs, creating "postcards with glorious views of Paris and its monuments."



Edmund White, currently at work on a biography of Jean Genet, is the author of *A Boy's Own Story,* a novel. In this month's portfolio of Parisian decorator Jacques Grange's recent work, White links Grange's style with that of other French tastemakers. Comparing the decorator with fashion designer Yves Saint Laurent, he writes: "Both men represent the French tradition of high finish and immaculate construction. Both have a sure sense of color, a curiosity about the whole Mediterranean world, an interest in the past."



ALAIN LE YAM

Patricia Wells, the restaurant critic for the *International Herald Tribune* and *L'Express,* is the author of *The Food Lover's Guide to Paris* and *The Food Lover's Guide to France.* Of her search for French hotels with wonderful restaurants, she says: "I looked for places with real personality. No traveler wants to say, 'I saw this last week in London.' "

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NOTES

HG reports on the new French spirit in design



PASCAL CHEVALLIER

THE BEST SEATS IN PARIS

Paris is giving Milan a run for its reputation as furniture design capital of the world thanks to a new generation of young designers committed to redefining the concept of fine French furniture. Among the brighter stars in the City of Light are (*from top*) architect Jean Nouvel, whose aluminum and polyurethane Profils chair explores the outer limits of modern technology; designer Jean Michel Wilmotte, who replaced the classic garden chairs in the Palais-Royal with a decidedly more contemporary version; and the Dutch team of Arnold van Geuns and Clemens Rameckers, who made their debut as furniture designers in January with Neoclassical-style pieces that recall, with a wink and a smile, the glory that was. Details see Resources.



IN THE SWIM

In keeping with its tradition of luxury, the Hôtel Ritz in Paris recently completed a nine-year $150 million transformation, including the addition of a health club and pool. The pool (above left) *was inspired by the work of 19th-century English artist Alma-Tadema and features marble mosaics in a casing of trompe l'oeil. For visitors suffering jet lag the health club offers the ozotherm treatment by which one is bathed in purified air and essential oils.*



FROM BARN TO BARNEYS

Original Art Deco Ercuis flatware (above) *and hollowware were recently discovered in a barn near the Ercuis factory in France. Silver-plated and shipped stateside, the pieces range from olive servers to ice buckets. Flatware $15–$100, hollowware $200–$700. Exclusively at Barneys New York.*

RINGING IN THE NEW

Before René Lalique gained fame for Art Deco crystal designs, he was one of France's leading jewelers with clients like Sarah Bernhardt. Marie-Claude Lalique is now picking up where her grandfather left off. As president and designer for the company, she's expanded the collection to include shimmering crystal rings (below) *in jewel tones—amethyst, emerald, and sapphire. Available for $160 at Lalique, NYC, and fine department stores across the country.*



TRIMMED TO A TEE

Handcrafted and made with the finest silks, cottons, and wools, passementerie by Houlès (left) *is more than just decoration—it is an art. One of Paris's top creators of elegant tassels, braids, and fringe, Houlès has made its U.S. debut with showrooms in Los Angeles and at the D & D Building in New York. To the trade only; for nearest representative call (213) 652-6171.*

HERMÈS AT HOME

Hermès introduces Pierres d'Orient et d'Occident, a line of fine porcelain tableware, including (right) *a cake platter, $375, inspired by the Florentine stonework at the Medici court. Rena Dumas, who designs the interiors of all Hermès shops* (below), *with a chaise longue she created out of pearwood with leather supports, $8,795. Both at Hermès boutiques nationwide.*



NOTES

SOUND ADVICE

Only a Frenchman could be responsible for the design of the witty bed linens (above) *retrieved by Porthault from its archives. The 1950 design, created by playwright and producer Sacha Guitry for his wife, features a sleeper's whispers embroidered on the pillows and top sheet. A four-piece queen-size bed set, $1,232, at Porthault, NYC (212) 688-1660.*

THE POWER OF MYTH

Turbulent skies and mythological sea creatures prevail in the fabrics of Robert le Héros, a company formed by four women fresh out of Paris's École Nationale des Arts Décoratifs. Their spirited designs, including (right) *Under the Sign of Neptune (also in blue and white), are available only through Nobilis Fontan, 29 rue Bonaparte, 75006 Paris; 43-29-21-50. This fall Robert le Héros, in partnership with Nobilis Fontan, plans to storm the U.S. with their designs.*



PLEASURE PAVILION

In 1770, Louix XV commissioned architect Claude Nicolas Ledoux to build a small house at Louveciennes, 30 minutes west of Paris, for his mistress, Madame Du Barry. The result, the Pavillon de Musique de la Comtesse Du Barry, is a magnificent Neoclassical residence with views of Paris and the Seine. This hôtel particulier with its vast oval vestibule (above) *is now available for a price tag estimated at $20 million. By appointment only, from Sotheby's International, NYC (212) 606-4100.*

TWINKLING TRIBUTE

In honor of the visionary spirit of Gustav Eiffel, the New Society for the Promotion of the Eiffel Tower in Paris is promoting a plan to launch into orbit a 15-mile ring studded with 100 light-reflecting balloons. If successful, the Ring of Light (right) *would appear, for ten minutes each night, as big as the full moon and as bright as a star of the first magnitude. Stargazers say it would interfere with astronomical readings, but if the Society has its way, the satellite will light up the night sky for up to two years.*





GILT TOPPING

The World Monuments Fund offers training for conservators, organizes financial support, and encourages governments to participate in historic restoration projects. It is currently collaborating with France on the restoration of the dome and rotunda of Paris's Hôtel des Invalides (left). *For information call (212) 517-9367.*

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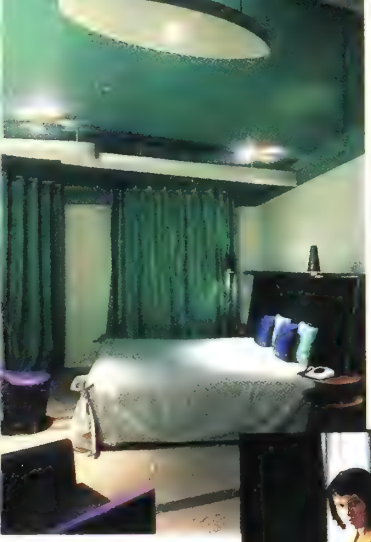
There are few chances to buy works of big-name artists at reasonable prices. But the Société des Amis du Musée National d'Art Moderne has commissioned artists to create "useful objects with a sense of beauty," in limited editions. This year's lineup includes (right) *Niki de Saint-Phalle's colorful snake pin, and Richard Artschwager's marble clock. At the Centre Pompidou, Paris.*

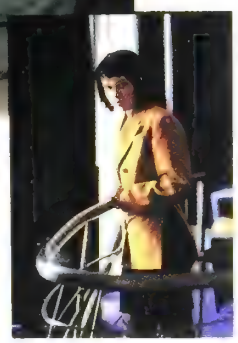



GUESS
?
GEORGES MARCIANO

AD, D/R PAUL MARIANO PHOTO ELLEN VON UNWERTH

FOOTWEAR







WHEN THE ROOM IS THE VIEW

If the Ritz is a bit too pricey and the Crillon a bit too grand, there's a new alternative in Paris for travelers in search of chic hotel accommodations. Designed by Marie-Christine Dorner (below), *a 28-year-old decorator who might easily be mistaken for a Sorbonne student, the 35-room hotel La Villa* (left *and* below left) *is to Paris what the Royalton is to New York—young, hip, and seriously modern. One block from the legendary café Les Deux Magots, the hotel offers its fast-lane guests state-of-the-art design for 700–2,200 francs ($110–$344) per night. La Villa, 29 rue Jacob, 75006 Paris; 43-26-60-00.*



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Handmade in France for one hundred years, Drucker chairs can be found in the finest restaurants—and on fashionable sidewalks—worldwide. From the popular Paris Café collection is (left) *the Trianon chair, $536. At T & K French Antiques, NYC, and Lyman Drake Antiques, Santa Ana.*





REVOLUTIONARY WALLS

Françoise Dorget and Francine Royneau have a lot to smile about. Their latest Étamine boutique, which opened last year on the rue de Furstenberg in Paris, showcases Étamine's wallpaper line and selected fabrics. Based on commissioned editions from such design stars as Bonetti and Garouste, the Étamine collection also includes their own creations, such as À la Bastille (left), *$60 a yard, a Pierre Deux exclusive in the U.S. Other designs, to the trade at Boussac.*



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Jehan Darfeuille breaks away from traditional Limoges patterns with brilliantly colored plates, including (left, clockwise from top) *the Africa dinner plate, $63, Scarabée platter, $55, and Iris dinner plate, $47. To order, contact Jehan Darfeuille, Paris 46-45-85-85. Other designs available in the U.S., at Henri Bendel, NYC; Barneys New York; Stanley Korshak, Dallas.*

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This year F. Schumacher & Co. celebrates a centennial of opulent textile design. Recently reissued are some of their most famous commissions, including (below) *the 1930s Les Gazelles au Bois, $102 a yard, for New York's Waldorf-Astoria, and Frank Lloyd Wright's The Imperial Triangle, $57 a yard, for Tokyo's Imperial Hotel. To the trade at Schumacher; for nearest showroom call (212) 415-3900.*

NOTES



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DESIGN

McConnico Unlimited



The work of American designer Hilton McConnico can be found all over Paris
By Peter S. Green

Whimsical ideas just seem to tumble out of the mind of Hilton McConnico, the gentle Tennesseean in Paris. With a humorous touch and unerring instinct he conceives designs that enchant, captivate, and sell. During his 24 years in France, McConnico has created sets and, sometimes, costumes for two dozen films (winning a César, the French Oscar), directed thirty television commercials, and designed a collection of couture dresses for Ted Lapidus, menswear for Yves Saint Laurent, and furs for Neiman Marcus. At present, his work can be seen all over Paris: he has crystal at Daum, foulards and porcelain at Hermès, and furnishings, rugs, and fabrics at Galeries Lafayette.

This fall, with Gilles Le Gall, his partner in the firm Titien, McConnico will refurbish a Paris métro station and, on his own, create a museum of horse racing at Longchamps racecourse in the Bois de Boulogne and a museum of the history of costume in Château Chinon, hometown of French president François Mitterrand. He will also design and direct Massenet's opera *Thaïs* on an island in the Nile.

Relaxed and debonair in white Reeboks, black Levi's, and a white shirt with a gray silk scarf knotted around his throat, McConnico sits in his airy cactus-filled apartment and studio high above the seventh arrondissement talking about Paris and Memphis, his hometown, in the soft accent of his youth.

He relates how, weary of designing gowns for society matrons and cotton queens, he sold his successful couture business in Tennessee and came to Paris in 1965 at age 22. When his money ran out after only six months, McConnico painted tourists' portraits at Montmartre but eventually landed back in the world of high fashion, albeit in a different echelon.

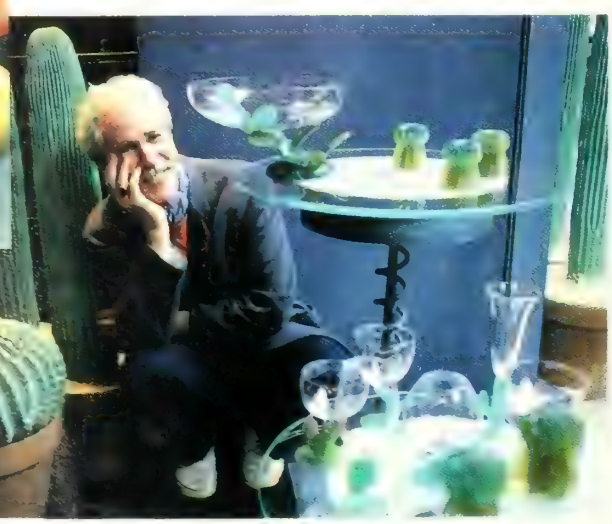
The young expatriate was working for Yves Saint Laurent when he created his first film set at the request of his friend the director Bob Swaim. Soon McConnico was designing sets full-time for such leading directors as Jean-Jacques Beineix, François Truffaut, and Claude Chabrol. (American audiences probably remember his sets for Beineix's neo–New Wave thriller, *Diva*.) The highly visual world of set design was a natural place for McConnico to spread his wings. "I'm dyslexic, so I hardly ever read," he notes. "Growing up, movies were my books."

Winning the César as best art director for Beineix's *La Lune dans le caniveau* (*The Moon in the Gutter*) turned out to be a major punctuation mark in his career. "Just when I felt I had gone through movies and directing commercials, the [decorative arts] trade fair called MOVING asked me to be their *patron* [godfather] in 1985," says McConnico. "They gave me forty square meters at the entrance of the convention center to do whatever I wanted. I thought of opening a snack bar and selling hot dogs and Cokes. I thought I could make a fortune," he quips. Instead McConnico filled the space with cactus: a designer's concept of cactus, capturing its essence in lamps, plates, fabrics, and sculptures. He even interviewed a talking cactus on a videotape shown in front of a table setting as part of the display. "I had used cactus in some of my films," he explains. "It's a plant that is very unappreciated, and I'm frequently on the defense." McConnico's third collection of crystal for Daum again incorporates cactus in pâte de verre.

After years of building sets McConnico is a practiced hand at taking things one step beyond real life and infusing them with a sense of whimsy. When Hermès commissioned him to design a silk foulard for the bicentennial of the French Revolution, McConnico recalled the first tourist souvenirs he saw in Paris and impishly suggested a silk scarf with the motto "Souvenir de Paris" and a picture of the Eiffel Tower. Hermès chairman Jean-Louis Dumas-Hermès loved the idea, and the elegant spoof has won many customers.

A collection of home furnishings under McConnico's own label at Galeries Lafayette includes a daybed and a sofa with two one-armed chairs, all of bronze-lacquered iron with a small black cat resting among flat golden cactus along the back. His textiles feature



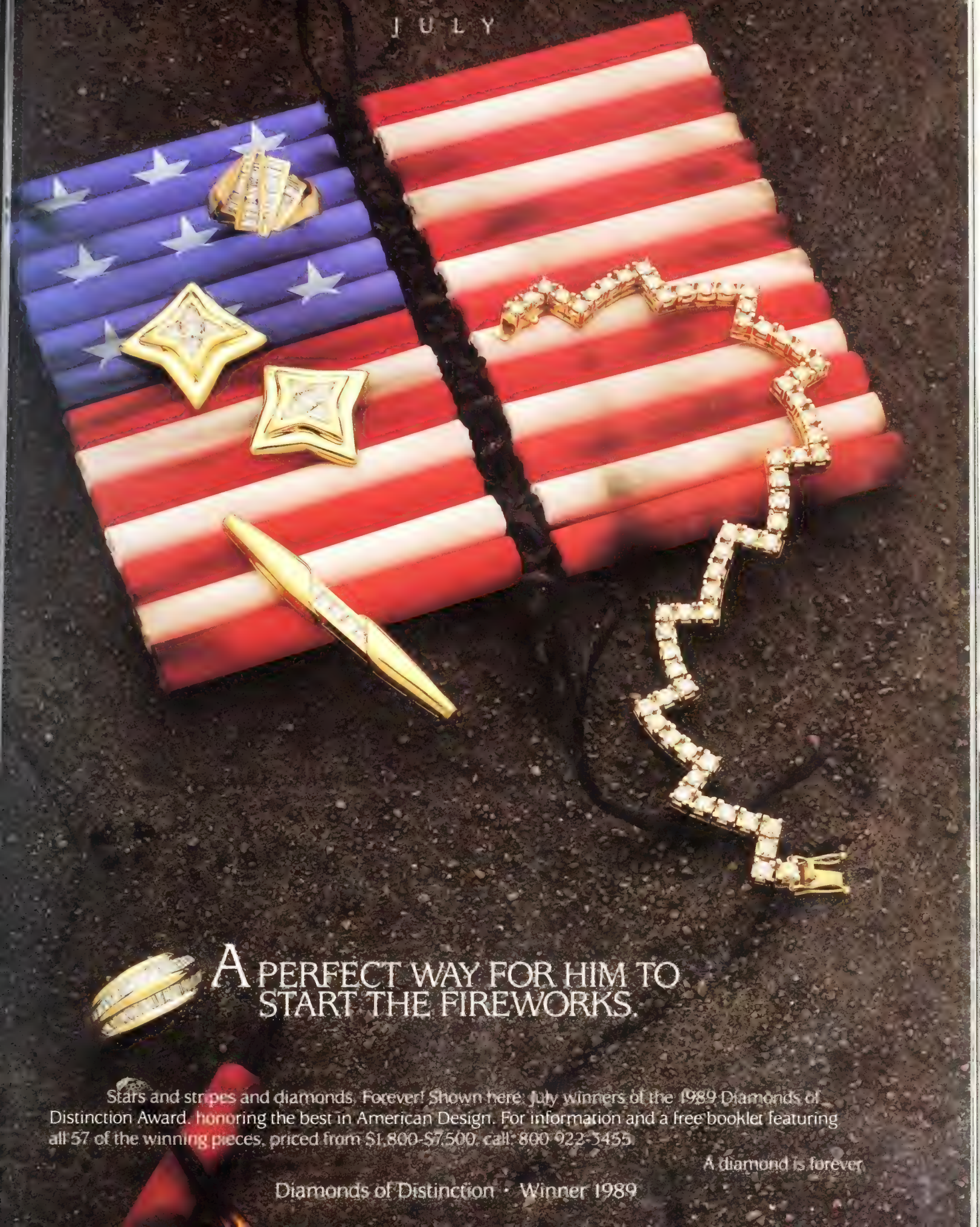


Hilton McConnico, below, with his pâte de verre and crystal cactus for Daum. Above and below left: Scarves and plates for Hermès. Left: Daybed, lamp, sculpture, and fabric.








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NOTES

such designs as Rather Normal Kiwis with a Few Stray Shellfish and Cacti and Cats on Stripes with Spots.

McConnico's next major project takes him to the Chaussée-d'Antin métro station in the ninth arrondissement. His plans call for a huge painting on metal sheets bolted to the vaulted ceiling between two platforms. Covering an area 246 feet long and about 23 feet wide, "the painting will have about three hundred people in it. Lafayette in America with cactus and Indians and French soldiers. The center will be very baroque, and the sides very simple," says the designer.

His propensity for whimsy has not kept

"When you're young, you collect ideas. Later in life, you rifle through the drawers and pull the ideas out"

fellow design professionals from taking McConnico seriously. His cactus glasses for Daum are in the permanent collections of both the Musée des Arts Décoratifs and the Corning Museum in upstate New York.

In October McConnico will decorate a room in a Manhattan showhouse to benefit the American Hospital of Paris Foundation. Next spring the Brooks Museum of Art in Memphis will host a retrospective of McConnico's thirty-year career. "When you're young," he says, "you collect ideas even if you can't express them. Later in life you rifle through the drawers and pull the ideas out." As if to prove the point, his recent series of award-winning lamps for Drimmer (the first lamps McConnico has designed) are covered with small glass marbles, like the ones he played with as a child, holding them up to the sun and squinting at the light.

The thread of playfulness that runs through his work helps McConnico keep a sense of perspective. "As much as I can, I try to grasp my emotional fiber of the moment. I think it's very important to be passionate 24 hours a day. You have to take your work seriously," he says, "but not yourself." ♠


JJ
JACQUEY

ART

SoHo-sur-Seine

Artists storming the Bastille have changed the cultural map of Paris
By Justine De Lacy

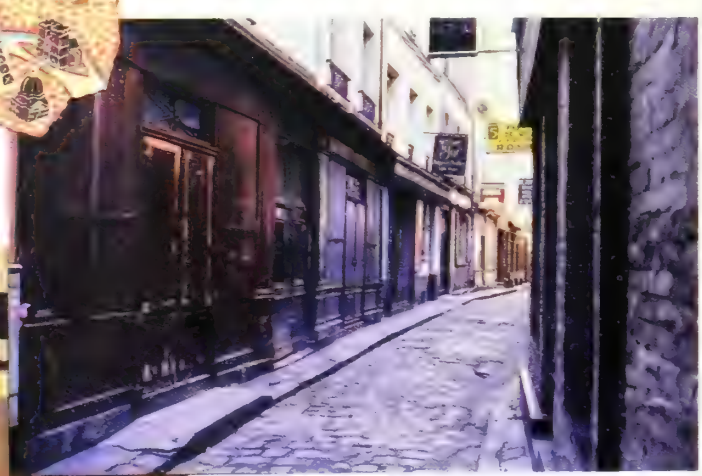
As the French celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the Revolution this month, the talk in the Bastille quarter, where some of its bloodiest events took place, is of a more recent revolution, one that is turning this long-neglected bastion of the working class into Paris's trendiest neighborhood. In the past ten years this run-down quarter once known for its seedy bars and furniture warehouses has been inundated by funky clothing shops with names like Violence et Passion and restaurants offering everything from haute Tex-Mex to perestroika posh (caviar and blinis). Some fifteen art galleries have opened, and about two hundred artists now live within a fifteen-minute walk, prompting comparisons with New York's SoHo. As real estate values soar, the French press has been talking about the second storming of the Bastille.

The government's decision in 1982 to build the controversial new Opéra on the place de la Bastille in what was then a cultural wasteland gave the area official consecration, bringing in fashionable architecture, design, and public relations firms. Hermès has a shoe atelier here, Jacques Hurel recently installed his leather goods workroom in a cabinetmaker's loft, and Jean Michel Wilmotte, who designed furniture for the new library in the Louvre, has studios nearby. This year the quarter's revolutionary heritage has added to its cachet. For it was here, in the workshops of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, as the winding streets east of the Bastille are collectively known, that the furniture makers who dominated the area for three centuries plotted the uprisings that led to the revolutions of 1789, 1830, 1848, and the Commune insurrection of 1871. The barricades erected by the furniture makers of the faubourg were immortalized in *Les Misérables*.

The area's renaissance began in the mid 1970s when painters and sculptors evicted from ateliers in traditional art quarters such as Montparnasse began moving here, attracted by the large number of inexpensive workshops with good light. The workshops had once been inhabited by some of the most talented craftsmen in France; it was in the wings of the humble faubourg that the props of French grandeur were prepared for Europe's most opulent stage, the court at Versailles. Here, artisans cut the royal mirrors, stamped the royal velvet, and hand-appliquéd the royal wallpaper. Then the celebrated *ébéniste du Roi* André Charles Boulle, along with Leleu, Voisin, Migeon, Riesener, and Jacob, created some of the most beautiful furniture ever designed. In protest against the extravagance they had helped to create, the ébénistes would later fashion the props for another stage: the wooden stakes used to parade the heads of guillotined nobles through the streets.

Then in the late nineteenth century the industrial revolution accomplished what the king's troops had failed to do: it began to rid the capital of its working class. Unable to compete with furniture factories in the provinces, many artisans deserted the ateliers where their families had worked for generations. Dominique Thiolat, whose brilliantly colored, jubilant canvases are featured in Galerie Maeght's recently published *L'Art abstrait*, was one of the first artists to move into a furniture maker's atelier in the sprawling double courtyard at 5 rue de Charonne in 1976. Today seven artists have studios here, leading the French to call it a *ruche*, or hive, the name of the famous collection of Left Bank ateliers where Chagall and Soutine worked. Across the hall from Thiolat, painter Pierre Nivollet fashions bold abstract compositions. Downstairs, Christine Ankaoua rebels against fashionable black and Minimalism with huge paintings in stark primary colors. Claire







The first art gallery in the Bastille quarter opened on the rue de Lappe, above, still the locale for dance halls and hearty Auvergnat cuisine that recall the area's working-class origins. Left: Painter Bernard Cousinier in his studio.



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Pichaud paints her canvases by rolling them out on the floor.

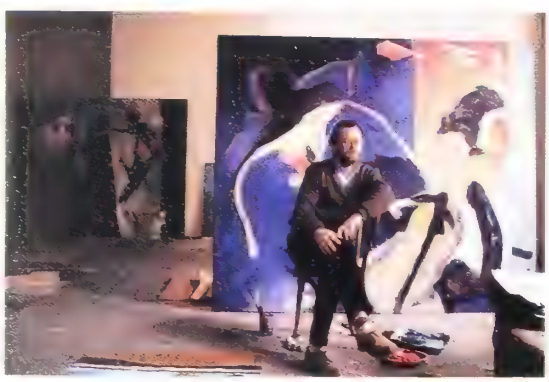
Not far away, at 71 rue du Faubourg-Saint-Antoine, sculptor Vincent Barré, a former architect, creates arresting forms in wood and metal. His most important group of works is an homage to Giotto, including the Annunciation. "There are no abstract polemics in my work, no games or decor or pleasantness," says Barré. "Just the sacred and the sensual. Very French!" At 37 bis rue de Montreuil, former stables said to have belonged to d'Artagnan, six artists work in what looks more like a three-story chicken coop than a hive. Paul Flury, a sculptor who teaches at the Parsons School in Paris, usually has several students chipping away at blocks of stone in his ground-floor atelier, where he has a fifteen-foot birdcage full of canaries to dull the din. Jean Chazy's studio nearby resembles a forest, with wood chips impaled on metal stems.

In 1982 Pierre Nivollet, Dominique Thiolat, and several other artists at 5 rue de Charonne held an open house of their work with the idea of luring customers to the Bastille from the Foire Internationale d'Art Contemporain (FIAC) held at the Grand-Palais. The Génie de la Bastille, in honor of the golden *Génie de la Liberté* statue atop the Bastille column, is now an annual event in which more than a hundred artists participate. Last year 20,000 people traipsed from atelier to atelier during the five-day open house, dubbed "le jogging artistique de la Bastille" by the French press.





Sculptor Vincent Barré, above. Left: Claire Pichaud's loft. Below: Dominique Thiolat converted a cabinetmaker's atelier into a studio. Bottom right: The rue de la Roquette.



Gradually bookstores, galleries, and experimental dance and theater companies followed the artists to the Bastille quarter. "When the bookstores opened, I was sure they'd close in a month," says Kate van Houten, an American painter who moved here from Montparnasse in 1970 with her Japanese husband, Matsutani. Today Matsutani, who came to Paris from Osaka in 1966 at the invitation of the French government, makes black on white paintings resembling giant Rorschach tests. His atelier is in the passage de la Bonne Graine alongside the furniture restorer Emile Gattoni and the café where furniture makers used to come for their noon chess game.

Despite the influx of new residents, some of the most tenacious and talented craftsmen have managed to remain. Jean Mocqué, at 95 rue du Faubourg-Saint-Antoine, reproduced the empress Josephine's bed at Malmaison for a Far Eastern potentate. Master wood sculptor Jean-Pierre Lecerveour and his assistant, Michel Guillanton, are re-creating the garlanded ceiling of the Salon d'Apollon at Versailles for a house in Greenwich, Connecticut. Tieri Briet, a young painter, began working in wood because of the presence of ébéniste Jean-Pierre Granier, who makes stage sets in his atelier upstairs. The two frequently have a sandwich together at the Café Lemaître, a simple place run for years by a mother and daughter the artisans nicknamed *les mamies*.

Much of the faubourg's fascination today stems from this constant juxtaposition of artisan and artist, tradition and innovation. Yet many are pessimistic about how long the older and poorer residents can hold out. Since the decision to build the new croissant-shaped Opéra, which to many casts as oppressive a shadow over the neighborhood as the Bastille prison once did, real estate agencies have been advertising ateliers as *des lofts* at prices that neither artists nor artisans can afford.

Laurent Wolf, a onetime sociologist who now makes his living from the miragelike futuristic cityscapes he paints in the atelier he affectionately calls his "box of light," was instrumental in getting artists the legal right to sell their atelier leases. Nevertheless, he is pessimistic: "It will give artists more money, but it won't keep them in the neighborhood. Prices are rising too fast." Wolf recently received his eviction notice for January 1990. Because of the new law, he is now entitled to an indemnity. "But there's no space left in Paris," he adds glumly. "Next stop is the suburbs."

Bernard Cousinier, the current president of the Génie de la Bastille, who produces huge panels of light and shadow in a hangarlike atelier in rue Daval, is determined to use the Génie as a lobby to defend artists' rights. "We want to make sure this doesn't become like SoHo, full of galleries and no artists." (For further information on members of the Génie, their work, and exhibitions, telephone Bernard Cousinier at 43-38-34-55 or call the organization's secretary, Olivier Grasser, at 43-74-03-25.)

TOURING THE BASTILLE

The rue de Lappe—long famous for its *bals musettes*, the old-fashioned accordion dance halls where the shopgirls of Paris came to find romance at tea dances, as well as for its hearty peasant food from the Auvergne—is the best place to witness the



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striking contrasts in the neighborhood. In 1986 the **Balajo** (9 rue de Lappe)—the dance hall where Edith Piaf used to come with her lover, the boxer Marcel Cerdan—celebrated its fiftieth birthday. Habitués foxtrot to live bands and accordions in the afternoon; on Monday nights, le tout Bastille boogies and bumps to records ranging from Glenn Miller to Michael Jackson.

In the **Charcuterie Teil** (6 rue de Lappe), which has been run by Auvergnats since it opened in 1890, Josette Barrio still sells traditional Auvergnat hams and the local wooden shoes, or *galoches*, that hang on the back wall. The Auvergnat restaurant **La Galoche d'Aurillac** is a favorite with local workers for its hefty portions.

Once most Paris cafés had a percolator from the rue de Lappe, which specialized in making the trademark pewter counter (*le zinc*) found in all real Paris bistros. Today Madame Semetey runs the last of the old café equipment shops in the street, **La Maison André Semetey** (26 rue de Lappe). "There were 22 of us around the Bastille," she says wistfully as she sits knitting. "Now there are only three." Not far away, Madame Sacrispeyre's café equipment shop, **Berc Antoine** (12 blvd. Richard-Lenoir), is where film companies go to reconstitute real Paris cafés. Jane Fonda bought a pewter counter for her house there.

Tapas Nocturne (17 rue de Lappe) is a Spanish tapas bar where the hip get tipsy listening to flamenco. A stark chrome and glass *nouvelle américaine* restaurant, **Le Cactus Bleu** (8 rue de Lappe) has taken the place of another beloved *bal musette*, La Boule Rouge.

Galerie Claire Burrus (30 rue de Lappe) is in a former nuts and bolts warehouse; Burrus, a respected art dealer, emigrated from Saint-Germain. The first gallery in the area was **Galerie Bastille** (20 rue de Lappe), opened in 1979. Owner Michel Faublée shows his own paintings.

Rue de la Roquette is the funkiest of the faubourg's main arteries. Once synonymous with the Grande-Roquette, the prison where inmates waited to be guillotined, it is now the headquarters of the black-leather and motorcycle set. **Rotonde Bastille** (17 rue de la Roquette) is the place to take it all in. Across the street the endearingly dilapidated bar **Truyère** (32 rue de la Roquette) looks like a set from *La Bohème*. **Lance Roquette** (53 rue de la Roquette) and the wine bar **1929** (90 rue de la Roquette) are popular with actors from the **Théâtre de la Bastille** (76 rue de la Roquette) where Jean-Marie Horde's innovative productions are partly subsidized by the city of Paris. Nearby is the **Café de la Danse** (5 passage Louis-Philippe), Catherine Atlani's avant-garde dance company.

The rue Keller now has five galleries, with more on the way. **Restaurant Café Moderne** (19 rue Keller) has a young hip crowd and a billiard table in back. **Le Petit Keller** (13 rue Keller; 47-00-12-97) is always packed with local artisans who like the copious 50 franc ($8) menu of simple bistro fare. Another artisans' restaurant, with ébénistes' tools on the walls, is **Les Cinq Points Cardinaux** (7 passage Saint-Bernard; 47-00-89-00); the whole passageway is slated to be torn down. A very good simple 45 franc ($7) menu is served at lunch, with more sophisticated fare on the 85 franc ($13) evening menu.

At **Chez Marcel** (7 rue Saint-Nicolas; 43-43-49-40) bottles of Beaujolais and Muscadet appear on the table the second you sit down. You are charged according to how much you drink. Homemade terrines and sausage are specialties.

Two artist hangouts are **Le Pause-Café** (Coffee Break) (41 rue de Charonne; 48-06-80-33) and **Chez Paul** (13 rue de Charonne; 47-00-34-57). The Pause-Café has a variety of quiches and tarts as well as newspapers and magazines to read, maps of area galleries, and catalogues of local artists' current shows. Paul, beloved by many, retired last year, and though the food is overpriced and not as good, it remains a popular rendezvous.

Other recommended spots are **Siparlo** (69 rue de Charenton; 43-45-70-26) for fine northern Italian dishes and **Mansouria** (11 rue Faidherbe; 43-71-00-16) for Moroccan cuisine. **L'Oulette** (38 rue des Tournelles; 42-71-43-33) is the best food for the money in all of Paris, with a 68 franc ($11) menu at lunch, 105 francs ($16) at night, for dishes as accomplished and delicious as those in many two-star restaurants. **Le Trou Gascon** (40 rue Taine; 43-44-34-26) serves superb southwest specialties.

Bofinger (5 rue de la Bastille; 42-72-87-82) is one of the most beautiful Art Nouveau brasseries in Paris. The first draft beer in Paris was poured there. ♠


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Green Geometry

Pascal Cribier sets the scene for the Bastille Opéra and other Paris gardens

By Mac Griswold





Landscape architect Pascal Cribier, below. Below left: Wisteria planters at the Opera. Left: Jennifer Bartlett's rooftop jardin potager.



Oases of calm in the middle of the Bastille Opéra uproar, the four little gardens hidden within the building itself are ready to join the lineup of interesting new landscapes that are part of Mitterrand's Grands Projets. Pascal Cribier, the Parisian landscape architect selected to design the opera gardens is, at age 34, perhaps the youngest and surely the least well known of the new wave of French landscapists such as Bernard Lassus, Alexandre Chemetoff, and architect Bernard Tschumi. All share a sense of geometric play that Americans are familiar with mostly through the works of Dan Kiley and the drawings of Barbara Stauffacher Solomon.

Like everything else about the Opéra, the budget for the gardens has fluctuated like a fever chart in response to political ideology and fiscal crisis. But then, indeed, why should an opera house have gardens? In fact, they exist not for the public but for the opera personnel. This Mitterrandesque gesture is part of the original concept of a people's opera: providing culture for east Paris, traditionally a working-class district, as well as establishing an atelier, a workshop for artists and craftsmen. In 1986, when the conservative coalition came to power, the actual workshops were lopped. Naturally, given the vagaries of French politics, they have now been reinstated, in plan at least.

Cribier blithely outlines the problems facing him at the Bastille: "Besides virtually no money, there is no sun and, for now, no earth and no gardener." It's true that the garden sites, which are way above ground, are surrounded by walls three stories high and that the program calls only for containers. Cribier has nimbly jumped over these monumental drawbacks to create witty attractive outdoor effects. His minimalist work is refreshing to American eyes.

In the design for the Patio of the Dance, two large wisterias stretch up toward the light out of a pair of square pink stone containers that match the building. That's all. The vines reach out toward poles a few feet away, and that distance is crucial, magical. As many gardeners learn to their sorrow, wisteria grows with a jungle-like speed and power that can tear a house down, a power emphasized here by the leap Cribier invites the vines to make. "I always want to show that plants are stronger than anything else," he says.

In the Long Patio, a narrow stone-paved slot measuring 66 feet and bisected by a two-story "bridge," gravel runs the entire length and half the width of the space, its surface level with the pavers. "The gravel should look like a tide creeping up on the stones," says Cribier. An island of paving stands offshore, and on it grows a single flowering shrub, a *Buddleia alternifolia*. On dry land, five other buddleias sprout from the paving joints—nature rising.

Cribier is no stranger to the problems of creating urban public gardens, where such compression and abstraction are essential. Six years ago he worked with sculptor Claude Lalanne at the new Les Halles on the sunken children's gardens, cozy little hedged baskets of space brimming with surrealist treasures like topiary elephants as well as swings and slides. Although he has been in practice only since 1982, Cribier is one of five winners of a global competition to make exhibition gardens this summer at the Centre Pompidou. With his partners, François Roubaud and Patrick Écoutin, he has plans for a resoundingly orange field of 2,000 kniphofia crossed by a giddy catwalk leading to a rose purple clump of flowering Judas trees.

He designs private gardens, too. With the artist Jennifer Bartlett he worked out her rooftop garden full of herbs, vegetables, and flowers which convincingly uses the horizontal line of Parisian rooftops as landscape. A fat container bed of lavender intensifies the blue Parisian air. For former art dealer Nancy Gillespie and her husband, Sébastien de la Selle, he made a garden in their hôtel particulier courtyard, the same kind of bottom-of-a-well space as the opera gardens. The glossy leaves of broadleaf evergreens pick up every gleam of available light; the little jungle's uninhibited growth sets off the miniature wooden façade of what Gillespie calls a Palladian shed, surely the most elegant old utility building in Paris.

Two wisterias, six buddleias. These are indeed gardens of illusion—a French specialty for centuries. Potter Bernard Palissy's



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grotto gardens for Catherine de Médicis were full of faience frogs and snakes. André Le Nôtre's grand geometries have been called *les jardins de l'intelligence;* architect Robert Mallet-Stevens planted a garden at the 1925 Paris Exposition with Cubist-inspired cement trees when he couldn't find the right living topiaries. John Dixon Hunt, the eminent garden historian now at Dumbarton Oaks, says that the best of the new French landscape architects are "reintroducing into gardens the poetic, the intellectual, the conceptual." Cribier's simple designs, which have the strength of a good logo, are arresting

Cribier's minimalist garden designs celebrate the liveliness, the subversiveness of nature



Garden in progress at the Opera

because they celebrate the liveliness, the subversiveness of nature and the vitality and specific character of plants.

Cribier is also perfectly happy to use the commonplaces of French garden style. In his country gardens, for example, there are clipped yews and square parterre beds patterned with boxwood, bulbs, and bedding-out plants. Jennifer Bartlett, who loves working with him, as all his clients seem to, sums Cribier up when she says, "There's no idea that's too banal or too bizarre for him to follow through with enthusiasm." Paradoxically this is why his work looks so fresh: he's not afraid to employ any tactic so long as it precisely solves the problem at hand. ▲

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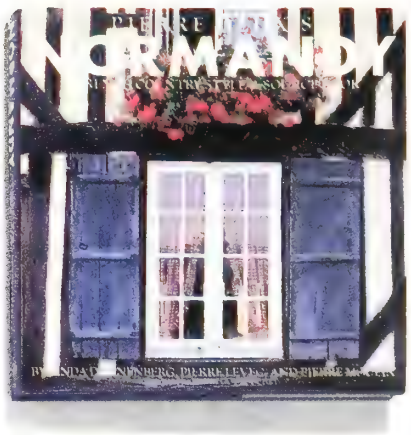
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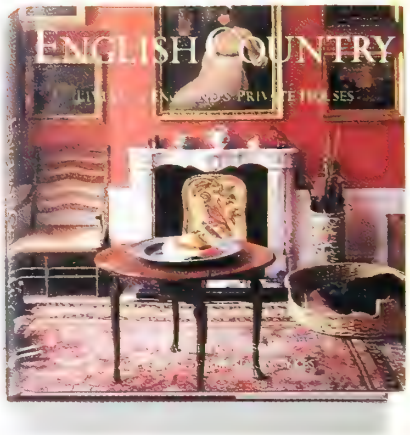
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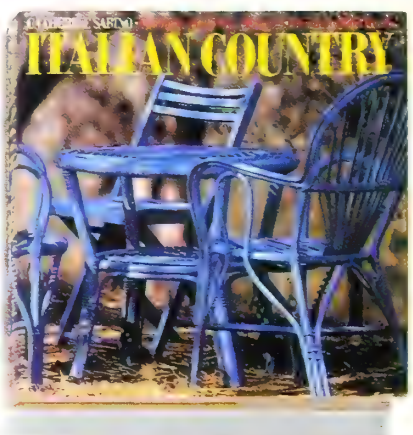
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A Nation's Storehouse

The Mobilier National supplies the official props of French grandeur

By Patricia Corbett







The Museum of Seating, above. Top: Empire clock. Above right: Sèvres vases, marble busts, and Moderne lamp.

If the Smithsonian Institution can be termed America's attic, then the Mobilier National in Paris—the French government's central storehouse of furniture, tapestries, and objets d'art—qualifies not only as attic but cellar, linen closet, and toolshed combined. Although its premises in the scruffy thirteenth arrondissement are strictly off-limits to visitors, the Mobilier's holdings travel widely: both antique and contemporary treasures culled from its collections grace the presidential Palais de l'Élysée and ministerial salons in the capital as well as [illegible] embassies around the world. This year additional loans [illegible] de to museum shows commemorating the bicentennial [illegible] Revolution: Princess Caroline Murat's mahogany and [illegible] d and a silver and crystal table centerpiece by Puifor[illegible] on view as part of "L'Art de Vivre" at the Coope[illegible] York; for the blockbuster "Age of Napoleon," ope[illegible] tropolitan Museum's Costume Institute in December [illegible] pitch Bonaparte's battle-scarred campaign tent lined wi[illegible].

On the home front, the Mobilier is responsible for devising a series of ephemeral Potemkin decors connected to Bastille Day festivities this month. Historic furnishings, both soft and hard, have been selected for the VIP grandstands on the parade route along the Champs-Élysées. Likewise, borrowed finery will temporarily transform the Industrialized Nations Summit Conference area in the spanking new Arche de la Défense as well as the austere Louvre Pyramide, where the heads of state are scheduled to lunch. In short, the Mobilier's business comprises anything that comes under the heading of *le prestige de la France*.

The peculiarly Gallic penchant for the preservation of order is nowhere better exemplified than in the hangarlike storage areas, or *réserves*, wrapped around three sides of the Mobilier's central quadrangle. Small unmarked moving vans idle by the loading docks outside specialized *réserves* abloom with tags: chandeliers and candelabras cluster in the *lustrerie*, arras and damasks lie neatly furled in the textile department, serried ranks of gilt chairs crowd the *bois dorés*.

There is even the Musée des Sièges (Museum of Seating), misleadingly named since it is accessible only by special permission to top designers and craftsmen wishing to study its specimens of cabinetwork—including Napoleon's Quirinal Throne, left unfinished at the fall of the empire. Restoration ateliers handle all contingencies, from reweaving to de-termiting. Farther-flung possessions include the Gobelins, Savonnerie, and Beauvais tapestry workshops and the lace ateliers at Le Tuy and Alençon. Despite technical adviser Chantal Gastinel Coural's claim that "we aren't curators," the Mobilier's 400-strong staff manages a rotating stock of some 200,000 historic chattels according to the most stringent museological standards. Here, housekeeping is raised to an art form.

Though the origins of the Mobilier can be traced back as far as the fourteenth century, its direct ancestor was the Garde-Meuble de la Couronne (the furniture repository of the crown), founded in 1663 by Louis XIV's finance minister Jean-Baptiste Colbert with a mandate to collect "precious furnishings" for the royal palace at Versailles. Since the magnificence of a monarch's abode was deemed

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directly proportional to his prestige, questions of interior decoration were treated with the same urgency and gravity accorded matters of state. Colbert, a haberdasher's and banker's son whose frugal streak tempered the Sun King's prodigality, instituted a commonsensical stewardship in vigor to this day. "It is not enough to spare no cost in amassing fine things," Colbert admonished. "It is necessary to provide for their security and conservation."

Inventories and journals, the earliest of which date to 1666, duly record the daily life—the creation and acquisition, comings and goings, damage and repairs—of each stick of furniture, each scrap of silk. Sometimes the underbelly of a great historical event is uncovered: a laconic entry for two square tents of cotton ticking reads "lost at Waterloo."

This tradition of good husbandry has served the Garde-Meuble well, especially during the Reign of Terror: it was one of the rare relics of the ancien régime to survive the downfall of royalty in 1792, albeit sadly depleted. With an eye to the nation's prosperity, if not to posterity, revolutionaries publicly auctioned off valuable holdings to finance purchases from foreign commodity suppliers. The vandalism stopped only when the newly crowned Napoleon, in a rush to refurbish his imperial residences, resurrected the special relationship between ruler and Mobilier. (Today the president's is the only request for a loan the Mobilier will honor if the pieces in question are pre-1800 furniture or later, museum-quality works such as a sprightly suite of chairs upholstered in Beauvais tapestry designed by Raoul Dufy in the 1920s; lesser dignitaries must usually make do with lesser objects.)

More than any other chief of state since, Napoleon left his personal mark on the institution—perhaps as subtle revenge for having once been snubbed by a Mobilier inspector general who advised the lowly citizen Buonaparte "to be content with the lodgings assigned [him] and use [his own] furnishings." The gist of the emperor's instructions was to "buy new, not old," and he took a maniacal interest in the minutiae of decoration. Harried administrators reported that His Majesty found the curtains at the Palais des Tuileries "too bare and too simple," that he desired absolutely "no fringe on the furniture in his apartments," and that "silk or dimity slipcovers" must be run up instantly to protect the most valuable effects.





Napoleonic throne, right. Top right: Catalogued passementerie. Center: A 1950s chandelier under cover, 19th-century bisque figurines, and an Empire gilt candelabra.

As in all proper households, dirty laundry at the Mobilier is not washed publicly. We do learn, however, that General de Gaulle wasn't terribly interested in the decorative arts but when pressed would admit to a (predictable) preference for the Empire style. Pompidou offset a taste for modernity by choosing eighteenth-century pieces of royal provenance to decorate the ground floor of the Élysée. Giscard felt most at home in a Neoclassical environment, while Mitterrand has invited contemporary *créateurs* to design suites for his office and living quarters.

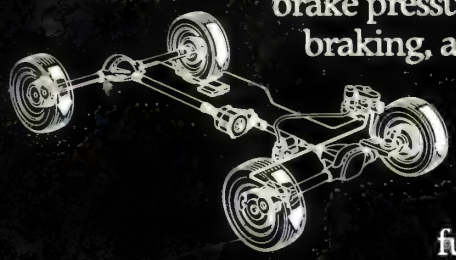
Just as the Mobilier of another era commissioned one-of-a-kind pieces from the likes of Jacob, Desmalter, or Groult, today's administration cooperates closely with the megastars of French design: Paulin, Starck, Wilmotte. The high-tech state-of-the-art Research Center for the Creation of Contemporary Furniture builds and tests prototypes which eventually make their way to the international marketplace. Philippe Starck's Pratfall seat (produced by Driade) and his Richard III armchair (Baleri) were first intended for *le président*; the originals of the Theater of the World cabinet (XO) and the Miss Dora chair (Disform) are in Danielle Mitterrand's apartments; the Série Lang (Driade) replicates the Minister of Culture's office furniture. "The Mobilier adapts traditional crafts techniques to the industrial context," Starck explains. "And there are delightful little ceremonies, like the indexing of each model in those historic ledgers, which seem to sanctify the piece even before it has become reality. Come to think of it, almost everything I've worked on at the Mobilier is now a worldwide best-seller."

Jean Michel Wilmotte, designer of many of the interior fittings for I. M. Pei's glass pyramid at the Musée du Louvre, is convinced that his sleek new museum showcases would never have seen the light of day had it not been for the Research Center experts' zeal. "Their aim is to turn contemporary designs into the heritage of future generations," he says. "Their pursuit of perfection guarantees even the most challenging project a final unmistakable note of sophistication." A note synonymous, of course, like the Mobilier National itself, with the very essence of French style. ▲

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Taste of the Provinces

From Alsace to Brittany, France's country restaurants provide a taste of diversity
By Patricia Wells

Nothing revives one's spirits, opens one's eyes, restores one's faith in the Frenchman's ability to "do it right" like a weekend in the French countryside. While Paris has Paris, the rest of France has a wealth of regional personalities to share. From the Brittany coast to the eastern Alsatian borders, from the château-filled Loire to the earthy and golden southwest, each region of France offers travelers a look at a distinctive way of life, a special style of regional food, and, of course, a new selection of wines for each and every meal. As ever, when traveling, it is the people one meets that make all the difference.

The following are some personal suggestions for authentic regional restaurants with a personality, each with its own guest quarters.













Les Crayères, left, is in the heart of champagne country. Below: Hostellerie du Cerf in Alsace. Bottom: L'Aubergade in the southwest of France.

From the menu of Grand Hôtel du Lion d'Or, above, in the Loire. Center: Map featuring Puymirol. Top: Restaurant de Bricourt in Brittany.

ALSACE

It seems almost too idyllic, too old-fashioned: grandmother tends to her confitures, father to his fruit, vegetable, and flower garden, while the son, ambitious and youthfully restless, takes charge in the kitchen. It wouldn't work for everyone, but for the Alsatian Husser family of the **Hostellerie du Cerf** in Marlenheim, it seems not only right and natural, but essential.

A pleasantly restored Alsatian-style auberge complete with paved courtyard, an abundance of flowers, and authentic country charm, the Hostellerie du Cerf is idyllic in more ways than one. Who can imagine touring Alsace without making contact with sauerkraut, headcheese, apple strudel, or a bright chilled Riesling? Clichés, you say? Not here.

At this cozy auberge, a quick fifteen-minute drive east of Strasbourg, father Robert Husser and son Michel have cleverly and expertly managed to take what is essentially a hearty peasant fare and update and transform it for a modern elegant table. Nothing is lost in the translation. In fact, the Hussers create new respect for the regional foods that have been banalized by an excess of familiarity.

Presskopf (Alsatian headcheese) and *tarte flambée* (a warm cream, bacon, and onion tart) appear as miniature palate teasers. The traditional appetizer of *harengs à la crème* is transformed into a bright, sparkling, and compact terrine: layers of fresh herring, potatoes, and cornichons are surrounded by a contrasting and elegant *crème de caviar*. The *choucroute nouvelle au cochon de lait et foie gras fumé* is a model of its kind: a mound of tender, gently fragrant sauerkraut is surrounded by delicate home-smoked foie gras and earthy morsels of tender pork.

Robert and Michel Husser have stretched their imaginations but offer a style of cooking that is neither overly sophisticated nor unnecessarily fussy. The Hostellerie du Cerf wine list is a veritable bible with an emphasis on the new generation of independent Alsatian winemakers. In short, this is one of the finest and most up-to-date tables in Alsace, with a welcome as warm and as large as the entire Husser family. (Hostellerie du Cerf, 30 rue du Général-de-Gaulle, 67520 Marlenheim; 88-87-73-73)

RECIPE#3: Tailgate Picnic

"Dijon and Herb Marinade"



½ cup white wine vinegar
1 bottle champagne
¼ cup GREY POUPON®
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1 clove garlic, mashed
1 polo match
2 Tbsp. minced
fresh onion
1 rules book
1 tailgate to Rolls
¼ tsp. crushed rosemary





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SOUTHWEST

I first encountered Michel Trama's inventive, assertive, full-flavored cuisine at **L'Aubergade** one warm summer's evening in 1981, when he had only begun testing his creative wings in this enchanting perched village of the southwest. I've returned again and again, seduced by a style of cooking I frankly adore. His food is familiar, wholesome, not the least bit fussy, yet you always leave feeling as though you've witnessed a privileged culinary adventure.

On a recent visit we arrived just as the sun was setting on this village of just 400 inhabitants after passing freshly harvested fields of wheat, tidy fields of sunflowers, and working farms flanked by elegant *pigeonniers*, those architectural wonders of the southwest. Again, this outgoing chef offered new temptations and brilliant surprises, and we left this welcoming restored twelfth-century house feeling rejuvenated after a long day's drive across the country.

The star of Trama's current menu is no doubt the *morue en croûte des pommes de terre à la ventrèche*, a soul-satisfying, homey dish of potatoes roasted in their skins and filled with chunks of moist salt cod, leeks, chives, and herbs topped with paper-thin slices of crusty





At Hostellerie du Cerf, right, Michel and Robert Husser, below, have transformed peasant fare for the modern table.

Nothing is lost in the Hussers' translation of Alsatian fare

ventrèche, the hamlike southwestern *poitrine roulée*. Other must-trys include *ravioles de canard aux mousserons* (ravioli filled with a complex blend of home-cured slices of breast of duck, chicken breast, and duck foie gras with mushrooms) and his updated version of duck with peaches, here served with fresh white peaches.

For dessert, don't pass up his work of art, the *larme de chocolat aux griottes* (a bitter chocolate dessert shaped like a giant teardrop and served with delicious preserved cherries) or the refreshing *macaron aux fruits rouges à la rhubarbe* (a crunchy macaroon "sandwich" filled with strawberries and tart farm-fresh rhubarb).

Any gourmand who is serious about encouraging young chefs to help preserve France's gastronomic richness is practically duty-bound to put L'Aubergade on an upcoming tour of the region. And as of this May the Tramas also offer a series of modern guest rooms attached to their village restaurant. (L'Aubergade, 52 rue Royale, 47270 Puymirol; 53-95-31-46)

LOIRE

For those in the proper frame of mind, history is the spice of life. And if you've ever doubted it, make a visit to the Sologne's **Grand Hôtel du Lion d'Or** in Romorantin, where the Barrat and Clément families weave together tales of history, a wealth of knowledge of spices, and, best of all, a personalized cuisine strong on freshness, flavor, and attention to detail.

It is, in fact, a charming love story. In 1980, Didier Clément came to work as chef at the Lion d'Or, owned by the Barrat family since 1960. Clément fell in love with the Barrats' daughter, Marie-Christine, a scholar on the history of gastronomy. Soon Marie-Christine and Didier's collaboration began showing up on the dinner table in the form of dishes carefully seasoned with spices, fragrant with the scent of vanilla or licorice, and with rarely seen vegetables, like a delicate wild young garlic known as *rocambole*.

One of their finest collaborative creations is their *langoustines rotties à la poudre fine d'épices douces*, a roast crayfish dish loaded with history. As Marie-Christine tells the story, in the Middle Ages cooks used a *poudre fine* (that is, a mix of spices) rather than salt or pepper. The more spices you blended together, the richer you were, and the mix varied according to the chef's own style. Out of this research came the Cléments' personalized *poudre épices*, a blend of ten spices, including grains of paradise, ginger, and cinnamon—the other seven are a secret. They tried the *poudre* on meat, poultry, and fish and finally settled on fresh meaty langoustines. The dish is delicate, sea fresh, delightful, a satisfying meal all on its own.

Didier also pairs the tenderest of frogs' legs and *rocambole* with a salad of *roquette*, sautées scallops with a touch of vanilla-infused oil, and prepares an intoxicating cauliflower cream sprinkled with chervil and an avalanche of black truffles.

Don't miss a chance to sample the terrific regional goat cheeses, including a delicate Saint-Maure, the elegantly smooth Selles-sur-Cher, or an ultimately refined Pouligny-Saint-Pierre, as well as the restaurant's good stock of Vouvray, a golden-hued white wine that Madame Barrat likes to say "envelops the food."

The hotel-restaurant's newly restored and beautifully appointed terrace and tastefully decorated guest rooms also make it one of the more sought-after dining spots in the Loire Valley region. (Grand Hôtel du Lion d'Or, 69 rue Georges-Clemenceau, 41200 Lanthenay-Romorantin; 54-76-00-28)

BRITTANY

Olivier Roellinger and his wife, Jane, are one of my favorite French food couples. They have an eye for detail and share a passion for their seaside village of Cancale with its abundance of fish and shellfish that come from the nearby waters. **Restaurant de Bricourt**—their elegant twelve-table restaurant situated in chef Roellinger's boyhood home—is bright and homey, decorated in pinks and whites with lovely tiled fireplaces and Fragonard-like wall murals.

And Roellinger's cuisine follows suit. He's meticulous and takes care to select only the freshest of the local catch. His food is unfussy and well thought out and includes combinations such as salads of

smoked salmon and the freshest tiny bay scallops; little balls of crabmeat wrapped in cabbage leaves and topped with a sauce of fresh coriander; a spectacular marriage of clams, first-of-season wild cèpes, and thinly sliced potatoes bathed in a fine shallot-rich sauce.

His desserts are equally inventive and appealing. I'll not soon forget his *gratin d'abricots*, a warm blend of fresh apricots and green and yellow plums covered with a gratin of almond cream and served with a scoop of strong buckwheat honey ice cream, a spectacular contrast of hot and cold, sweet and tangy.

Just this year the Roellingers purchased and carefully restored a mansion by the sea. The house—more a home than a standard hotel—is now one of the loveliest places to stay in all of Brittany. On a clear day you can view the famed Mont-Saint-Michel from the restaurant's terrace. (Restaurant de Bricourt, 1 rue Duguesclin, 35260 Cancale; 99-89-64-76)

CHAMPAGNE

Gérard and Elyane Boyer's restored eighteenth-century-style château, **Les Crayères,** in the heart of champagne country, is my first choice for a romantic, elegant, refined place to stay near Paris for the weekend. They're just on the outskirts of Reims, not more than ninety minutes from Paris, which means you can have lunch there and still get back to Paris for dinner or stretch your stay into a relaxing overnight journey.

The château dates from 1900, when it was built by the Pommery family of champagne fame. Several years ago the Boyers, whose family has run great Champagne region restaurants for generations, restored and redecorated this fantasy castle with exquisite taste. While guests have all the comforts of the modern world, one can still feel a part of the charm and elegance of a France of days past.

The bright and airy château is situated in the center of a huge park with trees imported from all over the globe. Look carefully at the exterior, and you'll find carved in stone cherubs, roses, and, of course, the clumps of Pinot Noir and Chardonnay grapes that go into making the champagne that has long cast a spell on the world. The restaurant has a comprehensive list that includes a choice of over 120 champagnes varying in size, age, and price.

The food—elegant without being precious, simple without being simplistic, light without sacrificing flavor and character—is in keeping with the style of the château. The dining room is actually a series of three rooms decorated in muted shades of cream and terra-cotta, the most exquisite of which is paneled in wood and situated over a rotunda-like winter garden that looks onto the neatly ordered park and terrace. Everywhere there are fresh flowers, silver candelabra, Chinese ginger jars, marble mantels, and mirrors.

Over the years, the dishes I've most enjoyed here include Boyer's *fricassée des champignons sauvages* (a simple but refined blend of varied wild mushrooms, delicately sautéed and sauced with a touch of cream), his fresh, flaky, and perfectly grilled John Dory set on a bed of red onion confit, and an elegant and soothing mussel soup touched with cream and saffron. Each meal includes a stunning cheese course made up of the region's most famous selections, all prepared with raw cow's milk. (Les Crayères, Gérard Boyer, 674 blvd. Henri-Vasnier, 51100 Reims; 26-82-80-80) ▲



Beyond the Louvre

Surprising discoveries await visitors to France's most recherché museums

By Gregory Rowe

Conscientious curators of their history, the French have established museums of every variety with diligence and passion. The *Guide Bleu* guide to museums enumerates scores of institutions in Paris alone, ranging from the vast Louvre to an Edith Piaf Museum in two rooms of a private apartment, a classic example of the *musée intime* the French regard as one of life's small pleasures. For travelers in search of the past preserved in an intimate setting, the following is a personal selection of lesser-known but uncommonly rewarding museums in the capital and farther afield.

MUSÉE DE LA VIE ROMANTIQUE

Improbably sequestered behind the honky-tonk of Pigalle at the end of an allée of trees, this former hôtel particulier was the setting for two of the most illustrious artistic and intellectual salons of nineteenth-century Paris. The Dutch painter Ary Scheffer, who acquired the house in 1830 and whose descendants lived there until 1983, held Friday-night gatherings for friends such as Chopin, Liszt, Lamartine, and George Sand. Later, Scheffer's grandniece, Noémi, welcomed the elite of the Third Republic. Now, appropriately, the museum hosts small changing exhibitions on the cultural milieu in which the famous residents of the house and their guests played major roles. Permanent exhibits include some of Ary Scheffer's own paintings. On the ground floor, contemporary decorator Jacques Garcia has painstakingly replicated the salon of a nearby house, now demolished, where George Sand held court in the 1830s. Outside, landscape designer Alain Richert has re-created a Romantic garden of the 1830s complete with Charles X garden furniture. During the summer, tea is served outdoors and in a greenhouse. (16 rue Chaptal, 75009; 48-74-95-38)

MUSÉE GUSTAVE MOREAU

Not far from the Scheffer museum is the house where Symbolist painter Gustave Moreau lived and worked. Moreau, who taught Matisse and Rouault, bequeathed the place to the state when he died in 1898, with a request that his 11,000 drawings, watercolors, and paintings remain intact. Inside the studio-residence, you can almost imagine the artist watching from behind one of several self-portraits. (14 rue de la Rochefoucauld, 75009; 48-74-38-50)

MUSÉE DE LA CHASSE ET DE LA NATURE

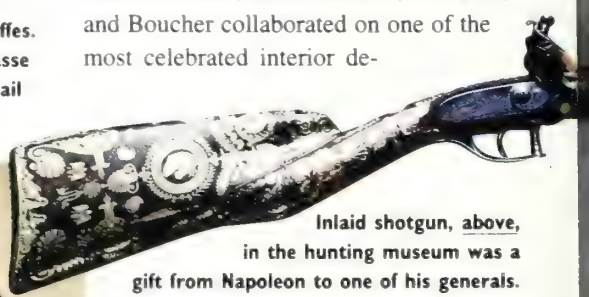
At first glance, this seventeenth-century hôtel particulier designed by François Mansart looks as if Teddy Roosevelt might have had a hand in the decoration. Stuffed rhinoceros, stag, and moose heads peer out from the walls and antler chandeliers hang like thorny crowns. The actual founders of the museum are Jacqueline and François Sommer, who renovated the dilapidated hôtel and its formal garden in the 1960s to create a home for their collection of big-game trophies and memorabilia of the chase. Considering the grislier aspects of venery, the paintings, tapestries, sculptures, and drawings inspired by the sport are disarmingly beautiful. In these surroundings even guns and powder pouches take on the grace of delicate objets d'art. (60 rue des Archives, 75003; 42-72-86-43)

MUSÉE DE L'HISTOIRE DE FRANCE

A wedding surprise from the prince de Soubise to his wife, the his and hers apartments at their palace exemplify the best of Parisian Rococo. Under the direction of architect Germain Boffrand, artists Natoire, Van Loo, and Boucher collaborated on one of the most celebrated interior de-









A fabric swatch left, from the Musée de l'Impression sur Étoffes. Below: At the Musée de la Chasse et de la Nature, even a stair rail commemorates the hunt.

Inlaid shotgun, above, in the hunting museum was a gift from Napoleon to one of his generals. Below: A 1905 carousel organ from the Musée de la Musique Mécanique.

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sign projects of the day. Since 1808 the National Archives have been filed away in the palace and annexes. Documents such as Napoleon's will, the Bill of Rights, and the Edict of Nantes are on display. (Write in advance for an appointment: 60 rue des Francs-Bourgeois, 75003; 40-27-60-00)

MUSÉE DE LA MUSIQUE MÉCANIQUE

In this tiny museum tucked beside the Centre Pompidou, intricate mechanical musical instruments are brought back to life. Owner Henri Triquet and his daughter Jacqueline have restored everything from a 1905 hand-painted carousel organ to a 1924 *piano automatique* inset with very late Art Nouveau–inspired glass. The mechanical mannequin who "plays" the 1933 pneumatic jazz accordion is accompanied by an automated drummer straight from a period bandstand. (Impasse Berthaud, 75003; 42-78-49-16: Open Sat.–Sun., 2–7 P.M.)

MUSÉE ERNEST HÉBERT

The paintings of nineteenth-century artist Ernest Hébert share the spotlight with the architecture of the building devoted to his work, the 1743 Hôtel de Montmorency, which retains much of its Louis XV decoration. Hébert's *paysagiste* renderings of peasants going about their labors—executed during his years in Rome as director of the French Academy—are shown with his better-known Orientalist scenes and haunting portraits. The more mystical canvases make one understand why Hébert's cousin the novelist Stendhal once wrote, "Perhaps that young man does have a soul." (Hôtel de Montmorency, 85 rue du Cherche-Midi, 75006; 42-22-23-82)

MUSÉE INGRES

Set in a brick palace built in 1664 for the bishop of Montauban, the museum overlooks the Tarn River north of Toulouse. Galleries on the piano nobile display in rotation over 4,000 drawings and 60 paintings Ingres gave to his native city of Montauban. Many of the drawings record the evolution of the artist's classical compositions. On the ground floor are sculptures by another native son, Émile Antoine Bourdelle. (19 rue de l'Hôtel-de-Ville, 82000 Montauban; 63-63-18-04)

MUSÉE DE LA PARFUMERIE FRAGONARD

Flacons, *nécessaires de toilette*, and artwork on display in a converted eighteenth-century tannery in Grasse recall 3,000 years of perfume history. A walk just outside the hillside town affords an opportunity to pick the jasmine, rose, lavender, and orange blossoms from which perfumes are made. (20 blvd. Fragonard, 06130 Grasse; 93-36-44-65)

MUSÉE DE L'IMPRESSION SUR ÉTOFFES

The Alsatian city of Mulhouse has long been the fabric-printing capital of the world, so it's fitting that the only fabric-printing museum is situated there. Printing machines, carved woodblocks, and rollers are used for step-by-step demonstrations. Indonesian batik, French toile de Jouy, English chintz, and other fabrics are always on view. The most exciting aspect of the museum, however, is the library. Three million swatches of different fabrics are catalogued in 1,600 bound volumes—an incomparable resource for designers. (3 rue des Bonnes-Gens, 68100 Mulhouse; 89-45-51-20) ▲



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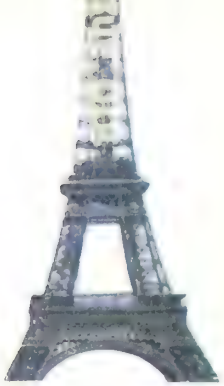


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EDITOR'S PAGE

JULY 1989



It is nothing for an American to admit to a passion for France, so I will immediately confess to mine. And while I'm at it, I'll add that for years the fact that something was French seemed to explain more than adequately almost any state of perfection. The bicentennial of the Revolution offered a delightful opportunity to indulge my Gallic inclinations, especially since I was joined by like-minded colleagues, in particular Deborah Webster, HG's very own American in Paris and a gifted stylist with both judgment and access. HG finds France today a country intriguing in its stylistic contradictions. Our survey ranges from the eighteenth-century grandeur of Paris's Musée Nissim de Camondo to Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste's *dernier cri* design for couturier Christian Lacroix's new shop on the rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honoré. We visit with Irène Amic at her Provençal country house in the flower-scented hills near Grasse, stop by the half-timbered retreat of investment banker Nicholas Worms in Normandy, and enter the very private rue de Rivoli domain of renowned editor Marie-Paule Pellé. There's also Edmund White's illuminating profile of Jacques Grange, the French decorator known not only for his *bon goût* but also for his dazzling roster of clients and friends, from Yves Saint Laurent to Isabelle Adjani and Catherine Deneuve; Jane Kramer's incisive examination of that most highly cultivated French faculty, taste; Martin Filler's look at the Grands Projets—President François Mitterrand's bid for glory; and I can't forget to mention Charles Gandee's scoop—the first house designed by Philippe Starck. In July, HG offers all this and much more—articles on little-known museums, hard-to-find decorative resources, and, of course, shopping and food tips—not only for those who are lucky enough to have travel plans but also for those who simply have wanderlust.



This colorful mise en scène, commemorating the bicentennial of the French Revolution, was styled by Marie-Paule Pellé, whose own apartment is featured on page 68. Hat by Karl Lagerfeld, walls and screens by Paulin Paris, rods by Houlès, chairs by Jean-Charles de Castelbajac. Details see Resources.

Editor in Chief

On the Rue de Rivoli

Marie-Paule Pellé lives with the visual flair that is her signature

By CHARLES GANDEE

Photographs by ALEXANDRE BAILHACHE

It is frequently said in certain publishing circles in New York, Paris, and Milan that Marie-Paule Pellé has the "best eye in the business." By that, admirers of the veteran creative director's work mean that Pellé is a master of visual seduction—that she can fashion photographs, capture images, produce stories that no one else can quite seem to match.

To those outside the editorial circles that hold Pellé in such high regard, her talent, indeed her profession, must seem a bit elusive, a bit rarefied. To those inside, however, to her colleagues and competitors, her talent means the critical difference between a poetic and a prosaic picture, between a three-dimensional and a two-dimensional page, between a memorable and a forgettable magazine.

Although at present Pellé is focusing on



Marie-Paule Pellé strikes a pose in the Palais-Royal, right. Her evocative tricorne and Paco Rabanne costume recall the ultrafashionable Incroyables of the late 18th century. Far right: Back at home Ouzo awaits his mistress in the entry where a patriotic Per Spook wedding dress and a pair of wooden evergreens modeled after artist Timothy Hennessy's tree sculptures supply Pellé's trademark touch of whimsy.







In the sunshine-yellow living room a Louis XIV–period portrait looks down on family heirlooms and the collected spoils of Pellé's lifelong assault on the flea markets and antiques shops of Paris. The sunburst clock and armchair—designed to conceal a chamber pot—are late 18th century, as is the folding iron daybed that serves as the sofa. Gilles Crosland painted the trompe l'oeil screen. The faux parquet wool carpet was custom-made to Pellé's specifications.



"You can't live in history—I find it extremely boring even if it's perfect"

introducing a fashion section to the pages of *Condé Nast Traveler*, for the majority of her 26 working years interior decoration has been her subject of choice. *Marie Claire*, *Vogue Décoration*, *Décoration Internationale*, and HG have each benefited from her famous eye and inimitable flair, as has filmmaker Roman Polanski, who invited her to design the set for his only television commercial.

Pellé came to the City of Light after leaving the lycée in Orléans just before final exams—"I hate failure"—and, in whatever cities she has lived since, has almost always owned her various apartments. She became a *locataire* but once, a few years ago, and then, suddenly last year she awoke one morning in the grip of an alarming feeling familiar to city dwellers everywhere: "What am I doing throwing all this money through the window every day?" Because Pellé is not a woman to dally once she makes up her mind, it was merely a matter of weeks before she was packing to move from the grand apartment she rented overlooking the Luxembourg Gardens to the not-so-grand apartment she bought tucked in behind the tacky souvenir shops and duty-free perfumeries lining the rue de Rivoli's great nineteenth-century arcade.

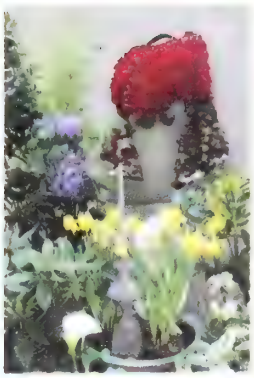
Given Pellé's reputation, it is with considerable curiosity that one peers into the private rooms that the ultimate stylist recently styled for herself in Paris. "I'm like a decorator," she notes. "When I enter a place, it inspires me immediately. I use everything I know to feed the place, and then my personality follows." Two examples

A round 18th-century armoire anchors a faceted corner of the living room, left, where two 18th-century Italian bronze bas-reliefs crown a pair of doors. A 19th-century English mahogany chair supports a plaster Giacometti lamp and a photograph by André Ostier of a fête at the country house of Charles de Beistegui. Opposite: The Directoire-style cups and saucers were specially commissioned by Pellé's mother in the forties from Le Vase Etrusque. Details opposite, from top: A zinc cornice ornament; an 18th-century globe clock from Alain Demachy's Galerie Camoin; a bolero of roses by florist Olivier Pitou hanging on the garden wall; a stone bust of Louis XIV.















Guests gather around a folding vineyard table from Bordeaux under the painted wood chandelier in Pellé's kitchen/dining room. A Charles X Neo-Gothic iron vitrine hangs above the sideboard. The Louis XV chairs are from Pellé's family; the stools are from the 1930s.



STARCK MODERN

Philippe Starck makes his architectural debut with a dramatic house on the Seine

By CHARLES GANDEE

Photographs by DEIDI VON SCHAEWEN



In the entry hall of the Musée Nissim de Camondo, opposite, a gray-painted Louis XVI sofa covered in Aubusson tapestry beneath a painting of flowers in a vase, French, c. 1760. The renovation of the entry hall was a gift of Henri Samuel. Left: Among the highlights of the museum is this urn-shaped cylindrical clock of Niderviller porcelain, c. 1785. Stylist: Jacques Dehornois.







Sophisticated collectors are fond of saying that they're not really the owners of the things they possess, only their temporary custodians. That is about as close as most people come these days to acknowledging the ancient maxim *ars longa, vita brevis*. Yet there are a few evocative interior settings—rarely in conventional museums—where that timeless truth can be fully appreciated. One such place is the Musée Nissim de Camondo in Paris, one of the world's great repositories of eighteenth-century French decorative arts. The long-needed restoration of this Belle Époque hôtel particulier has just passed its halfway mark, but it is already being rediscovered as a treasure house on a par with New York's Frick and London's Wallace Collection.

More than just a ravishing assemblage of objects, the Musée Camondo is also a haunting memorial to a distinguished family. They met with extinction just three decades after moving into this mansion filled with masterpieces created for the equally doomed aristocrats of the ancien régime. Around the turn of the century, Comte Moïse de Camondo, a Jewish financier, became intensely interested in the art and furniture of France under Louis XV and XVI and began to collect it with extraordinary passion. Camondo was already the owner of an ornate Second Empire residence at 63 rue de Monceau in the eighth arrondissement. A stickler for historical accuracy, the count decided that those florid surroundings were inappropriate for his growing commitment to eighteenth-century classicism. Camondo thereupon commissioned the architect René Sergent to tear down his palatial house and replace it with a more suitable design loosely based on Jacques-Ange Gabriel's Petit Trianon for Louis XV at Versailles.

From the outset, Camondo worked with Sergent in devising precise spaces to receive specific pieces from his collection. The count was especially partial to pairs—of chairs, commodes, vases, candelabras, paintings—and thus symmetry played a major part in the arrangement of the new rooms. Methodical person that he was, Camondo amassed a veritable checklist of works by all of the most important names in furniture design of the *dix-huitième:* Carlin, Jacob, Lacroix, Leleu, Oeben, Riesener, Roentgen, Sené, Van Risenburgh, and Weisweiler. There is also important silver by Roettiers, metalwork by Gouthière and Thomire, tapestries after Boucher, sculpture by Clodion and Houdon, and paintings by Drouais, Duplessis, Guardi, Huët, Lancret, Lavreince, Oudry,

Details of a treasure house. Clockwise from top left: Drawing of Musée Camondo, 1911–14, by architect René Sergent; next to French late 17th century bronze, a photo of Comte Moïse de Camondo's son, Lieutenant Nissim de Camondo, killed in battle in 1917; Louis XVI fauteuil in the count's bedroom; 1781 portrait by J. S. Duplessis of Jacques Necker, Louis XVI's finance minister; silk curtain by Prelle with passementerie by Bernard Gomond in the Grand Bureau, restored as a gift from Baron Edmond de Rothschild; fauteuil by Jean-Baptiste Sené, c. 1775–85; ormolu-mounted petrified-wood covered vase attributed to Pierre Gouthière, c. 1780–90, and once owned by Marie Antoinette; boiserie in the Grand Salon, restored as a gift from Michel and Hélène David-Weill.











Robert, Earl Wigall [illegible]

Camondo intended [illegible] as a legacy [illegible] But [illegible] fifty years after [illegible] was completed, the [illegible] Louvre and Musée de Cluny [illegible] that during an [illegible] the Germans. After he lost his son and heir in World War I, the count decided to leave his mansion and the treasures in it to the Union des Arts Décoratifs as a museum. Comte de Camondo died in 1935, [illegible] not end there. During World War II his daughter, Béatrice, and her husband, the [illegible] Louis Rothschild, remained [illegible] rather than flee abroad. In the waning months of the Nazi occupation they and their two children, Fanny and Bertrand, were arrested and shipped off to Auschwitz, where the entire family perished.

After the war the Musee Camondo was forgotten by all but a few eighteenth-century enthusiasts. This faded jewel in a no longer [illegible] neighborhood fell into greater and greater disrepair, the only government funds being available for its exterior maintenance. Finally, a small group of collectors, architects, dealers, and decorative arts scholars banded together in 1965 to form the Comite Pour Camondo to raise funds for the desperately needed refurbishment of the interiors and repair of the superb furniture and objets d'art. Patrons, both public and private, have underwritten the renovation of entire rooms. Manufacturers have donated materials and craftsmen and restorers have exercised their talents in what can only be described as a collective labor of love.

Although infusing an unoccupied house with a living spirit is a difficult thing to do, the restoration of the Camondo mansion has achieved just that. Its tactful and deli-





B*acchanale*, left, a terra-cotta sculpture by Clodion, 1770. Far left: In the Petit Bureau, restored as a gift from the Honda Motor Co., a bedside table c. 1775–80, with a gardener in marquetry epitomizes the intricate craftsmanship of a master ébéniste, Charles Topino. Carpet, with an oval central medallion, is an Aubusson, c. 1790.

cate balance between preserving the past and re-creating it for the present gives this singular museum far more than charm. This is a house that speaks eloquently of how the things we possess in turn possess revealing aspects of ourselves. The Musée Nissim de Camondo is a poignant elegy as well as an exhortation to enjoy daily life to the fullest. The glorious treasures that inhabit its grand salons are not the mute trophies of mere wealth. Rather they bear witness to the love of life of their last private owner and the love of family which prompted his generous gift to France. ♠

Editor: Deborah Webster



Le Style Jacques

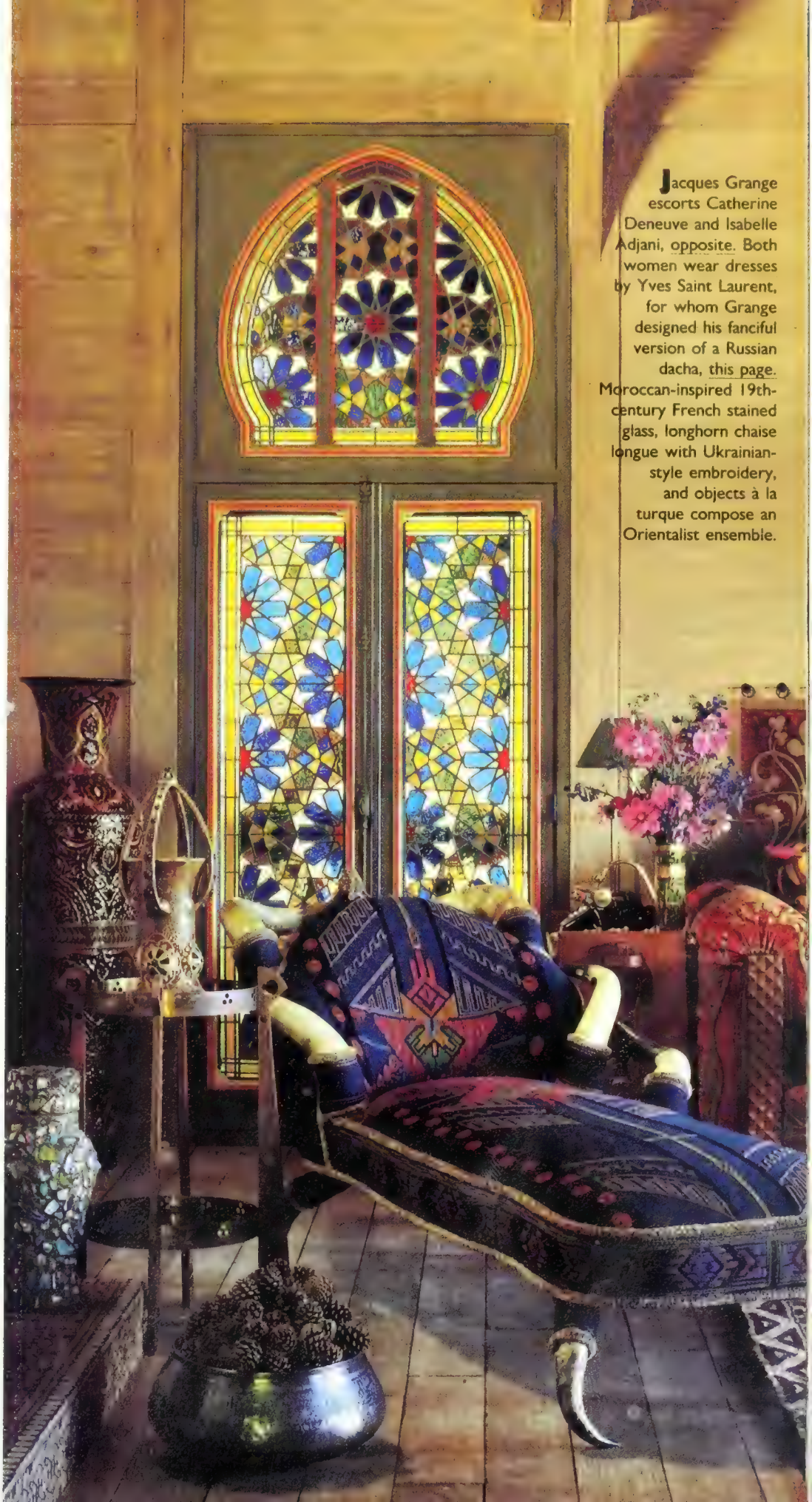
"Yes, I'm very French," Jacques Grange admitted, lying on his sofa in a bathrobe, barefoot, with his dog on his lap. It was ten thirty in the morning, the phone was ringing with calls from clients, rug makers, and the actress Arielle Dombasle. Grange's maid had just awakened him for our appointment. Although we were in the very heart of Paris, one minute from the Louvre and five from the Paris Opéra, everything was silent except for the piping of birds in the inner court of the Palais-Royal.

Reflecting, he added, "Even my clients in the States are usually French. In New York, I did Paloma Picasso's showroom and the apartment of Pierre Bergé," president of Yves Saint Laurent's empire and the government-appointed business manager of Paris's opera houses. "Or even when they're real Americans, they're like Mrs. Elizabeth Keck, who built a French house in Bel-Air and asked me to help her design it for her extraordinary eighteenth-century French furniture. She knows exactly what she's talking about."

Like his high-profile friends and clients, decorator Jacques Grange is an international star. A portfolio of his recent work displays a striking counterpoint of luxury and restraint

By EDMUND WHITE
Photographs by FRANÇOIS HALARD

Grange



Jacques Grange escorts Catherine Deneuve and Isabelle Adjani, opposite. Both women wear dresses by Yves Saint Laurent, for whom Grange designed his fanciful version of a Russian dacha, this page. Moroccan-inspired 19th-century French stained glass, longhorn chaise longue with Ukrainian-style embroidery, and objects à la turque compose an Orientalist ensemble.



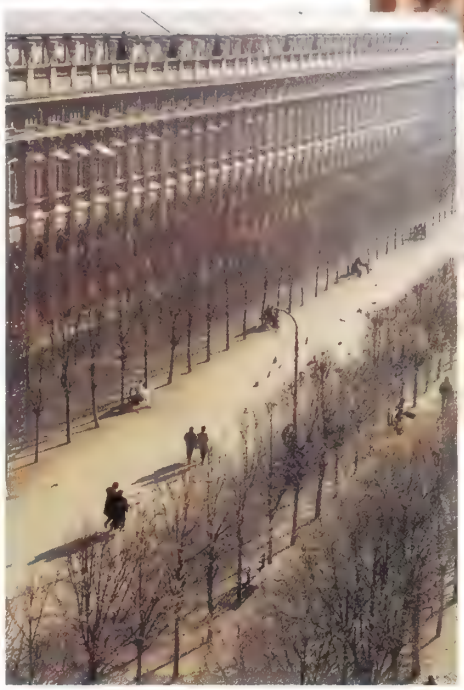
But in what lies Grange's "Frenchness"? First, it's in a seductive charm, a lightness, an intimacy. Take his own apartment. It used to belong to Colette, the greatest Frenchwoman writer of this century, the author of *Gigi* and *Chéri*. Here she sat all night on her raft-divan under her blue lamp writing on blue paper, while her much younger husband, Maurice Goudeket, slept in what is now Grange's library. Grange has preserved the flavor, if not the actual objects, of her decor, and his mantel is crowned by André Ostier's wonderfully intense photo of her. Joan Juliet Buck, the novelist, who shuttles between New York and Paris, told me that Grange has carried his Colette fetishism to the point of sometimes living with a woman who shockingly resembles her—all frizzy hair, pointy chin, and bistered eyes.

The French like to give a solid rational basis to their most frivolous gestures. Although Grange's apartment seems all caprice—a chandelier from a stage set, a peculiar library ladder—these follies are scrupulously calibrated. When he moved in, he opened up one wall to let the light pour all the way through from the garden side to the street side. He thickened one wall of the salon because, to his eye, it looked slightly too flimsy. He altered a fireplace and cornices, but the additions look centuries old.

He received his serious training at the École Boulle, the school named after Louis XIV's cabinetmaker, André Charles Boulle. "I went there from the age of sixteen to twenty, the four most glorious years of my life," he sighs. Until then he'd been an indifferent student, brought up as he was in a conservative upper-middle-class family in Paris's sixteenth arrondissement. His father was an engineer and one of his ancestors the physician who invented the stethoscope. He was surely slated for a lawyer's or doctor's office.

But he escaped to the Boulle school on the other side of Paris near the scruffier





Grange at the Palais-Royal, right. Below: View from his apartment, formerly Colette's. Opposite: The dining room recalls 19th-century Japonisme.



Cartouche above library door, right, painted by Christian Bérard. Photos of 19th-century writers, at left, by Nadar. Antique bronzes rest on a 1950s table.

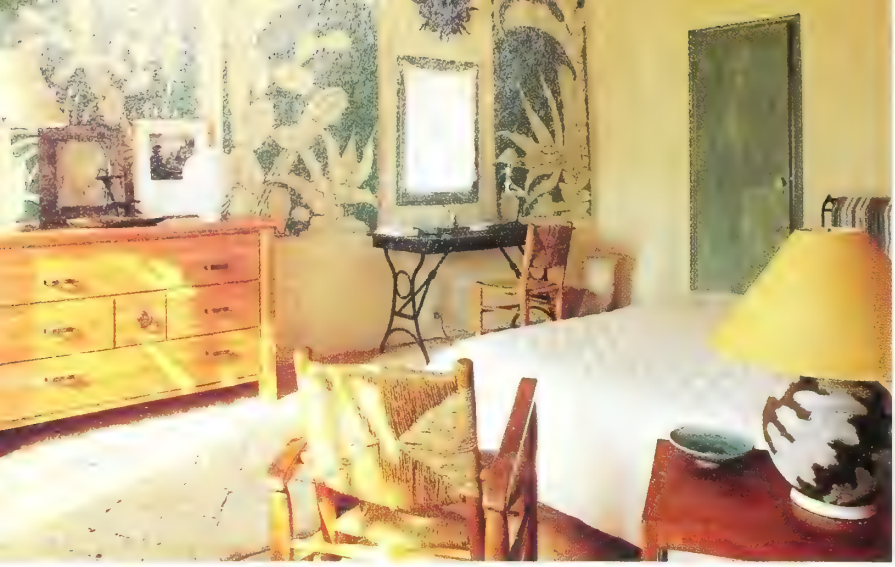
Although Grange's own apartment seems all caprice, the follies are scrupulously calibrated



A double aptitude—for the grandiose and the intimate,
for the luxurious and the humble—alternates in his designs



The living room of Grange's own Provençal mas was once a shed for farm animals. Woven rush chairs are by Charlotte Perriand, furniture designer for Le Corbusier. The fauteuil near the hearth is 17th century. The bull, with a traditional mask worn at fêtes in the Camargue, stands behind a 1950s oak table by Royère. Berber rugs are laid on terra-cotta tiles.







place de la Nation. There he rubbed shoulders with working-class guys and learned the secrets of lacquering furniture, inlaying wood, sewing upholstery, selecting fabrics, and fashioning plasterwork. If today Grange can appreciate a cleverly twisted bit of gold braid or see what's wrong with the way a desk drawer slides in or out, it's all because of Boulle. "I don't design for welfare people in housing projects. I work for the rich, and if I do, it's because my trade allows me to defend old-fashioned craftsmen. That's the greatest thing about France, all these extraordinary craftsmen, and they're thrilled that I can appreciate, criticize—and perpetuate—their skills. I make them laugh. 'Work seriously,' is my motto, 'but don't take yourself seriously.' "

Grange then attended one of the best Parisian schools of interior design, the Ecole Camondo, where he learned the history of architecture, furniture, and decoration. "This is a cruel story," he tells me. "But decorating is a business that destroys mere amateurs. You'd be shocked by the lack of general culture of people . . . They wouldn't begin to know what you meant if you wanted an interior to resemble a Vermeer painting. . . . approached me the

Grange's summer bedroom, top left, has 1930s wallhangings by Boisseau behind a 1940s chest. Above left: In the library/dining room, English Arts and Crafts oak chairs, Tarascon quilt tablecloth, and a Venetian lantern. French 19th-century ceramic columns flank shelf displaying Moroccan pottery. Above: The kitchen table is set with Apt earthenware. Opposite inset: The mas in winter.

A seductive charm and lightness underlie Grange's "Frenchness"



At home with Isabelle Adjani





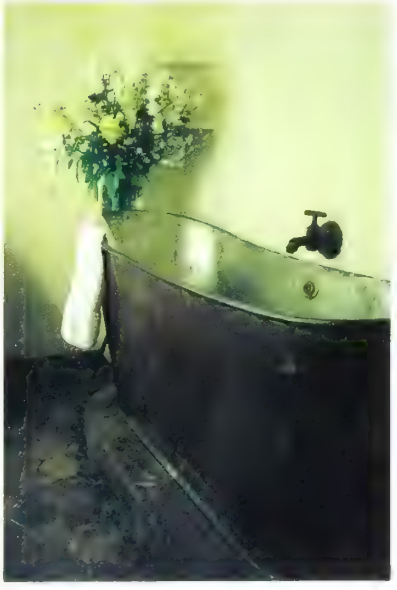
For his friend the actress Isabelle Adjani, above, Grange decorated a Parisian duplex to suggest the casual ambience of a country house. Above right: Old portières frame a view into the living room gallery where simple plank floors and an 18th-century boiserie set off 19th-century tapestry-covered furniture. The painted inset in the alcove is original to the house. Below right: Pumps Adjani wore in François Truffaut's film *L'Histoire d'Adèle H.* hang above French pine side chairs.

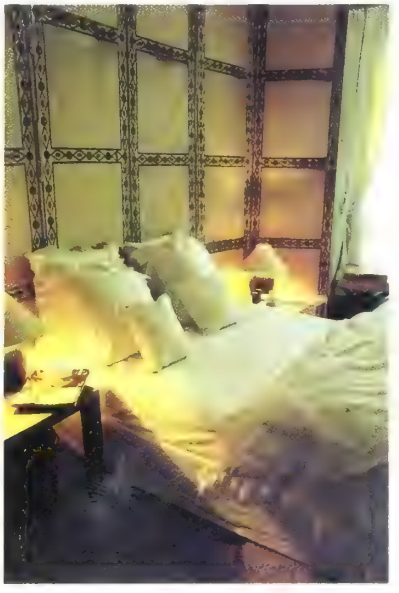




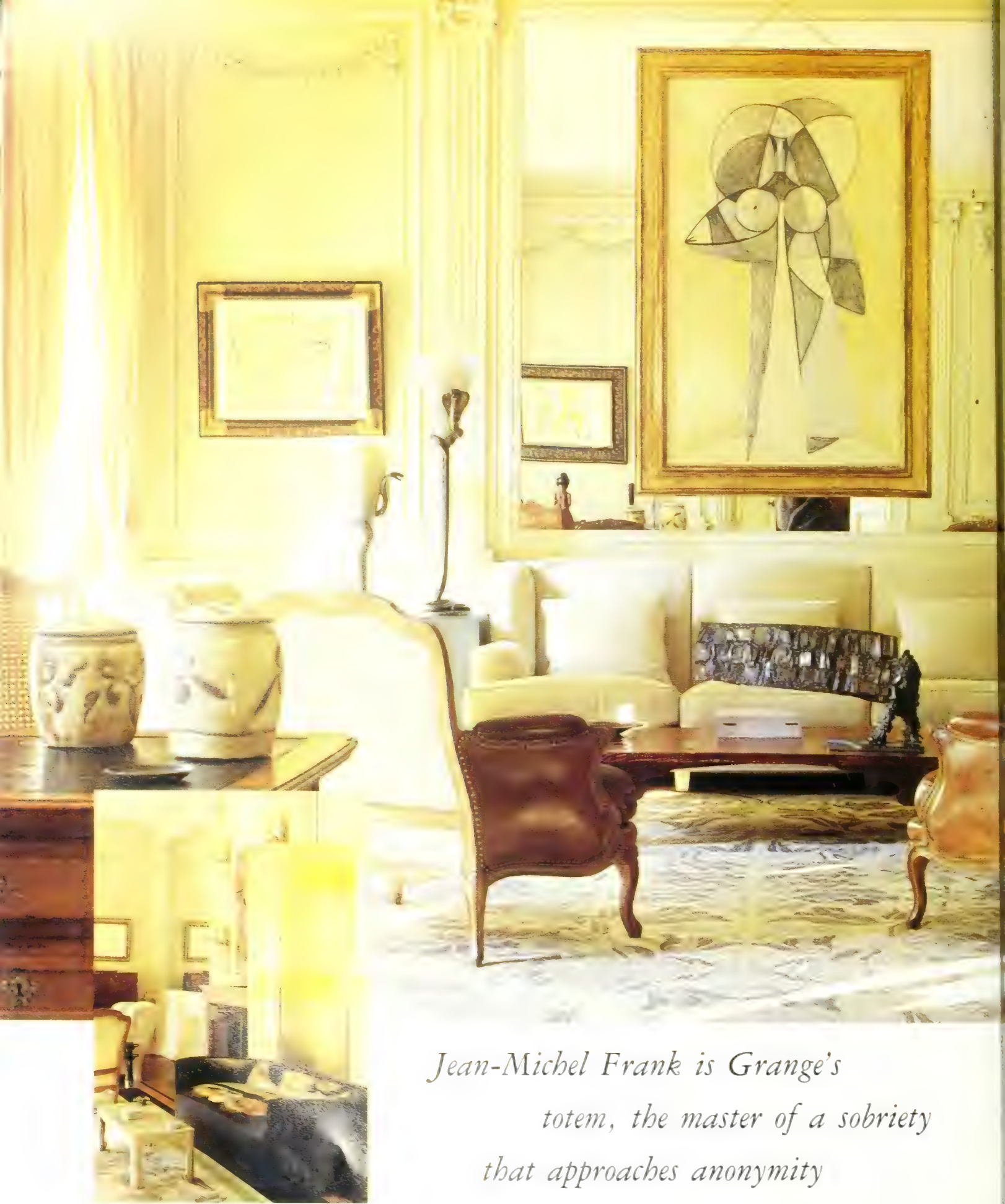
Grange reinterprets other periods and places through his own sensibility







The crisp geometry of a stone floor, top, contrasts with the gentle curves of a Grange sofa draped with antique cashmere. To either side of a contemporary Chinese still life, potted palms spread above Thonet tables. Chairs are 19th century Viennese. Left: Armchairs and terra-cotta bust in the entry are also Austrian. Above left: Bathtub is 18th century French. Above right: Nailheads decorate 1940s fabric on screens behind the bed. Tables by Frank; linens from Agnès Comar.



Jean-Michel Frank is Grange's totem, the master of a sobriety that approaches anonymity

other day and asked if I'd hire her as an assistant because she had good taste and rich friends!'' His eyebrows shoot up to register his indignation over the idea that his métier amounts to nothing more than taste and an address book.

When he emerged from school, Grange had a solid foundation but no flair. He was shy and could scarcely speak up in groups. ''I was what's called a well brought up boy, alas!'' He'd squired heiresses around *rallyes,* the French equivalent of debutante parties; he was a bit like the young Marcel Proust, whose family was equally rich and dowdy.

Then he met François-Marie Banier, a handsome, talented, and compulsively social young novelist who was very thick

In the dining room, below, Russian mahogany and copper chairs, under a Venetian chandelier, surround a Louis XVI table. The fretwork armoire and scenic wall panels are 18th century French. Iron sculpture by Lambert- Rucki.





Grange keyed his palette for the salon of two art collectors, above, to a grayish Paris sky. A Picasso hangs above a sofa designed by the decorator, with Grosz and Matisse drawings to left and right. Modern serpent-base metal and crystal lamps are by Brandt and Daum; sculpture on coffee table by César between Louis XV fauteuils. A 1930s vignette, opposite inset, with shagreen-covered table by Jean-Michel Frank from the house of Elsa Schiaparelli in front of a Pierre Chareau sofa with tapestry upholstery by Jean Lurçat; screen by Legrain.

"If I work for the rich, it's because my trade allows me to defend old-fashioned craftsmen"

with Salvador Dali and Louis Aragon—and who introduced Grange to the two women who would shape his taste. The first and foremost was Marie-Laure, the vicomtesse de Noailles, who now, nearly twenty years after her death, remains the most talked about Frenchwoman of her generation. She had a taste for extraordinary luxury and the eye and money to secure it. The architect Robert Mallet-Stevens designed for her an immense Cubist-style villa in reinforced concrete for which Marie-Laure commissioned sculptures from Alberto Giacometti, Zadkine, Lipchitz, and Laurens. That was in the south of France near Toulon.

In Paris her husband, Charles de Noailles, had already assembled an exemplary collection of eighteenth-century furniture, which Marie-Laure mixed freely with objects from all periods—a Braque painting, a 1925 piano, antique snuffboxes, an Art Nouveau chair. Her upstairs salon (now destroyed, though recorded in photos) was the masterpiece of Jean-Michel Frank, the melancholy designer who worked with painter Christian Bérard and furniture maker Diego Giacometti (brother of Alberto), to fashion the simplest, most perfectly proportioned, and refined lamps, chairs, and tables of the 1930s—set off by the gay floral rugs that Bérard concocted. Jean-Michel Frank is Grange's *(Text continued on page 168)*



A custom-made sofa upholstered in antique brocatelle silk with twisted silk cord strikes an exotic note in the Orientalized 18th-century Ruby salon. Doub[illegible] of ta[illegible] the volume of curtains, a technique borrowed from [illegible]outure. The gilt mirror, ormolu-mo[illegible] commode, and fauteuils covered in ne[illegible]poin[illegible] are all Régence. Twin tabour[illegible] and the bergère in the foregro[illegible]nd are Louis XV. Carpet is 18th century S[illegible]vonnerie.



was—and who had it and on what authority—and tried to emulate it. There was really no such thing as different tastes for different Frenchmen. There was only Taste in its variably successful—or unsuccessful—refractions. The French might mark their status with displays of taste, sprinkling their lives with "taste" the way a dog marks territory, but the field in France did not leave much room for eccentricity or invention. It was not a question of whether you had Henri II or early Memphis but of whether the piece was family furniture or bought on the sly from a distant brocanteur and passed off as the real article.

In a way, the French have taste the way other people have gods or despots. The fact of an authorized, official good taste reassures them. They would be anxious without it, because their articles of taste are like articles of faith—not meant for improvisation but firm and aggressive, like good haircuts or well-cut suits or the right flowers on the table. They are a kind of controlling principle in most Frenchmen's lives, emblems of Frenchness that unite and identify a people. A hundred years ago those people invented the designer. Now they have invented the designer's initial. It is a way of saying "La France, c'est Coco Chanel" —or Yves Saint Laurent or Louis Vuitton— "et Coco Chanel, c'est moi."

Olivier Lucius, the Paris financier, once said that taste in France was always arriviste—that it always came with somebody else's initials. It is his theory that taste began as excess—that the kings of France, being the country's only true vulgarians, would indulge in their own particular excess and that that excess became *le bon goût* of everyone else a generation later. This is why traditional taste in France is often what the French call *à l'extrême*—why there is too much satin and too much gold and too much wax on the floor and too much inlay on the sideboard, why the furniture looks as if it had been thrown together at a pricey garage sale at Versailles, after Madame de Maintenon moved in and started redecorating. There is something lurid about *le bon goût* at its most imposing. Olivier would say it was palace taste without the palace. It lacks the appropriate imprimatur. To carry it off, you need the smell of orange trees and chamber pots and wig powder and hung game and bread baking for a couple of hundred people. You need a *femme de la basse-cour* screeching at her geese while courtiers whisper and hiss and a troupe of players does Molière in the stables. Put in a flat—even a grand Paris flat—it's a little like court clothes in the subway. The peach and the apricot and the pale, pale blue look strident under the electric lights. The stains show.

"Chacun à son goût" is probably the first French axiom Americans learn to say, but the fact is, it makes no sense when Frenchmen say it to or about each other. No one has his own taste in France. When a Frenchman looks at something disturbing, something excessively particular, and shrugs and sniffs and says, "Chacun à son goût," he is really saying, "No way, not me, I know better." The worst argument I ever had in France was not about love or politics or about whether Voltaire or Rousseau was the greater thinker. It was an argument I had with a local upholsterer who refused to put an English chintz on a pretty Second Empire couch I had picked up, cheap, in Morocco. The upholsterer was supposedly, as the French say, *dans le bain*. At least, she was a long way from the wine-red-velvet school—which was precisely how my couch was covered when I found it. She acknowledged that there were many interesting ways to cover a Second Empire couch, but the fact remained that none of the arbiters of good taste had included English chintz among them. Eventually, of course, I got my fabric. But when the order was signed and the deposit paid, she did indeed shrug and sniff and say, "Chacun à son goût" and, with that, dismiss me.

It may be that the great genius of the French is for making things conventional. In France, even the freshest, most lighthearted things are always serious, and always didactic. And a life lived right can look as if someone had ordered it up, like a Gesamtkunstwerk, from a good taste catalogue.

The most touching thing about the French is the way they sneak away from taste when they want to have a good time. They go to couscous joints and pizza parlors and vast Chinese cafeterias that have nothing at all to do with having tasteful meals at tasteful (French) restaurants, and they shout and laugh and celebrate like convicts on parole. Or they buy something atrocious for the country house that nobody but the family visits. Or they go on vacation. There is something remarkably avid and innocent about the French on their August vacation. The women put on their sexiest shorts and their highest heels and stumble, chattering, up Kashmiri mountains or down Colorado canyons, and the men, slathered with oil and draped with gold chains, lie around on Bahian beaches and read the bad books they would never read at home. They indulge in all sorts of terrible tasteless things they have waited a year to do, but they never question the fact that those things are tasteless or terrible. They are Cartesians, all of them, comforted by their categories, and they would never bring the aesthetic chaos of their five weeks of *congés payés* home with them to the métropole. In the end, they prefer the measured certainties of *le bon goût*. They go away, but they never stay away. They always come home to the stores where they sell good taste to one another. In fact, they are the only people in the world who have managed to create a consumer economy based entirely on the supply and demand of their opinions of each other. Sometimes they revolt and go to Paris and join bohemia, but in Paris, bohemia has its own rules and its own canon—and has from the first Montmartre atelier and painter's smock to the latest Bercy loft and torn black T-shirt. Americans talk about death and taxes. But the French cheat on taxes and believe in heaven. In France, only Taste is certain. ♠

PRINCESS IN THE GARDEN

A cultivated woodland flourishes in the coastal domain of Princess Greta Sturdza

By MAC GRISWOLD
Photographs by DAVID MASSEY





The mistress of Le Vasterival wears a gardening apron, hip-slung secateurs, and cultivating fork twelve hours a day. Right: European white birches (*Betula pendula*) and the princess's own hydrangea cultivar (*Hydrangea japonica* 'Le Vasterival') light up the woodland.







Astilbes, calla lilies, purple loosestrife, and a tree-climbing rose (*Rosa maximowicziana*) top. Above: Banked heathers are only one of many ground covers. Right: Gunnera towers over a carpet of other moisture-loving plants. Behind, a gold and silver shrub border sweeps up the hill.

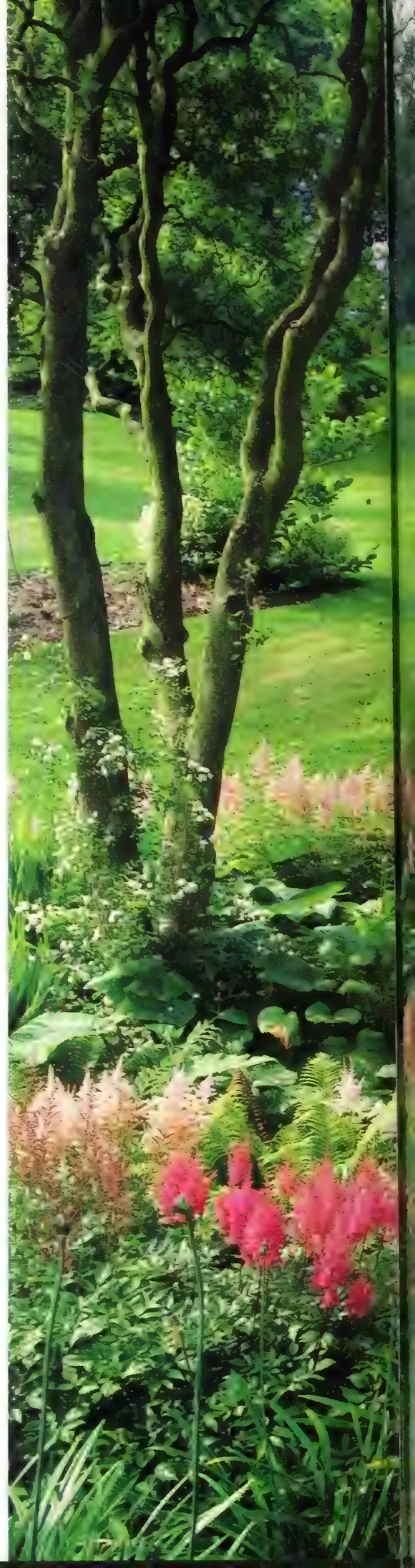
What do you want for your birthday, darling?" Prince Georges Sturdza asked Princess Greta. "Manure," she said. On the day, a heaping truckload duly arrived. At Le Vasterival on the Norman coast, hundreds of loads of manure have been dug into the garden soil since 1957, when the Sturdzas settled into the cottage there.

Intensive natural fertilization is part of la méthode Sturdza, a rigorous plant care program evolved by the princess during her 65 years of gardening. Besides soil as rich and light as Dutch cocoa, she prescribes huge planting holes so roots spread luxuriantly and everything thrives. Since she is a fanatic about leaf mold mulch, which is put on every bed to a depth of exactly two inches each fall, the plantings are weed-free, and impossibly tender varieties survive the winter.

Normandy is like England—rain and roses, say Frenchmen who visit Normandy in the summer. But the gardens they come to are French and formal, full of clipped bushes and vistas, where flowers are brought to a well-disciplined peak in time for the traditional August holidays. By contrast, Le Vasterival is an exotic garden here: an eighteen-acre woodland in the informal English and American tradition. It's a four-season garden with spring flowering trees, the princess's own delicate hydrangea cultivars in summer, fiery autumnal foliage unusual in Europe, and a winter lit by camellias, early rhododendrons, hellebores, and the red and gold of carefully chosen stems and barks.

The pH factor hovers between 4.8 and 6.5—perfect for acid-loving rhododendrons, azaleas, camellias, and all the other piedmont flora of North America, China, and Japan. In the mild climate, calla lilies and agapanthus, protected by the famous mulch, survive just fine. Scrubby native oak, ash, and wild cherry are thickened with broadleaf evergreens and conifers to make a coastal windbreak. Behind, the garden comprises a wooded hillside and plateau and, below, a boggy-bottomed open valley undulating with beds of small flowering trees and shrubs. Magnolias and camellias grow at the woodland fringes as they once grew in the wild, tall and willowy, not squat and suburban.

The princess tries to control her collecting habit by arranging in drifts—there are quantities of different skimmias, flowering plums, birches, and dozens of other





plant families. Her design problems are complicated by the unremitting arrival of rare specimens sent to her by national arboreta and botanical gardens, which know the new plants will be safe there.

The ground covers are extraordinary: a flat blanket of little blue wood anemones patched with ghost-white Yugoslavian cuckoo flower (*Cardamine trifolia*), three or four different cyclamens grown together, winter-bronzed epimediums, clematis 'Nelly Moser' pegged to the ground in light shade, starring its own dark foliage with striped pink flowers. Only someone in love with plants could have made this intricate garden.

A long, muddy, and beautiful walk finishes with tea in the cottage. The princess unstraps her secateur holster from her hip and lays aside her cultivating crook. When she takes off her loden layers and the gloves she invariably wears, her long red fingernails and perfectly cut silvery hair emerge. They are as much a part of the Sturdza look as the well-groomed European birches from whose pale gray bark she washes the moss that flourishes in the damp Norman climate. Princess Sturdza's view of the world is both affectionate and exacting; her bright blue eyes are triangular from a lifetime of observing and measuring plants and people.

Casualness prevails indoors. At tea the cream pitcher and sugar bowl don't match—but after all, if one is silver and the other gold, who cares? A portrait of her late mother-in-law wearing a fur-bordered Slavic crown and pounds of emeralds surveys the buns and fire. The Sturdzas came to Normandy when their Rumanian properties, along with the 35 gardeners, vanished in the Russian aftermath of World War II. Her garden staff consists of three. One is a heavy drinker who turns up each morning to be stoked by the princess with a quart of hot chocolate and four cheese sandwiches. Everyone at Le Vasterival is on a feeding program.

Princess (Text continued on page [illegible])

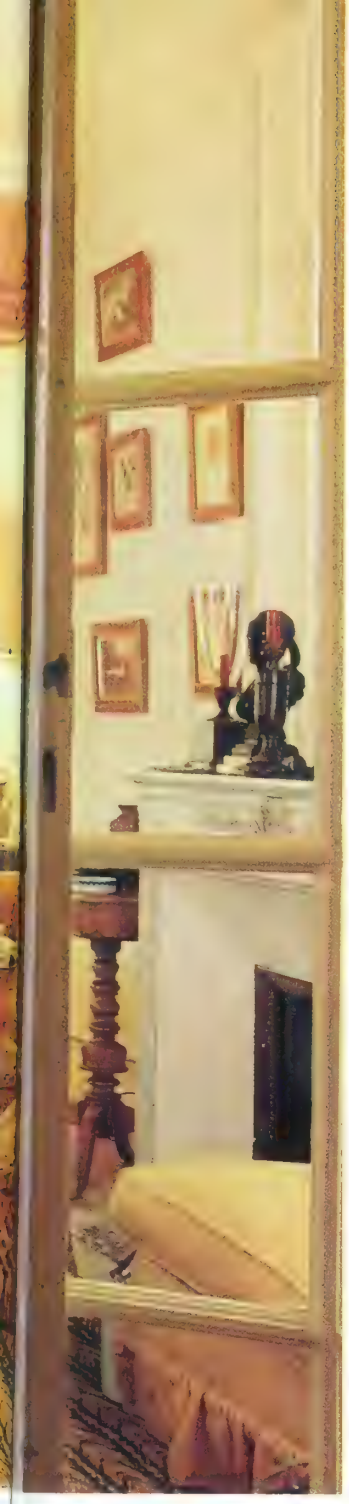


A daring colorist, Princess Sturdza harmonizes pale yellow broom (*Cytisus* × *praecox*) and dark purple maples with shrimp-pink sycamore maple (*Acer pseudoplatanus* 'Brilliantissimum'). It keeps its spring leaf color for weeks before turning green.



In the salon, above, Birgitte de Ganay combines patterned fabrics to accent turn-of-the-century moldings painted white. Festooned silk curtains were printed to order by Thorp of London. The chaise longue is draped with an 1850 cashmere shawl. Madame de Ganay designed tasseled poufs to double as tables or seating for buffet dinners. Right: At work with Karl Lagerfeld. Opposite: She wears Lagerfeld for an evening out.





While helping Karl Lagerfeld shape his public image, Birgitte de Ganay cultivates her own personal style

By JAMES BURSTALL
Photographs by KAREN RADKAI



IN HER OWN FASHION

I should hate a life of waking up in the morning to the same breakfast in the same room,'' says Birgitte de Ganay in perfect French with a strong Scandinavian accent. ''If there's one word I despise, it's 'monotony.' '' For Madame de Ganay, who is public relations officer for Karl Lagerfeld, there has been little danger of monotony ever since she left her native Denmark twenty years ago at age twenty. Two marriages to two Frenchmen later—one to a news journalist, one to Comte Michel de Ganay—she now spends her days developing the Lagerfeld fashion image through media coverage.

Evenings she comes home to a sixth-floor apartment overlooking Paris's rue de Sèvres in the sixth arrondissement. There she likes to have dinner parties. On this subject, as on most others, she has strong opinions. ''Every dinner table must be laid differently,'' she says. ''It's sad when you can tell a table has been set by a butler or a valet without any sense of fantasy.''

When Madame de Ganay isn't entertaining, she is likely to be dressed in jeans and a white shirt, reading or playing with her two King Charles spaniels, Vanessa and Daschka. It is a distinct contrast to her previous way of life, which included two houses in Argentina, the Château de Fleury at Fontainebleau, and a Paris hôtel particulier in the seventh arrondissement. Her life now is ''totally modern,'' she says.

That doesn't, however, mean that her apartment is totally



The effect of "beautiful chaos," as Madame de Ganay refers to it, seems more English than French



modern. It is instead a cozy dark-hued backdrop for an ever-changing tableau. Everywhere the eye falls, there are objects scattered in unusual combinations so that they seem to become icons of everyday life. Fabrics with different motifs from different continents play off one another. Books are in piles, near to hand for easy reference.

The effect of "beautiful chaos," as Madame de Ganay refers to it, seems more English than French. "English style and taste please me more than French," she says, "perhaps because of my Anglo-Saxon roots. English decoration seems to be warmer and more comfortable.

"A house for me is something that lives and breathes. It must always be changing and moving in order to provide us with new surprises." Part of the way Madame de Ganay achieves her goal of constant change is through inventive shifting and recycling of things. "Every few months I juggle everything around the apartment," she says. "Shawls I've been wearing become beautiful tablecloths, the dining room becomes a bedroom. I want to be able to astonish guests every time they come here."

Observant guests, for instance, must have been at least mildly astonished to notice the transmogrification of an apron into a pair of flowery cushions. "It would be such a pity not to be able to enjoy such beautiful material," Madame de Ganay says.

Another part of the Ganay strategy for the apartment involves flea market finds. She has spent, she says, much of the past two years at flea markets. She likes, in particular, objects that serve more than one purpose. A reproduction eighteenth-century French sculpture of a lion, found at an antiques shop around the corner, does double duty as a paperweight and a stand for her riding hats. In the center of the drawing room are red, green, and gold silk poufs, which she

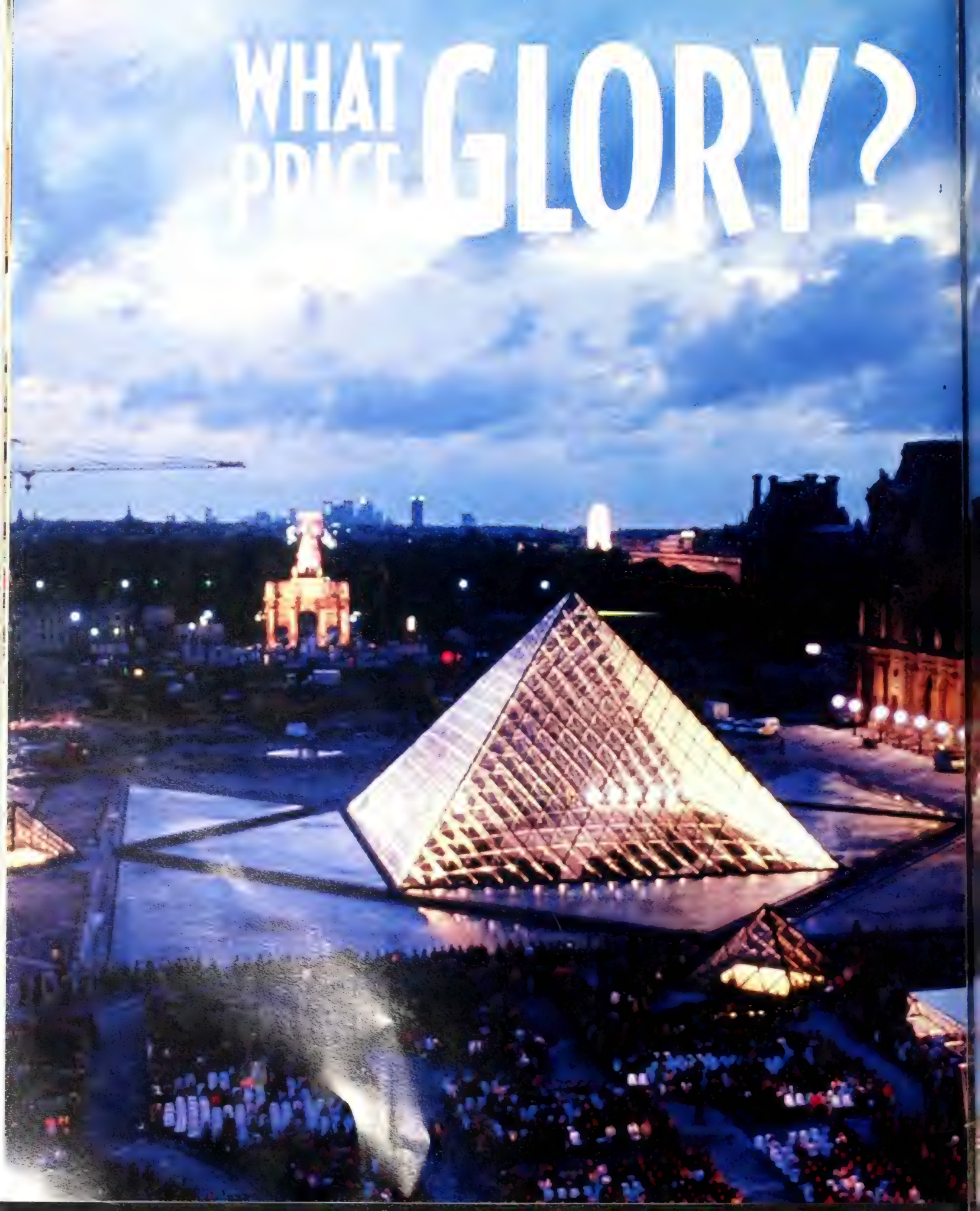
designed herself. They serve as footrests, coffee tables, or stools for buffet dinners, depending on the moment's needs.

The furniture for the apartment was chosen on the basis of comfort and personal appeal, not market value. "When I was with Michel," she says, "everything was Napoleon III, Empire, Louis XIV. But that's all too fashionable now in society circles." Her deliberately unfashionable furniture is in a palette of reds, burgundies, and deep ochers.

The library is the room that is perhaps most quintessentially Ganay in its translation of Anglo-French-Scandinavian style. The sofa is covered with wool cashmere from 1850; a pale polished wooden stool is of typical Scandinavian design; there is a chaise longue where she likes to read; the walls are covered with a series of English and French sporting prints; the flower arrangements are by her. It is a charming cross-cultural assemblage, and it will most likely be different in some way by next week. Birgitte de Ganay wouldn't have it any other way. ♠

Birgitte de Ganay, opposite above, at Le Petit Lutetia. Opposite below: In the bedroom, a fur-covered divan and a serpentine *confident*. Above: In the library, subtle floral chintz on the chaise longue complements cashmere stripes on sofa. Below: With friends amid antique Danish porcelain.




WHAT PRICE GLORY?

To cement his place in French history, François Mitterrand decreed the $3 billion architecture program that has changed the face of Paris

By MARTIN FILLER



A glow at the center of the Louvre's Cour Napoléon, the glass pyramid by I. M. Pei is the most famous symbol of President François Mitterrand's monumental nine-part building scheme, known as the Grands Projets. Right: Mitterrand at the Louvre construction site.

LEFT: MARC RIBOUD/MAGNUM PHOTOS
RIGHT: SIPA PRESS/JACQUES TORREGANO



It was a ceremony made all the more moving by its unexpected simplicity. Late on a balmy spring afternoon in Paris, a tricolor ribbon was stretched in front of the gleaming glass pyramid as curious tourists looked on. A nine-year-old schoolboy named David, spending Easter vacation in the city with his grandmother, caught the attention of an official. The lad, wearing a bright red jersey, was pulled from the crowd and into his hands was placed a pillow with a pair of scissors on it. A few moments later, with neither trumpet fanfares nor drumrolls, the president of the French Republic stepped forward. François Mitterrand took the shears, cut the red, white, and blue band, and thereby officially opened the Grand Louvre, centerpiece of the most stupendous public building program in recent French history.

Mitterrand was acutely aware that his political enemies—who had tried to kill his visionary conception in its earliest stages—would accuse him of imperial tendencies if the festivities surrounding this great event became too elaborate. Things were therefore deliberately kept low-key. But it mattered not at all, for the new Louvre and the other components of Mitterrand's nine-part plan originally known as the Grands Projets (and now being called the Grands Travaux as they reach comple-

Spiral staircases enliven two of the most successful of the Grands Projets designs. Beneath the Louvre's glass pyramid, right, forming the new entry to the museum, a dramatic helix without visible means of support, by I. M. Pei, above. The sprightly belvedere folly at Parc de la Villette, opposite, by architect Bernard Tschumi, opposite inset.

FROM LEFT: CHRISTIAN VOLLARD/GAMMA; DEIDI VON SCHAEWEN; JOY BOCOM [illegible]



tion) are so imposing that they need no further flourishes to get his message across. This is the architecture of grandeur as the French have consistently aspired to create it: monumental, centralized, and novel. Though stylistically diverse, all the Grands Projets are united by the overarching French notion that urban design must enhance the glory of the nation.

Ironically, it took a Socialist president to conceive and execute this $3 billion build-



ing extravaganza. Within months of his election in 1981, Mitterrand announced his intention to renovate and expand the Louvre. Early the following year he revealed the full extent of his sweeping architectural proposals—a comprehensive effort to restore France to its erstwhile role as the world's center of the arts. Naive though it may be to believe that architecture alone can reverse that complicated shift, Mitterrand has nonetheless put his full prestige on the line in order to bring the Grands Projets about in time for the bicentennial of the French Revolution this month.

His ambitions are worthy of an absolutist monarch in their audacity, expense, and scope. The president, however, views this as an enterprise for the people, to make culture more accessible for the average French citizen. Yet his critics have deemed it an edifice complex, a deep-seated desire to enshrine himself among other great builders in French history such as Louis XIV, Napoleon, Baron Haussmann, and Gustave Eiffel. There is no doubt that in terms of sheer volume, Mitterrand has al-

RIGHT AGENCE TOP CATHERINE BIBOLLET
ABOVE GUY BOUCHET



On a prestigious site overlooking the Seine, the Institut du Monde Arabe, by architect Jean Nouvel, opposite, honors France's strong ties with the Arab world and employs stylized Islamic design motifs in romantic contrast to modern forms.

The Grands Projets prove that in architecture France remains hooked on the myth of the new

ready succeeded. But the uneven results of his Grands Projets indicate that only a few of them are likely to withstand the merciless test of time.

Although the French government is normally quite centralized, a series of separate *établissements publics* was set up to administer each Grand Projet. The great variation in design quality has much to do with the vastness of the undertaking. Methods of selecting architects varied from scheme to scheme. Mitterrand, after a state visit to Washington where he was enchanted by the East Building of the National Gallery of Art, had his heart set on getting its architect, I. M. Pei, for the Louvre expansion. Pei refuses to participate in competitions, so the commission was decided by presidential fiat. In other instances, competitions—some invitational, some open—were held. The fact that the juries were different in each case led to widely divergent ideas of what a Grand Projet should be. Unfortunately, not even Mitterrand had veto power over all the designs.





Pierre Bergé, left, president of the Paris Opéras, is overseeing the move into the new opera house on the place de la Bastille, above, by architect Carlos Ott. Opposite: The Grande Arche de la Défense by the late architect Johan Otto von Spreckelsen is a 35-story office building in the shape of an open cube. It terminates the axis that begins at the Louvre five miles to the east.

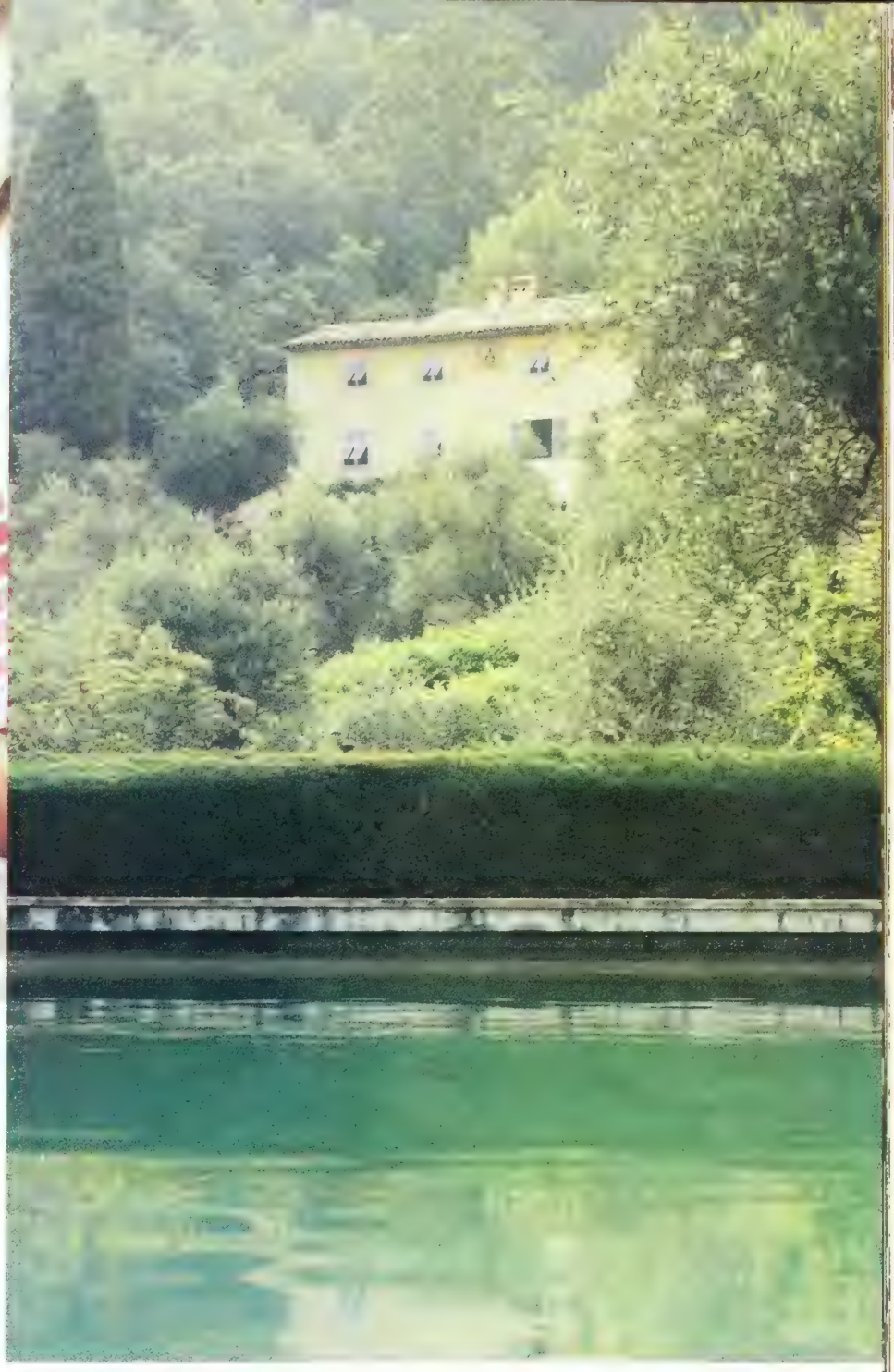
Most visible and highly publicized has been the Grand Louvre, the name given to the enlargement of what many people believe to be the world's greatest museum. This accomplished design is a conspicuous triumph both for its architects, I. M. Pei & Partners, and its persistent patron. The scheme possesses such clarity, dignity, and polish that it seems in many ways the perfect solution to the Louvre's particular planning problems. The reception, orientation, and circulation of the museum's projected six million visitors a year have been cleverly provided for. The unavoidable commercial components have been tucked out of sight so the noble hall beneath the pyramid is uncompromised. The new temporary exhibition galleries and auditorium are superb. So are the stunning archaeological crypts, where the rediscovered foundations of the original medieval Louvre castle have been left exposed and have been as thrillingly lit as a son et lumière show at the Egyptian pyramids. The only major gaffe—and this is a big only—is the hideous fluorescent lighting of the newly remodeled French painting galleries in the Louvre palace.

Best of all is the new plaza created between the outstretched wings of the museum facing the Tuileries gardens. So expertly has this formal but inviting courtyard been executed that it is hard to remember what was there before—two dinky little islands of greenery surrounded by an incongruous makeshift parking lot. Now large mirrorlike triangular fountains surround the elegantly engineered pyramid and give the ensemble the grave geometric authority of a Baroque garden by Le Nôtre. This spectacular urban set piece, majestic but not bombastic, is easily the most rewarding result of the Grands Projets.

The Grand Louvre, however, is still far from complete. The next phase, to be finished in time for the museum's two hundredth anniversary in 1993, involves the removal of the Finance Ministry from the Richelieu wing on the rue de Rivoli so that those spaces can be converted into additional galleries. In what might be termed an architectural bait-and-switch game, Mitterrand as part of the Grands Projets has built a gigantic new Finance Ministry on the Seine in the eastern Paris district of Bercy. Designed by Paul Chemetov and Borja Huidobro, this sprawling late Modernist office building juts out into the Seine like a jetty and resembles the headquarters of an American corporation with exceptional pretensions.

The Seine, the most prestigious "avenue" of the capital, is the site of two more of the Grands Projets. Diagonally across from the Louvre on the Left Bank is the Musée d'Orsay by architect Gae Aulenti and A.C.T. Architecture. An admirable example *(Text continued on page 169)*





The Essence of PROVENCE

Three generations of Amics have found refuge in a Provençal family retreat

By CHARLA CARTER

Photographs by FRANÇOIS HALARD

Take a house the color of a sun-ripened peach, set it in a landscape of lavender and olive groves against a brilliant blue sky, and what have you got? The antithesis of the cliché Normandy farmhouse so favored these days by Parisians suffering from *mal de ville*.

Chez Jean and Irène Amic in the south of France, there's not an oak beam or thatched roof in sight. This Provençal farmhouse has been in the Amic family since 1930, and there have been Amics in the region since 1820, when Jean's ancestor founded a perfume distillery in nearby Grasse. Today Jean is president of

Irène Amic, above left, at table en plein air. Above: The pool was built away from the house because Jean Amic's father disliked the sound of splashing. Opposite: Boots, hat, and a basket for gathering are ready for a day's wandering in the pine-tufted hills.





the company his family built, and although the Amics are staunch Parisians, whenever Jean is in Grasse on business they spend weekends at their retreat. And for two months each summer Irène receives family and friends for what usually turns out to be one long house party.

La Prouveresse (The Provider in Provençal) jolts to life when the Amic children, Alexandre, 24, and Ileana, 23, are on vacation from their jobs in Tokyo and Hong Kong and when friends descend en masse from Paris. Then the turquoise shutters of its eight bedrooms are flung open, and the sound of bare feet on its *tommette*-tiled floors provides a counterpoint to the grasshoppers' constant drone. "We always have the same group of friends," Irène says. "That's my idea of a real vacation."

Breakfast is laid out on small wicker tables in the garden. They and the pastel-painted nineteenth-century pine and rattan chairs are part of a truckload of unpretentious English country furniture Irène filled the house with a few years ago after thieves twice emptied it of rare eighteenth-century Provençal pieces. Though less grand now without its original antique trappings, the house reflects the Amic ideal of simple, effortless living. "We've tried to simplify things as much as possible," says Irène. "We don't want any constraints."

Lunch is at one thirty in the afternoon and dinner at nine, but in between guests can entertain themselves whenever and however they like. Pallid Parisians usually make a beeline for the pool, which is hardly visible from the house at the end of a rosemary-lined pathway. According to Henri, the caretaker since 1952, Jean's father didn't like to be disturbed by the sound of splashing and had the pool built away from the house overlooking a valley of silvery olive groves.

The energetic don sneakers and hit the pine-tufted hills behind the house for hikes in the *arrière-pays*, or backcountry. "We're a great family for walking," Irène says. "There are wonderful hilltop villages to explore, and Jean often takes his motorcycle up into the mountains. There's always an antiques fair on somewhere, and sometimes we'll pile into the car and drive to Saint-Paul-de-Vence to see what exhibit's on at the Maeght Foundation. And it's a wonderful place to read."

In summer La Prouveresse's thick plaster walls, most of them tinted sun-washed shades of apricot, keep the high-ceilinged rooms delightfully cool. The *(Text continued on page 166)*







The dining table, above, set with Moustiers faience. A typical menu: squash flower fritters, salade niçoise, *pissaladière*, cheese, and fruit. Opposite above: The living room is the site of after-dinner gatherings. Right: Fruits are only one component in the fragrant potpourri that is the essence of La Prouveresse. Far right: A stone doorway welcomes family and friends.





In summer the thick walls

keep the rooms deliciously cool









In the entrance hall, above, an 18th-century Aubusson canvas tapestry pattern. Through curved double doors of walnut, a glimpse of the dining room. Opposite inset: Irène Amic does menu and garden planning at her desk. Above right: Breakfast is served on small wicker tables in the garden. Right: Flowers gathered by Irène Amic. Far right: A Gothic Revival chair.



Barbarians at Play

Paris designers Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste have polished their neo-primitive style

By CHARLES GANDEE

painted furniture with gold leaf detailing and gilded bronze finials.

But surely the most seductive sign of Bonetti and Garouste's new aesthetic direction is Sleeping Beauty's Chamber, a temporary installation commissioned by Manuel Canovas to display a new flowered chintz for his fabric house. The dreamy mise en scène featured a moss-covered chaise longue, which had to be misted every night, and an unlikely chorus of pert little ballroom chairs made of broken tree branches. Perhaps Michael Steinberg, president of New York's Furniture of the Twentieth Century—distributor of the designers' furniture, lamps, and carpets in the U.S.—was onto something when he noted, in a sudden fit of poetic inspiration, "Bonetti and Garouste design for the magical hours of dawn and dusk—they personify our lingering need for enchantment." ▲ *Editor: Deborah Webster*



Bonetti and Garouste's new Trapani collection of table accessories for Daum includes a blue and coral pâte de verre candelabra.



THE HANDS OF TIME

The varied treasures of an American's Paris apartment reveal a fascination with the enigmatic encounter

By INGRID SISCHY

Photographs by JEAN KALLINA



In the living room a 19th-century Louis XVI Revival round sofa, or borne, raises a bouquet above a modern floral carpet by Ernest Boiceau. Opposite: Her back to an 18th-century Venetian mirror frame, an Empire maiden confronts a photograph of Camille Pissarro painting.







He has always been attracted to a decorating style he calls "ghost chasing"

The apartment is in an elegant section of Paris, not in the bleak English marsh country of *Great Expectations*, and the clocks have not stopped at twenty to nine as they did at Miss Havisham's, yet when people talk about this house, they bring up Dickens's haunted setting. So with a nod toward the other side of the channel let's call the owner Mr. H. It is only to be expected that a man who has cut the labels out of his articles of clothing would also prefer to have his identity cut out of a magazine article about his house. You might think he'd object to the idea that his remarkable two-level apartment reminds people of a place Dickens described as a cobwebby sun-deprived ruin, but on the contrary I suspect Mr. H. is the one who started this ironic comparison. It's a shorthand way of emphasizing atmosphere, mood, and history over price and status and fads, none of which impress him. Things work the other way around. He influences.

Mr. H., who spends most of his time in New York, comes from the school that believes in downplaying one's possessions. He calls his place a "junk-picker's apartment," but in fact it's filled with amazing finds. Most of the contents would make curators in both the decorative and the fine arts kick themselves for missing what he discovered at his favorite secondhand shops. He says he prefers shops to museums. One of his chief delights used to be Comoglio's on the rue Jacob, now sadly gone but once a sort of antiquarian's heaven—or, as John Richardson put it, "that moth-eaten place of wonders." Since almost everything in the apartment comes from one antiques shop or another and since I know that Mr. H.'s occupation keeps him busy day and night, I was curious about how he found the time to amass all these treasures. He clearly had to comb many a jumbled-up joint. When I asked if he did it by just walking from shop to shop to shop, he corrected me: "I *raced*. All this stuff was collected between appointments for more important things: you know, work. I got it by dashing in and dashing out of flea markets. I'd say it was decorated by accident and instinct." And by the radar that only the true collector possesses.

Mr. H.'s extrasensory antennae have led him to some extra-special prizes. In his apartment you come across furniture and objects and paintings that are not only marvelous period pieces but are almost magical because of where they've been, whom they've seen, what they've heard—in other words, because of their provenance. Hanging above a set of Italian Empire consoles and lit by a pair of alabaster urns Mr. H. transformed into lamps is a turn-of-the-century gem—a carved bat that once belonged to Comte Robert de Montesquiou, the epitome of Belle Epoque aestheticism. Montesquiou's bat doesn't just conjure the spookiness and jeweled creepy crawly creatures of the arts of the fin de siècle; it brings on a whole parade of associations. One thinks of Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past* (Proust modeled the Baron de Charlus in large part after Montesquiou) and of Whistler, that snob who painted the portrait of Montesquiou in the Frick Collection—a picture that exudes such a sniffing superiority it clearly records a perfect match between artist and subject. As Philippe Jullian tells us in his biography of Montesquiou, Whistler would address the count in letters as "Dear Bat" and refer to himself as "the butterfly."

The sphinx armrest of a 19th-century Neoclassical fauteuil crouches behind Louis XVI–style chairs, above left, and center, with dark dustcovers made in the 1930s to an 18th-century design. Above right: A painted Neoclassical seat and stool. Opposite: A Directoire bust atop twin Italian consoles. The carved bat over the mirror once belonged to Comte Robert de Montesquiou, celebrated aesthete of the Belle Epoque.







Mr. H. has seen his own share of social butterflies. He also has a great appreciation for what conformists call "battiness." He has a history of being the first on the block to recognize a visionary. He's a great believer in imagination and fantasy, and he has used plenty of both to create his Paris interiors. "I'll make up whole stories about a room when I'm doing a place," he says, "about the people who lived there." He is especially fond of literary types. He had lots of material to work with here—the apartment's previous owner was Violet Trefusis. Although she may be remembered as a third-rate writer, Trefusis played a major role in the literary romances of her era—namely as one of Vita Sackville-West's lovers (and as the nemesis of Sackville-West's husband, Harold Nicolson)—no doubt spicing the apartment's allure for Mr. H. As he tells of his sense that she haunts the place, he smiles and elaborates: "When I first saw the apartment, all her things were still around, including some old pictures of Edward VII, who they say was her father—a detail she enjoyed promoting."

By the time he bought the apartment in 1973, it had fallen into disrepair. The rooms needed quite a bit of gutting and construction as well as delicate restoration—the filling in of broken paneling and molding, for example. In addition, Mr. H. made changes—such as making all the doorways taller—that now look so right you'd never know they were alterations. This talent for arranging things as though they belong in a room is rare, but Mr. H. has it to spare. He's not stiff about placement; he goes at it loosely, as though he's doing a dance with the furniture, the "hokeypokey" as he calls it. "You get a hunch, you move the piece around, you shake it all about." And he doesn't spoil a room's choreography with too many steps. "Knowing when to stop is the trick," he says, lamenting all the artists who "would have come so close if only they had known when to stop."

Listening to Mr. H. talk about his place and the eras and people that haunt it is a hypnotic experience. He is so full of knowledge and so undry about it all; in fact, he's very wry. About a piece of sculpture he muses, "That's from Molière's garden. I usually keep the top of her head on, or do I take it off? I don't remember." A set of Louis XVI–style chairs that Mr. H. says "look like strange widows" take us back to *Great Expectations*, to the first time Pip comes home from Miss Havisham's—that monument to forsaken brides—and his sister and uncle cross-question him about what he's seen. Convinced that no one would understand any of it if he told the truth, Pip says, "She was sitting in a black velvet coach." Mr. H.'s chairs have little gold feet, not wheels, and the eighteenth-century-style dustcovers that shroud them are velvet, but not black. The chairs once belonged to Misia Sert, and their original covers were made out of dress fabric around 1931 by Coco Chanel. But, even for Mr. H., these covers were approaching the *(Text continued on page 167)*

Bas-relief carving ornaments the shaft of an early 19th century column clock, above left. Above right: The upholstered Moderne-inspired bed was designed by the owner. The Man Ray above the headboard belongs to a friend. Opposite: Two Classical scenes attributed to Girodet hang behind a giltwood Louis XVI sofa by Jacob.



Nicholas Worms's 19th-century retreat, below. Right: In one of two salons, sofa, *fauteuil crapaud*, curtains, and walls are dressed in fabric from Braquenié. The painted leather-topped table is 18th century French. Details see Resources.



NORMAN RETREAT

Investment banker Nicholas Worms finds tranquillity in a country house in Normandy

By RHODA KOENIG

Photographs by FRANÇOIS HALARD







In the racehorse and dairy region of Normandy where England is only an hour away, Anglo-French banker Nicholas Clive Worms has his *maison de charme*, an English idea of a French country house. After the stress of business in Paris, says Worms, he likes to retreat from his "fairly formal" flat in a Louis XIV town house on the Left Bank and read a book before the log fire, following a dinner of grilled fish that, coming from the nearby coast, is "absolutely fresh-fresh." The modesty of the place is contrary to the substance but appropriate to the style of the man a French financier characterizes as "extremely discreet, a master of the aesthetic takeover bid. While other people fight it out, he tends to do it intravenously." One recent weekend Worms was relaxing after the strain of acquiring an insurance company for less than the asking price; he got it for what he considers a reasonable $1 billion.

The son of an Englishman of diplomatic background—Worms's grandfather was ambassador to Japan—and of a daughter of a distinguished French banking family, Worms describes himself as a product of the Entente Cordiale. His first seven years were spent in Buckinghamshire, where his father was a gentleman farmer; then he went to Le Rosey and the Institut d'Etudes Politiques before taking up his career at Banque Worms, founded by his French grandfather in 1928. "They always say you must go away and become a great success and come back as the boss, but I did the contrary really," he says. When the bank, like that of his country neighbor, Guy de Rothschild, was nationalized in 1981, Worms—who had taken his mother's patronymic to carry on the family name—formed Worms et Cie Finance, a shipping, insurance, and investment banking firm. When he speaks, the illusion of talking to an old public school boy shivers just occasionally, as when he says that one of his ancestors was painted by "*Ray*-nolds" or that his cottage is a good place for spending Christmas and New Year eating "troofles." A bachelor, Worms does not pay regular visits to his hideaway because he doesn't "believe in the weekend thing, unless you leave your wife in the country during the week to have the fires burning when you arrive."

Sporadic visits also mean a low-maintenance garden—"It's hardly a garden really, because it all grows by itself." Two ivy-covered pear trees flank the house, cherry trees stand at the gate, and a few roses climb the wall outside the dining room. The 1823 timbered farmhouse required considerable work in 1976, however, when Worms took it to pieces and put it together again, after clearing out the rot and shifting the front door. "It's like a Meccano set—you can do whatever you want." Each of the three upstairs bedrooms was given its own bathroom, but in a way that did not alter the exterior walls. Instead of cutting out windows for the bathrooms, Worms put in new walls which divided each of the back windows vertically. An exterior feature was left in place to provide a remedy against a problem for which post-1823 technology still has no solution: between the two stories a second row of eaves runs along one side of the house to prevent the wet west wind from beating against the walls and making the timbers swell against the plaster. It is a de-



In the other salon, left, the pouf, canapé, *crapauds*, and armchair, covered in Braquenié fabric, are Napoleon III. Above: Also in the salon the console is 19th century French, the candlesticks 19th century English.



A watercolor portrait of Nicholas Worms and the salon, above, both by Guy de Rougemont. Above right: The 1840s French *lit bateau* with matching marquetry nightstand. Bed and walls covered with Braquenié fabric. Below right: Above a converted marble bakery counter, 19th-century vase drawings. Coffee service is 19th-century trompe l'oeil from Michel Galabert, Paris. Bowl is contemporary Chinese.

vice much needed in this famously damp province where, as Worms quotes a local saying, "if you can see Le Havre, it's because it's going to rain; if you can't see it, it's because it's raining."

Since the house is built flat on the earth, a small timbered outbuilding serves as an aboveground wine cellar; another former farm shed contains the central-heating apparatus. At the bottom of the garden stands the cottage's cottage, a two-bedroom guesthouse whose Dutch door is not an architectural whim but a remnant of its previous existence as a stable. Barnyard creatures are not far away: you can lie in the ground-floor bath and be face-to-face with the cows next door.

To help with the decoration, Worms enlisted Vincent Fourcade, who had to deal with the problems inherent in cozy country cottages. The house, Worms explains, is, like others of that place and time, only four meters wide because the local trees used for beams grew no taller. This meant that lighting, to save space, was mounted on the walls. Nor were all the walls the same length and height. To make that less obvious, Fourcade fixed boldly patterned Braquenié fabric—the French equivalent of chintz—to the sitting room walls, further muddling the eye with borders in a contrasting pattern to the Indian crewelwork-inspired design. The low ceilings were not left the traditional dark brown but painted white, terra-cotta, or turquoise.

The wall fabric also covers a small sofa and three chairs—"I think we paid fifty quid for them at the Marché aux Puces." The rest of the furnishings are small nineteenth-century pieces—tables topped with gray marble and needlepoint-covered chairs. The mixture is spiced with some bits of chinoiserie—a pagoda-painted end table and two "fairly decent" pink and green Chinese export porcelain garden seats that take the place of a coffee table. "I'm not sure the chap who sold them didn't pretend they weren't eighteenth century," says Worms in a burst of triple negatives that may be English-diffident or French-discreet. Color-coordinated hyacinths sprout from straw baskets or nests of pinecones, and four savage puppies—Brazilian woodcarvings—glower toothily from a corner. Upstairs, a couple in a print of the same vintage as the house peer at Virgil's tomb, and a small portrait depicts Worms's [To continued on page 167]







In the dining room the large circular English table seats ten. The French chairs are from an old convent.



ROYAL LINEAGE

In the town house of Louis XIV's architect, decorator Jacques Garcia's apartment recalls the majesty of Versailles

By G. Y. DRYANSKY
Photographs by FRANÇOIS HALARD
Produced by MARIE-PAULE PELLÉ

The small sitting room, right, in the 17th-century hôtel particulier of royal architect Jules Hardouin-Mansart was used by Madame Mansart as her study. Behind a gilt Louis XVI armchair from the theater at Versailles, the doorway reveals an enfilade through the former bedroom of the duchesse de Mouchy, lady-in-waiting to Marie Antoinette. Above: Stone lion-head brackets preside over the entry. Urns are 18th-century German porcelain. Details see Resources.





Flanked by ebonized cabinets designed by Garcia, a modern niche in the small sitting room, above, houses an 18th-century German earthenware stove. A porcelain basin that belonged to Chateaubriand is between a pair of 17th-century embroidered damask screens. The Aubusson carpet was made for Louis XVI. Opposite: In the main salon, an oval portrait of the Sun King by Pierre Mignard hangs against a tapestry designed by Charles Le Brun, who painted the allegorical ceiling. The overmantel is new, as are the sofas Garcia designed after one made for Louis XIV's dauphin, subject of another Mignard portrait right of the chimneypiece. The giltwood armchair belonged to the dauphin. Savonnerie carpets are from a set commissioned for the Louvre in the 17th century. Below: Jacques Garcia, in his "cozy museum."



Jacques Garcia was a little put out: Capucine and Clémentine, his schnauzers, had eaten all the ermine off one of his sofas. "It's a little sad, n'est-ce pas?" the decorator said, "without the ermine."

Ermine, as everyone knows, doesn't grow on trees. Ermine is royal. Literally royal. For centuries it was reserved for kings and popes, and nowadays it doesn't even turn up at fur auctions. Garcia had found a bagful of ermine tails at some sale, and with his own hands he'd sewn this eventual dog food onto a "little nothing" Napoleon III sofa along with the hide of a leopard that family lore attributed to a shoot his grandfather had done in Africa. Garcia told the story merrily; he was not all that put out. The anecdote enriched the humorous associations of the sofa. This piece, he explained, was basically a joke, a bit of willful bad taste, without which so-called good taste was bourgeois and boring. I listened carefully because Jacques Garcia, though he's just a youngish 41, is the Paris insider's decorator, known in his field as today's utmost embodiment of French Good Taste.

That sofa was indeed almost nothing in this apartment of Garcia's, an aesthetic blip compared with the symphony of things truly precious, totally royal, everywhere we turned. The rug at our feet, in his principal sitting room, was a piece of one of 93 Savonnerie carpets Louis XIV had ordered for the Louvre, some of which he installed at Versailles. It was, Garcia pointed out in passing, "the zenith of good taste." Nearby was a chair made for Louis XIV's son. Near that was one of a set of chairs, originally silver-leafed, that had belonged to the Sun King. Garcia's entry was sheltered from drafts by fleur de lis–patterned hangings from the Palais des Tuileries. The onyx Roman busts in the hall came from the collection of Talleyrand. They originally belonged to—whom else?—Louis XIV. And so on and on.

Garcia's apartment in the Marais occupies the piano nobile of the town house that one of the greatest of France's royal architects and a major designer of Versailles, Jules Hardouin-Mansart, built for himself. From whatever Palladian palace in the sky good architects go to, Mansart might have looked down on the two of us in his house as if we were a couple of schnauzers—Garcia in suede slippers and an unbuttoned button-down shirt, me in an old tweed jacket. He might have wondered what we were doing there with all that.

I had come to try to understand two of Paris's rare phenomena, this place—which strangers in the know write pleading letters to visit—and this man. What Garcia was doing there was more complicated—it is his apartment, but not quite: he only sort of dwells there. (He also sometimes lets strangers visit.) He calls the place I saw his "cozy museum" and lives principally upstairs, where whatever is precious among the ordinary is just a table by Eileen Gray, some thirties objects. "I'm of a simple nature," he told me. He likes to come downstairs to the museum and give occasional dinner parties or eat alone in the kitchen. Or he'll work there a little and communicate with the ghosts whose taste he understands better than anyone and whose fortunes have made his own possible.

The son of a provincial engineer, Jacques Garcia entered elegant Paris from way outside, but his market penetration as a decorator is a deep deep pinpoint. He does just a dozen or so houses or apartments a year, usually for French clients who tend to be silently rich and self-assured—sure of their taste but without Garcia's subtle, myopic, and encylopedic understanding of objects of great genius. Until recently, he never had an American client, but now he is creating a copy of the Château de Champs in Texas for someone whose name he won't reveal. The Château de Champs, Madame de Pompadour's cas-



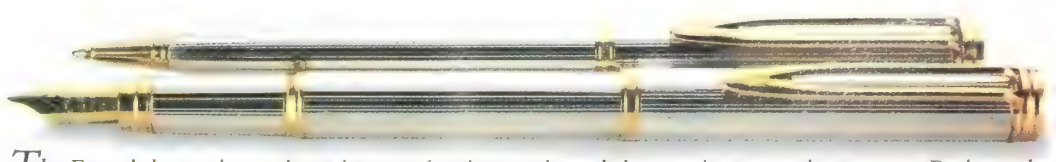
For my 30th birthday,
I treated myself to an original Monet.

For my marriage to Simone,
I purchased a villa on the Côte d'Azur.

For the birth of my firstborn,
I sent chocolate cigars to half of Paris.

To commemorate my country's 200th birthday,
I bought myself a Waterman.

An extraordinary event, after all,
calls for an extraordinary celebration.



The French have always been known for their style and their enduring sophistication. Perhaps that is why they have chosen Waterman as the official pen of their Bicentennial. With layer upon layer of brilliant lacquers. In accents gilded with precious metal. Waterman is the ideal celebration of French craftsmanship.

WATERMAN
PARIS

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leather spine instead of being wrapped all the way around. For a wildly futuristic home library, they are just the thing. (Jean de Gonet Artefacts, 8 rue Edouard-Lockroy, 75011 Paris; 43-38-06-57)







At Gomond, specialists in ornamental trimmings, a craftsman, above, spins spools of colored thread onto a core of cotton to make cable. Left and above left: A sampling of tassels.

GILDING

With a combined 54 years of golden experience, gilders Pierre and Patrick Maury are regularly called upon to revive fading luster. Decorator François Catroux dispatched them to brighten up the cornices in the library at Hôtel Lambert, the Paris perch of Guy and Marie-Hélène de Rothschild. And when someone at the residence of the Canadian ambassador to France noticed that the boiseries weren't exactly gleaming, in came the Maurys.

The father-and-son team's other principal activity is the restoration of antique gilded frames and furniture as well as the fabrication of new frames, whether modern or copies of vintage designs. Drawing on a library of 200–300 sulfur, plaster, and silicone molds, they are able to replace the chipped-off rosette on a Jacob bergère or the scrollwork on a Louis XVI fauteuil.

The gilding process as performed by the Maurys is long and painstaking. Ten coats of a mixture of whiting (ground and washed calcium carbonate) and mucilage (rabbit skin melted with water) are layered on every article. Pumice is next passed over the surface to remove streaks that might show through the gold, followed by a light rubbing with fine sandpaper to remove any remaining grit or grease. If a new stretch of beading, say, has been added to the border of an old picture frame, it is at this point that it is picked out in greater relief using small tools not unlike those on a dentist's tray.

Before any gilding can take place, the frame must first be washed over with an ocher solution to give it a yellow base and coated with a predominantly clay mixture to receive the feathery leaves of gold, which are positioned with a small brush. Methylated spirits diluted with water is the adhering agent. "One thousand leaves measuring eight centimeters square and containing a total of eighteen grams of gold cost about $1 each," reports Patrick Maury. "My wife, Chantal, is the actual *doreuse*, the person who poses the leaves, and my mother, Zelia, runs the shop where we receive customers. It's a family affair." (Maury, 4 rue du Pas-de-la-Mule, 75003 Paris; 48-87-95-89. Atelier: 47 rue Saint-Sabin, 75011 Paris; 43-38-22-12)

Door, window, and stair hardware, below and bottom, custom-made at Meilleur, a family-run metalworking business. Below right: Forging iron in the firm's smithy.







METALWORK

"If it's metal and in the realm of decoration, we make it," says Daniel Meilleur, whose father founded the company that bears the family name. Meilleur's 27-year-old daughter, Catherine, joined the business three years ago, ensuring the production of the firm's scrupulously crafted lamps, soap dishes, shower heads, side tables, balustrades, and doorknobs into the next century.

"In this kind of work," says Meilleur, "we are dependent on a long chain of artisans, each with his own specialty. It takes up to nine pairs of hands to make an object in bronze, including the designer, the modelist sculpting in plaster or wood, the founder, the chaser, the turner, the assembler, the decorator who polishes and gilds or oxidizes, plus the checker or verifier. And since fewer and fewer people are interested in learning the art of metalworking, there is always the threat of a missing link."

Meilleur accepts commissions from private clients, notably a string of Rothschilds and Guinnesses, decorators from MAC II to Peter Marino, antiques dealers like Didier Aaron, and the French state. Over the past decade he has restored or replaced the locks and

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WORKROOM

window bolts in the Palais de Fontainebleau apartments of Napoleon. For the Musée Carnavalet in Paris, Meilleur is currently working on the reconstruction of the turn-of-the-century Fouquet jewelry shop designed by Alphonse Mucha. Private clients come to Meilleur for hurricane lamps and lanterns that are historically exact apart from their materials. In the mid nineteenth century, hallway and door lanterns were made of rather perishable tin. Meilleur's, in brass, bronze, and plain or painted copper, defy time.

"The great epoch for bronze, brass, and iron was the nineteenth century and the first half of the twentieth," he says. "Because of the demand it was possible to produce items in quantities. Now, with the market diminished, we have gone back to the piece-by-piece way metal was handworked in the seventeenth century. What we're selling today is workmanship." (Meilleur, 32 rue des Amandiers, 75020 Paris; 43-66-45-13)

PASSEMENTERIE

If he had the chance forty years ago, Bernard Gomond says he would have eagerly traded in his clacking wooden and copper looms, now more than a hundred years old, for anything that would have brought him a bit further into the industrial age. Gomond's frail equipment may be antique, but he now says it is unsurpassed for producing the kind of elaborate and sophisticated passementerie (furnishing trimmings) that decorators like Jean-Louis Riccardi, Alberto Pinto, and Jacques Grange demand. Four hours are needed to make about 22 yards of braided cable measuring three quarters of an inch in diameter. Although modern equipment is quicker, it does



An upholsterer, far right, stuffs the seat of an armchair with horsehair at Trade France. Right: An antique chair frame is restored.

not approach Gomond's for flexibility and pure inventiveness.

Gomond custom-dyes all the wool and silk that goes into making his tassels, tiebacks, twisted cord, fringe, rosettes, and ribbon bows. At their most ornamental, his confections look less like passementerie than they do the sugary folie of a master pastry chef. Among the clients for whom Gomond has done his most creative work are the French Ministry of Finances and the Musée Nissim de Camondo in Paris.

After 45 years in the trade and 30 years as the proprietor of his own company, Gomond's idea of the role his work performs in decoration hasn't changed. With no false modesty he insists "passementerie is an accompaniment." (Bernard Gomond, 35 rue Vaugelas, 75015 Paris; 48-28-18-18)

UPHOLSTERY

"I am the happy intermediary between decorators and French suppliers," says Jean-Charles Morinière, whose company Trade France works intimately with designers on every aspect of a job that involves textiles. In addition to the fabrication of curtains and the execution of state-of-the-art wall and furniture upholstery, Morinière's domain extends to related accessories, including passementerie and curtain rails. Working hand-in-glove with Verrier Frères for trimmings, and Veraseta and Burger for fabric, Trade France offers decorators what they want most: quality and exclusivity. "They come to me for designs that will be produced for them and them alone," says Morinière. "Virtually nothing we do is standard, and you won't find any of it on the marketplace."

Sofa and chair frames are made following Morinière's designs by an independent joiner then completed in Trade France's ateliers. For wall upholstery, the service for which the firm is most in demand, artisans are brought from France to the work site for as long as a month. Twelve Trade France craftsmen are employed full time in Paris, 25 in New York. In Manhattan alone Morinière's formidable know-how has brought him into collaboration with Jacques Grange on Paloma Picasso's showroom, with Thierry Despont on flats for Spyros and Philip Niarchos, and with Henri Samuel on the Fifth Avenue seat of John and Susan Gutfreund. With Vincent Fourcade he is working on no less than his fourth house, this one in Southampton, for the restless Henry Kravis and Carolyne Roehm. Oscar de la Renta is among the private clients with whom he deals directly.

At all of these places Morinière did much more than just show up on time with the tassels and tiebacks. At Schloss Garatshausen, the candy-sweet Thurn und Taxis retreat outside Munich decorated by Pierre de Malleray, Morinière not only produced all 55 of the extravagant window treatments, he also designed them. No two pairs of curtains in the little hunting palace are alike, and all have the meticulously hand-sewn seams that are a Trade France trademark. (Trade France, 35 rue des Petits-Champs, 75001 Paris; 42-97-44-28. In U.S.: Trade France, 247 East 50 St., New York, NY 10022; 212-758-8330. Margo Messic Gallery, 383 Cocoanut Row, Palm Beach, FL 33480; 407-833-8555) ▲

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SAMPLES

Fleur de Bees

French motifs cross the Atlantic and are bound for glory
By Eric A. Berthold

French motifs abound in America this summer as designers appropriate the fleur de lis and Napoleon's bumblebee. The French lily, with its roots deeply embedded in history, was a sign of purity and has been used in decoration by royals for centuries. The bumblebee, a symbol of immortality and rebirth, was adopted in France during the sixth century by Chilperic I. Napoleon, not one to miss a political opportunity, embraced it as his own personal emblem in order to link himself with one of the nation's founding fathers. Bees were woven into textiles and upholstery and used throughout the Élysée Palace. Assembled here is a library of 25 best-sellers in silk, cotton, and horsehair. ▲



Shelved in an Empire bookcase from Philippe Farley, NYC, is a collection of French-inspired fabrics from Scalamandre, Gretchen Bellinger, André Bon, Laura Ashley, Duralee, Payne, Quadrille, Decorators Walk, Schumacher. Details see Resources.

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SHOPPING

Tunnel Visions

Covered passages faded by time are being resurrected for chic Parisians
By Peter S. Green

In the midst of Paris's busy Right Bank business district, once-fashionable covered passageways and galleries are regaining their glory. More like indoor village streets than shopping malls, 25 such passages remain in Paris, most dating to the first half of the nineteenth century. Glass skylights are now being cleaned, and faux marbre and wooden storefronts are being restored as curious little shops preserved from an earlier era are joined by a new generation of shops focusing on fashion, decorative arts, and home furnishings.

All the passages mentioned are on the Right Bank. Hours vary, and shops are closed on Sunday and some on Monday as well.



L'Arbre à Canelle, a perfect bistro/rest spot in Passage des Panoramas.

GALERIE VIVIENNE

A fortuitous combination of light, space, and interesting shops makes Galerie Vivienne Paris's favorite passage. Laurel trees in terra-cotta urns dot the passageway, filled of an afternoon with chic Parisians, Italian architecture students, stray pigeons, and neo-mods come to ogle Jean-Paul Gaultier's ground-floor boutique and second-story design studios. (4 rue des Petits-Champs; 6 rue Vivienne)

Wolff & Descourtis As a child, Victoria Wolff learned to roller skate in the Galerie Vivienne, and now she has made her family's wholesale fabric business, founded in 1875, into Paris's *trouvaille* of choice for luxurious cashmeres, flannels in a half dozen tones, cottons, linens, and bolt after bolt of silk shantungs, angel skins, brocades, and jacquards, all in an extrawide 55 inches. Couturiers and in-the-know Parisians come for the personalized selection of the season's finest shawls and fabrics from Italy at affordable prices. (18 Galerie Vivienne; 42-61-80-84)

Emilio Robba A job in his family's fresh flower business led Beaux-Arts graduate Emilio Robba to create astonishingly realistic silk flowers. In Robba's seasonal collections of imitation and imaginary flowers, colors change from the center outward, pistils and stamens are finely detailed, and closed buds are scattered among the full blooms for a subtle overall effect. (29–33 Galerie Vivienne; 42-61-71-43)

Galerie Vivienne is usually filled with neo-mods ogling Gaultier's boutique, stray pigeons, and architecture students.

Lucien Legrand Fille & Fils Francine Legrand (the "fille") extended her grandparents' ornate 1850s fine wines and comestibles shop on the rue de la Banque through a courtyard to a long storefront on the Galerie Vivienne. Pass through the cases of wine stacked waist-high on the gallery side and emerge into a richly decorated brass and mirrored shop redolent of the heavy aroma of coffee beans. The counters are lined with tall glass jars of old-fashioned candies such as striped *berlingots*. Regular customers include Minister of Culture Jack Lang, actor Pierre Arditi, and designer Philippe Starck. (60 Galerie Vivienne; 42-60-07-12)

Casa Lopez Installed here since 1983, Bernard Magniant's Casa Lopez has thrust needlepoint back into fashion with his handmade and machine-made rugs and upholstery. In addition to reversible woolen jacquard rugs, he carries printed canvas patterns for do-it-yourselfers, made-to-order needlepoint for upholstering chairs and gaming tables, and wall-size needlepoint rugs from Portugal. (32–36 Galerie Vivienne; 42-60-46-85)

A Priori Thé Transplanted New Yorker Peggy Hancock has kept this sweet tearoom since 1980. A half dozen tables spill into the passageway. The comfortable Lloyd Loom wicker chairs and the homemade fresh-fruit tarts, brownies, and plats du jour make this the perfect spot to take a break from shopping and watch the passing show. (35–37 Galerie Vivienne; 42-97-48-75)



Façade of Céramique at Galerie de la Madeleine.

GALERIE VÉRO-DODAT

Two butchers, Mr. Véro and Mr. Dodat, opened this passage in 1826. The luxury of its brass trim, painted ceilings, and somber faux marbre façades peeking from beneath caked-on grime make it Paris's most elegant, if faded, passageway. Legend has it that the melancholic poet Gérard de

Nerval was last seen in a café here before being found hanged in his nearby garret. (2 rue du Bouloi; 19 rue Jean-Jacques-Rousseau)

Robert Capia A small card identifies the owner as a "Purchaser of furnishings, knickknacks, and curious objects." Actually, Capia is Paris's foremost authority on antique dolls and unofficial historian of the Galerie Véro-Dodat. The windows of his three storefronts are filled with turn-of-the-century toys, suspended ceramic angels, old Victrolas, toy prams, and hundreds of porcelain dolls. (26 Galerie Véro-Dodat; 42-36-25-94)

Denicourt Evelyne Ferrare commissions copper and hand-painted wood furnishings from workshops in her native Morocco. The pieces, which she designs, include mirrors adorned with mother-of-pearl, sideboards, screens, Koran stands embellished with holy verses, and trunks decoratively sculpted like tile-roofed houses. (19 rue Jean-Jacques-Rousseau; 42-36-07-31)

Anne Gaujac White walls and carpet set off the large silk, wool, and cotton scarves and shawls at Anne Gaujac's shop. The fabrics bear both her own designs and re-impressions of eighteenth-century fabrics imported from India by the silk traders of Lyons. Her hand-blown champagne glasses, also available, were featured in the film *Dangerous Liaisons*. (16 Galerie Véro-Dodat; 42-33-50-87)

Galerie Daniel Greiner This gallery is a collector's source for eighteenth-century French architectural drawings. Unrealized fantasies for palaces and Italianate gardens fill the walls and racks. The exhibition and inventory change constantly. (14 Galerie Véro-Dodat; 42-33-43-30)

PASSAGE DES PANORAMAS

Built in 1799 by William Thayer, an American merchant, Passage des Panoramas is one of Paris's oldest surviving covered galleries. The high-peaked glass roof and many of the wooden façades remain from the mid nineteenth century when dandies would loiter in the cafés watching young women through dark glasses. Today it is a busy passageway, parallel to the narrow rue Vivienne. Little old shops of all sorts line its halls, and several bistros have survived, filled at lunch with workers from nearby offices. (10 rue Saint Marc; 11 blvd. Montmartre)

L'Arbre à Canelle Weary shoppers relax at one of the handful of tables before the Rococo façade of this restaurant, a former nineteenth-century chocolate factory. Owners Monique Bénady and Annie Michaut serve exquisite plats du jour like rabbit in tarragon sauce and original quiches like a potato and confit of duck pie, plus a half dozen dessert tarts and teas. Original painted ceiling panels show the vanilla plants, tea bushes, coffee vines, and cinnamon trees that once supplied the chocolate shop. (57 Passage des Panoramas; 45-08-55-87)

PASSAGE JOUFFROY

Less elegant than the Passage des Panoramas across the street, stalls of used books line one entrance to the Passage Jouffroy, and a hotel and a wax museum sit atop the other. (10 blvd. Montmartre; 9 rue de la Grange-Batelière)

M. G. Segas Red velvet curtains and floor-length gilded mirrors set off a collection of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century walking sticks to warm the heart of any boulevardier. Dapper brothers Miguel and Gilbert Segas have a silver-tipped cane made from a manta ray's tail and a tremendous collection of trick canes, such as a gambler's cane with three small ivory dice in a glass handle; a cane whose handle becomes a pipe, cigar, or cigarette holder; and, for the older gentleman, a speaking-horn cane. Not to mention a veritable armory of lethal canes, including a shotgun and a range of swords and daggers. (34 Passage Jouffroy; 47-70-89-65)

Abel Similar and less expensive modern canes can be found next door at Abel, where Denise Marcin is one of Paris's last umbrella makers. (36 Passage Jouffroy; 47-70-03-37)

GALERIE DE LA MADELEINE

Between the place de la Madeleine and the rue Boissy-d'Anglas, stores turn their backs on this wide passage. Their painted-over windows leave only a few storefronts. (9 place de la Madeleine; 30 rue Boissy-d'Anglas)

Céramique Françoise Lemazou sells her own limited-edition Limoges porcelain plates and tableware bearing the designs of Jean Cocteau and Salvador Dali as well as contemporary artists, such as the seven-plate set by the seven young Paris painters known as the Frères Ripoulin. Lucite salad bowls and trays inset with dried wildflowers and a variety of other porcelain and glass objects are also available. (42-65-75-70) ▲



The façade of the Galerie Véro-Dodat, Paris's most elegant passageway, is faux marbre.

Starck Modern

(Continued from page 84) architects think they can design first for magazines and think after of the people who will live in that. My choice was not to make a show house for the magazines because that would have been absolutely dishonest in this case. You must stay humble; people must live there."

But not too humble. There's more than a hint of grandeur to this gray concrete monolith looming somewhat ominously above the Seine. It appears, as a matter of fact, to be larger than life, perhaps because no conventional architectural nods to tradition adorn the façades, no sign of domesticity is in evidence. The house is abstract, scaleless. "The neighbors don't understand," laments Le Moult, echoing the age-old refrain of the progressive client.

"I have tried to design it to be more aristocratic, more like a castle—everything is very noble," notes Starck, who continued the theme of grandeur inside. Although the house is small, it feels vast, expansive, owing to an overscale double staircase and an almost entirely open plan in which living, dining, cooking, and sleeping all flow, without visual obstruction, from one to another. (The only conventional room in the house is the daughters' bedroom.)

Since Starck is best known for his interior design work, it is ironic that he chose not to develop the interiors of the Le Moult house beyond the concrete-coated architectural envelope. Except for the kitchen and bathroom fittings, which are quite remarkable, the house is soothingly plain. With characteristic panache, Starck passes judgment on his first house: "It's not a masterpiece because it's crazy architecture, it's a masterpiece because the people are very happy." ♠

Editor: Deborah Webster

Essence of Provence

(Continued from page 128) French doors on the ground floor and the bedrooms' small square windows all open onto a Provençal panorama. On a clear day you can see all the way to Cannes, ten miles away on the coast. The afternoon sun filtering through slatted shutters gives the bedrooms a shadowy quality, and a siesta after a day's wanderings seems nearly irresistible.

Dinner is served in a room off the entrance hall whose walls, hung with eighteenth-century Aubusson canvas tapestry patterns, can be glimpsed through curving double doors of carved walnut. The Amics' round dining table can accommodate ten people—and almost invariably does.

The cook, Josette, Henri's wife, has been serving up meals at La Prouveresse for as long as her husband has been trimming its hedges, and she remembers a guest's culinary idiosyncrasies from one summer to the next. A typical La Prouveresse dinner, served on chunky off-white Moustiers faience plates with the vivid green bubbled glasses Irène buys from nearby Biot, might begin with a plate of squash flower fritters, a house specialty. A salade niçoise might follow, then the herb-flavored onion, black olive, and anchovy tart sprinkled with sliced tomatoes known locally as a *pissaladière*. "There are plenty of little chèvre cheeses in the region and wonderful fruit," says Irène of her customary choice of dessert. "The strawberries, raspberries, and apricots are so much tastier than those we get in Paris."

To hear Irène talk, all pleasures are experienced more intensely here. Certainly it's hard to argue the point, surrounded by the combined perfume of raspberries, grapevines, jasmine, rosemary, lavender, and roses. ♠

Editor: Deborah Webster

Royal Lineage

(Continued from page 154) hands."

Garcia defines himself this way: "I am an art lover, a professional decorator, and almost an architect—I love to restructure things. Don't count on me to hang up fabrics and put together a lot of doodads in a place with modern volumes, the way they do in the United States."

The Mansart town house was a wreck when Garcia came to it five years ago. All that was left inside to be classified as historic were the ceiling paintings by Pierre Mignard and Charles Le Brun, who had worked in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles. Garcia installed doors, tapestries, mirrors, and new flooring and fitted everything in with such apparent inevitability that it is hard to believe it is all in fact a hybrid pastiche of a seventeenth- and eighteenth-century environment. Visitors come away wondering not so much how he did the place but rather how this young man could have acquired such an extraordinary historical monument for himself.

Garcia's rise to regal heights of splendor is a subject that never ceases to fascinate admiring and envious colleagues. After all, he went first from the École des Arts Décoratifs to a small job in a decorator's workshop specializing in contemporary furniture where he spent several years. (He is still open to projects involving any period.) But as he pursued his career, he was developing as a collector of fine old objects. He began buying at the age of fourteen. When he was eighteen, he sold his bibelots at a nice profit and embarked on a spiral of trading up which led ultimately to his position as the arbiter of things royal. "I no longer have the means for these things," Garcia explained, "but I was interested before a lot of people in very great objects which are worth crazy prices today but which I was able to buy when they commanded bourgeois prices."

Just eight years ago, he pointed out, before the Getty Museum and American collectors such as Mrs. J. Seward Johnson came strongly into the market, he was able to buy a chair that had belonged to Louis XIV's dauphin for 100,000 francs. Today he estimates it's worth ten times that figure, at least. The market had been soft, he explained, because average French taste, even among collectors, "doesn't appreciate extravagant things. The French will buy a little Louis XV commode with nice marquetry, but they won't buy a sublime commode that is all banged up—it's too much for them. The sublime was expensive, but at the time no more expensive than average things."

French taste at its height, on the other hand, he said, has a passion for extravagance tempered by a playful ease. It perceives even the jokes, or at least the smiles, that shine through the splendor—the jolly incongruity of the maiden in silk robes holding a handful of fish on the tapestry in his main salon. Or the "bad taste" of fat flowers on the upholstery of one of his Louis XIV chairs.

By now a smell of cooked potatoes was pervading Garcia's "cozy museum." His houseboy, in an oversize waiter's jacket and a pair of Levi's, was starting to fidget. Before taking polite leave, I peeked into the kitchen. I saw a table set for one where the current master of Mansart's town house would have dinner. Afterward he'd go back up to what he confessed was a mess. Up there, among the Art Deco, the new and the nothing, on another level of his life, he enjoys "a sentiment of liberty—I'd say almost of youth." ♠

Hands of Time

(Continued from page 140) limit of the desirably worn-away, so he had replacements stitched together from a velvet negligée fabric he found in China. He is pleased that they're finally acquiring a worn look. There are actual Louis XVI pieces such as a mammoth Jacob sofa over seven feet long, above which hang two large paintings attributed to Girodet-Trioson, the classically trained Romantic artist who worked for the royal court. In the middle of all this pedigreed furniture there are some mutts, too. The centerpiece of the living room is a nineteenth-century *borne*, a round sofa Mr. H. found in New York and refers to as "corny hotel deluxe." It looks like a wedding cake. One of the bedrooms has a shocking-pink bed inspired by Schiaparelli and designed—or, as he says, "cooked up"—by Mr. H. himself.

Everyone who sees Mr. H.'s apartment says it seems like a place in their dreams. So memorable a place can unearth your deepest feelings. This happened to Pip in *Great Expectations*, too. After that first sight of Miss Havisham's he was never the same. Dickens expressed it for Pip—and for us—perfectly: "Pause you who read this, and think for a moment of the long chain of iron or gold, of thorns or flowers, that would never have bound you, but for the formation of the first link on one memorable day." Mr. H.'s first links came from houses that intrigued him because of how they were decorated, a great-aunt's house, for example, and places in Texas which he knows very well, and later the magnificent rooms in the Château de Fontainebleau, and rooms full of personal style and extraordinary art in Paris, New York, and elsewhere. It's hard to imagine Mr. H. doing up his flat in France without all these views to the past. He has always been attracted to what he calls "ghost chasing," a decorating style he says disappeared in the 1960s when everything went minimal. Although Mr. H. is as American as a cowboy, it is impossible to conceive of his paradise for biographers as being anywhere but the country it is in. As he says, "It's very French. It's a literary place in the spirit of Violet, who was an old Francophile." Like Mr. H. ▲

Princess in the Garden

(Continued from page 112) Sturdza has gardened since her Norwegian childhood, so it wasn't surprising that she started all over again at Le Vasterival. The site was thickly covered with nettles, brambles, tree stumps; wild boars rooted the place up regularly—"27 times," says the princess. Scouring winds continue to sweep off the English Channel. "In 1978 we lost five hundred trees and shrubs in a hurricane," she recalls.

A sporting gardener, she thrives on disaster and could probably make a garden in a minefield. Energetic and indomitable, she is a natural survivor and teacher. (At Le Vasterival she gives garden seminars for up to twelve people in any one of six languages.) She stands on a muddy hillside, remembering how this recent project began. "A transport ministry chief came to visit" —Le Vasterival is open by appointment— "and since he had never seen a garden like this, he asked what he could do," she begins. "I could hardly say no, could I? And it *was* necessary to remove all these trees and their stumps," she continues, deadpan. She gestures at the devastation—the proud work of two bulldozer operators who labored for nine days to clear the new site—and her face breaks into what could only be called a grin, even on a princess. ▲ *Editor: Mary-Sargent Ladd*

(For information on Princess Sturdza's U.S. lecture and seminar this fall see Resources.)

Norman Retreat

(Continued from page 146) forebear Robert, Baron Clive, of whom Macaulay wrote that England "scarcely ever produced a man more truly great, either in arms or in council." "Lord Clive," Worms muses, "let's see, when did he conquer India?"

The paintings of storm-tossed ships on the sitting room walls also reflect the family history. The firm originally began as a shipping company in 1848, transporting coal and gypsum. When the Suez Canal was built, the Worms family owned a huge coal deposit in Alexandria, so its fuel supplied Ferdinand de Lesseps, builder of the canal.

With greater European unity in the offing, particularly between France and Britain, the two countries, though they may never be the best of friends, look to be losing much of their mutual enmity—or at least suspicion. "I think," says the hybrid Worms, "by 1992 I'm going to be less of a queer fish." ▲

Editor: Deborah Webster

Flips its lid?





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Le Style Grange

(Continued from page 104) totem, the master of a sobriety that approaches anonymity.

Marie-Laure, the woman who had always been a great patron of painters and decorators—and who, with her husband, even commissioned Buñuel to make a movie—fired Grange's imagination. (He keeps Man Ray's photo of her close at hand.) He learned from her how to mix things from every period and how to avoid dreary made-for-museum recreations of other epochs. "Take this room," he says proudly. "Doesn't it give you the feeling of a nineteenth-century salon? And yet I've achieved that effect completely with twentieth-century things."

François-Marie Banier also introduced Grange to Madeleine Castaing, the doyenne of Parisian antiques dealers and decorators. As Banier puts it, "Marie-Laure had given Jacques a taste for palaces. Now Madeleine taught him a sense of the lovers' retreat, of the couple's domain. She taught him intimacy." This double aptitude—for the grandiose and the intimate, for the luxurious and the humble—alternates in Grange's designs. These same influences prompt Pierre Le-Tan, a top Paris illustrator—he has done covers for *The New Yorker* and drawings for *Condé Nast Traveler*—to rank Grange as "the best decorator around." As he puts it, "Grange has a gift for comfort and subtlety. He doesn't overdecorate. If I see a piece of furniture that's extremely simple, even casual—some 1920s oak, say—I'll call Jacques and tell him about it. I hate most decorators, but Jacques learned from Marie-Laure to recognize quality."

Fame as a decorator came to Grange in the 1970s when Yves Saint Laurent (yet another person he'd met through François-Marie Banier) began to use him. "Yves and I had known each other quite a while," Grange recalls, "and of course he'd never asked me for my professional opinion. Then one day he invited me to decorate his studio. Then his house in Deauville. We became close friends through working together. He'd never had a decorator do any of his residences before. We found we had the same background and similar tastes—Marie-Laure, again, and a passion for the paintings of Christian Bérard."

Grange is anything but a dictator designer. He works with friends—Isabelle Adjani, Pierre Bergé, Paloma Picasso—who are the sort of people who would do their own decorating if they had enough time and energy. But he's not a slave to their whims. For instance, Saint Laurent wanted Grange to rig up a teahouse in the garden at Deauville which would be a bit of transplanted Morocco, but Grange had just been to Russia, where he'd done the stage settings for Saint Laurent's dress collection, and he'd been inspired by a visit to Tolstoy's country house. "So I built Yves a Russian dacha!"

Not everyone is so infatuated with Grange's style. One client complained of the decorator's fondness for the color the French call *caca d'oie*, which might be politely translated as goose droppings. An American fashion editor remarked, "It's all flea market crap that we Americans don't have the wit to appreciate. You know, a Moroccan pot, a coconut-fiber rug, a metal statue of a laughing black boy, a bamboo hatstand—yuk!"

Andrée Putman tried to be polite: "He has a certain elegance and ease in his mixtures—a pretty way of mixing things. But his work and world are very far from mine. Who gave you the comical idea of asking me about Jacques Grange? Who, I must add, had an extraordinary physical beauty when he was young." An editor working for a French decorating magazine told me, "He knows all the good craftsmen and antiques dealers—and that's that. His own taste is very old-fashioned. He's no Philippe Starck or Andrée Putman. He spends hours with Adjani at the flea market. *Objets de curiosité*—that's his specialty. Nothing modern about that."

"Not at all true," insists Marie-Paule Pellé, creative director of *Condé Nast Traveler* who used to edit *Vogue Décoration* and who has known Grange for years. "He's a person of enormous culture. He may be eclectic, but he has his own style. He would never compromise to land a big client. He's quite simply the nicest person in the business—generous, discreet, a faithful friend. And he's modern—he adapted the Madeleine Castaing style to our times."

If Grange is so often associated with Yves Saint Laurent, the link is no accident. Both men represent the French tradition of high finish and immaculate construction. Both have a sure sense of color, a curiosity about the whole Mediterranean world, and an interest in the past—but both realize that other periods and places must be interpreted in new terms through their own sensibilities. And both live their lives through their work, which is a juncture between caprice and culture, nonchalance and effort. What could be more frivolous than a frock or a curtain? And what is more precise than the construction of a garment or the matching up of rare woods? This rigorous frivolity is what France prizes most in the decorative arts. No wonder Jacques Grange feels so thoroughly Gallic. ▲

Editor: Deborah Webster

What Price Glory?

(*Continued from page 124*) of historic preservation, the renovation of the fin de siècle Gare d'Orsay into the national museum of nineteenth-century art is nonetheless an ultimate failure because of the dismal way in which its glorious painting collection is displayed and lit. Perhaps the idea that a train station could be turned into a functional art gallery was misconceived from the start.

To the east of the Musée d'Orsay is the Institut du Monde Arabe by Jean Nouvel, the young French architect widely touted as his country's most important new talent since Le Corbusier died almost 25 years ago. The inclusion of this study center, conference hall, and museum among the Grands Projets is a significant reaffirmation of France's long-standing relations with the Arab world. The ten-story high-tech structure is reminiscent of Paris's Maison de Verre, the celebrated house of 1928–32 by Pierre Chareau in which translucent glass-lens panels give the walls an ethereal luminosity. At the Institut du Monde Arabe the lenses are set within a metal framework of stylized Islamic inspiration, imbuing this sleek building with a symbolism appropriate to both the large Muslim community in France and their brethren abroad.

In the northeastern fringes of Paris are clustered another three of the Grands Projets. The most playful is the Parc de la Villette by Bernard Tschumi, who was named dean of the Columbia University's School of Architecture last year. His concept for the park is decidedly citified, acknowledging the unsparing site in a gritty working-class neighborhood by not trying to prettify it in any conventional sense. Using a strict grid pattern to establish a sense of order in this featureless place, Tschumi has spaced a series of fifteen architectural follies (out of an eventual thirty) evenly over the expansive, unshaded plain. Made of red enameled steel paneling, the structures are inventive caprices on early Modernist themes. Although the amiable follies exude an ingratiating toylike charm, they are also perfectly serious exercises in pure design which will engage specialists as well as the many pleasure seekers who have already made the Parc de la Villette a favorite new destination in Paris.

Nearby in the park is architect Adrien Fainsilber's City of Science and Industry, a mammoth technology museum. It seems like a vestige of a 1960s world's fair, a retrograde impression underscored by the space-age Géode, a 116-foot mirror-finish stainless-steel sphere. Also in the Parc de la Villette is the City of Music by Christian de Portzamparc, another rising star in France's younger generation of architects. Only the Conservatory building of this complex will be completed this year, but it seems likely to rank high among the Grands Projets.

The Opéra de la Bastille has been the biggest organizational melée of the Mitterrand program. In Charles Garnier's grandiloquent Opéra of 1861–75, Paris can claim the world's most ostentatious and least efficient music theater. For decades the need for a new one has been manifest, and in 1983 a competition for a modern opera house was finally held. First prize was presented to the anonymous entry the jury assumed had been submitted by the American architect Richard Meier. So sure were they that a call was made to the Meier office to convey congratulations—until it was discovered that the designer was not Meier at all but an unknown Canadian architect named Carlos Ott.

Thus began the most bedeviled of the Grands Projets. Architecturally, this frigid $500 million pile on the place de la Bastille—site of the prison where the Revolution began—proves why only Meier can do Meier. The overblown forms, crude detailing, and shoddy craftsmanship are astonishingly amateurish, all the more shocking because of the importance this building holds in the cultural life of France. The critical moment will come with the premiere of the main hall on the eve of Bastille Day, when its acoustical and operational qualities will be put to the test. But even that will not end the strife. Ever since the abrupt dismissal this past January of artistic director Daniel Barenboim by the president of the Théâtres de l'Opéra de Paris, Pierre Bergé (business head of the Yves Saint Laurent fashion empire), this already embattled enterprise has become even more embroiled in conflict. How it will all end is anyone's guess, but as violinist Isaac Stern quipped during a recent visit to Paris, "This is the *real* Folies-Bergé."

The last—and in quality one of the least—of the Grands Projets is the Grande Arche de la Défense. A 35-story office building in the shape of an open-ended cube, it stands at the western terminus of the axis that begins five miles away at the Louvre. La Défense is an elephants' graveyard of hulking skyscrapers correctly deemed inappropriate for the historic center of Paris and thus banished to the city limits where they can do less harm. It was hoped that the cynosure of the Grande Arche would pull this farrago of ill-assorted high rises into the coherent fabric of Paris by completing the sequence begun by the Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel next to the Louvre and the Arc de Triomphe approximately mid-

Looks like garbage?



WIMPY, WIMPY, WIMPY.

What Price Glory?

way between the museum and La Défense. That was a futile expectation. The gimmicky Grande Arche, a showy but vapid design by the late Danish architect Johan Otto von Spreckelsen, does nothing to establish its setting as anything other than an urban nightmare. Faced in glass and white marble, the scaleless and surrealistic Grande Arche embodies all the overbearing characteristics of French official style at its worst.

In the end the great paradox of the Grands Projets is this: how can a country so self-conscious about its cultural heritage honor it and then mock it by such dramatic turns? In a period of increasing respect for the architectural past, France remains perpetually hooked on the myth of the new. This is a nation that will never spawn a Prince Charles speaking out against modernity and defending reactionary ways. François Mitterrand, fervent prophet of the future, is the perfect architectural advocate for the French.

One key to understanding this is the Eiffel Tower, a century old this year. Decried upon its completion as an eyesore, it is now a beloved landmark. This about-face occurred because the Eiffel Tower remains constantly startling and yet utterly familiar, the definitive emblem of the French belief in technology as the outward sign of reason. This idiosyncratic excrescence is in keeping with the shared notion that Paris is unlike any other city in the world. But how far can change be taken before Paris becomes unrecognizable? That is the risk posed by the Grands Projets, which illuminate the City of Light in part but threaten to extinguish its distinctive character as a whole. ▲

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Resources

NOTES
Page 23 Profils chair, available late 1989, to the trade at Ligne Roset USA, NYC (212) 685-2238. Palais-Royal chair, approx $250, special order at Academy, Paris 43-29-07-18. Les Trois États de la Santé chair, by Arnold van Geuns and Clemens Rameckers, for Galerie Néotu, similar one-of-a-kind works, special order at Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC (212) 929-6023.

DESIGN
Page 32 Scarf, $175, plates, to order at Hermès, NYC, Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Honolulu, Houston, Palm Beach, San Francisco. Nevada bowl, $3,990, paperweights, $200 ea, glasses, $230 ea, at Daum Boutique, NYC (212) 355-2060. Daybed, $2,315, at Noblesse Oblige, Paris 45-55-20-43. Little Kiwis and a Cactus cotton on daybed, 55" wide, $40 m, Rather Normal Kiwis with a Few Stray Shellfish cotton in foreground, 55" wide, $45 m, for Noblesse Oblige, to order at Umbrello, NYC (212) 941-7800. This Way Up lamp, at Lieux, Paris 40-29-02-25.

EDITOR'S PAGE
Page 67 Walls/screen, by Paulin Paris, Paris 45-53-13-65. Curtain rod, $85, to the trade at Houlès, NYC, Los Angeles. Vive la Reine chair, $910, at Jean-Charles de Castelbajac, Paris 42-60-78-40.

STARCK MODERN
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Pages 108–13 In Portland, Oct. 6–8, Hardy Plant Soc. of Oregon, contact C. Hanni, 33530 Southeast Bluff Rd., Boring, OR 97009. In Los Angeles, Oct. 12, Friends of French Art, call (213) 377-4444.

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Gandee AT LARGE

My dinner with Andrée

Things would have been a lot more comfortable had Joan Collins come down from her suite at the Paris Ritz. Because if the overripe television star had shown up at the grand hotel's Espadon restaurant the night she checked in, the couple seated next to Andrée Putman and me would have had something to stare at—other than Madame Putman, that is. As it was, of course, the rude couple spent the evening with their eyes shamelessly riveted to my dinner companion, who, to be perfectly honest, looks a bit like an exotic hybrid of Lotte Lenya and Diana Vreeland.



She arrived fifteen minutes early dressed in a short black Azzedine Alaïa sheath with a shiny zipper running diagonally across the back and a large rhinestone brooch in the shape of a seashell pinned to the front. The silver metallic toe caps on her black kid Chanel pumps shimmered as she crossed the room, drawing the eye downward to her legs, which are, judging by the height of her hem, a feature she is most proud of. The first thing she did was pull out a fluted cigarette case and lay it lovingly on the table. The second thing she did was summon the sommelier and say, in that low thick husky voice of hers, "Champagne." Somehow he knew she didn't mean a glass, so he brought a bottle.

According to *Vanity Fair*, Andrée Putman is the "most exciting interior designer on either side of the Atlantic." Or at least she was in 1984, when the magazine photographed her standing regally in a shower stall at Morgans, the wildly successful hotel she designed for Ian Schrager and Steve Rubell in Manhattan. But on this particular evening in Paris, Andrée isn't much interested in talking about design. Fashion is on her mind. "I love America, and I love American women. But there is one thing that deeply shocks me—American closets. I cannot believe one can dress well when you have so much." She reported that her own closet consists of a freestanding eight-foot-long copper clothing rack. "At a certain time of your life, you should have almost no choices," she explained, adding that Jean-Michel Frank, the legendary furniture designer, was her sartorial ideal because his wardrobe consisted of forty identical gray suits. "I love that idea. To me, it's perfect—the ultimate."

In the wake of fashion, the conversation took a more general, more personal turn. "The beauty of my life is that I was never wounded by the fact that people thought I was crazy," confessed Andrée. And as if to underscore the point, she recalled her little-known acting debut fifteen years ago in an underground film in which she played a client of a male bordello: "I had the most beautiful dress and the most beautiful makeup, I felt like an absolute star." Her opening line to artist Niki de Saint-Phalle, who played the madam, was, "Do you still have cowboys?" The bordello, alas, was all out. Her closing line was, tellingly enough, "I'll take them all."

Such odd autobiographical lore, of course, adds to the mystique that is Andrée Putman. It conspires with her remarkable appearance and grand manner to give her a strange otherworldly allure. Just how much her phenomenal success as a designer can be attributed to her phenomenal persona is anyone's guess. But nowadays, in the era of the personality cult, it should not be underestimated.

Of her success, Putman claims, "It will never spoil me because it doesn't happen to me. It happens to that person who enjoys social life and human beings, who functions out of curiosity and passion." Although she may attribute her success to her alter ego, Andrée has nonetheless been tireless in its pursuit. Since 1980, when she introduced herself to the world as a designer, her shades-of-gray palette, her taste for mixing early Modern furniture with more "bizarre" pieces, her fascination with the chessboard as a decorative motif, have all become well known thanks, in no small part, to Madame Putman's exquisite flair for public relations.

She conducts her worldwide operations from a trilevel office in the Marais district. The centerpiece of the minimalist loftlike space is an enormous fish tank that has no fish. Her current projects range from an "undersized" office furniture collection for Japan to a new desert palace for a 32-year-old prince in Saudi Arabia. Écart, Putman's furniture company, is also flourishing thanks to its inventory of classic Modern pieces by Eileen Gray, René Herbst, Jean-Michel Frank, and Robert Mallet-Stevens. And then there is her licensing division, which is presided over by a young man named Georges—"a strikingly good-looking guy with very dark hair," according to his employer. Of her 28-member staff, she noted that most are "very very young people, between 24 and 26." Then she added: "I have never any friends of my age." Since the subject had been raised, I decided to pursue it. "Has anyone ever asked you how old you are?" I queried, with polite obliqueness. "You know, I never answer," said Andrée, "because I am stupid enough to think I look younger than my age." Not knowing what age that might be, of course, made it impossible to comment.

Charles Gandee

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HOUSE & GARDEN
AUGUST 1989
Volume 1[illegible], Number 8



COVER *The mint green Adirondack child's chair was a gift from designers William Diamond and Anthony Baratta to the baby of the owners of a Southampton retreat. Page 116. Photograph by William Waldron.*





Elaborate fringed curtains abound throughout the house, above, of antiques dealer Suzanne Rheinstein. Page 82. Photograph by Karen Radkai. Right: A windmill is part of the idyllic scenery of Newport, Rhode Island. Page 54. Photograph by Eric Boman. Below right: Actress Teri Garr muses over a script at the poolside of her Los Angeles house. Page 98. Photograph by Firooz Zahedi. Below: The second-floor hall of Biby, an enormous Swedish estate. Page 126. Photograph by Thibault Jeanson.



Inside Newport Dodie Kazanjian, a native Newporter, reconsiders her hometown on the occasion of its 350th birthday **54**

Prairie in Flower A midwestern meadow blooms outside an Arts and Crafts landmark. By David Garrard Lowe **68**

Capital Venture Subtlety is a prime asset in the house of Washington decorator Antony Childs. By David Streitfeld **76**

Los Anglophile There'll always be an England in the house and shop of Suzanne Rheinstein. By Betty Goodwin **82**

Taste Be Damned A man who knows his own preferences lowers his gaze against high standards. By Quentin Crisp **90**

Parlor Game Joe D'Urso introduces his Modernist aesthetic to nineteenth-century propriety in a Greenwich Village town house. By Charles Gandee **92**

Hollywood Homestead Wit and whimsy share equal billing at actress Teri Garr's house. By Pilar Viladas **98**

Venturi to Order The architect offers a full-scale kit for Postmodern living. By Herbert Muschamp **104**

Once upon a Time Decorating is child's play, according to the two little girls who invited Charles Gandee up to their New York City apartment for tea and the grand tour **110**

Custom of the Country Designers William Diamond and Anthony Baratta create a rustic retreat. By Glenn Harrell **116**

Seaworthy Style Valentino weighs anchor with a yacht decorated by Peter Marino. By G. Y. Dryansky **122**

Swedish Fantasies A classic Swedish country estate plays host to three centuries of exotic family treasures. By Christopher Petkanas **126**

A Really Big Show In Los Angeles, the furniture is larger than life, just like the stars. By Dana Cowin **134**

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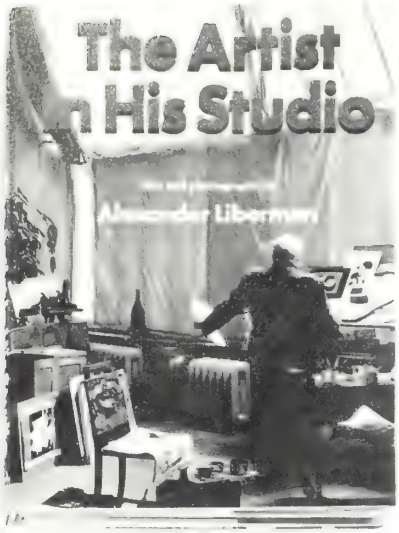
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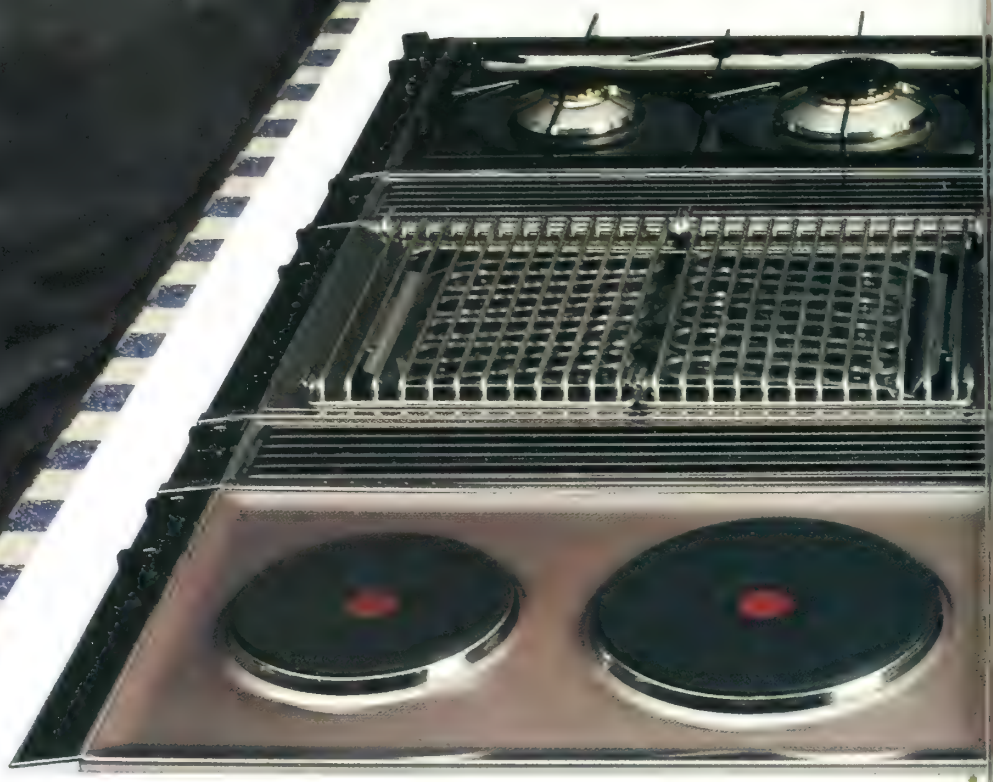
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CONTRIBUTORS NOTES

Glenn Harrell, an assistant editor at House & Garden who helps create the "Notes" column, has always been fascinated with decoration: "I've been cutting up shelter magazines since I was a child, searching for special rooms and quirky pieces of furniture." In this issue, she also uncovers an inventive renovation of a Southampton house by designers William Diamond and Anthony Baratta.

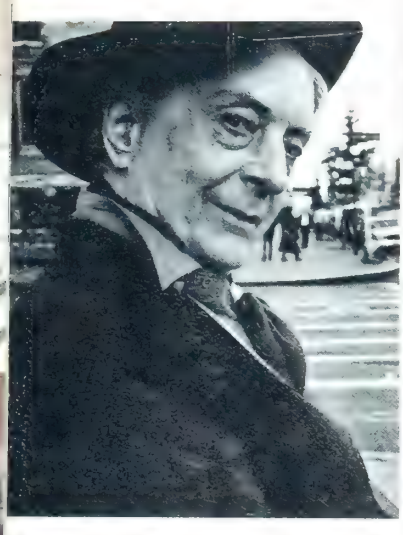


CHRIS SANDERS

Christopher Petkanas, a contributing editor who is at work on an illustrated book on French cuisine and decoration to be published by Rizzoli next year, lives in Normandy. "Everything before moving to France seven years ago and discovering Souleiado shirts and the French table is one big blur." In addition to writing the August "Design" column, he reports on Biby, a 2,470-acre estate in Sweden which has been in one family for over two centuries.



JACKIE NICKERSON



BRUCE DAVIDSON MAGNUM

Quentin Crisp, whose latest book, *How to Go to the Movies: A Guide for The Perplexed*, will be published in December by St. Martin's Press, was the subject of a Thames Television special, *The Naked Civil Servant*, which also appeared on PBS. In this issue, Crisp dissects the politics of taste: "I condemn the idea of good taste on the principle that it compels those of us who cannot scrape up the fare to Paris to say that foreign travel is overrated and that all Frenchmen are immoral."



Brendan Gill, architecture critic of *The New Yorker*, revived that magazine's architecture column, "The Sky Line," in 1987. He is the chairman emeritus of the New York Landmarks Conservancy and author, most recently, of *Many Masks: A Life of Frank Lloyd Wright*. For this month's HG, he reviews Victoria Newhouse's *Wallace K. Harrison, Architect*, published last month by Rizzoli.



ANDRE LEON TALLEY

Catie Marron, HG's New York editor, finds a change of careers refreshing after almost a decade on Wall Street. "When I was an investment banker, all too often I'd make a lunchtime foray to check out a favorite antiques shop's latest find. So it's now great fun to combine the two. This is an especially stimulating time to be at the magazine since there are more and more people who are bringing the decorative arts into their daily lives. Developing a story is different from closing a deal, although both are people-oriented and fast-paced."

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NOTES

HG reports on the new and the noteworthy from the sea

Edited by Eric A. Berthold



TOM MILLER

BUY THE SEA

HG finds a new school of thought this month with a fresh catch of objects—from tiles to towels—inspired by sea life. British artist Colin Chetwood uses the spiral of a nautilus shell in his design for a steel bench (*above*). Guided by themes of nature, Chetwood creates each piece of furniture by hand. Made-to-order; through Lewis Kaplan Associates, London 589-3108.



ORIENTAL TAILSPIN

Two carp swim head-to-tail on Fitz & Floyd's Koi Pond porcelain oversize coupé salad plate (above). *In sets of four assorted designs, $185. For nearest store call (800) 527-5211; in Texas (800) 442-4403.*



CORAL REAP

Corals found off the western coast of Italy bring a touch of the Riviera to a spoon (left), *sterling silver, $175; available at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. Ricci silversmiths molded a spoon* (far left), *silver-plated, $40, to look and feel like a shell; for nearest store call (800) 523-6502.*



BATHING BEAUTIES

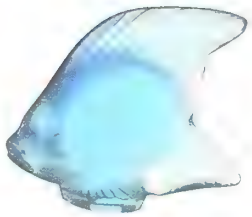
Plush cotton towels are just the answer for lying on a hot sandy beach. Among the best (above) *are Hermès' luxe bath sheet, $495, emblazoned with a school of fish, and Ralph Lauren's bold umbrella stripe towel, $36. At Hermès boutiques nationwide and at selected Polo/Ralph Lauren locations, respectively.*





IS THE GRASS ALWAYS GREENER?

More than just ground cover, grasses—like the fine-leafed arching maiden grass (above)*—can add texture, shape, movement, and even sound to gardens.* Ornamental Grass Gardening *(HP Books, $19.95) explores the creative uses of grasses and includes a descriptive catalogue of the most accessible types.*





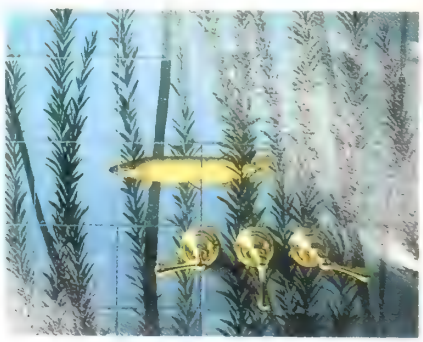
CRYSTAL CATCH

The Fish Cachets (above) *were originally introduced in 1928 by jeweler and glass master René Lalique. These exquisite crystal objets, measuring less than two inches tall, also have a practical use as precious paperweights. Now in a new variety of jewel tones, $79 each. At Lalique, NYC, or for nearest representative call (212) 684-6760.*



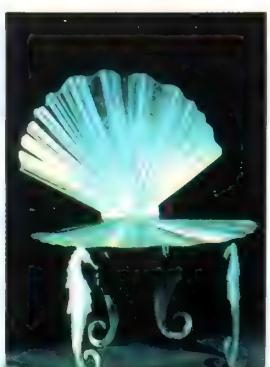
THE REBIRTH OF VENUS

Striking shell chairs capture the glory of Botticelli's masterpiece. Mario Villa's version, $1,400, of brushed aluminum (below left) *has sleek sea-horse legs. To the trade at Mario Villa, New Orleans, Chicago; George Cameron Nash, Dallas; Randolph Hein, Los Angeles. The armchair, $310, of solid cast aluminum with an enamel finish* (below right), *can be used indoors and out. To the trade from Tropitone, Irvine (714) 951-*



IN THE SWIM

Beware the barracuda in the bathroom! Hand-painted and custom-designed wall tiles (left) *by artist Dede Lifgren enliven any room with fish, flowers, or whatever strikes your fancy. Custom orders only. Available through VersaTILE, Katonah (914) 232-5511.*





COUNTERCLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: MONICA STEVENSON (3); DEREK FELL; MONICA STEVENSON; HOWARD GOODMAN; RAY KUTOS; NC



OCEAN SESAME

The door handles (above) *in the shape of an elegant mermaid, shapely starfish, and Louis XVI–style dolphin, $275 each, are just a sample of the assortment of gold-plated brass fixtures available at P. E. Guerin, NYC. By appointment (212) 243-5270.*

RIGHT TO THE POINT

Clusters of conch shells nestled among handpicked bunches of petunia-like flowers are the inspiration for the needlepoint carpet design (right) *imported from Portugal. The hand-hooked wool carpets can be produced in any color combination, to any size, and in gros point or petit point. To the trade through Stark Carpet.*



SHELL COLLECTIONS

The Barrington Hall collection of wallcoverings by Sterling Prints enhance both plain and papered walls. The Coquillage border (right) *comes in a variety of colors, from coral pink to cobalt blue. Available for $5 a yard, to the trade at Kinney Wallcoverings, or at fine retail decorating outlets.*



THEY SELL SEASHELLS

With handsome sterling silver spoons, dig into the salt that is hidden like sand in mother-of-pearl shell-shaped saltcellars (above). *Spoon and cellar, $45. At Bergdorf Goodman, NYC.*



FISH BAKES

Splashy pottery platter, $100, and pitcher, $54, serve up a Mediterranean flavor to summer tables (right). *An exclusive design for Deruta of Italy, NYC (212) 686-0808.*

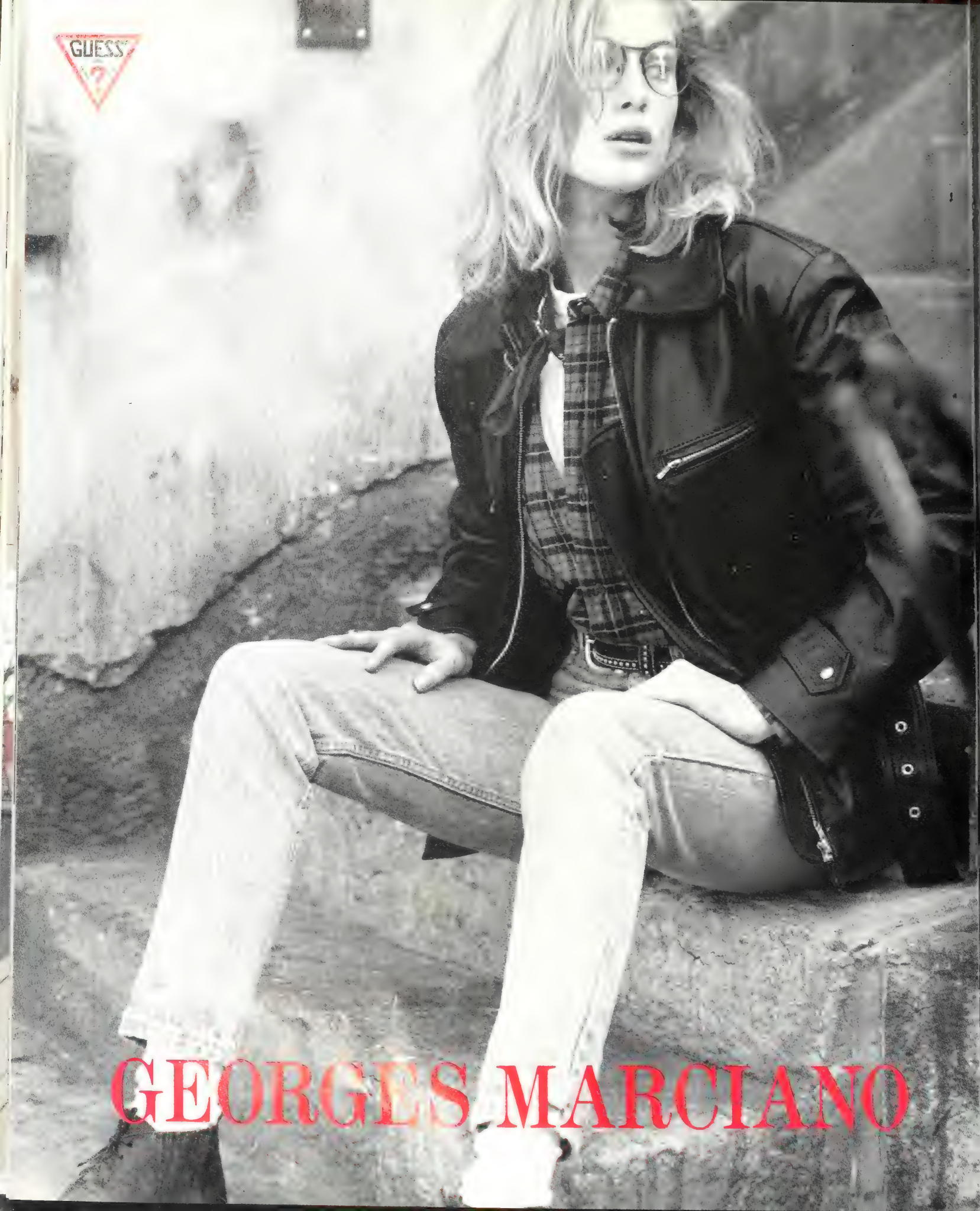
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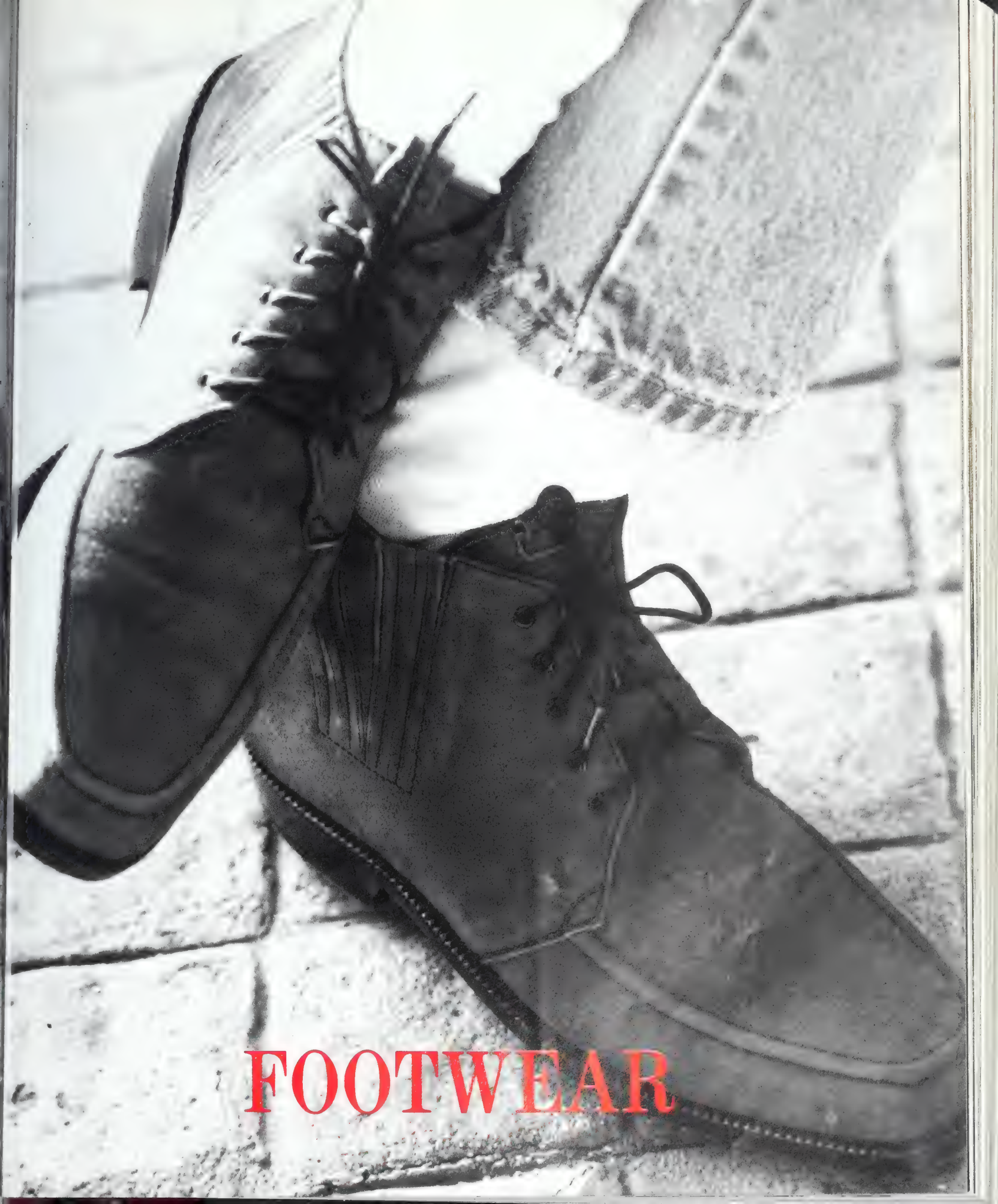


COTTON JETTIES AT THE BEACH

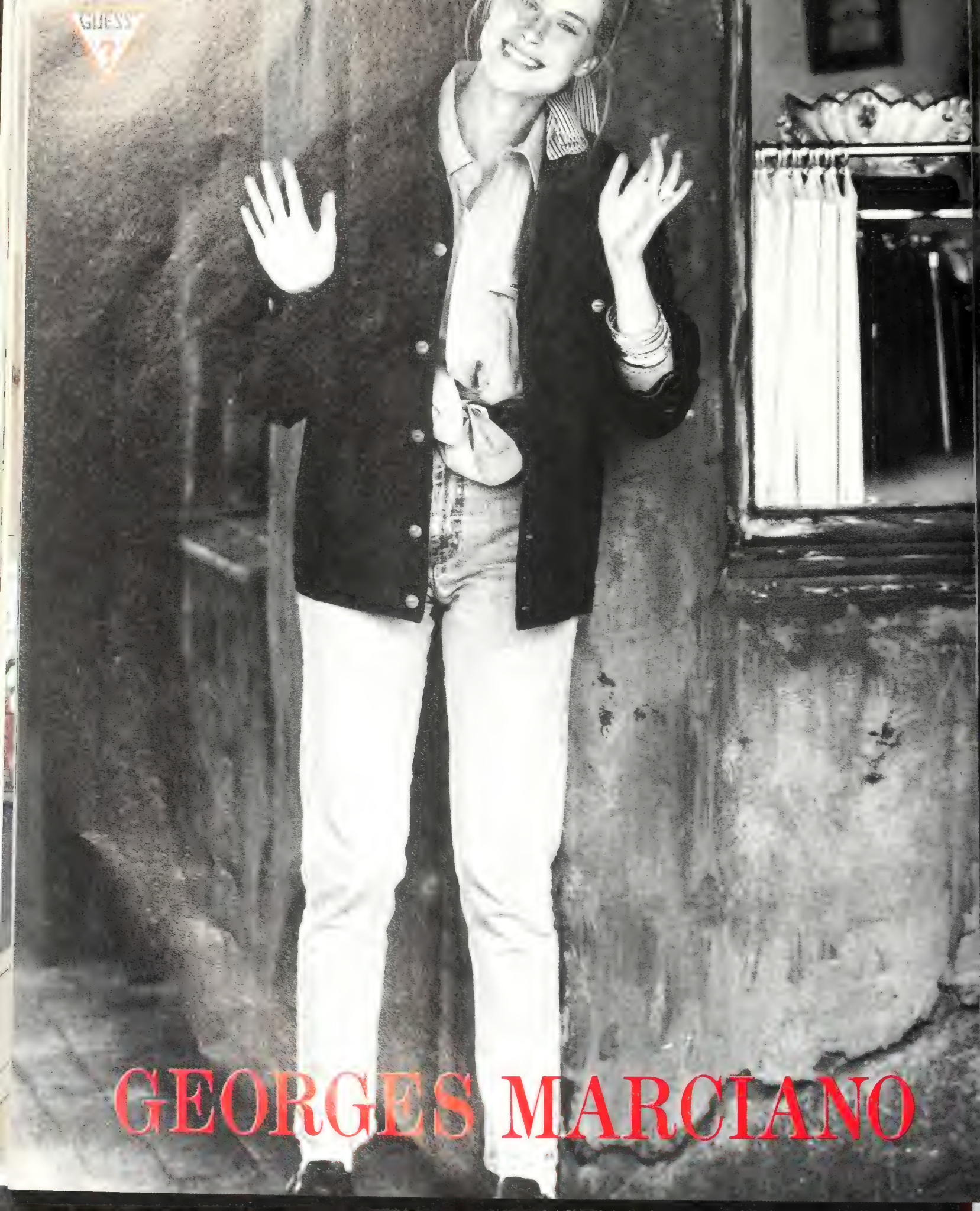
Seaside-inspired cottons (right, from left), *Small Shells, at Walters Wicker; Animals, from Christopher Hyland; Sanibel, from Payne; By the Sea, from Decorators Walk; Poseidon (in blue and in jade), from Greeff; Fishscale, at Walters Wicker; Jardiniere, at Decorators Walk; Pebble Beach, from Clarence House; Malay Wave, at Decorators Walk; Sanibel, at Decorators Walk; Tortuga, from Christopher Hyland. Details see Resources.*

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FOOTWEAR

DESIGN

A Harvest of Ceramics

Two artists mold clay into timeless still lifes

By Christopher Petkanas



Clare Potter in her Mill Neck, New York, studio surrounded by her ceramic cornucopia.

When Anne Gordon and Clare Potter began making ceramic fruit and vegetables in 1973 and 1981, respectively, each had no idea she was building on a tradition that reaches back to mid eighteenth century France. With kitchen gardens bare and orchards rattlingly empty, bleak winters for the privileged were relieved by the amusing custom of displaying bowls of pottery aubergines, lemons, and other out-of-season produce.

Nuggets of history like this one tend to be offered to Gordon and Potter by clients—learned and, in many cases, zealous patrons who are likely to pick up their snow peas and pomegranates and usher them home by private plane. It is through the rather vocal enthusiasm of their joint patrons that the two women know the little bit they do about each other. They have never met and have spoken on the phone just once.

If professional discretion didn't keep them at a courteous distance, there would always be the Atlantic Ocean—both work out of studios attached to their houses, Gordon in Quick's Green in England's Berkshire County, and Potter in New York in the old Long Island Gold Coast village of Mill Neck. Their media also separate them—Gordon's is porcelain, Potter's is earthenware. Each works completely alone, refusing assistants. Each, too, bristles at the heretical mention of molds and mass production. Says Gordon, "I use the basic potter's tools as well as toothpicks and a few things for tooling leather, but, honestly, if one had to, the whole job could be done with nothing more than a penknife and fingernails."

Selling to the kind of people who are accustomed to getting what they want when they want it, both women have vast experience meeting iron demands and accommodating outsized personalities. When pictures of Gordon's work appeared in an English magazine last year, one longtime client, a Washington, D.C., hostess and fund-raiser, sent them to her with scribbles in the margins describing how her own legumes should be different. "I like low leaves," the woman wrote next to an artichoke with the instruction, "One of these less yellow."







Potter's work, below left, blooms along a wall of horticultural photographs. Below: A fruit and flower basket. Left: Even the basket in this mixed bouquet is ceramic.

Although they surround themselves with seed catalogues, photographs, reference works, and piles of clippings, both Gordon and Potter work largely from their imaginations. Neither needs a strawberry in front of her to sculpt one. "Occasionally you have to refer to the thing itself," says Gordon, "but there's never any real danger of making an absolute likeness—the medium itself will do the transforming. Think of the difference between a piece of porcelain and a leaf of lettuce. You're working in a medium that's stiff and hard, whereas the real thing is soft and alive."

The rare times Gordon is stumped, she telephones Jean Monro, proprietor of the two London shops that sell her porcelains exclusively in England, who sends one of the staff across the street to Harrods food halls with a camera. A head of radicchio was recently created with this kind of help.

"Against the advice of all the experts," as Gordon puts it, she fires her pieces a minimum


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[illegible] say to put the color on thickly, but [illegible] ped on that way. Like mud left on a stone on a hot day. I paint it on, which is all wrong, but it works for me. You get a lot of detail that way, and there are no hard edges. A factory would pour the paint on like chocolate sauce over ice cream."

Gordon, who lived on a farm owned by her parents in southern Rhodesia until the age of nine, began modeling in clay while at school in England. In 1940, when she was sixteen, she was sent off to live at Bonnie Blink—one of the Long Island estates of her relatives, the Phipps family—in order to escape the war. Returning to England, she married Alastair Gordon, now the Marquess of Aberdeen, an accomplished painter of botanical watercolors. The marchioness's life was turned briskly around in 1958 when she met potter Alan Caiger-Smith at a Berkshire crafts fair. Caiger-Smith, a neighbor who has written the definitive work on majolica, agreed to let her hang about his studio and learn what she could. "In between firing one nanny and hiring another," says Gordon, "I became a potter."





A patch of Gordon's cabbage, below, mixed in with the real thing. Right: Her tearless onions.



English ceramist Anne Gordon, right, models one of her trademark porcelain birds. Far right: A melange of fruit and vegetables in the works.



Although she still does some modeling in majolica, Gordon turned to porcelain in 1978 while searching for a sturdier medium for the parrots, Chinese magpies, cranes, and cockatoos she still produces. And it was porcelain that gave her the idea for fruits and vegetables. "Making melons and asparagus, you start from the natural thing, then gild the lily."

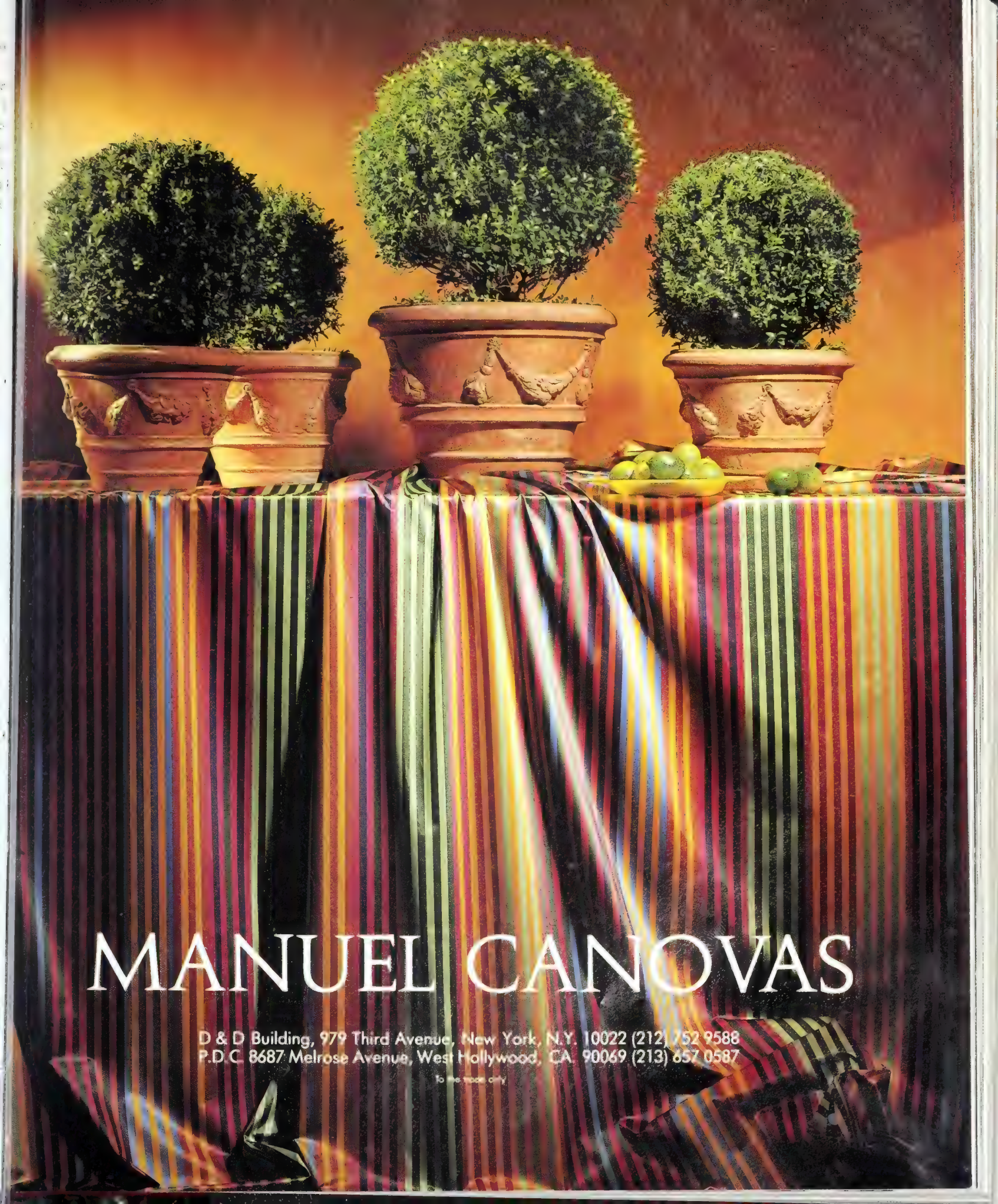
Working in Dresden white, a fine and brilliant clay made according to an old English formula, Clare Potter fires her pieces just once. Dresden is also known for taking stain especially well. Out of the kiln the thirsty porous pottery soaks up Potter's acrylic washes. No glazes are used, giving her objects their characteristically dry, powdery finish. "I simply never learned enough about glazes to use them properly, so I experimented with paints, and people responded," says Potter. "The fact that my work is unglazed is what's so distinguishing, yet I have always felt that what I do is unorthodox because of it."

Despite their protestations about realism, both Gordon and Potter achieve it, the latter with a vivid accuracy that can be startling. "I don't think of my work as utterly lifelike," says Potter, "but it does seem to come out that way. I can never resist making a few leaves look wilted or bug-eaten, and often I will place one or two loose flowers on a table near a pot of hollyhocks or a finished arrangement as if they had just fallen off. But I don't pretend to make them like botanical drawings. It's more a natural feeling that I strive for."

Potter's work is also typified by little surprises: a single white violet hidden away in the back of a bunch of purple ones or a butterfly stashed deep in a basket of zinnias. Working strictly by private commission—she has enough to take her into 1991—Potter must be challenged, or at the very least entertained, by a request in order to accept it. These days single pears are out of the question—too banal. But when a client showed up last year with an antique mahogany bowl and asked her to fill it with cherries, stems and all, her mind started racing. The colors of the more than eight dozen cherries she created reflect every stage of ripeness and are nicked and dented with bruises and blemishes. By delivery time two morning glories and seven slightly "buggy" brown-edged leaves could be spotted tossed in among the cherries.

Potter traces her years as a ceramist cautiously and with amazement, as if the gifted artist she is talking about is not herself. Enrolled in the late 1950s as a fashion design student at Parsons in New York, she later worked as an "editorial assistant's assistant" at *Harper's Bazaar* under Diana Vreeland. Although she ditched her career to become a wife and mother, she always remained active as an artist, primarily as a painter of miniatures. When her husband's business took the family to England from 1974 to 1979, she signed up for adult education classes in pottery. As a result of the studies, Potter began making clay shadow boxes and three-dimensional garden scenes. Desperate to escape the maddeningly twee world of miniatures, she quickly advanced to fruits, vegetables, and flowers. Merrill Stenbeck, co-owner of Valley House Antiques in Locust Valley, New York, and a former decorator, started her on cabbages. Susan Gutfreund and Mario Buatta were early fans and supporters. "What Potter captures in a piece of clay," says Buatta, "nature can only achieve for one brilliant moment." ♠ *Editor: Catherine Marron*

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ARCHITECTURE

Lonely at the Top

A new book follows an architect through the corridors of power

By Brendan Gill

Wallace K. Harrison was one of the best-known American architects of this century, as well as one of the most misunderstood. It is a particular virtue of Victoria Newhouse's biography of him, **Wallace K. Harrison, Architect** (Rizzoli, $45, paper $29.95), that it maintains a sympathetic balance between the architect that the world saw him as being and the architect that he and a handful of close friends believed him to be. There was always a gap between the public figure whose skill in the management of headstrong peers brought many a complex architectural project to a satisfactory conclusion and the private figure whose talent, eager to express itself in surprisingly radical terms, was all too often at the mercy of circumstances that held it in check.

Throughout history it has often been the case that the more successful an architect is in his profession, the more likely it is for him to fear that he has failed as an individual. This is in part because he is practicing an impure art, which by its nature is subject to factors often obdurately at odds with art. Unlike a painting or a musical composition, a work of architecture isn't intended simply to give delight; it must also carry out efficiently the various down-to-earth functions for which it has been designed. Moreover, the architect often finds himself at the mercy of unexpected obstacles—an importunate client, say, or a parsimonious budget. For that reason, biographies of even the most celebrated architects are apt to possess an undertone of sadness, and Harrison's is no exception. Nor does Victoria Newhouse flinch from the biographer's duty of astringent truth telling. Harrison's arduous career ought to have earned him a long and fruitful twilight. Instead, though he lived to be 86, the dark came comparatively early, and with stoic Yankee valor he was obliged to suffer the most unwelcome of fates—not to be used up but to be cast aside.

Born in Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1895 on the wrong side of the tracks and to a family without means and frequented by troubles, Harrison was virtually self-taught as an architect. Earning his keep in the offices of McKim, Mead & White, while attending the atelier of Harvey Wiley Corbett, he saved enough money to enter the then-indispensable École des Beaux-Arts in Paris. He returned to work in the drafting rooms of two superb architects, Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue and Raymond Hood, won a traveling fellowship abroad, and found employment back in New York with Hood and with Corbett.

A tall broad-shouldered handsome young man with old-fashioned good manners, Harrison soon found himself at home in the best New York City circles; in 1926 he married Ellen Milton, who happened to be a sister-in-law of Abby Rockefeller. In later years it was often stated that Harrison owed much of his success to his Rockefeller connections, but this is too simple—and malicious—an explanation. Indeed, his biographer notes that he was already making a name for himself as one of the cluster of architects engaged in designing Rockefeller Center before John D. Rockefeller Jr., the patriarch who supervised the building of the center, became aware that Harrison had any marital link to him. It was during the building of the center, the bulk of which took place with exceptional speed early in the Depression, that Harrison demonstrated his capacity for fashioning a consen-



Wallace Harrison with Nelson Rockefeller, 1949, far left. Left: Rockefeller Center, 1932–40. Above: Metropolitan Opera House, 1966. Below: Trylon and Perisphere, New York World's Fair, 1939.


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sus among warring factions—he embodied a firmness of will and a probity of character that brought even the most impetuous of his elders to the conference table.

By 1939, Harrison and a newly acquired partner, the brilliant young Max Abramovitz, were commissioned to design the main theme buildings for the New York World's Fair—the Trylon and Perisphere, which continue to serve as romantic symbols of a longed-for, unattainable "World of Tomorrow." When, after World War II, it was decided that the United Nations headquarters buildings should be located in New York City, Harrison, assisted by





Wallace Harrison, right, and Max Abramovitz, far right. Below: Empire State Plaza, Albany, New York, by Harrison & Abramovitz, 1972–77. Controversy over the project occasioned Harrison's rift with Nelson Rockefeller.

Biographies of even the most celebrated architects are apt to possess an undertone of sadness



Abramovitz, was placed in charge of the overall design. An international advisory committee was invited to participate in the undertaking, and it was in the course of presiding over this band of prima donnas that, to Harrison's dismay, his reputation as an achiever of useful compromises began to outstrip his reputation as an architect. A man who could keep such an overbearing member of the committee as Le Corbusier from usurping the project was plainly of formidable stature. Out of years of struggle emerged the General Assembly building, the Secretariat building—one of the first of our glass-walled high-rise office buildings—and other UN structures, all bearing to a greater or lesser degree the stamp of Harrison & Abramovitz.

In the late 1950s, the firm was given what ought to have been its greatest plum—the commission for Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts in New York City. Harrison again served as the Grand Panjandrum, coordinating the work of Philip Johnson, Eero Saarinen, and several other architects. Abramovitz was to design the Philharmonic Hall; Harrison himself took on the design of the Metropolitan Opera House. As the project proceeded, committee piled atop committee, and many members of the committees turned out to be ardent amateur architects disguised as bankers and insurance executives. The brave hopes with which Harrison had begun designing the opera house were continually dashed, not only by unsuitable suggestions but by escalating costs. As built, the opera house was so far from being what Harrison had intended it to be that for him to appear at the gala on opening night, smiling and in white tie and tails, was an act both courageous and mortifying.

Sorriest of all Harrison's failed successes was the most ambitious project of his career—the immense government mall that Nelson A. Rockefeller as governor of New York insisted upon creating south of the capitol building in Albany. An entire neighborhood of run-down but habitable housing was wiped out to build, at a cost of billions of dollars, a futuristic Corbusian cityscape of marble and concrete. In the course of seeking to humanize this icy colossus, Harrison found that his close friendship with Rockefeller—once Harrison's protégé and later his chief patron—was steadily deteriorating. Before the project was completed, Harrison was tacitly dismissed. Soon thereafter, without a word to anyone, he cleaned out his office at Harrison & Abramovitz and set up in practice on his own: an old man eager for work, but alas, the work was hard to find. For by then architectural critics and the public at large had also dismissed Harrison; his lifelong championship of the experimental over the conventional was forgotten and his own novel and sometimes reckless essays—the cylindrical pavilions he designed for his family residence on Long Island; the fish-shaped church in Stamford, Connecticut; the Nelson Rockefeller hideaway cottage at Pocantico in Westchester, whose concrete-shell roof seems to float weightlessly—were taken to be aberrations, uncharacteristic of the compliant servant of the rich he was thought to be.

Yes, in so many ways a sad story but in other ways a heroic and not-unhappy one: the forging of a worthy life against what had seemed in youth the highest possible odds, with a constant display of generosity to others and with personal reverses staunchly borne. And so in all ways a story well worth the telling. ♠

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In Praise of Yellow

A gardener casts a jaundiced eye on cowardly horticulture

By Patricia Thorpe

Yellow: the very name of cowardice. And more than just a symptom of fear, it is often a cause of fear itself. Most of us have at least one yellow disaster in our pasts—the kitchen the color of egg yolk, office walls that were going to be streaked with sunlight and ended up looking like the side of a school bus. No wonder all but the most indomitable decorators avoid the color like malaria.

Outside in the fresh air and natural light you might expect things to be different, and they are, at least early in the spring. Crocus and daffodils flash like Krugerrands and always get a warm reception. In part, this is our rapture at seeing anything in bloom, regardless of color; in part, this is the ameliorating effect of all that fresh spring green. A mound of vibrant forsythia on an emerald lawn is a delight; the same yellow along the concrete of the New Jersey Turnpike looks like a toxic spill. And forsythia next to the flaming rose of the flowering quince—an inevitable suburban spring stunner—is enough to make anyone choleric.

So at least some of our antipathy to yellow depends on its behavior in company. This becomes more noticeable as the season progresses and attention shifts to the carefully blended color schemes of the border. As more and more Americans aspire to this challenging form of garden art, more gardeners are chickening out on yellow. You can see it in the glossy picture spreads and hear it in the interviews: "We wanted to create something subtle and intriguing and avoided anything harsh or obvious, like yellow." Anglophiles with very mistaken ideas of Jekyllian colors strive for muted symphonies of palest peach and delicate mauve, forgetting that in the impassive glare of our American sunlight a delicate mauve will have all the impact of a dirty pillowcase.

I am not just pointing the finger. I was doing this myself. I wasn't actually going to eliminate yellow—yellow and all its relatives were to be neatly segregated in their own border, anesthetized by the company of white and blue. Luckily, my gardening is so haphazard that this could never work. Towering eremuruses that were supposed to be shell pink burst into rockets of chrome in the midst of the delphiniums, which was spectacular, and on top of the furious red Maltese-cross, which was awful. I had worked out an exquisite corner, a wall of white cerastium and blue veronica punctuated by the deep maroon of a peony. And every spring up popped a luxuriant buttercup, which spangled my perfect picture with flecks of gold. I cut it down for years—I have never succeeded in getting it out—until I realized that those splashes of yellow were exactly what I needed to keep my perfect picture from the perfect insipidity of wallpaper.

It is a tempting mistake to make: eliminating the difficult or dangerous elements from the garden. The only drawback is that it produces boring gardens. Coordinated colors that might look enchanting in the bedroom can be utterly banal out of doors, if only because the bedroom is the self-contained and static creation of man and the outdoors is not. In spite of the endless references to "garden rooms," gardens and rooms are much more different than they are alike, and they have to be approached in very different ways—making a garden isn't like ordering some new chintz. Even the meekest landscape has a range and scale and complexity that can swamp a garden that doesn't in some way present a lively complexity of its own. So you can't afford to eliminate arbitrarily a forceful part of the natural spectrum simply out of cowardice.

You also can't afford to ignore the huge number of tough American plants that happen to be yellow. It is all very well for the English to fiddle with their enormous palette of plants until they get just the right combination of shades—although in fact the English are infatuated with yellow in some of its most lurid forms. Americans don't have that luxury; there are fewer plants that will survive in most parts of







Daffodils, bottom, are a reliable source for the yellows of spring. Below left: In mid July, verbascum's candelabra tower above a naturalized planting. Below: Rudbeckia is a late summer staple.

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GARDENING

our country, and there are fewer still that will hold up until the end of the usual torrid summer. Take a glance around you now and admit it: in August you are probably looking either at yellow or at a hole in the ground.

There is no denying that there are some dreadful yellows out there lying in wait. Yarrow 'Coronation Gold' is both loud and boring, a combination common in cocktail party conversation but unusual in a plant. There are yellow marigolds that burn the landscape like battery acid, yellow dahlias of such outlandish size and bilious tones that they would be more appropriate for the vegetable garden. And brace yourself for the assault of the yellow chrysanthemums, which make us long for the relief of the first black frost.

A garden is more than chintz and wallpaper brought out of doors

But there are many more yellows that you can't garden without: *Allium moly* with the clear color—but not the smell—of butter; the perennial yellow foxglove, *Digitalis grandiflora*, which looks lovely with all colors and self-sows into every corner to prove it; massive verbascum, a favorite of Gertrude Jekyll, with its five-foot candelabra held high above the more trivial plants of mid July; *Primula florindae*, an end-of-season cowslip for damp places which yields an intoxicating springlike scent into the tired air of August.

The above are some of the accommodating yellows with which you really can't go wrong. Once you get more courageous, consider the challenge of oenothera, the combative sundrops that can electrify—or electrocute—your border. Come to terms with coreopsis. Adventure with *Centaurea macrocephala*, a robust perennial with a fierce thistlelike tuft of brilliant gold. Reconcile those late-season stalwarts—rudbeckia, helenium, goldenrod, sunflowers—with the calm of artemisia and the brocade of autumn asters. Start to think about next year's border, free of decorator color schemes, full of the excitement, daring, and disasters of the natural landscape. A garden is more than chintz and wallpaper brought out of doors. And it is no place for cowards. ♠

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Two for the Road

The Mazda Miata puts a new spin on the roadster

By Pilar Viladas

When I was 17, I had a boyfriend who had a sports car. It was an MG convertible, and in it we would spend warm spring nights tearing along the back roads of the suburban town where we lived. The car hugging the curves, the wind in our faces, we had no destination. We simply drove for the fun of it. And so, before us, did tens of thousands of others who drove the classic two-seat roadsters of the 1950s and '60s—the MGs, Jaguars, Alfa Romeos, Mercedes, and others. The idea of open-air driving, which had been raised to an art form in England (remember those British movies with tweedy types buzzing down country lanes in Morgans?), caught on in a big way with young Americans obsessed with speed and freedom.

But then came the 1970s, and the party was over. The Arab oil embargo made recreational driving not just uneconomical but downright un-American. Pollution-control devices diminished a car's performance. And the growing consumer advocacy movement proclaimed convertibles to be unsafe. By the late 1970s, the MG roadster was no more, and except for a few cars such as Mercedes-Benz's SL, the convertible two-seater was history.

History is about to be revised, however. Mazda's new MX-5 Miata, billed as a "truly modern sports car," recently stopped passers-by in their tracks as test drivers piloted the car around town. Automobile magazines have published gushing articles about it,



The Mazda MX-5 Miata was designed to [illegible] "humanistic and [illegible]," like the classic convertible sports car of the 1950s and '60s.

and *Road & Track* has just named the Miata one of the five best cars in the world. The other four? The Ferrari Testarossa, the Mercedes-Benz 300E sedan, the Porsche 911 Carrera 4, and the Chevrolet Corvette ZR-1. This is pretty august company for a car with a sticker price of just under $14,000. And these days, when good and expensive is hard enough to find, good and cheap is almost a miracle. Mazda set out to create an affordable sports car, and in the process they made something that approaches art.



The Miata's no-nonsens interior and console.

I could tell you about the Miata's 1.6-liter, four-cylinder, sixteen-valve engine, its electronic fuel injection, its get-up-and-go. I could tell you about its newly developed drive train with a taut lightweight frame, its four-wheel independent suspension, and its flick-of-the-wrist stick shift, all of which combine to make even the most timid driver feel like Mario Andretti. But the Miata does something else which for me is just as important. It is one of the most elegantly designed cars, of any kind, to come along in many years.



The door handle as minimalist sculpture.

The people who first dreamed up the Miata at Mazda's North American research and development headquarters set out to create a true convertible, not the chopped-off coupe that most "sporty" convertibles are these days. This roadster had to be taut and lean. It had to look good with the top up or down—although, obviously, down is better. And, above all, it had to be "timeless," as Mark Jordan, an assistant chief designer at Mazda, put it. "We didn't want a stereotypical high-tech look," he explained. "We wanted a humanistic organic design with lots of curves."



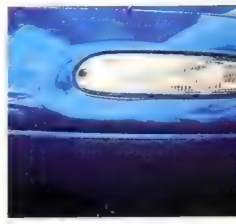
The 1.6-liter, fuel-injected four-cylinder engine.

This was—and is—a maverick approach. But the Miata's design will outlast the mania for aerodynamic slickness that is turning our highways into something like the set for a Buck Rogers movie. The Miata captures the beauty of classic sports cars both in its voluptuously curvy body and its refreshing lack of ornamentation. Molded plastic bumpers are suavely integrated into a steel body engineered to be as lightweight as possible with an aluminum hood and other pared-down features. Details such as door handles and signal lights have a minimalist flair, and the analog meters and gauges on the console are clean and no-nonsense. Aesthetically as well as functionally, there's not an ounce of fat on this car.



Taillights and rear bumper, above, and fron signal light, below, are strong design elements yet don't disturb the Miata's sleek curves.

On the practical side, the Miata's top is a snap to raise or lower, and a driver's-side air bag and collapsible steering column come as standard equipment. Mazda has limited color choices to a patriotic red, white, or blue. There are several available options: a removable hardtop, engine speed-sensitive power assisted steering, power windows, and a CD player, among others. But why gild the lily? ♠





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Bed and Biedermeier

A small hotel in Stockholm offers
a taste of Nordic hospitality
By Mark Hampton

It is no doubt a very great mistake to write about my favorite hotel in Stockholm. By committing this act of folly, I will probably never be able to get a reservation there again. On the other hand, maybe the owners will give me even better treatment—if that's possible.

Until last summer I had never been to Sweden. My thoughts of it were many and varied: beautiful blondes, the enchanted art of Carl Larsson, and the larger related area of all that splendid eighteenth- and nineteenth-century decoration. Stockholm called to mind most of the same things, with one addition: every article I had ever read on Swedish decoration included a picture of the blue and gold state bedroom at Drottningholm. The other great element (literally and figuratively) in any thoughts of Stockholm is the water.



Last August my family and I finally set out to equip ourselves with real impressions instead of the borrowed abstractions and picture-book images that had filled our minds before. Of course, some of the old thoughts managed to survive the reality of the visit intact. The people are indeed blond and many of them are beautiful; their smiles and rollicking sense of fun, however, erased the impression of all those gloomy Bergman movies. The food is divine, although we never got around to eating any meatballs. Instead, we had some kind of wonderful fish or other at least once a day, freshly dug new potatoes (my idea of a delicacy) with nearly every meal, and the inevitable crayfish.

The beauty of Swedish decorative arts is easy to see in a hundred different places. The blue and gold state bedroom is infinitely grander and more exciting in person than it is in any of its photographs, and the spell of Carl Larsson is as strong as ever, from the mammoth murals he painted for the museum in Stockholm to the immortal house in the country that he and his wife created, which still has the feeling of being lived in because Larsson's descendants do live in it.

Best of all when you visit Stockholm is the area called Old Town. Here all the elements of Swedishness come together in the most beautiful and interesting way. It is a nucleus of incredible richness, an island surrounded by all this water. Are they rivers? Are they lakes? Is it an ocean? The water is, in fact, all of the above. Lots of rivers form lots of lakes, and the Baltic Sea reaches right up into the town where everything joins together to create a city in which nearly every view terminates in water.

In Old Town, at the top of a narrow street not far from the Royal Palace, there is a perfect little hotel. It is called the Greenhouse, and every cabdriver in Stockholm knows how to find it because it is also the home of one of the greatest restaurants in Sweden—Erik's. Erik Lallerstedt, who used to have a restaurant on a boat, now holds court in a charming and chic duplex that occupies the first and second floors of the Greenhouse, a part of the building that was a pub 75 years ago. So you see, there is a great spirit of continuity pervading the place.

The name Greenhouse has nothing to do with glass structures intended for the indoor propagation of plant life. Nor does it allude to any similarities between itself and the well-known spa in our own country for overweight rich people. The building in question, two old houses that were remodeled in 1902 by the architect Erik Malmström and turned into one lively Beaux-Arts composition, is simply painted a light green.

It's like living in a little flat in the most picturesque part of town

Admittedly, it is not like other hotels. There is no room service and no elevator. There are compensations. The staircase is exceedingly beautiful and broad with columns, curves, and a wealth of ornamental detail. Every suite has its own little kitchen with handsome paneled cabinetwork, a window overlooking the passing scene below, and a very well stocked refrigerator—the provisioning of which is overseen, if you please, by none other than the redoubtable Erik. In your little icebox there are always some fresh fruit and bread, Parma ham, and the ubiquitous yogurt. The coffee is strong and good, and the thing you make it in is easy to operate. Of course, there is tea as well as deli-

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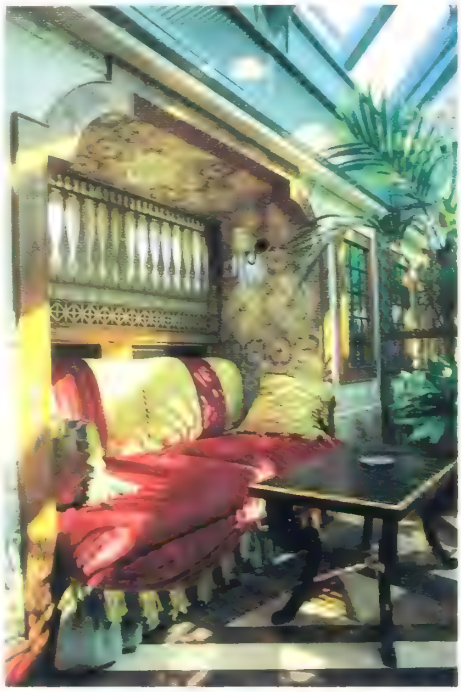
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and [illegible]'s beautiful but per-

The point of the Greenhouse is not whether room service exists or doesn't exist. Instead, the quality that is most beguiling about the whole place is the opportunity to pretend that one is living in a little Biedermeier-period flat in the most picturesque part of town. Walls upholstered in colorful printed linen are the background for gilded pier mirrors and console tables, canapés with tapestry cushions, and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century genre paintings. Flowering plants fill antique cachepots. In the center of each ceiling hangs an opaline and ormolu light fixture typical of those you see in every Stockholm antiques shop. The beds are comfortable, with pillows plentiful and soft. The bathrooms are equipped with hair dryers and all the necessities of life in a country with an exotic electrical current. And an iron and ironing board are tucked away in each bedroom closet.

To be allowed to play house in immaculate surroundings that are still old-fashioned in spite of their smoothly operating modernity lends a storybook quality to a traveler's life in this storybook part of Stockholm with its steep winding streets and numerous antiques shops. Every afternoon I would walk home, let myself in with my own key, go upstairs, and settle down at a writing table in front of a window overlooking a splendid fountain of Saint George and his eternal dragon to tackle the small task of keeping up with my diary. One day the fountain was full of peacefully demonstrating naked college students. Every evening we dined either at Erik's or at some other nearby restaurant. (Everything is nearby.) Even the celebrated Opera Café is only about a half mile away, across a couple of bridges. All of our reservations were made and confirmed by the wonderful young woman who acts as both manager and concierge. By the time we left, we all felt as though we had really *been* to Sweden, as though we had lived there for a little bit. ▲

The Greenhouse's atrium, below, is not the source of its name; its paint is. Below right: A bathroom offers a mix of modernity and old-fashioned charm.





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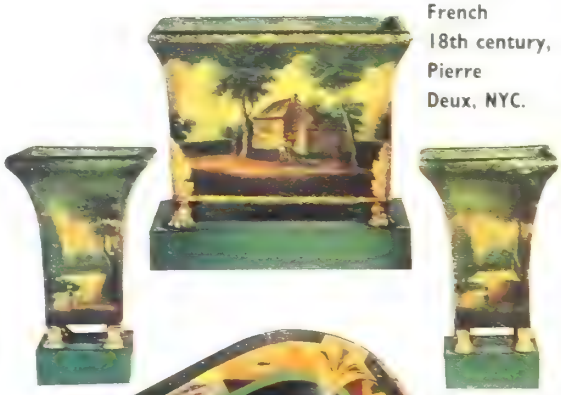
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LENOX. SINCE 1889.

Tole Tales

Painted tin has taken on unalloyed appeal

By Florence de Dampierre



French tables, c. 1800, bottom, from Florence de Dampierre, NYC. Center: American tray, c. 1830, Creekside Antiques, San Anselmo, Calif. Below: Planters, French 18th century, Pierre Deux, NYC.

As Marie Antoinette was being sped through the cobblestone streets of Paris toward the place de la Concorde and her miserable end, revolutionary guards were busy compiling an inventory of her belongings. What they discovered among the expected heaps of ball gowns, baubles, and master craftsmen furniture was a painted table composed of tin. That this humble object had fallen into such sophisticated hands testifies to the extraordinary popularity of *tôle peinte*, a technique developed in the seventeenth century for finishing utilitarian metal goods.

Originally a poor man's decoration, of the same ilk as today's mugs, snow globes, and other airport ephemera, tole quickly shot up in status thanks to its ornamental appeal. Trays finished with a glossy layer of varnishlike paint became a convincing and affordable knockoff of Oriental lacquer. Artists, occasionally even accomplished ones, brushed landscapes across planters mounted on lion's paw feet. And Classical acanthus leaf borders—often achieved by dipping a carved potato into paint—wound around everyday coffeepots and urns shaped like their ancient Greek counterparts.

The first factories to produce these wares arose in Bilston and Staffordshire, England, and most notably in Pontypool, Wales, where, around 1660, Thomas Allgood discovered a way to make metal hold thin coats of color. His secrets passed on to his sons, and the business was soon so profitable that jealousy split Allgood's grandchildren, two of whom formed a rival company at Usk. Both factories flourished throughout the eighteenth century, their products becoming so ubiquitous that terms such as "round as a Pontypool waiter"—used in reference both to a large oval tray and a roly-poly person—came into general use.

Such success inspired other countries to test their own metal. Russian tole, first made in the early 1700s in the Ural mountains, is celebrated for its folksy flowers and high-keyed palette. German-speaking countries decorated tinware with the same tulips and hearts that they sewed onto their quilts. These stylized motifs traveled to America with the Germans who settled in Pennsylvania.

Fond as they were of decorative finishes, the French did not take up *tôle peinte* until the 1760s. Making up for a slow start, they produced an astonishing array of tole objects over the next sixty years, ranging from watering cans painted with honeysuckle sprigs to portly pear-shaped chocolate urns bearing gilded pagodas.

Overshadowed by the electroplating process, which revolutionized metalware in the 1840s, tole production eventually petered out. These days, however, thanks to the rage for painted finishes, vintage tole is more prized than ever. Frequently found at antiques shops, tole also turns up at auction in surprising quantities. Prices range from $50 for a small repainted tray to well into five figures for an unusually elaborate table. Like all antiques, tole is most desirable if left untouched. Rust, crackling paint, and dents, after all, are part of the charm. ♠

(For a list of tole dealers see Resources.)



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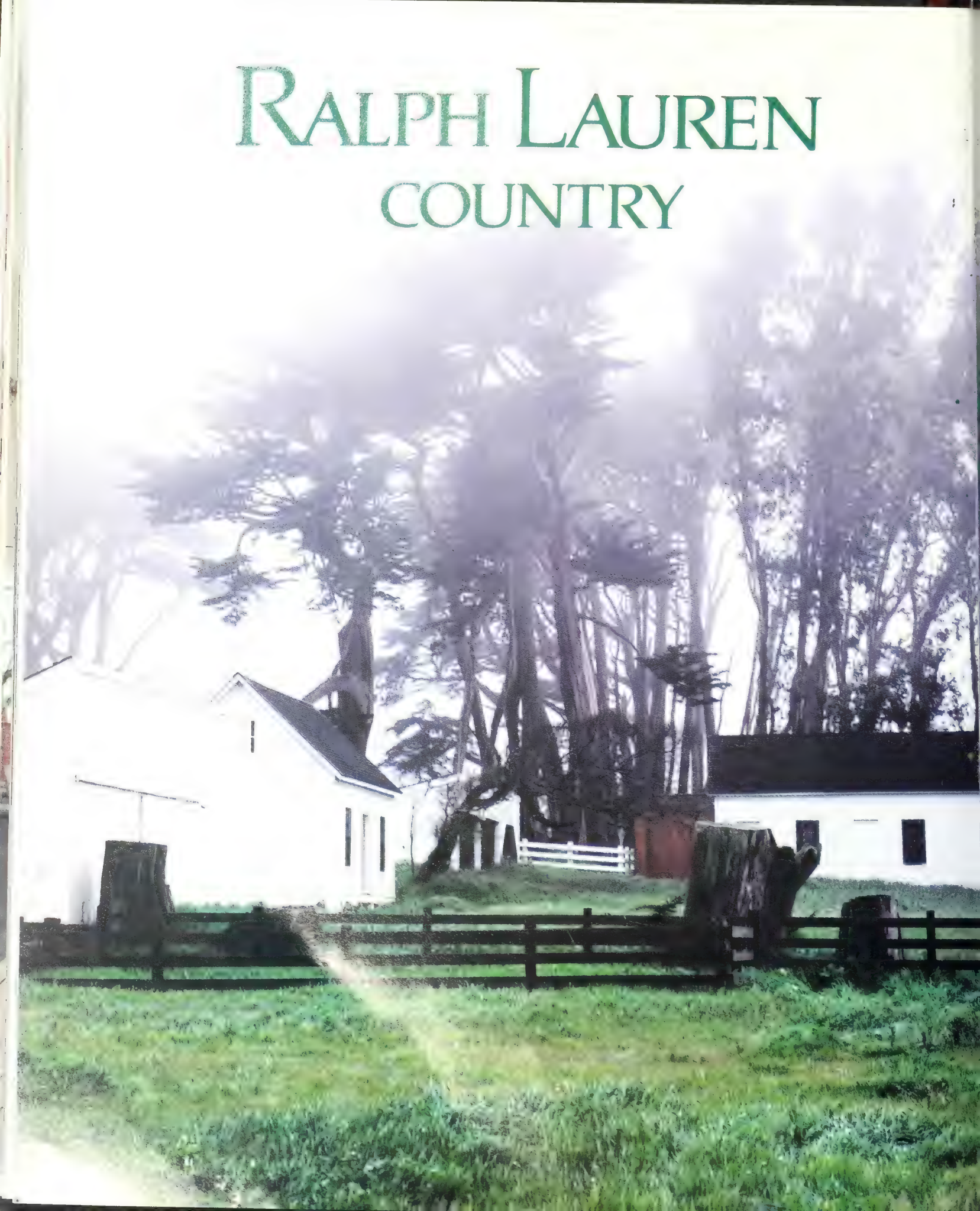
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EDITOR'S PAGE

AUGUST 1989

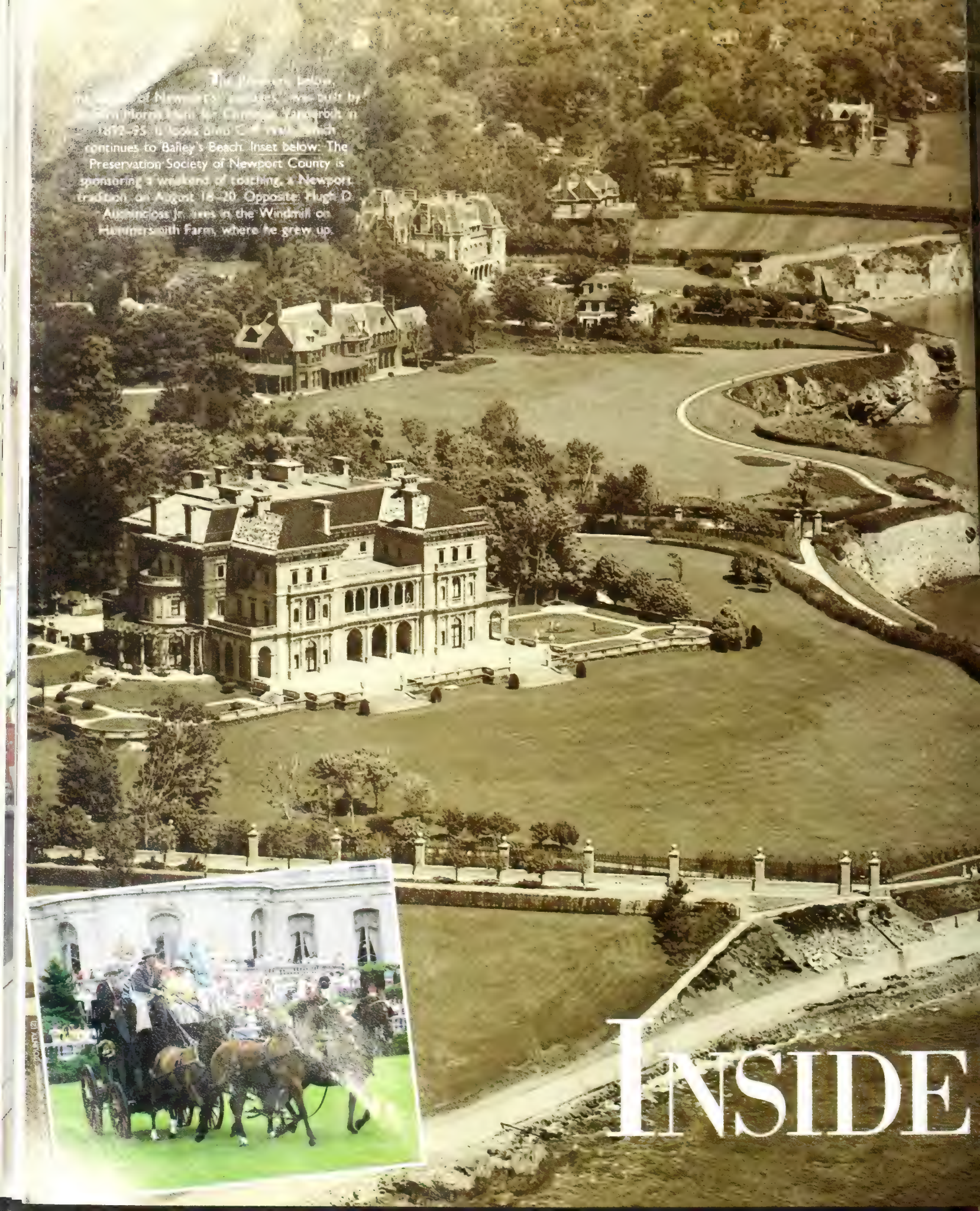
For many people, going to the country does not mean heading out into the vast untrammeled wilds. The country can in fact be an exquisite conceit of rural life—a refuge, for sure, with fresh air, blue skies, open lawns, gardens, and maybe even some beaches, but also a congenial setting for grand houses with large-scale formal rooms and social systems of the most highly evolved sort. Nature itself may be only a part of the scheme, as in the classic example of Newport's "cottages." These Italianate villas, vast châteaus, and sprawling Shingle Style houses, thrown up in the late nineteenth century on an island just off the Rhode Island shore, reflect the opulent taste of a New World aristocracy. In this gold coast resort, revisited by Newport native Dodie Kazanjian, nature has been splendidly manicured to create an imposing icon of gracious living. A different American vision of the landscape prevails at Ragdale, a turn-of-the-century estate in Lake Forest, Illinois, where an expanse of virgin prairie has been preserved against encroaching suburbia. The house built by architect Howard Van Doren Shaw is an aesthetic hybrid—part English manor house, part Arts and Crafts, but the garden offers a seemingly endless vista of nature in its purest untamed state. At a contemporary Long Island retreat, country simplicity has been carefully cultivated—an effect achieved indoors by two accomplished decorators using fabric, paint, and furniture. The estate of Biby in Sweden, on the other hand, represents an Old World version of country—a traditional farm where a couple who met in agriculture school actually live and work. At Biby the cycles of nature are the very focus of existence. So where does this leave us in terms of houses, gardens, and decorating? Only with the certainty that there are many different routes back to nature and no fixed boundaries to the countryside of our imagination.



MARK DARLEY

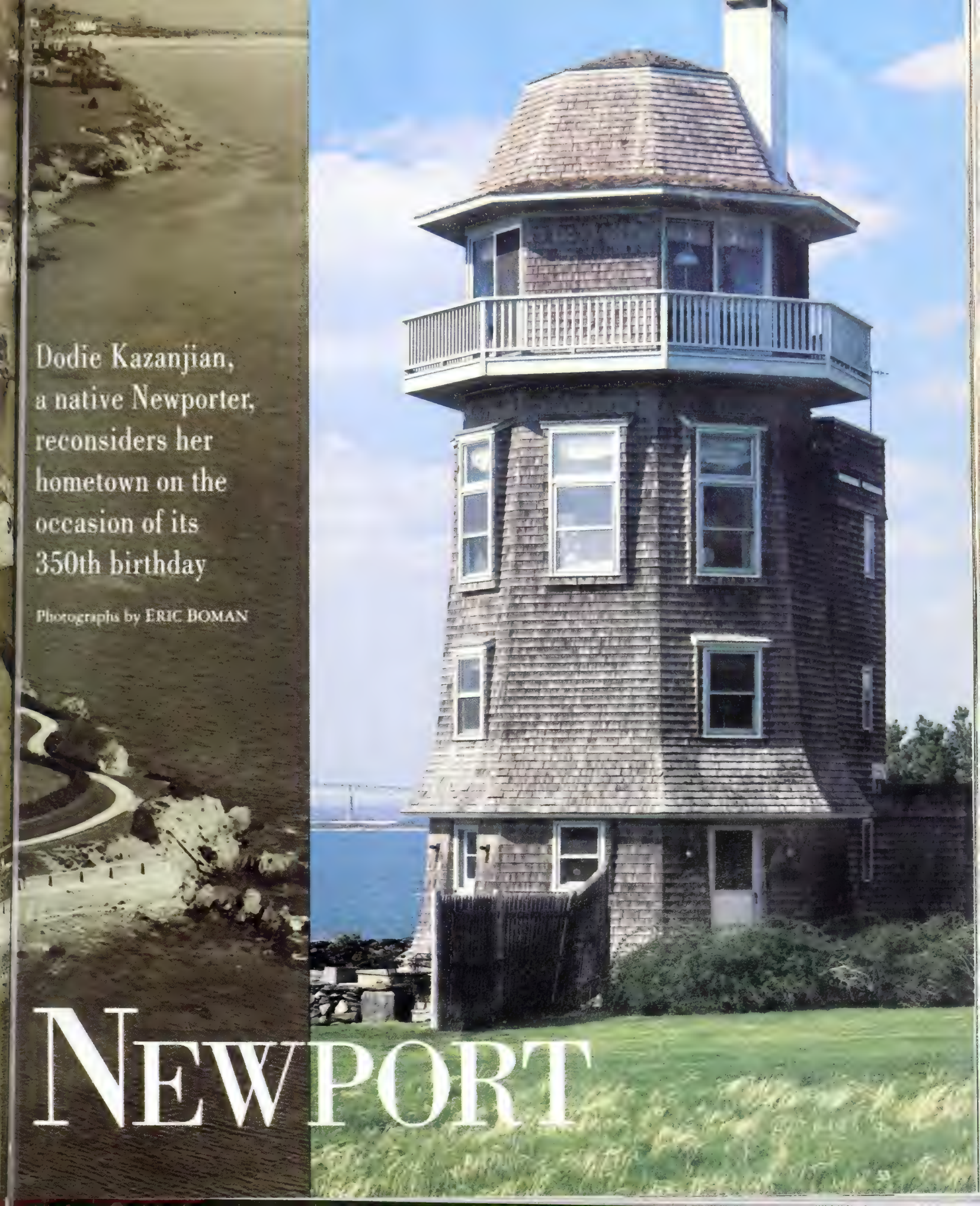
A Newport yachtsman paid homage to local tradition by remodeling a 1970s stucco house into a Postmodern Shingle Style cottage.

Editor in Chief



The Preserve, below, [illegible] Newport's [illegible] were built by [illegible] from the Cliff Walk approach in 1892–95. It looks [illegible] which continues to Bailey's Beach. Inset below: The Preservation Society of Newport County is sponsoring a weekend of coaching, a Newport tradition, on August 18–20. Opposite: Hugh D. Auchincloss Jr. lives in the Windmill on Hammersmith Farm, where he grew up.

INSIDE



NEWPORT

Dodie Kazanjian, a native Newporter, reconsiders her hometown on the occasion of its 350th birthday

Photographs by ERIC BOMAN







Something else besides day-trippers condos, and time-sharing is going on. Big new money is moving

It always astonishes people to hear that I grew up in Newport. Did you live in a mansion, they ask, thinking of one of those vast piles that so appalled Henry James when he revisited the town and found a "mere breeding-ground for white elephants." In the first place, as any old-time Newporter knows, you never say mansion. Even if you're talking about Marble House or the Breakers, the word is "cottage." And no, I didn't live in one. I grew up in my grandfather's big old Victorian house on Kay Street, built long before the cottages. But my grandfather helped to shape the ambience of the white elephants on Bellevue Avenue. The family firm, John H. Kazanjian & Co., imported the finest porcelains, antique carpets, furniture, and objets d'art and advised on matters of taste, which was often in short supply.

In those days before income tax, people thought nothing of giving ten-course dinners, or spending $200,000 (turn-of-the-century dollars) for a party on the lawn. Enormous tents were pitched outside houses choked with alabaster and porphyry, and platforms were constructed and fitted out with thirty to fifty Oriental rugs and hundreds of handwoven Chinese wicker chairs—rented from John H. Kazanjian & Co. The firm was a landmark on Bellevue Avenue; its Tudor-style building was designed by Richard Morris Hunt in the 1870s, shortly before Stanford White did the Casino next door. The family business closed when my father died in 1966, and the building is now given over to boutiques that I never visit.

My sense of Newport in recent years has been that it was in a sorry state—day-trippers, bed and breakfasts, time-sharing, and big-time developers raping the old houses by squeezing too many condominiums into them. The worst case is what happened to Bonniecrest, the old Duncan cottage. Some fifty new condominiums were built—brick cubes that look as if they belong in a shopping mall—right on top of a historic Frederick Law Olmsted garden. But something else is going on in the old town, I have found out. Big new money is moving in. The newcomers are in their thirties or early forties, and they tend to be midwesterners or Texans. Some of them seem to be trying to usher in a new Gay Nineties. They are buying and doing up the cottages. They have no interest in Newport's many fine Victorian houses or its remarkable stock of pre-Revolution houses—and they are not a bit embarrassed to talk about their decorators, something old Newport would never do, or to display reams of $300-a-yard silk fringe (their form of gilt). The splashier the interior, the better. They have servants, quite a few in some cases, and they give lots of ambitious black-tie parties.

How are they received? With equanimity, for the most part. "If they're nice normal people who don't put on airs, most

The Glen Randalls recently bought the von Bülows' Clarendon Court, top left. Center: The Kazanjian block on Bellevue Avenue at the turn of the century. Left: The Grand Duke Alexander, brother-in-law and cousin to the Russian czar, with Mrs. John Jacob Astor.



Frances and Alfred Van Liew bought Stony Brook in 1984



Chan and John Mashek acquired Fairholme in 1984



Hope and Richard Alexander started a vineyard at Hopelands



Jan and Robin Corbin have been restoring Southerly since 1976



nnenhof, a post–Gilded Age cottage, typifies old-line Newport taste today



John Nicholas Brown's Harbour Court is now the New York Yacht Club



The English country-house look—the rea

people accept them," says Mrs. John R. Drexel III, whose heritage goes back to Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island. But there are different levels of acceptance. "If you're not related by birth, you're just tolerated," says John Cherol, who recently resigned as executive director and curator of the Preservation Society of Newport County. "Newcomers always have to prove themselves, which means toeing the line. The old-timers can be charming, come to your parties, eat your food, drink your wine, but when they go home, they laugh at you. There are a lot of bigots here. Prehistoric thinking." The Newport snob's code word for unacceptable behavior is "controversial," a term that can take in anything from saying "mansion" to voting Democrat. But for plain old everyday acceptance, all you need is money. "Money," says Cherol, "and a willingness to put up with the old-timers. Certainly not taste. Certainly not intelligence." If you come to town with an open checkbook, a few introductions—ideally, of the Palm Beach variety—and if you take a big house, it works like a charm, just the way it worked one hundred years ago for Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt (née Alva Smith from Mobile). She built Marble House for $11 million—making it the most expensive summer cottage of its time—and reeled in a duke for a son-in-law.

In the old days Ward McAllister, arbiter of New York's Four Hundred, said it took four seasons of unremitting effort to make a success of yourself in Newport society.









At Stonor Lodge, the Drexels' Newport cottage, the living room, opposite, is decorated with inherited furniture, some from Stonor, Noreen Drexel's family country house, in England. Opposite inset: The exterior of the cottage. Above: Mrs. Drexel's portrait by René Boucher. Left: Her parrot, Peanut Drexel. Below: The entrance hall.

ning—has always been popular in Newport





CULVER PICTURES (2)





It's much easier today. One good tack is to get involved in a popular local cause. The Boys Clubs and Girls Clubs will do fine. And if you get on the board of the Preservation Society, you're well on your way to the inner sanctum of Newport society. John Winslow, president of the Preservation Society until this June, is also the president of the Spouting Rock Beach Association, known to the public as Bailey's Beach and to the happy few who go there as The Beach. If you're too aggressive about making it, though, you're in trouble. Rumor has it that one newcomer came to town about five years ago, bought a cottage, did it up in record time, and gave the most pretentious dinner party in recent memory. The waiters wore white gloves, dinner was late, and after the first course—a thick sweet soup, as opposed to a clear broth, which is what Newport likes—it was all over. The house was on the market soon afterward. So far, nobody has done what Sunny and Claus von Bülow did when they bought Clarendon Court in 1970. They bulldozed the natural contours of the property to get a better view of the ocean. They kept trucking in full-grown trees, trying them out on the grounds the way you would try on jewelry, and trucking them away until they found the ones that looked just right.

Another change I've noticed is that many people who used to summer in Newport now live there year-round. (This doesn't make them townies, however. There is still a decided gap between wealthy Newport and the rest of the town.) It's the grandchildren and great-grandchildren who are coming back. Countess Elizabeth de Ramel, great-granddaughter of the Frederick Henry Prince who bought Marble House in 1932 for $100,000, recently left her titled husband and his castle near Uzès and bought a Victorian Stick Style cottage on Bellevue Avenue. She named it Weetamoe after her great-grandfather's J-boat. I can't think of a house on Bellevue Avenue that doesn't have a

The terrace at the New York Yacht Club, top left. Center: Edith Wharton and Henry James, acute observers of Newport. Above right: The Van Liews' porch overlooks the Sakonnet River. Right: Frederick Henry Prince bought Marble House in 1932, and his great-grandchildren bought Newport cottages a few years ago. Frederick and Diana Prince live at Swan's Way, center right, and Elizabeth de Ramel lives at Weetamoe, far right. Left: The living room at Swan's Way.











The rich today have the same contempt for flamboyance that the New England intelligentsia had for the Vanderbilts



NANCY SIRKIS

name. Nobody uses street numbers. (This is all right for the postman, who knows the route, but it can be hell for UPS.) Land's End, the cottage remodeled for Edith Wharton by Ogden Codman, has just been bought by Victoria and Joseph Mele. The renowned Oatsie Leiter Charles, Vicky's mother, lives next door in what was the gardener's cottage, now called the Whim. At a very young age, I was told that if I breathed the words "drapes" or "couch" in certain households, specifically Oatsie's, I would never be invited back. (One said "curtains" or "sofa.") "I'm always suspicious about people who use the word 'couch,' " Oatsie still says.

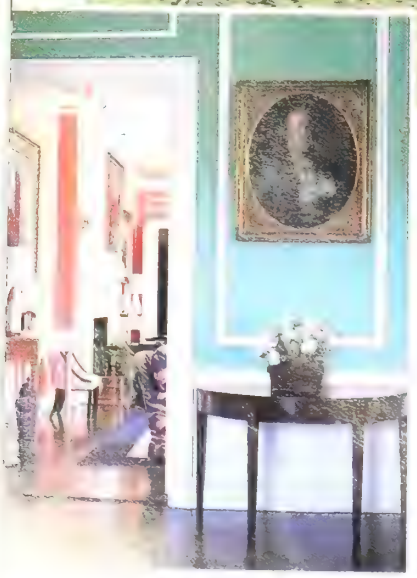
The old rich in Newport continue to observe such social niceties, but they no longer flaunt their wealth. Today most of them live with one or two aging servants whom they've most likely inherited. The old rich often serve the worst food; a favorite at cocktail parties is dry toast with peanut butter and bacon bits, but Newporters aren't big on cocktail parties. They use caterers when they give a dinner for twelve or more but often claim a preference for picnics, clambakes, or home-cooked spaghetti suppers. That doesn't mean there aren't black-tie dinners. There are. In the summer, they take place every night of the week, Sundays included. But some hostesses try to offset the formality by "being

Marble House's Louis XIV Gold Ballroom, left, with decoration by J. Allard et Fils and Carl Bitter, epitomizes the Gilded Age. Built in 1889–92 by Richard Morris Hunt for the William K. Vanderbilts, the cottage is now owned by the Preservation Society. Above: The magical topiary at Alice Brayton's estate, Green Animals, is also a Preservation Society property.





COURTESY SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF NEW ENGLAND ANTIQUITIES



original." One hostess recently did over the Clambake Club à la Russe and had dinner catered by the Russian Tea Room in New York with more than five different kinds of vodka and a balalaika ensemble.

There are no more white-tie dinners with a footman behind each chair, however, and there are no powerhouse hostesses who rule society with an iron whim—Gilded Age matrons like Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, who gave a three-course dinner for one hundred dogs in fancy dress but based the guest list on the owners' pedigrees. The rich don't look after their pets as they used to. There's nobody now like Arthur Curtiss James, who built a Swiss village for his menagerie of farm animals with a miniature chalet for each pig, goat, and sheep. Gone too is the 400-foot yacht. Most people have lasers or lobster put-puts or Boston Whalers so their kids can water-ski. The rich today have the same contempt for flamboyance that Henry James and the New England intelligentsia had for the Vanderbilts and Astors, in the era when Grand Duke Boris of Russia reportedly exclaimed, "I have never dreamed of such luxury as I have seen at Newport." The key to Newport style today is not luxury but comfort. "Most Newporters have been here for generations," says Noreen Drexel. "Newport is much more laid back now." Comfortable in Newport means you decorate around old family furniture, something nobody's done better than the Drexels at Stonor Lodge. Mrs. Drexel was born in her family's English country house, Stonor, and much of the furniture is from there. Stonor Lodge was also her mother's house. "There isn't a thing that we bought in it," she says. "I've always had the problem of having too many things given to us and trying to keep them compatible."

There is very little contemporary art in Newport houses. "This is a town of genre collectors," says Jan Corbin, who is a decorator when she's not selling real estate with her husband's firm, Private Properties. "A lot of marine art. Dogs and horses.

Palm Beach decorator John Hulse did Chan Mashek's living room at Fairholme, right. Victoria and Joseph Mele's Land's End entrance hall, top left, was designed by Ogden Codman, center, a favorite Newport decorator. Left: A view from Jan Corbin's apple-green dining room into the coral living room: Mrs. Corbin painted her Codman rooms with bright colors to make the house more informal.

Newcomers are



mbarrassed to talk about decorators, something old Newport would never do



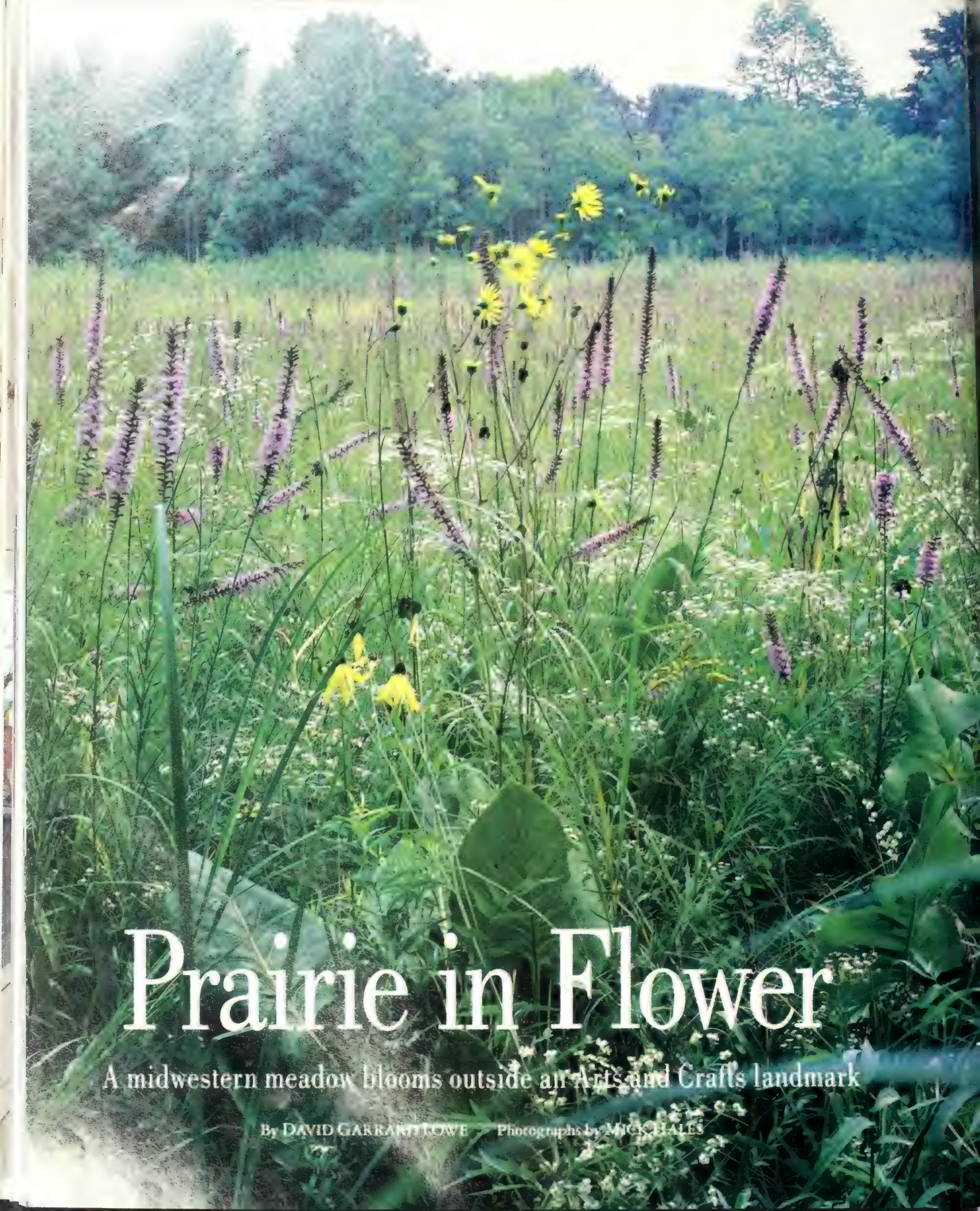


James Gubelmann turned a 1970s stucco house with a mansard roof into a Shingle Style cottage, right. Above: The card room with 20th-century French primitive chairs by Gérard Rigot. Left: Henry was Edith Wetmore's butler for over thirty years at Château-sur-Mer, now a Preservation Society property.

And lots of ancestors." The English country-house look—the real thing as opposed to the instant decorator sort—has always been popular in Newport: inherited furnitue, well-worn chintz, cluttered tabletops, and insipid but authentic family portraits. There are also masses of family photographs, and a gaming table—usually backgammon. Newporters decorate once and then never again. When the curtains fall apart, they simply reuse them as lining for the new ones. "We all know that old Yankees are as tight as ticks," says Corbin. "It's a crime to be shabby in Palm Beach but not in Newport." That's true if your name is Cushing, but if you're a newcomer, you've *(Text continued on page 143)*

MARK DAR





Prairie in Flower

A midwestern meadow blooms outside an Arts and Crafts landmark

By DAVID GARRARD LOWE Photographs by MICK HALES



Because it has never felt the steel of the plow, the Ragdale prairie is a rare refuge for native plants such as cone-flowers, sunflowers, prairie dock, Indian paintbrush, ladies'-tresses, blazing-star, wild fleabane, spurge, meadow rue, and gold gurcoon.

Ironically, one of the rare vestiges of unspoiled prairie survives on an estate in an exclusive suburb of Chicago



The memory of the prairie reverberates through the American consciousness—from Lincoln to Whitman to Cather and Sandburg. That memory is always a celebration of freedom, of the boundless American heartland, of numberless buffalo, of pioneers cutting through a sea of grass to build sod huts and plant acres of wheat and corn.

Ironically, one of the rare vestiges of unplowed and unspoiled prairie survives on a turn-of-the-century estate in Lake Forest, Illinois, an exclusive suburb thirty miles north of Chicago. In a midwestern echo of Boston's Lowells speaking only to Cabots and Cabots speaking only to God, Lake Forest is where Farwells and Smiths, Armours and Swifts, Donnelleys and Fields live in chatty proximity. It is where, in splendid houses reminiscent of Versailles and Georgian London designed by architects such as Alfred Hoyt Granger and David Adler, generations of residents have gone through the rituals of bridge and tea, of cocktails and cotillions.

Ragdale, on Green Bay Road, not far from the center of Lake Forest, is both a part of and apart from this stylish grandeur. At first glance the prairie could not seem more distant. Set well back from the road, the blue and off-white stucco house with its bold twin gables and hipped slate roof speaks simultaneously of ample American means and old-world lineage. The style of the architecture unmistakably evokes the English Arts and Crafts movement founded by William Morris, who called for houses that expressed an honest workmanship rooted in ancient English traditions.

"My grandfather saw the name Ragdale on a tudor manor in England and liked it because of its unpretentious ring," recalls Alice Ryerson, a handsome white-haired woman in her sixties who has published short stories and three volumes of poetry. Her grandfather was the noted Chicago architect Howard Van Doren Shaw. Unlike his friend Frank Lloyd Wright, the Yale- and M.I.T.-trained Shaw did not set out to develop a radically new, distinctly American domestic style. His favorite contemporary architects were two Englishmen, Edwin Lutyens and C. F. A. Voysey, who imaginatively adapted time-honored arts and crafts forms and techniques to cottages and country houses. By the mid 1890s, Shaw had married Frances Wells, whose family belonged to Chicago's manufacturing aristocracy, and had established his own firm. Both decisions were happy ones. The young architect never lacked wealthy clients who delighted in the superbly constructed, highly livable, self-assured houses he gave them.

Shaw's architectural proclivities and the needs of his growing family melded perfectly at Ragdale. "When my grandfather drove up to Lake Forest in a horse and buggy in 1897, he was looking for a summer place on the prairie," Alice Ryerson observes. "It was love at first sight." Immediately Shaw began designing a house to rise atop the ridge left by a receding glacier where the view west to the horizon was broken only by an occasional cluster of oak and hickory.

Standing today on the gentle slope behind Ragdale, the visitor still miraculously finds a thirty-acre swath of virgin prairie; only a Shaw-designed split-rail fence and one of his handsome garden seats reveal the hand of man. The architect edged his prairie with a shady mile and a half long path that forms a giant U around the property. "He wanted the path to be reminiscent of an English country lane," Ryerson notes. Bordered by a few Norway maples whose gnarled roots rise out of the ground and carpeted with grass, the lane lures one along the prairie's flank, over a graceful arched bridge spanning the Skokie—more rivulet than river—and into a wood of cottonwoods, swamp willows, ash, and oak. There in the shadows grow clumps of pale white trillium and stands of foot-high umbrella-like mayapple.

Ragdale's wildflowers are one of the most precious gifts of the unplowed prairie. "Seventy-two varieties of native flowers bloom here," Ryerson explains as she seats herself on one of her grandfather's benches near a stand of aspen trees. "Some of these flowers can be seen almost

A small portion of the fifty-acre Ragdale estate was set aside as a formal garden, above. In the midst of arborvitae, concord grapes, trumpet vine, and petunias, a dovecote designed by Howard Van Doren Shaw rises like a medieval watchtower. Right: A view west over the prairie in July.





RAY HEITZMANN

nowhere else," she says. "I love the old-fashioned names: adder's-tongue, henbane, sneezeweed, butter-and-eggs, ladies'-tresses, fleabane, blazing-star. I put them all in one of my poems." She bends down and runs a long blade of grass through her fingers. "This is bluestem turkeyfoot. It grows to be six feet high and is rooted like a tree. This is what fed the buffalo." There is a homespun beauty about these prairie grasses which compares favorably with the exotic beauty of pampas grass and bamboo. And there is drama, too. Every March the Ragdale prairie is carefully put to the torch. Fire has always been key to the survival of prairies, for flames keep the land open, protecting it from the intrusion of trees and shrubs. Before the coming of the white man, fires were started naturally by lightning or deliberately by the Indians. The blaze does not harm the roots of the grass, and the ash nourishes the new growth.

Approaching the house from the prairie, one is struck by Shaw's sure eye for siting. The gabled roofline and tall chimneys, framed by a few surviving elms, seem to





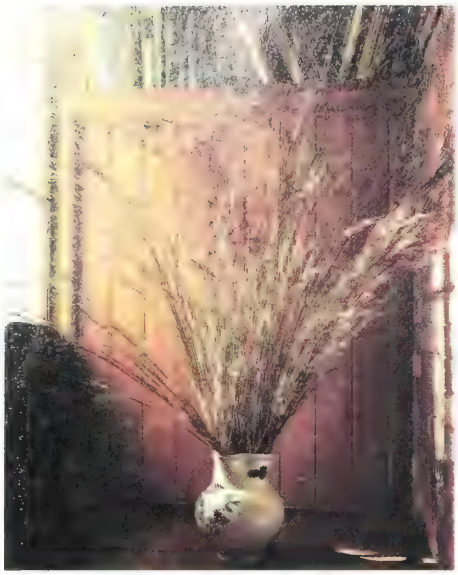
One of Ragdale's most beloved traditions is the burning of the prairie cuttings each October in a great bonfire, above. Above right: Sunflowers, coneflowers, and prairie dock at midsummer. Above far right: The late-summer prairie dominated by tall bluestem turkeyfoot grass. Right: The prairie in full bloom. Over seventy types of flowers flourish on the estate. Far right: Rooted like trees tough grasses hold rich black loam in place.











grow out of the little hill, making architecture and landscape one. In the same spirit, moving indoors, it is clear that Shaw thought of hallways as paths. The entrance hall, with its old Oriental runner, leads invitingly toward the living room, the dining room, and the main stairway. Evidence of the architect's admiration for Arts and Crafts theory is everywhere: in the hall's mellow oak paneling, barrel-vaulted ceiling, and varied patterns of leaded glass; in the dining room's pleasing mixture of William Morris–inspired wallpaper, green-painted exposed beams, and crisp linenfold carving. Shaw designed the elegant wrought-iron firedogs in the tall brick fireplace as well as the massive oak dining table engraved with the words of poet Carl Sandburg: "The grain of it runs in waves as the sea runs to the shore." True to his Arts and Crafts ideals, Howard Van Doren Shaw was not only an architect but also a first-rate mason, bricklayer, and carpenter. For his dining porch he built a whimsical trelliswork sideboard, which like all the porch furniture is painted Ragdale blue, a mixture of aquamarine and gray also used on the house's shutters and other exterior trim.

Ragdale's survival more than sixty years after Shaw's death in 1926 is due to the determination and imagination of Alice Ryerson. In 1976 her mother, the sculptor Sylvia Shaw Judson, who was then living outside Philadelphia, offered her the estate if she could find an appropriate use for it. "I had lived in Cambridge, Massachusetts, for thirty years," she recalls, "and I knew that there were artists colonies on the East Coast but *(Text continued on page 141)*

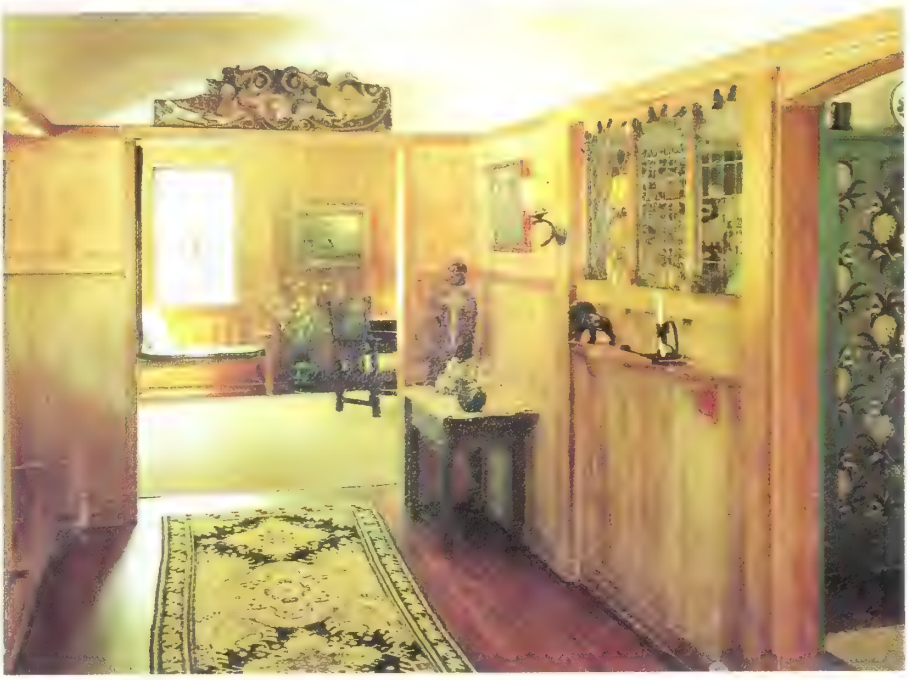












The entrance façade of Ragdale, above, shows architect Howard Van Doren Shaw's debt to the English Arts and Crafts movement. Left: A view from the house includes one of Shaw's garden seats. Above left: Shaw designed the trelliswork sideboard in the sun porch dining room. Furniture is painted Ragdale blue, a mixture of aquamarine and gray. Top: An American Empire love-seat nestles beneath ceiling timbers in the master bedroom. Above right: William Morris–inspired wallpaper and a massive oak table give an Arts and Crafts air to the formal dining room. Right: In the entrance hall Shaw evoked the atmosphere of an ancient English house by the use of a vaulted ceiling, oak paneling, and leaded glass. The carving above the doorway to the living room is the stern of a Venetian gondola. Opposite top left: Prairie grass in an old pottery jug.



Capital Venture

Subtlety is a prime asset in the house of Washington decorator Antony Childs

By DAVID STREITFELD
Photographs by WILLIAM WALDRON

Washington decorator Antony Childs was living in a spare, sparse town house—lots of drama, and modern art everywhere—when he decided it was time to leave. He wanted something special and had in mind a loft's large open territory. But Washington doesn't have much industry and consequently has hardly any lofts.

Mulling this over, Childs was walking Phoebe, his springer spaniel, when he ran into Loraine Percy, wife of the former Illinois senator. "Do you know of any nice houses?" he asked her.

"I know of a perfectly wonderful house," she said. "However, it has a tiny dining room, a tiny living room, the tiniest little kitchen, and a very tiny garden—and it has a tiny driveway."

Childs wasn't impressed. "It sounds very tiny," he said, and thought no more about it.

Two days later, he was out with a real estate agent. "Looking for yourself or a client?" asked the agent. At the moment, in fact, Childs was looking for a client, but he also mentioned that he was in the market for himself.

"I know a nice place," the agent said, "with a tiny garden, a tiny dining room, and tiny living room . . ."

"And it has a tiny driveway, right?"

Right. Swayed by two such enthusiastic but independent opinions, Childs decided he had to see the house immediately. All it took was a walk through the entrance hall to convince him.

"Don't you want to look upstairs?"



A snug terrace, above, with chairs from John Good, Los Angeles, and a wall-mounted fireback, c. 1740. Opposite: Soft hues complement fine antiques and a painting by Viviano Codazzi in the living room, which opens onto the terrace. Details see Resources.





"I don't have to," Childs replied. "This is fine."

That was more than four years ago. The house—which is in Georgetown, still Washington's most desirable neighborhood—remains tiny, especially from the street. And even though the decorator ended up with something quite the opposite of the loft he wanted, he has no regrets. For one thing, smallness has its virtues.



You walk three steps and you've gone past the house," Childs says. "That's one of the reasons it was difficult to sell. No one could see it. It's not that obvious, which I like. And it's quiet and not demanding of me or my friends or the way I like to live."

The house was built in 1942 by Sir Willmott and Lady Lewis as guest quarters for their next-door mansion. Sir Willmott, for 28 years the Washington correspondent of the London *Times*, was so popular he was known as "Britain's unofficial ambassador"; extra lodgings were apparently necessary to house the couple's visitors. The bigger residence, which dates from the eighteenth century, is now the home of Rhode Island senator Claiborne Pell. While the two houses are so close they actually touch, there is no sense of shared history.

What initially attracted Childs was the idea of being in an English country house in the middle of the city: "It offered a sense of privacy and mystery. You come off the driveway and it telescopes back, starting small and then becoming bigger and bigger." That driveway, meanwhile, adds to the sense of isolation. Even if it's small, merely having it is a luxury in car-clogged Georgetown.

For nearly two decades, in Washington and Boston, Antony Childs Inc. has been advising clients on traditional and modern residential interiors. But Childs wouldn't necessarily do things quite the same for a client as he does for himself.

"I don't really think the way I live should be a philosophy that my clients must adhere to. Obviously my house is an individual vision. Nothing is tremendously demanding. The room doesn't take

Carsten Check on dining table, above, is from Brunschwig; silk on Hepplewhite chairs from Jack Lenor Larsen. Wallpaper is custom-made by Cole & Son, London, and curtains are in Henry Calvin taffeta. The sideboard is Louis XVI. Opposite inset: A 19th-century Italian mirror above an 18th-century Swedish console. Top left: The living room sofa, in Hinson's Braswell Cloth, and other pieces are adorned with tapestry pillows. Above left: The front of the house is scarcely wider than the front walk.





"If you have an opulent room, you relax it with casual fabrics," says Childs



The decorator believes that as with a person,
you shouldn't know everything about a room at once



over, and you don't feel you necessarily have to comment on it."

In other words, "I could have designed this house twenty, thirty, forty ways." But for himself? "This was the only possible way." He smiles.

"The only possible way" began with extensive molding, relocated air conditioning ducts, a completely new kitchen, sisal flooring, and an entirely redone second floor ("it looked like a 1950s motor inn"), along with one adjustment a client might have balked at paying for.

The idea that I wanted to raise doors a foot because I thought it would make a difference is not one most clients would go along with," Childs says. But this improvement, on the second floor, does make a difference: you can see more of the rooms from a distance, and thus they look bigger.

Downstairs, the heart of the house is the living room, which, since this is a small house, also doubles as the library, study, workroom, lunchroom, intimate dining room, and entrance to the terrace.

"Even though certain items in the room may seem formal," says Childs, "they become comfortable when put with informal upholstery. So the mahogany chairs, for instance, are covered in suede. If you have an opulent room—and I think this room tends to be a bit opulent—you relax it with casual fabrics. You could take this same room and upholster it in silks and damasks, and it would have a very touch-me-not attitude."

Most of the furniture from his previous house had to be disposed of and the paintings put in storage. What worked there didn't work here. Childs hadn't planned for that to happen, but he speculates that perhaps *(Text continued on page 142)*











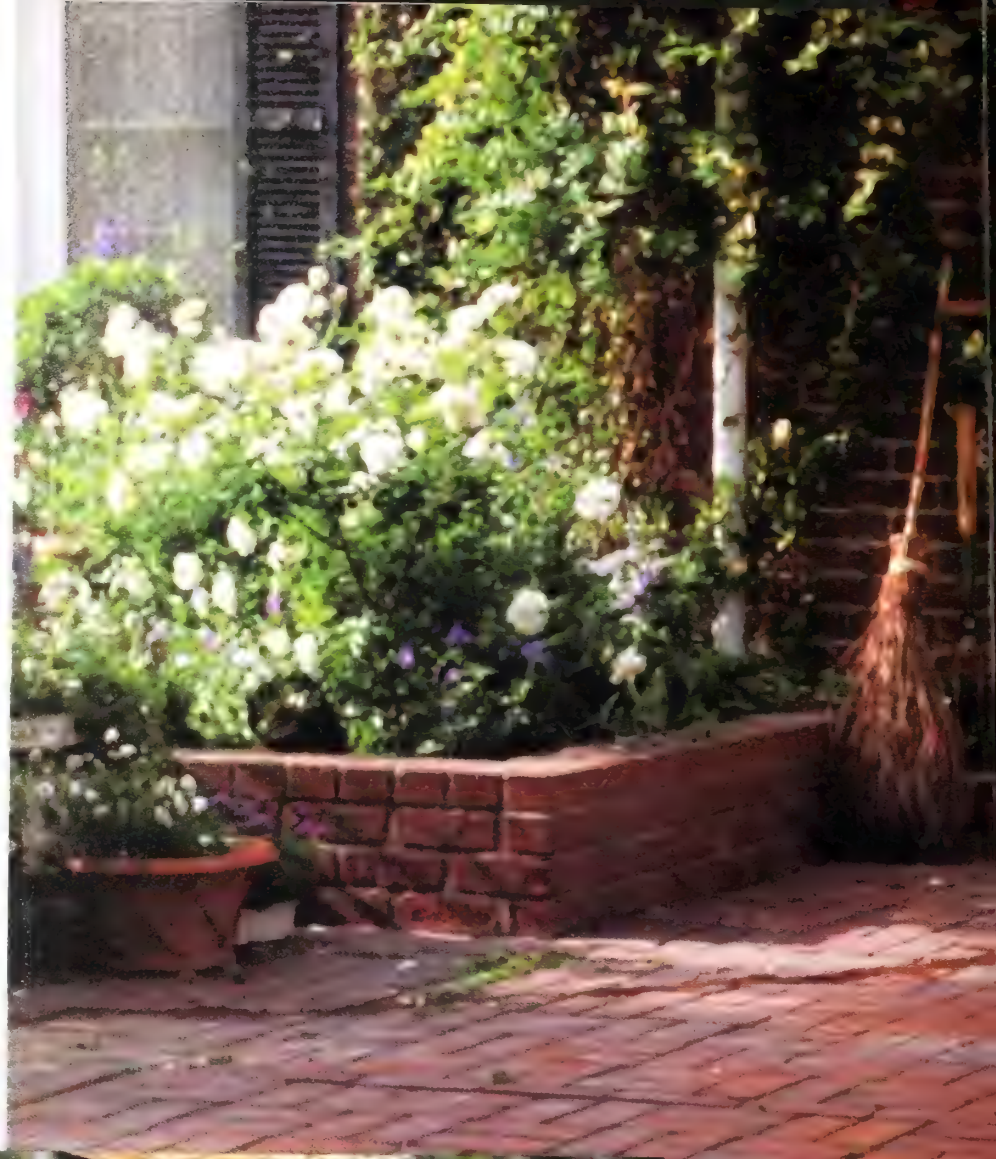
In the master bedroom, left, a pair of John Alfred Wheeler paintings. Regency chair in silk velvet leopard from Old World Weavers, and bed skirt in Fleurs Indiennes from Brunschwig. Right, clockwise from top left: In the bathroom, a copy of a 19th-century Irish mirror reflects watercolors of horse bits. Antony Childs on balcony; study/guest room with Napoleon III mirror; an 18th-century Swedish secretary; a Codazzi architectural fantasy illuminated in the entrance hall.

There'll always be an England in the house and shop of Suzanne Rheinstein

By BETTY GOODWIN
Photographs by KAREN RADKAI

A serious disciple of the English country school of living must acquire an ironic perspective when residing alongside a view of the Hollywood sign, L.A.'s kitschiest landmark. To be sure, Suzanne Rheinstein has her sense of humor intact, but also consider that the architects of her pristine Federal Revival house later went on to create the famed Chinese and Egyptian theaters, two of the city's flashiest shrines to cinema.

"I forbid people to say those dreaded words 'English country.' I call it 'California city' just to be perverse," Rheinstein says of the design principles at work in her house and in her shop, Hollyhock, where she sells eighteenth- and nineteenth-century antiques and what she calls





Suzanne Rheinstein and daughter Kate, left, in the garden. Above: Masses of 'Iceberg' and 'Jeanne d'Arc' roses permeate the all green and white garden. Details see Resources.



Los Anglophile





"delicious necessities and indulgences."

Sipping a cappuccino, L.A.'s omnipresent morning brew, from an English pink luster teacup, Rheinstein explains why she was hardly a likely candidate for a life of palm trees, swimming pools, and barbecues. She was raised with a New Orleans–bred sense of propriety and taste; her mother, a decorator, made sure of it. At Christmas, in addition to the "ephemeral junk," Suzanne and her brother received "real presents"—ginger jars, wooden tea caddies, sets of leather books.

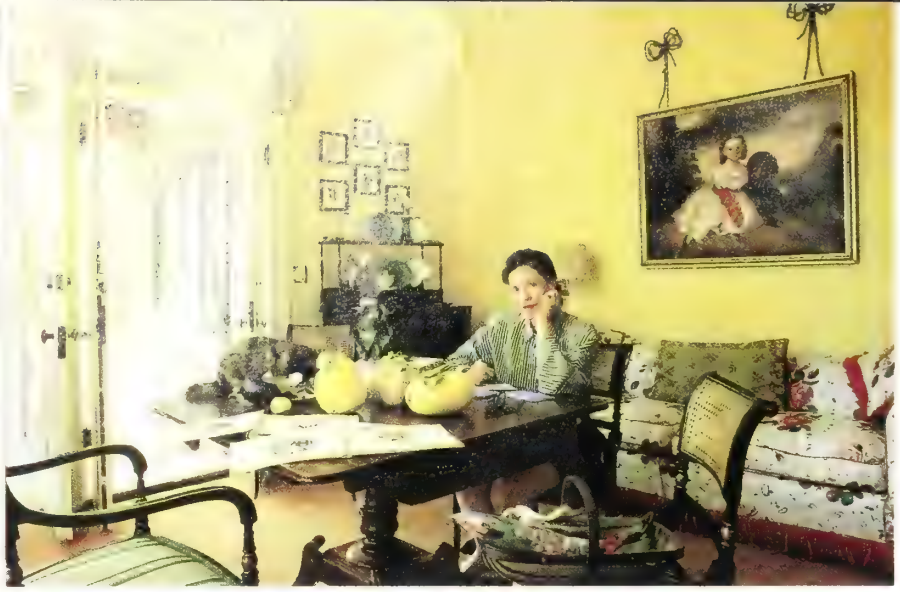
So when she married Frederic Rheinstein, a TV writer-producer-director who also operates postproduction facilities in Hollywood and in the new Disney-MGM Studios in Orlando, Florida, her East Coast friends asked plaintively: "If you have to fall in love with someone from California, couldn't he be from San Francisco?"

Nevertheless, determined to make a go of it, Suzanne Rheinstein arrived in town armed with Reyner Banham's definitive urban tome, *Los Angeles. The Architecture*





Elaborate fringed curtains, such as the Scalamandré taffeta in the living room, above, appear throughout the Rheinstein house. Pedestal table from G. R. Durenberger, Antiquarian. Assorted chairs picked up at neighborhood sales and later slipcovered mix with the Regency scroll sofa covered in stripes from Clarence House. The 18th-century portraits over the sofa are a set of nine Venetian doges. Opposite below: In the spacious entry hall, 18th-century Italian engravings of park statuary surround an American Federal mirror. Opposite above: Lady Banks roses hug the house's brick façade, while topiaries line the front steps.





In the formal dining room, opposit a Sheraton secretary-bookcase holds 19th-century Meissen passe down through Frederic Rheinstein's family. Above: In the living roo exotic birds appear in a painting by 17th-century artist Marmaduk Cradock and on a wallpaper panel from Frederic's family house.





Suzanne Rheinstein in the sunroom, top left, with a grouping of ceramic fruits and vegetables from Hollyhock. Above left: In a dining room corner, 19th-century English dumbwaiter holds bouquets of roses. Above: Library is warmed with slipcovers of printed cotton from Colefax & Fowler.

of Four Ecologies, and plunged into "civic do-gooding," which included joining a group of volunteers to weed the herb garden at the magnificent Huntington botanical gardens in San Marino. One day en route to a Junior League meeting, she stumbled on the historic Windsor Square–Hancock Park neighborhoods, and although the streets are plastered with palm trees, she felt instantly at home.

Windsor Square is slightly older than the adjoining communities, having been developed in the teens, and its residents are a fiercely proud bunch. The area includes side-by-side grand Tudors, Italianate villas, and Spanish Revival houses built originally by prosperous professionals making their way in Los Angeles. Not only did Rheinstein discover like-minded people there—"they didn't want to tear everything down and dress in black and look chic all the time"—she also found a house.

In fact, she thought the all-brick Federal Revival designed by the architectural firm of Milwaukee Building Company (later Meyer & Holler) was perfect but for one blemish: a swimming pool smack in the middle of the backyard precisely where she visualized her garden. But her husband's "New England sensibilities" wouldn't permit filling it in, so a border of hedges was quickly installed.

For the rest of the garden, Rheinstein collaborated with James Yoch, a cousin of Florence Yoch, one of the premier landscape architects of Beverly Hills and Pasadena for over fifty years. The challenge was to plant a garden reminiscent of the green and white part of the Sissinghurst estate in Kent, England, which the Rheinsteins had visited on their wedding trip. But Rheinstein was equally intent on recreating the flowers of her mother's garden in New Orleans.

So up went rows of stately stilt hedges and topiaries, which rise from fields of confederate jasmine. In the backyard, hedged paths give way to bushes laden with roses, all in white, while honeysuckle climbs beneath nine-year-old daughter Kate's window so that she can grow up with wonderful fragrances just as her





I forbid those dreaded words "English country"—it's "California city"

mother did. Tucked here and there are more whites: lacecap hydrangeas, regal lilies, clematis vines, climbing Lady Banks roses, and a magnolia tree espaliered across the chimney.

Inside the front door, the color story changes. Walls are aglow with color: yellow for the spacious entry hall, warm pink in the formal dining room, coral in the living room, Chinese red in Frederic's dressing room. Rheinstein is nearly apologetic about the beige walls in the master bedroom. But the color scheme was set once she spotted a red and beige fuchsia flowered chintz on a visit to Colefax & Fowler in London and decided to use it for curtains and bedhangings. Everything else in the room was worked around them.

Rheinstein's approach is a cross-cultural blend of reference points and styles, all stemming from the concept of comfortable living set down by the great English country-house designers. As her friend antiquarian Gep Durenberger puts it: "You couldn't say her house is English or French or American. It's just very civilized."

Civilized, yes, but not overcivilized. "I certainly don't think everything has to be perfect—so it just looks dead," she explains. *(Text continued on page 142)*





In the Rheinstein bedroom, above, a massive Southern-style four-poster bed is draped with Colefax & Fowler's fuchsia-patterned chintz edged in pinked scallops to match the draperies. Right: The 19th-century watercolors from Hollyhock brighten the dressing room.

Taste Be Damned

A man who knows his own preferences lowers his gaze against high standards

By QUENTIN CRISP

Taste is a mistake, and good taste is damnable. Using the words "good taste" is as bad as claiming to like only good music or to read only good books. There is no such thing as good music; there is merely the noise you like and the noise you don't. There are no good books; there is merely the drivel you enjoy.

As one observer has said, "Taste belongs in the mouth." In any other context, the person uttering the word is pretending to possess some esoteric standard of judgment that cannot be challenged. Good taste is held to be something inbred or, at the very least, acquired at an early age from a connoisseur (another horrible word). To attend evening classes in good taste would be contemptible—like earning money as opposed to inheriting it.

Taste can be either moral or aesthetic or, in really bad cases, both. When it is ethical, it refers to our behavior or to what we say; when artistic, it is aimed at what we own.

Behavioral good taste is largely concerned with jokes. In this context, the world of entertainment is to bad taste what intensive farming is to dairy produce, and our attitude toward both is the same. We eat the eggs of battery hens while weeping over their discomfort; we watch television more often than we watch real life, but we complain about it all day long.

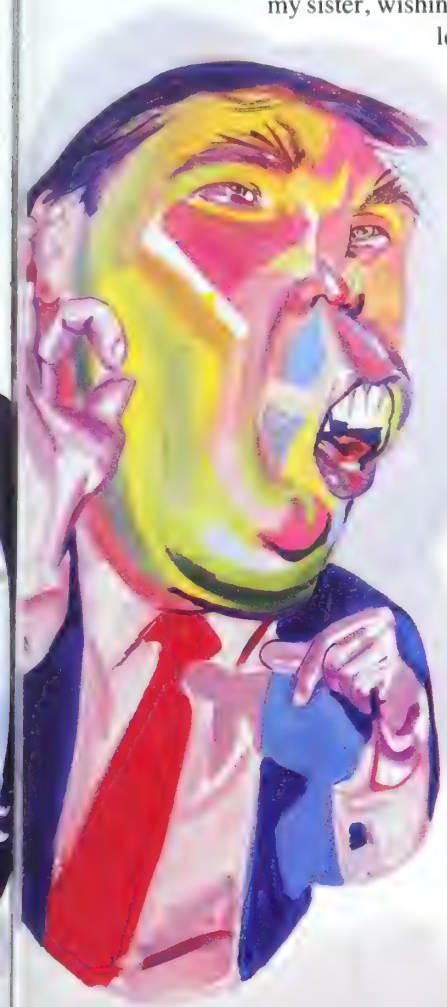
The main cause for complaint is sex. In real



life, jokes about sex are only forbidden at weddings. On television or in a movie they are not acceptable for the most part. Even serious sex is under suspicion. In truth, protracted love scenes on television are a waste of time. Neither on the large nor the small screen have I ever seen lovers doing anything even faintly unusual. Therefore, dwelling at length upon erotic antics on television or in movies neither reveals character nor advances the plot, but if we say these sequences are disgusting, we lay ourselves open to a charge of prudishness, and if we describe them as boring, we may be said to be blasé. We therefore term them in bad taste, which makes us seem in some mysterious way rarefied.

Another subject about which jokes may be in bad taste is death. When I was young, all jests about death were forbidden. Now they are only taboo at funerals. Elsewhere, since Mr. Coward's *Blithe Spirit*, death—especially other people's—has become a source of merriment.

Then there's the problem of money. When I was but a child, my sister, wishing to seem worldly and doubtless quoting an adult, stated that the people who lived next door had no money to speak of. My mother, who had been a governess and had therefore lived for many years in the twilight zone of taste, replied, "But money is never to speak of."



However, though money can never be discussed in public, taste obeys many of the rules that govern money. If bad taste is old enough, it becomes acceptable.

I have no idea whether Mr. de' Medici called himself "The Magnificent" or whether he employed public relations officers to do it for him while he stood on the piazza saying, "Aw. Shucks. 'Tweren't nothin'." (It may have sounded less corny in Italian.) But, in either case, there is no doubt that he was a monstrous show-off. He used his wealth and other people's, first, to glorify himself and, second, to adorn Florence, which he regarded as an extension of his personality just as New York has become a ceremonial robe worn by Mr. Trump. I do not know how the patricians of his day regarded Mr. de' Medici's antics, but any modern good-taster would kill for a single doorknob carved at his behest.

The same law that applies to aesthetic good taste also governs the appraisal of our actions. Miss Arc wore men's clothes, made a spectacle of herself, and uttered pert replies to church dignitaries. If Miss Madonna behaved like that, she would become a social outcast. Perhaps she already is, but Miss Arc has been redeemed by time.

The traps that lie in the path of taste seekers are many. Not only is good taste not wealth or power, it is also not fashion. Fashion is entirely preoccupied with shaming consumers into spending more money. To this end, like a pig, it will consume anything. Fashion is free to be bizarre, absurd, garish. Taste is not. In this respect, taste is easier for the English to comprehend than for Americans. In Britain, to live at all is to be on the verge of bad taste. To live with gusto—to embrace change—is considered appalling. The English are an island people and have not been compelled to accommodate outside influences since that unpleasantness with the Normans some time ago. Americans, on the other hand, are a welcoming nation—sometimes to a fault. When I first arrived in New York, I was appalled to see the word "boutique" on almost every fascia. If I had my spray can ready, I would have obliterated it.

A boutique is merely a shop in which the goods are more expensive than elsewhere, but the intention of the proprietor is to persuade prospective customers that their wares are in better taste, as though there were something mysteriously refined about being French. If we have been forbidden by Miss Mitford, the ultimate arbiter of taste, to use the word "serviette" instead of table napkin, surely we may not besmirch our pale blue lips with "boutique."

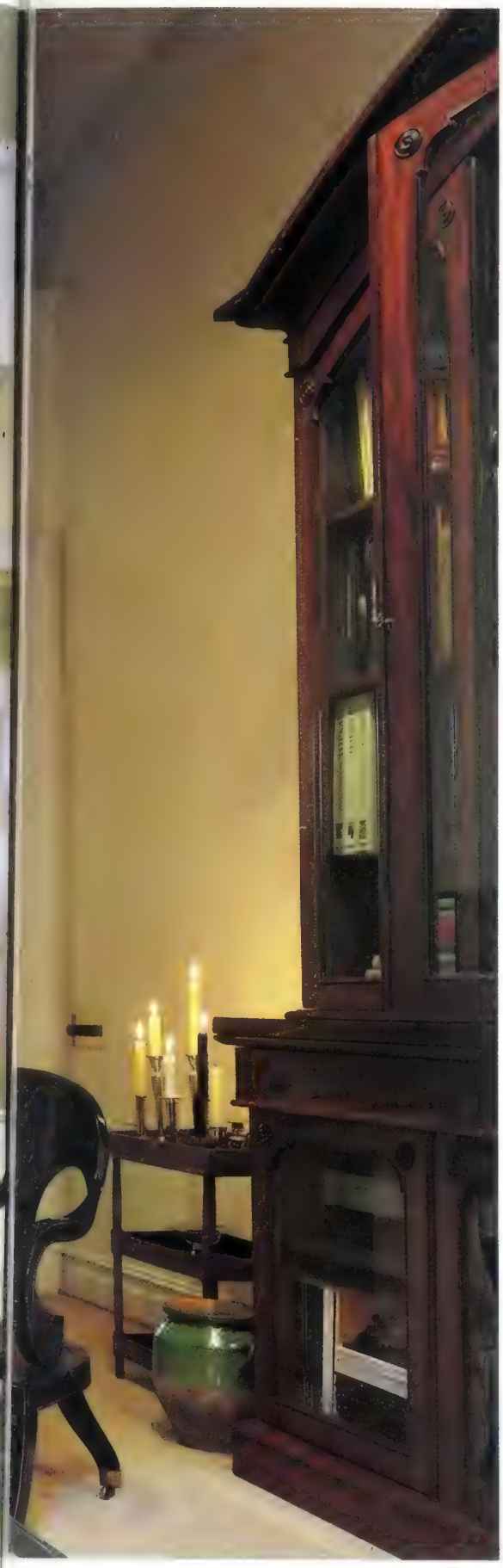
Perhaps the only way back to sanity is to relegate taste—except as the nastiest of the five senses—to the attic of the soul and to substitute for it the term "preference." It would be difficult for many people to say, "I have no taste," but they would surely not feel degraded by admitting to having no preference in the matter of, say, architecture or interior decoration.

I condemn the idea of good taste on the principle that it compels those of us who cannot scrape up the fare to Paris to say that foreign travel is overrated and that all Frenchmen are immoral. I have no taste and very few preferences. I cannot afford them. I know that this reference to my poverty is in poor taste; I make it only to explain my position.

I live in one room partly from necessity but also because I have never discovered what people do with the room they are not in. (Perhaps they fill it with symbols of good taste.) This room is furnished so that any preference in interior decoration I might have cannot be inferred from my habitat. It goes without saying that I have never owned a garden. Having been for many years an artists' model, I resent flowers; they sit for painters for free.

I will go anywhere where my fare is paid, I will eat any food that isn't Mexican, and I am glad to know absolutely anyone who never condemns another human being for exhibiting bad taste. ♠





In the parlor-floor living room a pair of ebonized wooden armchairs that once sat in John F. Kennedy's suite at the Carlyle Hotel flank a steel and glass cocktail table from Luten Clarey Stern, NYC. As an alternative to the traditional seating arrangement, Joe D'Urso constructed an autonomous entertainment pavilion that houses video and stereo equipment and a computer above. Details see Resources.

Parlor Game

Joe D'Urso introduces his Modernist aesthetic to nineteenth-century propriety in a Greenwich Village town house

By CHARLES GANDEE

"I'm sorry, but Mr. D'Urso isn't accepting any new residential commissions right now," reported the assistant who answered the telephone four years ago when Robert Michael Geisler called to ask if the New York designer would be interested in renovating the Greenwich Village duplex Geisler shares with John Roberdeau. "Tell him that we have twenty-foot ceilings," said the would-be client, who had done enough research on his designer of choice to know that Joe D'Urso has this thing about high ceilings—he just can't resist them.

It was a lie, of course—the duplex has thirteen and a half foot ceilings on one floor and eight and a half foot ceilings on the other. But it worked. The next afternoon D'Urso was in a taxi heading downtown. And as soon as he saw the bi-level apartment in the 1839 town house that Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart once purportedly called home, he was snared. Not only did such tempting period details as elaborate crown moldings and Corinthian pilasters prove irresistible, but Geisler and Roberdeau presented D'Urso with an intriguing domestic riddle.

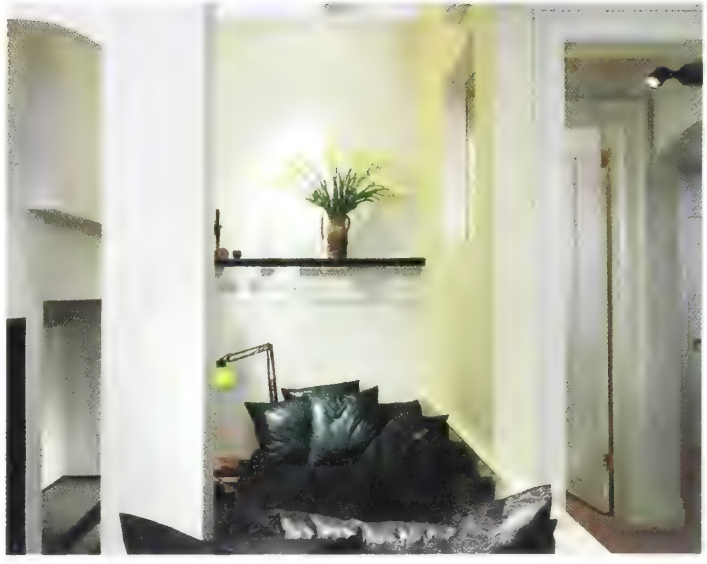
The young film and theater producers were committed to maintaining the traditional disposition of their two parlor-floor rooms, yet they also wanted to accommodate the more modern aspects of their





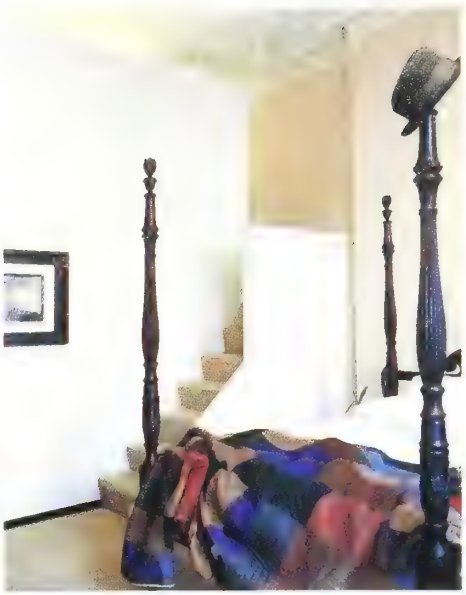




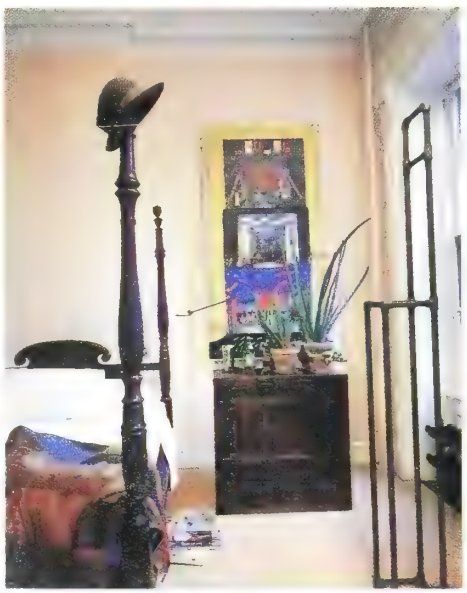


A grand early 19th century English bookcase and a white slipcovered sofa from Yves Halard in Paris, top, appear right at home in the 1839 town house. Above and left: An element of decorative surprise is supplied by the new house-within-the-house that D'Urso erected as a "slouchy, loungey" area for watching television, listening to music, and reading. The architect's lamp is from Harry Gitlin, NYC.

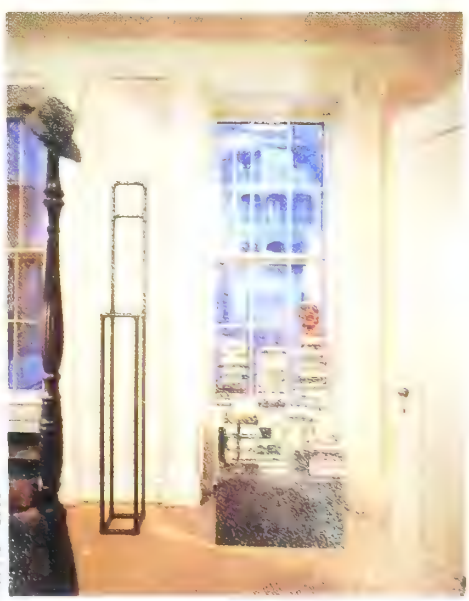
NELS ISRAELSON



FRANCINE FLEISCHER



FRANCINE FLEISCHER



NEIL ISRAELSON

life—namely, sophisticated stereo and video systems as well as a home office complete with the obligatory computer. The challenge, as D'Urso saw it, was how to make peace between a Neoclassical gold-veined black marble mantel and a 27-inch Proton television.

D'Urso's solution was to remove the partition between the two parlor-floor rooms and construct a freestanding room that looks like a tiny house with large windows and no roof. Inside the pristine pavilion the designer laid down a low pillow-covered platform that beckons even the most formal guest to kick off his shoes and curl up with a good movie. Tucked in up above this high-style home entertainment complex is a small mezzanine office reached by a stair from the adjacent bedroom. Although the crisp white construction stands in stark contrast to the modest grandeur of the pastel period rooms into which it has been inserted, old and new coexist quite comfortably.

Having satisfied his clients' "lifestyle" requirements, D'Urso outfitted the parlor-floor rooms with an assortment of aesthetically sympathetic antiques and traditional furniture that he, Geisler, and Roberdeau assembled. There's an air of dignified gentility to this studied arrangement of English, French, and American pieces, yet wheat color sisal flooring and D'Urso's hallmark restraint announce the contemporary vintage of the design. One other telling signal of time is the trough dotted with 50-watt spots which the designer furrowed into the ceiling. Perhaps this was the best lighting solution D'Urso could come up with. Or perhaps he was just trying to see how close to twenty feet he could reach. ♠ *Editor: Ruth Ansel*



A small stair in Robert Geisler's parlor-floor bedroom, top left, leads to his new mezzanine-level home office. Center: The four-poster was found at G. K. S. Bush antiques shop in Georgetown. Left: Robert Wilson designed the pipe chair for his production, *Einstein on the Beach*. Right: Downstairs in John Roberdeau's garden-level bedroom, the palette shifts from luminous pink to cavelike gray blue—at client's request. Iron bed from Hob Nail in Pawling, New York. The French Provincial fruitwood night table and Empire secretaire were bought in Paris.



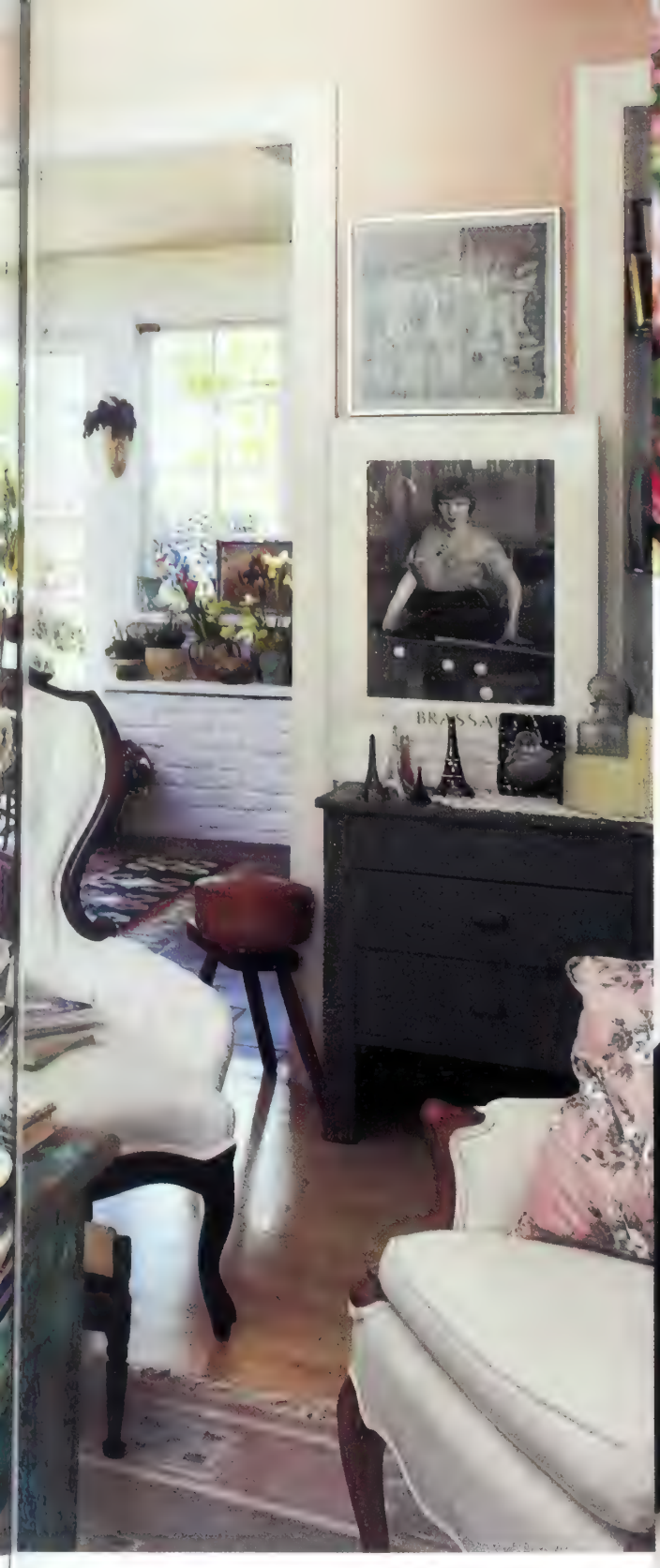
FRANCINE FLEISCHER



Hollywood Homestead

Wit and whimsy share equal billing at actress Teri Garr's house

By PILAR VILADAS Photographs by TIM STREET-PORTER





Teri Garr, right, at home in a Donna Karan suit. Above: In the media room Bruce Conner's *Applause* and Ed Ruscha's *Doomsday* hang above a sofa strewn with needlepoint pillows Garr made on movie sets. Weathered table from Indigo Seas, L.A. Details see Resources.





FAROOZ ZAHEDI

The homey clutter of comfortable furniture,
chintz pillows, and family photos
is tempered by an eye for the ironic

When you walk through Teri Garr's front door, the first thing you see is a picture of a thatched cottage in a storybook garden; above the cottage in gold script is the motto "God Bless Our Home." Not twenty feet away, however, one of Ed Ruscha's word pictures hangs over the dining room fireplace. It is called *The Last Ray of Hope*. Such is the dialogue between the sentimental and the sardonic that characterizes the Los Angeles house of the actress who was nominated for an Academy Award for her performance in *Tootsie* and who has also appeared in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind, One from the Heart, Mr. Mom, After Hours, Out Cold*, and, this month, *Let It Ride*.

Garr has consistently resisted stereotyping in her choice of movie roles, and she chafes at the mention of her "daffy blonde" screen image. " 'Ditzy' is a word I could strangle anyone for using," she fumes, and not without reason, as anyone who has seen her on late-night talk shows will confirm. Garr is one of the wittiest women in Hollywood, and her slightly off-center sense of humor pervades her house, a series of sunny pastel-colored rooms tucked away in the hills above Sunset Boulevard. Its homey clutter of comfortable furniture, chintz-covered pillows, and family photographs is tempered by an eye for the ironic.

Personal history and pop culture mingle easily here. The family photos share shelf space with a collection of Eiffel Tower miniatures. Demure antique chairs sit beneath works by the California artists who are Garr's old friends, such as Ruscha, Jim Ganzer, and Bruce Conner. Collectible Roseville pottery and corny souvenir ashtrays are displayed with equal affection. The effect is so relaxed that even the first-time visitor is charmed into feeling like one of the family.

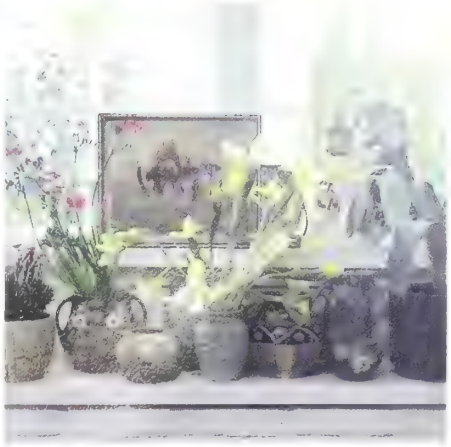
Family is an important motif chez Garr. Point to a certain Victorian chair, and Garr will tell you that it belonged to her aunt Lucy in Cleveland. The Lalique bowl on the media room coffee table came from another aunt. The quilt on Garr's bed was sewn by her mother. Garr's maternal grandparents were Austrian immigrants who settled in Ohio, and upon their arrival in the United States, her grandmother stitched the American flag that now hangs in the exercise room. Her grandfather, a woodcarver, made the picture frame next to Garr's bed. Even her attachment to Roseville pottery is somewhat familial—it was, after all, produced in Ohio.

Almost everything in the house has a past. And if not Garr's own past, then someone else's. "I'm a secondhand-store junkie," she admits, and evidence of her addiction abounds. One of her favorite finds is an ashtray that looks like a section of a log adorned with a tiny oil well, hard hat, and lunch box. When told its price, she replied incredulously, "Three dollars?" The shop owner, misunderstanding, said, "Well, all right. I'll let you have it for $1.79." In the kitchen a wall clock with the words "Lone Star Steak" is indeed a convincing replica of one of the choicer cuts of beef, shaped like the state of Texas. In the dining room a sign that no doubt hung in a restaurant advertises "Special Dinners." "A joke," she quips, referring to her talents as a cook. Even the pillows in her study are recycled, made by Garr her-





In the living room, above, wicker furniture mingles with family pieces. The rose painting between the bookcases is by Berthold Haas. Left: Garr displays American ceramics in the dining room. Below: Roseville and Weller pottery.



When not taking calls on her exercise cycle, opposite below, Garr often retreats to her study, opposite above. The sofa is cozily decked out in an heirloom quilt and pillows Garr made from old tablecloths. Table from Richard Mulligan, L.A.







FIROOZ ZAHEDI

self out of vintage tablecloths: "Don't throw anything out is my policy."

Garr was aided and abetted in her less-is-a-bore approach by Los Angeles decorator Linda Marder, who advised her on fabrics and furnishings but who served primarily as an aesthetic soul mate. "Most decorators would be horrified by all this stuff," contends Garr. "The great thing about Linda is that she encourages me." Marder, in turn, admires her client's view of the world: "I'd rather talk to Teri about the meaning of life than about furniture."

Although the house is noticeably devoid of overt movie star memorabilia, subtler signs are there if you look for them. A wooden chest serves as a living room coffee table, but it also holds clippings that date back to the earliest days of Garr's career, including grammar school ballet recitals. "Would you like to see my scrapbooks?" she jokes, adopting a slightly crazed Norma Desmond look. She is also a great reader, and the shelves are full of books on the movies, biographies—"I read them as a child to find out if there was a formula for becoming famous. There wasn't"—books on art and art history, photography, and novels—Colette is a favorite author. Garr's grandfather in Ohio instilled in her a reverence for books and encouraged her to accumulate them. "I see that this has spilled over into other things," she deadpans, looking sternly around the room.

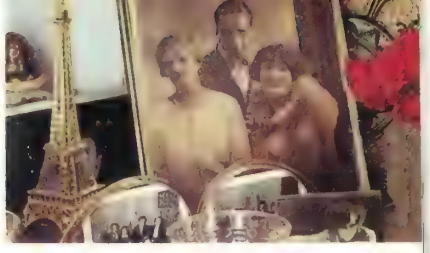
Another of her pastimes is needlepoint, which she puts to good use while making movies: "You spend a lot of time just waiting on a movie set, so I make pillows." Garr's current needlepoint project is on the set of an as yet untitled film in which she is starring with Shirley MacLaine. This isn't the first time the two actresses have appeared together. "I danced behind Shirley, in the chorus line, in *What a Way to Go!*, and *John Goldfarb, Please Come Home*. I wondered how you got in front of the chorus line, and I realized that it was by becoming an actor."

Thus began acting studies and what Garr describes as "years of obscurity," during which she survived by dancing on television shows like *Shindig* and *Sonny and Cher* before getting her first film break, a bit part in *The Conversation*, with Gene Hackman, and then the role of Gene Wilder's assistant in *Young Frankenstein*. Garr's sense of humor about her profession is summed up in the sign—a gift from songwriter Mason Williams—that sits on her desk: "There's No Abyssness Like Show Abyssness." Perhaps it was this cosmic-comic perspective that led her to be ordained, on *Saturday Night Live*, as the first woman pope—Pope Lois. "Pope-a Lois," Garr corrects, mimicking her ordainer, Father Guido Sarducci.

Does Teri Garr have a dream house? Yes. "It would have great views, light, lots of space," she replies. "It would be simple, like the Shaker chest in my bedroom—its function is what makes it beautiful, with no frills." So that's what she really wants—simple, spacious, no frills? She considers the question and says, "I'd like a house like that. And then I'd fill it with all *this* stuff." ▲ *Editor: Ruth Ansel*

French doors open onto the patio, top left, and pool, where Garr ponders a script, above. Sunglasses by Alain Mikli. Above left: Kitchen cupboard is stocked with Fiesta ware. Opposite: A quilt sewn by Garr's mother covers the bed beneath a painting by Sandra Sussman. The wall cabinet frames a Hockney poster. Opposite above: Family photographs stand alongside one of a collection of Eiffel Tower miniatures.

"Don't throw anything out is my policy,"
jokes Garr about her collecting mania



Venturi to





Robert Venturi, left. Right: Venturi's Signature house —flanked by two garages, one for cars, the other for a golf cart—brings to architecture the package of options tradition of American car buying. Stucco walls are standard. Top right: A Venturi model.

Order

The architect offers a full-scale kit or Postmodern living

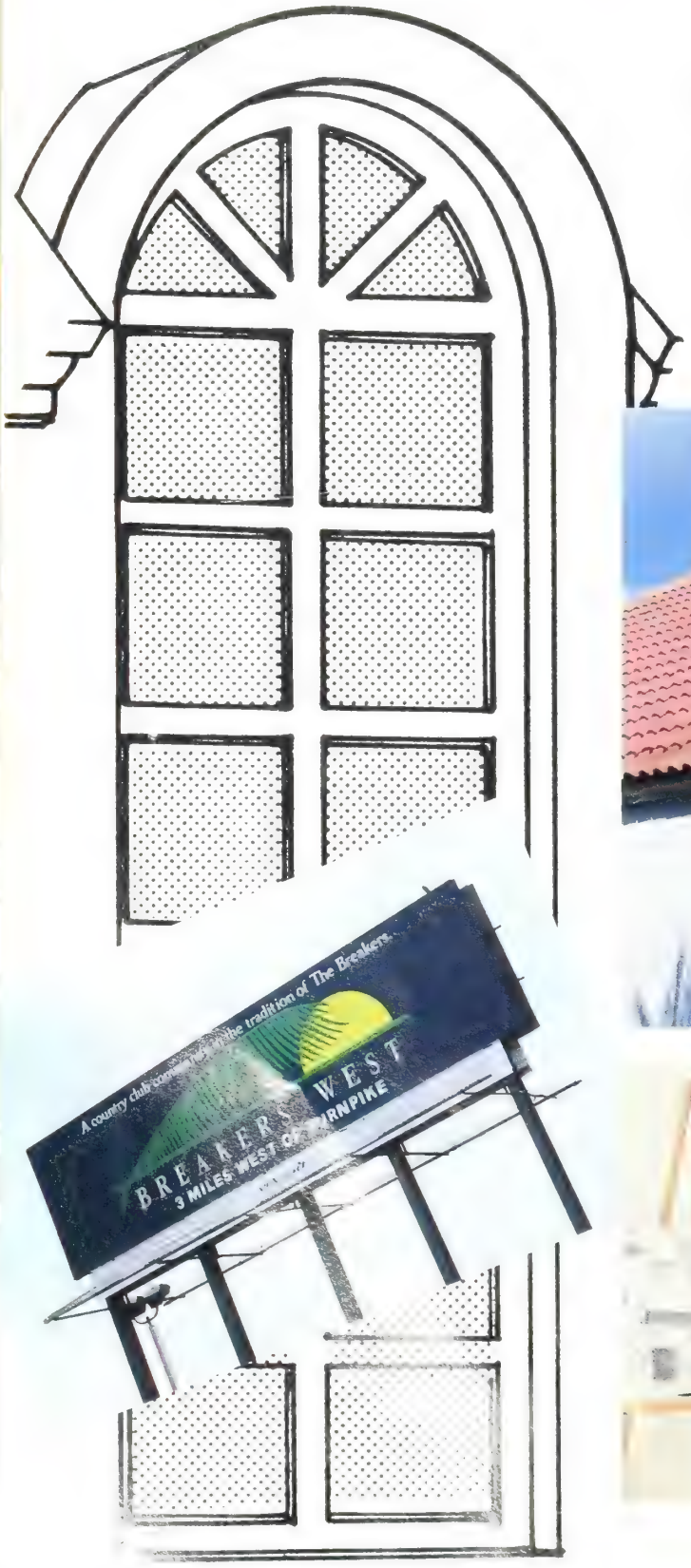
By HERBERT MUSCHAMP
otographs by MICHAEL MUNDY











Spanish Colonial chimney, below, rises above Baroque-style ocular window. Bottom: Developer Warren Pearl cooks up his vision of an architecturally enlightened suburb from Venturi's recipe for the model American home. Left: Billboard for Breakers West, site of the Signature house. Above: Three variations on a theme.





Architecture," declared the great Modernist Le Corbusier, "is the knowing, correct, and magnificent play of forms beneath the sun." Let's edit that a bit and try it out on Florida's Gold Coast. It's got the sun. Its whole economy is based on play. For the magnificent, escape to Palm Beach. With any luck the place will *never* be correct. And knowing? Come on down! Check out West Palm Beach, home of a savvy new design by a master of architectural wit.

The Robert Venturi Signature Series is the brainchild of developer Warren Pearl, a young man with a mission to elevate the architectural quality of suburban America. Pearl certainly has his work cut out for him. Breakers West, the location he has chosen to kick off this quixotic campaign, is a "guarded country club community," one of a rapidly proliferating new genre of development where a firm grasp of design is generally to be found only in the landscaping of the golf course that typically occupies half the acreage.

Of most of the houses in Breakers West, let's just say that no one would mistake them for temples to the life of the mind. Round and round we go, down curving lanes that seem to take us to the far side of the moon, if the moon had putting greens and Fairway Villas, past the "Caribbean cottages" of the Colony, the "Monterey-style residences" of Seagull Park, feeling major culture shock as we struggle against hope to imagine what it must be like to survey this immaculately tended terrain through eyes of desire, and then, rounding the bend into the Estates, we pull up in view of a house that opens our eyes, but not in horror.

The Pearl house stands out sharply from its surroundings (like a pearl cast, you might say, before—never mind), but you can't accuse it of being unneighborly. The house is straining with every fiber of its thorough-

Playful elements add up to that form of borderline eccentricity known as character

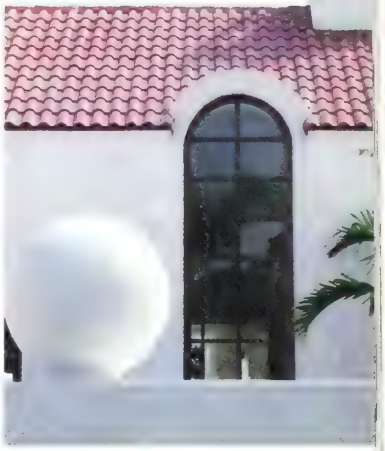
bred body to look as if it is part of a community. And that, perhaps, is exactly what sets the house apart. It's one house that isn't trying to keep ahead of the Joneses; it isn't out to rub it in that it has made it into the exclusive precincts of the Estates. Robert Venturi, in any case, is not the architect you would hire to high-hat the folks next door. He and his firm, Venturi, Rauch & Scott Brown, have made a career out of learning from the buildings of Middle America, from Main Streets to commercial strips, shingle-sided Cape Cods to Caesars Palace. In the early seventies the firm undertook a project called "Learning from Levittown"; though the study remains unpublished, it informed the firm's memorable 1976 exhibition at the Renwick Gallery in Washington, D.C., entitled "Signs of Life: Symbols in the American City."

It was this receptivity to the vernacular tradition which drew Pearl to choose Venturi as the perfect architect to create his transcendent vision of the American dream. But, as Pearl cheerfully admits, his motives were not purely altruistic. The developer had been trying to break into the highly competitive market of luxury house building for some time. He needed something—a gimmick—to give him an edge. In New York, Pearl had done construction work for some of today's leading architects, including Michael Graves and John Burgee. He knew how to talk to prestigious architects and knew that his target market put a premium on prestige.

Pearl speaks with scorn of the suburban "design-build" firms, for whom architecture consists of ripping pages out of shelter magazines and handing them over to draftsmen to make a set of working drawings from an ad hoc collage of gracious living. Yet this approach is by no means inconsistent with the design philosophy that Venturi, Rauch & Scott Brown have embraced for many years. One of the major themes in *Complexity and Contradiction in Architecture*, Venturi's 1966 manifesto, was "accommodation"—the idea that architects should draw inspiration from the contemporary world instead of imposing alien, abstract solutions upon it. Over the years many of the firm's projects have adapted elements from the vernacular and collaged them into an artistic whole.

With the Pearl house, Venturi, Rauch &





Simple shapes, complex relationships, above right and right, are the elements of Venturi's suburban mannered style. Below: Reflected in the outdoor pool, lighting from within the house illuminates a classic study in Venturian complexity—the layering of space in planes, the syncopated rhythm of windows, doors, and columns. Furniture from Syllian Collection, at Bill Nessen, Dania. Details see Resources.







A trio of more variations, right. Far right: Above the microwave oven, a small window peers down into the kitchen from a cozy perch on the staircase leading to the children's rooms upstairs.

This house is

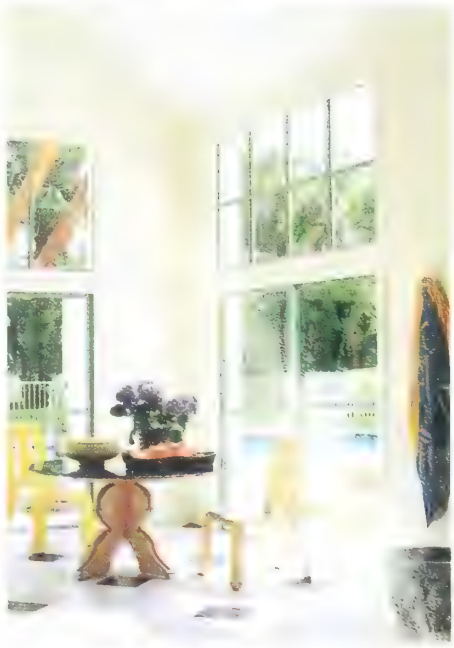
Scott Brown have taken these theories to a new level of application. Here, they have not only made design decisions based on context and popular taste, they have allowed the marketplace to participate directly in the design process. The Pearl house is a model house, the first of 24 limited-edition structures Pearl hopes to put up in south Florida. Each of the buildings can be customized to the buyer's taste, drawing from a "menu of options" that includes different shapes for windows, different materials and patterns for floors, paving, and cabinet trim, different styles for the entrance façade and ornamental moldings inside.

Because of this mix-and-match method, the house has been likened to the children's toy Mr. Potato Head. If Pearl, in other words, turned to Venturi for the gimmick of high style, Venturi turned right around with what looks like a trick from the five-and-ten. But it's easy to make too much of this gimmick; indeed the advance publicity on the house, as well as the fact that Venturi himself has yet to visit the site, led me to think that the project might be of lesser rank, perhaps a throwaway, like the prefabs Frank Lloyd Wright designed for his less affluent admirers in the mid 1950s. As it turns out, the Pearl house is no such thing. The Venturi signature isn't only on the promotional literature, it's on every square inch of the building.

From the outside, with the blazing Florida sun reflecting off the white stucco walls, it's not easy at first to take the full measure of the architecture. But don a pair of sunglasses and you instantly recognize the Venturi touch in the asymmetrical composition of the windows, an oddment of shapes and sizes at play beneath the red tile roof. It's Malevich on a Mediterranean holiday.

The interior of the house draws you fully into Venturi's complex and contradictory world. *(Text continued on page 141)*





Tuscan mahogany columns, right, support a lowered ceiling over a marble floor and suggest the formality of an entrance foyer without blocking the flow of space between the house's formal and informal zones. Furnishings from Baker. Paintings by Cleve Gray and Friedel Dzubas, from Irving Galleries, Palm Beach. Above: The master suite's eyebrow window is a Venturi motif. Furniture from Baker, linens from Porthault, throw and tray from Jack Davidson, Palm Beach. Left: Venturi's table and chairs for Knoll gather in the family room off the kitchen.







ng to keep ahead of the Joneses



Eleonora and Tathiana like to wear their tutus while taking tea on the sunshine-yellow skirted bed in their parents' silver bedroom. Details see Resources.



Once upon a time

Decorating is child's play, according to the two little girls who invited Charles Gandee up to their New York City apartment for tea and the grand tour

Photographs by LIZZIE HIMMEL



The twins have New York decorator Andrew Tauber to thank for their luxe playroom, which doubles as their parents' living room. The two Napoleon III rope chairs are covered in leopard-print velvet from Craig Fabrics. The sofa from Guild Furniture is covered in damask from Clarence House.





Life is good for four-and-a-half-year-old Eleonora and Tathiana, twin sisters who live with their father, Alfred, their mother, Suzana, and their nanny, Francesca, on the Upper East Side of Manhattan. Life is good for Eleonora and Tathiana because in the great tradition of Eloise, they do exactly—or almost exactly—as they please.

Each morning at 8:00 A.M. sharp, for example, the twins bound out of bed and head down the hall to their parents' room, where they like to awaken the sleeping giants with kisses. It's a morning ritual that everyone enjoys. But mornings are too rushed for prolonged play. At 9:15 preschool calls, which is OK because that's where the girls learn to do things like make butterflies with colored pipe cleaners. By 2:00 P.M. Eleonora and Tathiana are either back at home doing what they do best—playing—or at gym class, where they learn to do somersaults and headstands, skills that can come in very handy.

Although they used to be partial to riding their tricycles "all over the place," the sisters recently traded up to two-wheelers that they now trundle over to Central Park. So at present, playtime consists of roughhousing on the living room furniture or playing "grown-up" in the dining room, where Tathiana and Eleonora have reserved one corner for themselves. They have their own table and chairs—Tathiana tends to *(Text continued on page 142)*

I like to play on all the furniture. The spotted chairs are my favorite. They're big and squishy. You can slide down the arms and do somersaults.

The blue chair is too thin. All you can do is sit.

—ELEONORA





I like to be silly

on the sofa and stand on my head. I like to throw the cushions on e floor and bounce up and down.

The new blue pillow is the best. It has little strings that come out if you pull them.

—TATHIANA



Tathiana and Eleonora used to have tricycle races from the living room to the dining room, but now they're "grown-up children," and they take their two-wheelers to Central Park



The twin beds in the twins' bedroom, left and above, not only serve as clothing racks but also, occasionally, as trampolines. "I like to fly," explains Eleonora. The wall paintings designed by Ronaldo Maia depict Brazilian jungle scenes. Opposite: In the grown-ups' dining room cum library, black Echiquier fabric from Clarence House covers the table.

Custom of the Country

Designers William Diamond and Anthony Baratta create a rustic retreat

By GLENN HARRELL
Photographs by WILLIAM WALDRON

Every time I decorate a house, I try to do something new," says William Diamond. "I experiment to create something a little more exciting." In this year-round Southampton retreat for a young New York couple, Diamond based his experiment on an imaginative reuse of age-old crafts and an emphasis on comfort and playfulness. The result is charmingly quirky, individualized rooms that reflect both country traditions and the seaside atmosphere of eastern Long Island.

Diamond and his associate Anthony Baratta did more than just a little tinkering with the two-story five bedroom house, a



With its beamed ceiling, paddock-fence balconies and pine floors, the living room is reminiscent of a freshened-up barn. The braided rugs and the 1930s-style rattan armchairs and ottoman with checkerboard quilt upholstery were specially crafted for William Diamond Design. Next to the overstuffed sofa is a 1920s chair of ropelike seagrass the designers painted black green. The Amish rocker's blue and white fabric is from Kravet. The quilts are from a country antiques fair. Details see Resources.



Vivid hues suggest a picnic lawn during the summer: in winter they evo



rustic warmth of a cabin

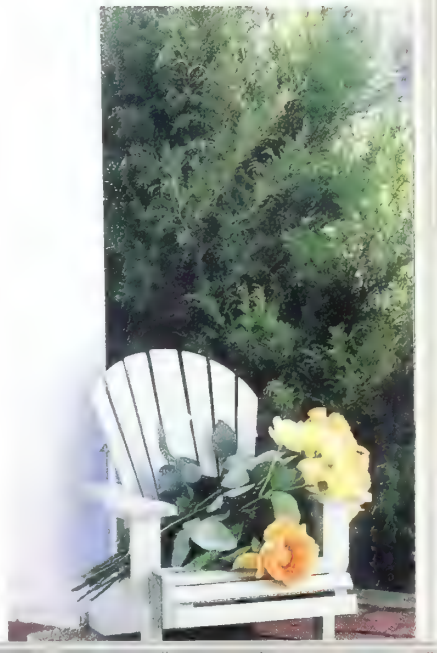




nondescript 1970s structure situated on four acres of open land a half mile from the ocean. Although few rooms remain untouched, the most dramatic rehab occurred in the living room. Says Diamond, "Tony and I had a concept of this enormous white room that was fresh, barnlike, and very American." Toward that end, they ripped out an upstairs sitting room, replaced a "tacky" raised hearth with an antique mantel, installed a two-story wall of bookcases, and modified the balcony railing to resemble a paddock fence. To achieve the missing sense of quality and architectural detail, plasterboard walls were covered with wood paneling. The final step was lots of white paint.

To fill the living room's newly expanded space—the pitched ceiling rises 26 feet at its peak—every decorative element was, in Diamond's words, "blown up." Colors were intensified and the scale of furniture and fabric patterns emphatically exaggerated. Huge bright red gingham checks pep up a 1920s-style overstuffed sofa. Cushions on a set of reproduction 1930s rattan





The foyer, left, is patterned with a stenciled border, gingham wallpaper on the ceiling, and a handwoven plaid rug. A hooked rug hangs above a 19th-century English settee upholstered in a quilt sewn for William Diamond Design. Above: Awning stripe cushions brighten the mix of wicker, rough-hewn wood, and twig furniture on the back porch. Center right: A large pine cupboard in the library conceals a television and stereo. Right: At one end of the porch a child's mint green Adirondack chair—a gift from Diamond and Baratta to the clients' baby—holds cut roses.



Charmingly quirky interiors reflect country traditions
and the seaside atmosphere of eastern Long Island

armchairs and ottoman are upholstered in bold checkerboard quilts designed by Diamond and sewn by the firm's revered "quilt lady," Sarah Bruce. Enormous turn-of-the-century kitchen tables serve as hefty end tables, supporting mismatched canister lamps. Three braided rugs, each produced over the course of eight months by craftsmen in the Midwest, hide much of the dark-stained pine floor. Baratta remarks enthusiastically: "They are just like the old ones except that they aren't dingy or dirty looking." Their vivid hues, ranging from cobalt blue to emerald green, suggest a picnic lawn during the summer; in winter they evoke the rustic warmth of a cabin. An iron and glass lantern suspended between the beams overhead is a conspicuous six feet tall.

More intimate is the foyer, where Diamond and Baratta paneled the walls and removed most of the existing recessed lighting for old-fashioned coziness. A red stenciled border of stylized leaves encases the aqua and white wallpaper above the wainscoting and across the ceiling. A hooked rug hangs between a pair of mounted lanterns above a nineteenth-century English settee—quilted to accentuate the curve of its camelback ridge—and a plaid handwoven wool carpet.

In the master bedroom, large closets built into the sloped eaves were removed to open up the space. And in keeping with the owner's desire for warmth, pattern, and charm, Diamond and Baratta applied blue green toile de Jouy wallpaper to both the knee-high walls and the ceiling and trimmed linen shams and white curtains with different brightly colored grosgrain. The bed is anchored by a massive upholstered headboard that extends a foot beyond each side of the bed. Plump pillows have whimsical quilted checkerboard fronts and solid white backs.

In contrast to the other rooms, the master bathroom *(Text continued on page 141)*









In the master bedroom, above, ten-inch-square handwoven checks on the box springs and oversize headboard are echoed in the quilted pillows. Linen shams—embellished with turquoise grosgrain—lie on a white cotton bedspread from Pierre Deux. Different tones of aqua stand out in relief against the red braided carpet from Stark: aqua and cream stripe cotton from Brunschwig, solid aqua wool canvas from Luten Clarey Stern, and toile de Jouy wallpaper from Scalamandré. Above right: The bathroom is a soothing retreat with its bright pastel Caribbean-inspired shutters and painted wood walls and floor. Right: Reflecting a log cabin quilt, the gilded Federal mirror with églomisé panel of clipper ships rests on the bedroom mantel behind a row of potted primroses.



SEAWORTHY STYLE

Valentino weighs anchor with a yacht decorated by Peter Marino

By G. Y. DRYANSKY Photographs by NICOLAS BRUANT

The prestige of glitzy yachts may have peaked not long ago when Adnan Khashoggi unloaded his *Nabila* on Donald Trump as the trajectory of A.K.'s career took a turn toward the slammer. Khashoggi had a helipad aboard, along with gilt plumbing and staterooms and saloons worthy of a grand hotel. Trump rechristened the 282-foot boat and added his own refinements, in the same Kublai Khan Contemporary genre. But few people seem to have been stirred to admiration for *The Trump Princess*.

Consider, in contrast, Valentino's *T.M. Blue One*. When the Roman couturier recently upgraded himself to a boat of Aga Khan dimensions, he entered the world of superyachts on a new tack. Valentino is at the crest of the latest phase of yacht rivalry: understatement. As much as a vessel 152 feet long can be, the *T.M. Blue One* is unostentatious.

In the words of an eminent English yacht-building consultant, *T.M. Blue One* embodies a "trend toward high technology outside, while inside there is a return to the feeling of the gentleman's yacht of the past. Yachts are still the ultimate power toy. Boats turn men on and big boats turn on big men." (Men. Since Cleopatra there have been few female yacht fanatics—even if a number of today's rich women have tagged along in the archetypal rivalry.) What's fascinating about *T.M. Blue One*, though, is how quietly indeed the



Valentino, above, aboard *T.M. Blue One*. Brunschwig & Fils linen/cotton on banquette and chairs. Mahogany and brass table by decorator Peter Marino. China with yacht monogram, also emblazoned above sun deck, left, and on cushions in main saloon, right. Marino's armchairs in Clarence House cotton. Sofa, coffee table, rolltop desk also custom-made. Opposite top: View from the bow. Details see Resources.















Understated decoration reflects sleek details of the boat's superstructure, top left. Inside, white-lacquered paneling on walls and ceilings is beveled to allow for expansion and contraction. Above right: Venard painting in the dining saloon updates an otherwise nostalgic setting. Antique wicker chairs with antimacassars around a custom-built pedestal table recall prewar yacht fittings. Top right: Built-in bunks and storage in one of four guest cabins are also traditional. Above: Subtle variants on pattern and color, as in the Georges Le Manach striped cotton on a sofa, enhance the ambience of quiet luxury.

power is expressed, in both technology and decoration.

When Valentino decided to move up from his previous, smaller boat *T.M. Blue*, he matched the new yacht's increased length with greater refinement. *T.M. Blue* had been built by an Italian yard with a reputation of making sports car–like craft. In turning to Cantieri Picchiotti of Viareggio for the steel and aluminum hulled *T.M. Blue One*, Valentino opted for the solid limousine approach to construction—the kind of technical details yacht aficionados always admire when they pull away the paneling and look at frame, bolts, and wires. For the most distinguished boatbuilders, Valentino might have gone to the Netherlands and engaged Feadship, but the designer makes a patriotic point of using Italian labor. The workmen for both his New York apartment and his New York shop were brought over from Italy.

The yacht's architect, though, is the up-to-date German Gerhard Gilgenast, who was the project engineer for the Aga Khan's *Shergar*. With its clean classic profile, blue black hull, bands of tinted glass, and sleek lines of white and blue running horizontally above water, the *T.M. Blue One* looks the very model of advanced technology. It is powered relatively conservatively, however, by two Caterpillar engines that cruise at 15.5 knots (the twin turbines of His Highness's *Shergar*—only one foot longer than the fashion prince's boat—can reach 45 knots and cruise at 40). All in all, the design and technics of *T.M. Blue One* speak of quality, contemporaneity, and sensible restraint.

The decoration, by Peter Marino, who did Valentino's New York apartment, continues that message. "I wanted something

both timely and timeless,'' Marino explains, ''no floating palace—those things look outdated the minute they're done. I wanted the undecorated look.''

In old-fashioned yacht tradition there is ample mahogany paneling, polished brass fittings, and a lot of built-in furniture on the *T.M. Blue One*. Until recently, big-yacht people had a pejorative expression for boats with plenty of mahogany: ''Paneled-out,'' they'd scoff.

The mahogany on Valentino's boat breaks up expanses of white lacquer, adding warmth and an aura of tradition. The colors of these two materials plus navy are repeated in various combinations in the all-cotton textiles that shift, room to room, from stripes of different widths to monogrammed solids (Valentino designed the yacht logo). ''Simple, simple,'' says Marino. Simple but subtle, and not cheap: Valentino had wool carpeting specially woven in Holland because it looks like standard nautical sisal but feels better than sisal under bare feet.

Marino says the boat has the character of ''about 1911.'' Valentino says it has a ''little of a 1940 Colonial air.'' The vagueness of the time reference is easy to understand because this boat stands for the revival of a spirit, not the style of a period. ''It was a question,'' Valentino points out, ''of decorating a place where you live in a bathing suit and can also dine in black tie.''

As a designer, Valentino has earned his yachts by creating clothes that are often theatrically formal but always manage to be sensible. His land dwellings—the apartment in New York, houses in Rome, Gstaad, and Capri—don't lack theatrics. His boat, which he uses to take a simple break from his bustling ornate life, is like the sorbet that cleared the palate between the courses of a Belle Époque meal.

''Maybe I didn't really want something quite that big,'' he confesses. (Maybe years ago he never thought Valentino Garavani of the town of Voghera would become the worldly Valentino of our time.) ''But there it is,'' he says. ''Why not?'' ♠

Editor: Deborah Webster



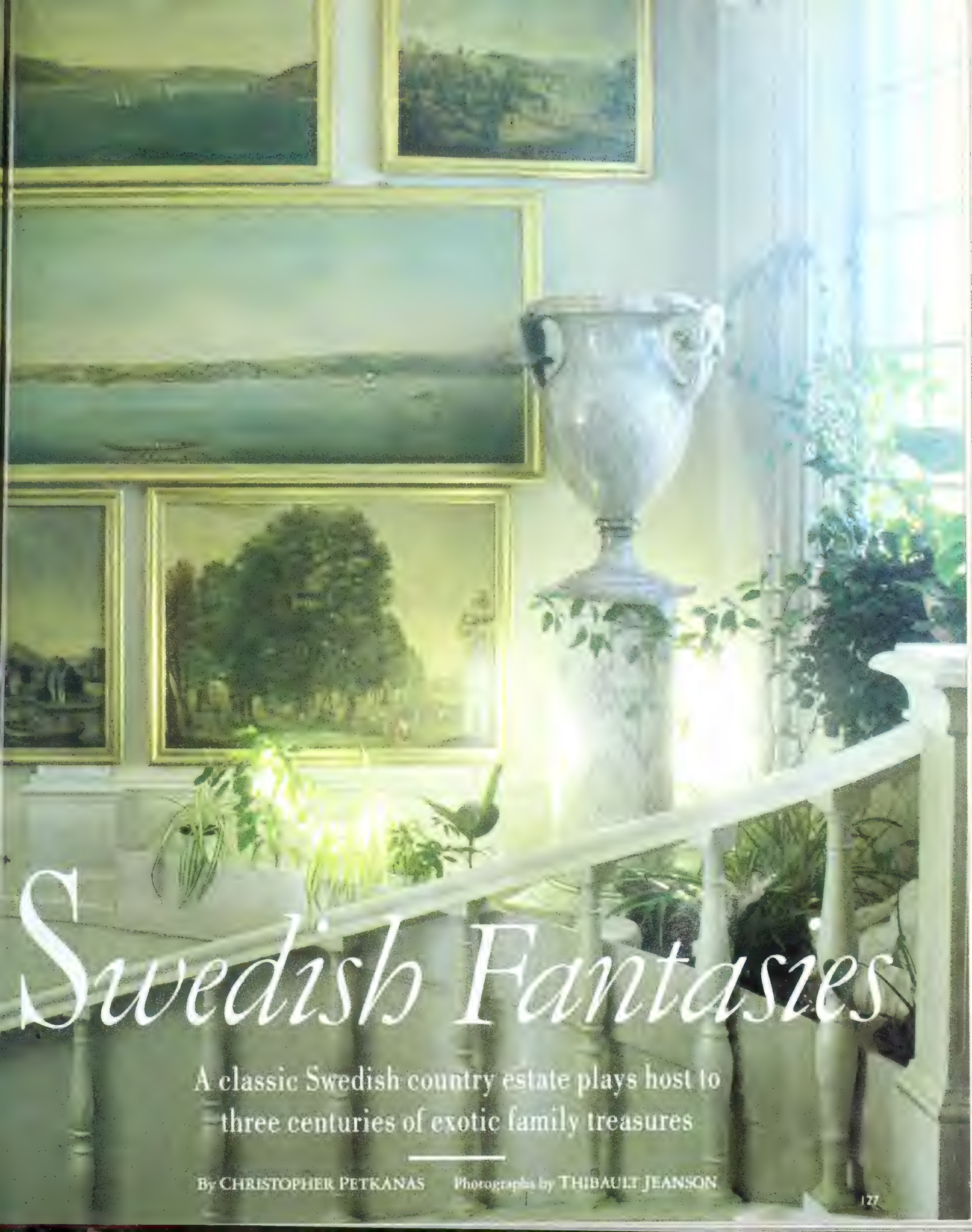




In the main cabin, above right, a dhurrie atop wool carpet woven by Van Besouw to look like standard boat sisal. Right: The master bathroom. Far right: The crew wears designer T-shirts.



One of the largest and best-preserved wooden manor houses in Sweden, Biby is especially celebrated for its collection of 18th-century Turkish-motif paintings. Shown here is the second-floor hall awash with views of the Bosporus.



Swedish Fantasies

A classic Swedish country estate plays host to three centuries of exotic family treasures

By CHRISTOPHER PETKANAS Photographs by THIBAULT JEANSON



Like the Knole of Vita Sackville-West's luxurious childhood, Biby is remembered as a perfectly self-contained, wondrous little village. "When I arrived in 1943, it was like a small society all to itself," says Inga von Celsing of the 2,470-acre estate, 80 miles west of Stockholm, which she first came to know as the young bride of Captain Fredrik von Celsing. "Biby had its own carpenters then, its own painters, and its own looms for weaving the table linen. Even the *trasmattor*—the traditional cotton rag rugs we put over scrubbed fir floors—were made here. All the surrounding cottages were dependent on the farm, and all the farming was done with horses. The animals were slaughtered on the property, and there was everything you could possibly want in the way of food. One very seldom bought anything."



The staff of 55, which until the early 1940s kept things humming at Biby, has been chipped away at over the years, until today when only five men are employed by Fredrik von Celsing. And none of them is engaged in making tablecloths. "Before I took over, Biby was managed by a director," says Captain von Celsing (the title is for service in the Royal Horse Guard). "My father was the supreme commander,

At dawn a misty tree-lined drive, opposite, leads to Biby, the Celsing family's estate since 1781. Above: In the 18th century, ambassadors Gustaf and Ulric Celsing brought a bit of the Bosporus to Biby by creating this eclectic Turkish drawing room with low divans, paintings of sultans, and Swedish Rococo furniture. Left: Fredrik and Inga von Celsing strolling on their property.

if you like, but every function on the farm—forestry, for example—was looked after by its own specialist. Although my father let out a lot of fields for tenant farming, we handle it all ourselves now. Sweden is also unlike France, say, where the count or baron lives in Paris and comes out to have a look at his farm now and then. I live at Biby and raise six hundred head of beef cattle full time."

In other ways, Biby has looked time in the eye and defied it with a shrug of its stylish white linen bedhangings. "The inside of the house is exactly as I knew it as a boy," says Celsing, adding that his only contributions to the decor have been a refrigerator, a television, and a toaster.

Built in 1606 by Claes Stjernsköld, a royal counselor, Biby was originally two houses with a gate between them. At the end of the seventeenth century the buildings were connected to form the single residence one sees today. According to Inga von Celsing, its fir timber dates from the 1300s and makes for a warm house in winter and an agreeably cool one in summer.



Biby entered a flamboyant era in 1781 when it was acquired by Gustaf and Ulric Celsing, brothers who between them served thirty years as Swedish ambassador to the Ottoman Empire. Where the connecting gate once stood, the Celsings installed a glamorous Turkish drawing room with long divans that hug the floor, brass piecrust trays set on low black wooden legs patterned with white spots, and part of their extraordinary collection of Turkish landscapes executed between 1750 and 1770. To men intent on re-creating the lush atmosphere of the Bosporus in chilly Swe-

den it did not matter that the room already contained an exuberant painted Baroque ceiling celebrating the marriage of one of Stjernsköld's sons, with cherubs clutching his monogram. Fredrik von Celsing's mother left her stamp in 1914 with a perfectly outrageous chandelier in Venetian glass, which lords over the drawing room. Somewhere along the way someone also added a blazing-white grand piano. Nothing about Biby's unemotional exterior could possibly prepare one for the hurly-burly of exotica within.

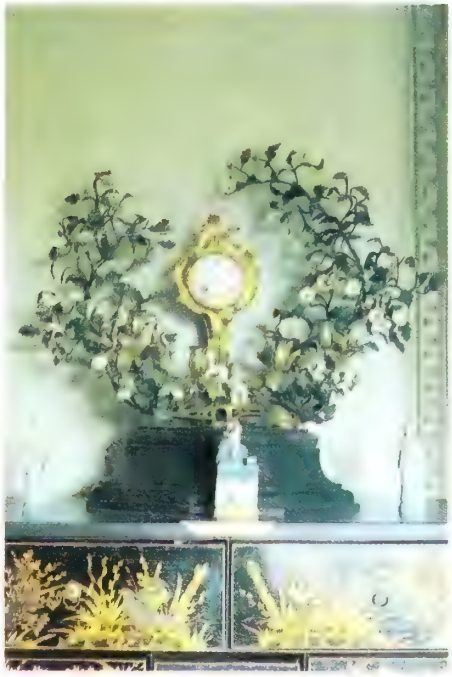
Elsewhere in the house a wealth of Swedish Baroque, Rococo, and Gustavian furniture fills rooms that are as sober as the drawing room is eccentric. Other pieces show the influence of French Empire on Swedish design, and still others go back to Biby's earliest years. These last include a number of severe straight-backed chairs from the mid seventeenth century with spiral-turned legs and stretchers and their original leather coverings.

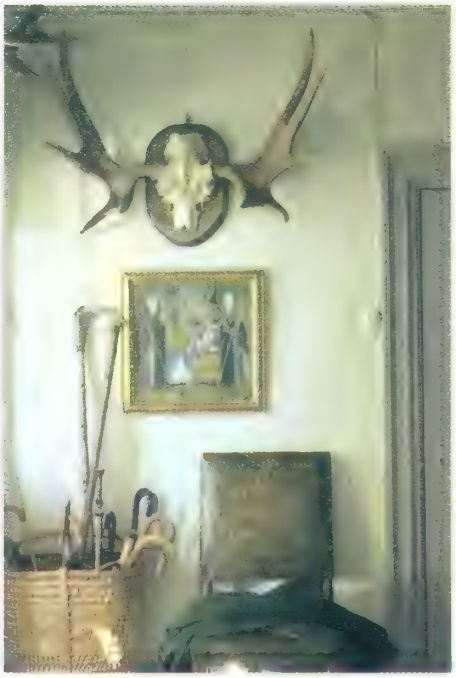


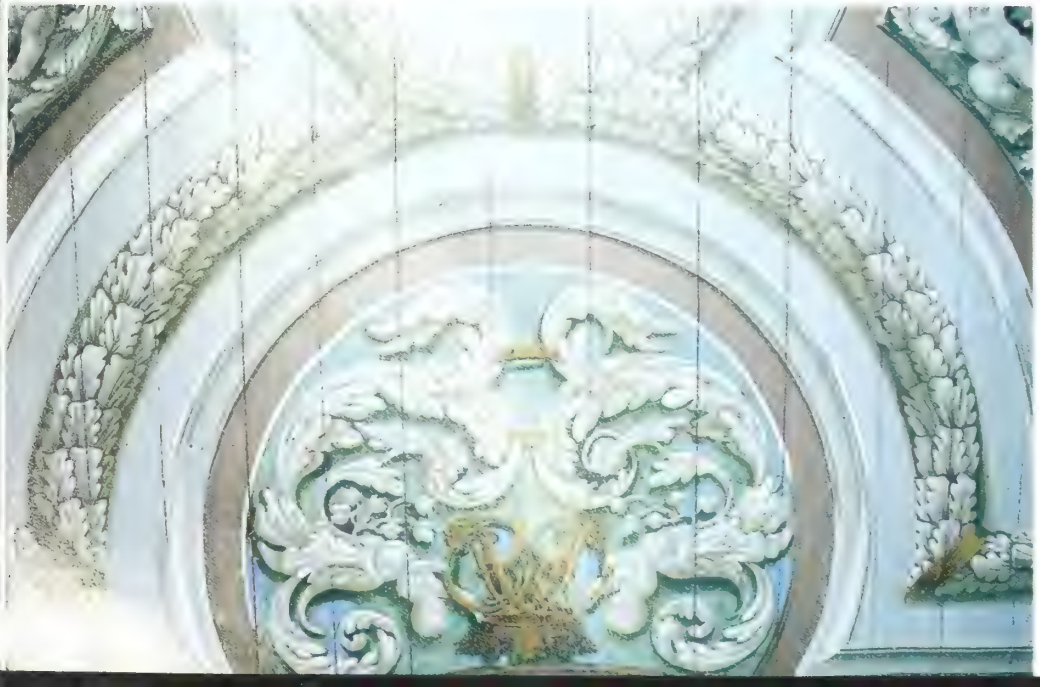
Precious furniture and a tooled Spanish leather chess set, left behind by a forgetful Karl XI, who ruled from 1660 to 1697, are

The front hall, above, with a traditional rag runner handwoven at Biby, is furnished with English and Swedish antiques. The mounted animal heads are a reminder of royal hunts. The golf clubs are used on the estate's own six-hole course. Opposite above: In the *förmak*, the small room leading into the main salon, tea is served beneath portraits of Swedish royalty. Opposite below: A Chinese export bowl and teacups bearing the Celsing coat of arms. Left: A silhouette of a Turkish soldier.









displayed at Biby with a nonchalance that can leave visitors breathless. That the game set once belonged to a Swedish king did nothing to stop Celsing's father, Elof, from using it. As a boy growing up at Biby, Elof von Celsing, watching his grandfather shoot moose every year with Karl XV, became accustomed to royalty.

The Celsings' worshipful appreciation of Biby begins with the fact that it is there at all. "Normally it should have burned down or been done over in another sort of building material," says Inga von Celsing. "There aren't more than twenty red wooden manor houses in all of Sweden from Biby's epoch. There's never been a war fought in Sweden, which is why so much has managed to remain in our houses. The Russians came to Sweden in the early eighteenth century but only along the coast, not inland. We've been very fortunate."

Biby is also distinguished by the novel face it turns to the flat countryside of the province of Svealand. The floor levels of most Swedish manor houses are placed directly atop one another, but the second story at Biby projects slightly out over the first. In 1858 Celsing's great-grandfather, who owned a steel factory, replaced the terracotta tile roof with a metal one. Biby's fir façade is refreshed (and preserved) every ten years with paint that gets its red color from copper.

Inga von Celsing isn't as removed from the running of the estate as her demure character and her husband's bearish presence might suggest. "Being married to Fredrik isn't at all like being married to the president of a company who leaves every day to go to the office," she says. "I'm right in the middle of all the problems, giving advice. We met at agricultural school during the war, you see. When he talks about the farm, I understand."

Just as *(Text continued on page 142)*

Chinese export teacups and a Dutch silver cake knife, top left, are set on Philippine linen. Center left and right: A late 18th century Swedish ormolu clock surrounded by a tole garland; roebuck antlers in the front hall hang above the Celsing coat of arms, c. 1750, and a 16th-century chair in its original leather. Left: The Turkish drawing room's Baroque ceiling celebrates the marriage of one of Biby's first owners.



In the white bedroom Swedish Baroque chairs, a silver-painted vanity mirror, and scrubbed fir floors form an ethereal ensemble. The linen hangings surround a c. 1650 four-poster bed.



There are those who feel that a flight to California is like a tumble down the rabbit hole—when you emerge in Los Angeles, everything is a little distorted. Parking lots, freeways, oranges, houses, rooms, and furniture all seem bigger than life. More surprisingly, the gargantuan effect seems to be working retroactively. Period pieces of Louis XV, Louis XVI, Georgian, and Regency which you would have sworn were the perfect scale for minuscule Manhattan pieds-à-terre have mysteriously become appropriately oversize for vast Hollywood hideaways.

Since this is the West Coast, not Wonderland, there is an explanation. Esteemed decorators and antiques dealers are copying their prize finds in made-for-L.A. proportions. Aside from the size, most of the reproductions are perfectly accurate. If a piece seems to combine different styles, it is often because the original itself was a hybrid. This is not fantasy furniture after all.

Copies today have the stature of antiques, and they are certain to be the collectibles of tomorrow. Every curly carving is crafted by hand, every material the finest. Gilding, for example, is of the 22-kt variety, and the wood ranges from alder to ebony. On these four pages, HG presents some fun fakes with very serious intentions. ♠ *Editor: Joyce MacRae*





Reproductions are often lavishly detailed. Opposite: An 18th-century-style chair with twisted legs and console with interlocking carvings from Formations; silver-gilt gesso mirror from Melrose Place Antiques; sumptuous William Kent–inspired bench by Charles Pollock Reproductions, at Kneedler-Fauchère. Top: Graceful Lord Byron chaise from Rose Tarlow–Melrose House. Above: Console from Dennis & Leen goes for Baroque alongside a more restrained Etruscan chair from Randolph & Hein. Busts and urns from Paul Ferrante. Above right: Ornate George II–style armchair sheathed in 22-kt gold from Waldo's Designs. Hand-carved Umbria console from J. Robert Scott. Details see Resources.

A Really

© BY JOHN RYMAN



Big Show

In Los Angeles, the furniture is larger than life, just like the stars

By DANA COWIN Photographs by DEWEY NICKS









Period pieces have mysteriously become appropriately oversize for vast Hollywood hideaways



PHOTOGRAPHED AT PARAMOUNT PICTURES, HOLLYWOOD

Egyptian-inspired Ramses chair, above, from Rose Tarlow. Right: Saber-legged bench from Formations copies a Regency copy of a Greek klismos. Savoy console from Dennis & Leen accompanied by Dolphin chair from Rose Tarlow. Accessores from Paul Ferrante. Above far left: Gilt Wrightsman I armchair by Erika Brunson, at Randolph & Hein. Above left: Laid-back library chair with serpentine arms and lotus table with toothy crocodile legs by Quatrain, at Randolph & Hein. Regency-style chair from Nancy Corzine. Far left: Fauteuils from Nancy Corzine: a reproduction Louis XVI chair is bracketed by looser interpretations of Louis XVI and Louis XV. Left: Victorian shell chair reproduced by Melrose Place Antiques and Spanish mirror, from Dennis & Leen. Rugs from Lawrence O. Lawrence. Draped fabrics from Christopher Hyland, at George Wallach Antiques. Floral arrangements by Thomas von Covenhoven. Animals from Steve Martin's Working Wildlife.



SHOPPING

Newport News

HG points the way to year-round finds in the Rhode Island resort

By Dana Cowin





Panels from John Jacob Astor's house serve as a backdrop for a chaise at John Gidley House, left. Above: Armchair upholstered with Yippie-Ei-O fabric from Full Swing. Above right: Vases and glasses by American artists line shelves at Tropea-Puerini.

Newport stores attract not only tourists escaping from the beach and art lovers taking a break from the cottages but also people in the know from all over the country. They make the detour off I-195 in search of everything from French country lace to architectural artifacts and handblown glass vases. The shops, though diverse, are unified by the affability of their owners and the quality of the goods. You don't have to be an Astor or a Vanderbilt to feel welcome. The following is HG's selective guide; store hours vary, so call ahead. The area code for all telephone numbers is 401.

RUE DE FRANCE

A child of the Levolor blind generation, American Pamela Kelley had an inspiration while living in Paris. She wanted to import French country lace curtains to the U.S. to soften the edges for those who, like her, grew up with slatted views. Once home, she sent out a black and white sampler to people who answered her small magazine ads. The response was tremendous. In fact, customers were so enamored of her lace that when they were passing through Newport, they would track Kelley down to her kitchen table. She decided to open a store, she says, "in self-defense." Now Kelley has another shop in Boston, and business is booming with 22 patterns, from classic Doves to the more unusual Papillon, made to measure or ready-made, as well as complementary Provençal fabrics, flouncy pillows, and other accessories. (78 Thames St.; 846-2084)



DEVONSHIRE

A piggy in the window pulls in customers at Devonshire, the branch of a garden shop based in Middleburg, Virginia. Although Devonshire has wonderful garden ornaments found in France and England—an old butcher's gate, a nineteenth-century terra-cotta finial, a leaded fountain—the stone pig has distinguished itself as a best-seller in the several months the shop has been open. Thatch-roof birdhouses made of straw and wood by ladies in Devon, England, are also sold here. They make the seemingly superfluous but sound ornithological distinction between a house for a Tiverton tit and a Hennock tit. For those who would like to know more about the difference between these birds and other garden-related facts, Devonshire is equipped with a fully stocked book closet. (302 Thames St.; 846-8210)

JOHN GIDLEY HOUSE

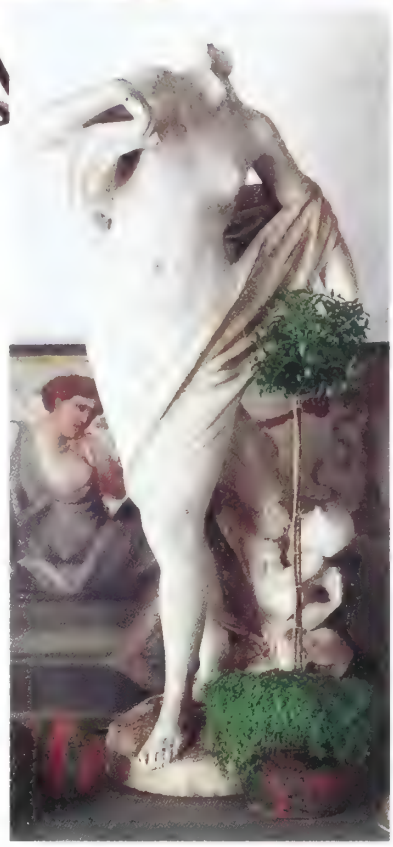
This shop got its start buying from the locals. Twenty years ago, when the Newport mansions were breaking up, owner Carl Ritorno bought oversize European furniture and objects no one else wanted. Although little of the stock is from the neighborhood anymore, ornately carved French panels saved from the John Jacob Astor estate line the walls, and a Russian red brown porphyry ashtray bearing the blue enamel and gold initials of Willie K. Vanderbilt lies on a table. Ritorno is still strong on Continental furniture: an eighteenth-century Venetian settee, an Austrian crystal chandelier, and a set of French country lyre-back chairs dot the shop. He also has a cache of small treasures—two stunning Fabergé eggs, a rock-crystal and enamel Fabergé parasol handle, a silver gilt Nicholas II presentation box studded with the czar's monogram in rubies—and museum pieces he spotted among the bric-a-brac of the Brimfield flea market. (22 Franklin St.; 846-8303)

R. KAZARIAN

The summer finds owner Richard Kazarian in the yard behind his cluttered shop sipping iced coffee and surrounded by clients, friends, and garden accoutrements such as peeling urns, a headless







You don't have to be an Astor or a Vanderbilt to enjoy shopping in Newport

statue, and a nineteenth-century grate converted into a coffee table. The garden pieces exemplify the best of his eclectic selection: they work equally well inside and out and have a strong sculptural integrity. Kazarian, who is a professor of American history at the University of Rhode Island in his "free time," has also begun to reproduce furniture. A Neoclassical metal chair with swans' heads he couldn't bear to part with, for example, is now the prototype for a new line. (35 Franklin St.; 846-3563)

A collage of lyre-back French chairs at John Gidley House, above left. Top: Handblown glass perfume bottles designed by Matthew Buechner at Thames Street Glass House. Bottom: Neoclassical statue at R. Kazarian.

FULL SWING

Michele Mancini is a walking advertisement for her store. She has been known to wear yellow pants made from original fifties Barkcloth fabric and an electric-blue jacket made from new Barkcloth with a retro-cowboy pattern. The vintage fabric, of which there is a diminishing supply, inspired her own line, now available in showrooms throughout the country. The three patterns, Yippie-Ei-O, Carmen Miranda, and Hollywood Plumes, recall the flamboyant designs of the 1940s and '50s. The Barkcloth weave, which hasn't been made in decades, has been resurrected for its texture and durability. Restored furniture from the 1920s to the '50s is upholstered with her fabrics and arranged in vignettes around the room. Says Mancini, "You'll never see big-name designers like Eames and Bertoia here; I like to keep everything affordable." (474 Thames St.; 849-9494)

TROPEA-PUERINI

A painted concrete floor and specially designed metal display cases set the tone for a New York–style shop selling contemporary handmade home accessories. The array of serving pieces, vases, candlesticks, and glassware represents a selection of the work of more than seventy artists cultivated by owner Jan Tropea-Puerini. Although she is in touch with craftsmen all over the country, Tropea-Puerini is developing local resources. A leaning, black-handled pitcher, for example, was executed by a pair from Providence who call themselves Butter & Toast Enterprises. One of her favorite items of the moment is a concrete vase embedded with cracked ceramic by Linda Hosshines which resembles a curvaceous woman with her hands on her hips. (492 Thames St.; 846-3344)

CLASSIC GARDEN

"I'm not like a regular florist," says owner Diane Beaver. "I don't do funerals or wire service or anything like that." The shop, opened the first day of spring this year, looks more like an antiques store than a flower shop. Wicker garden chairs, antique vases, and botanical prints are for sale up front. But there are flowers here—they're in the back where Beaver arranges them with a loose European touch for large parties or for single bouquets. (515 Thames St.; 848-5744)

THAMES STREET GLASS HOUSE

Furnaces glowing orange and men in T-shirts blowing glass are an unexpected sight for window shoppers on historic Thames Street. In fact, when Matthew Buechner and his wife, Adrian, set up their shop and studio, doubting neighbors speculated on how long it would be before these 23-year-old kids would give up and the space would revert to more appropriate uses. Eight years later, Thames Street Glass House has established itself as a special attraction in Newport, a place where people can watch balls of glass twirled into existence, shaped with wet paper, and popped back into the furnace. It has become a nationwide source of sensuous vases emerging from sandblasted bases, Christmas ornaments, gold-leaf folded bowls, and perfume bottles. Matthew Buechner, whose father was president of Steuben Glass in Corning, New York, designs and, with his crew, creates all of the glasswork, and his wife manages the business. (688 Thames St.; 846-0576)

CABBAGES AND KINGS

This Newport institution has stood near the Tennis Hall of Fame on the Casino block for as long as most people can remember. Herend figurines from Budapest, Limoges snuffboxes, Lalique vases, crystal lamps, reproduction furniture, and hand-painted America's Cup commemorative plates and glasses, long found in the cottages on Bellevue Avenue, can often be traced back to the shop. They also carry more plebeian items; as owner Althea Elder says, "We have things that cost from $3 to $3,000." Thus the name Cabbages and Kings. (214 Bellevue Ave.; 847-4650) ▲

SOURCES

FABRICS

Far Out Pavilions

Architect Lance Boge makes a splash with the best in cabanas
By Dana Cowin



Dining pavilion, right and below, lined with Lemans from Hines & Co. Flags from Henry Cassen, at Decorators Walk, and Brunschwig fly above. Folding chairs and hurricane lamps from Syllian Collection; German bar glasses, flatware from Barneys New York. Crystal from Baccarat. Silver salt and pepper shakers, napkin rings from Tiffany. On Syllian tray, napkins, glasses, ice bucket from Bergdorf Goodman. Details see Resources.





Waverly fabric, left, hand-painted by Lance Boge, offers refuge at the beach. Big balls from Childcraft.

The seaside equivalents of garden follies, these fabrications of Lance Boge promise privacy and romance on the beach. During the day, shelters created from poles slipcovered simply with hand-painted brightly colored material provide a magical place to hide from the sun. A pavilion worthy of Jay Gatsby can be raised from cheesecloth and flowing striped panels as, in F. Scott Fitzgerald's words, "the earth lurches away from the sun, and now the orchestra is playing yellow cocktail music." After passing between the flaming torches posted at the door, time and place are forgotten. As the night air sifts in and out, guests can swoon in the tent, pulled up close to a table set for an intimate yet casual dinner. ♠

Editors: Catharine Sills and Anne Fowler



A reversible cabana, right, hung outside with Kalliomaa from Marimekko and inside with hand-painted fabric by Molly Corbett. In the background, Marimekko's Paju, a lemon Mainsail fabric from Waverly. Butterfly chairs from Crate & Barrel.

Venturi to Order

(Continued from page 108) Entering the house, you step onto a floor of inlaid marble surrounded by a trio of fat Tuscan columns that irregularly define a four-sided foyer without walls. The columns are executed in mahogany, and you would be tempted to say that these dark heavy forms are out of place here if the columns didn't seem to say it first themselves. A fourth column would kill the joke, but as three members of an implied quartet, the columns give the sense that the pompous notion of a half-acre "estate" is already dissolving into tropical languor.

That sense of play permeates the whole house. It is evident, for instance, in the way the living room ceiling chops the top off the ornamental molding that rises from either side of the fireplace below; the quirky little niches in the bedrooms, precisely calculated accidents that suggest the renovation efforts of a weekend carpenter who misjudged the alignment of wall with window; the slope of walls dictated by charm, not by the slant of the roof above; columns outside the house that change from round to square as you walk past them; the proportions of the garden wall, like something molded by children from sand. These elements add up to that form of borderline eccentricity known as character. Even unfurnished, the house has none of the booming hollowness of speculative housing. It's already almost home.

Although the Signature Series might seem a natural move for these architects, whose work has often blurred the line between high art and popular culture, surprisingly it is a move Venturi resisted at first. How come? "Because," he says, "it's unusual for—I guess I have to call it—a 'high art' firm like ourselves to give up that degree of control over a project. We're used to supervising every detail of a building and working with a client over a period of time. That isn't possible in this kind of work."

Design control is not the only issue raised by this project. A note of discomfort creeps into Venturi's voice when he speaks of himself as a "high artist," as though it had forced a shift in his allegiance from populist to mandarin. It's ironic that this enterprise—the first to involve him fully in the pop landscape of consumer marketing—does not blur but actually sharpens his identity as a member of the architectural elite.

Yet it's possible that in today's world there is no real contradiction between pop culture and the elite. The relationship between high and low art has been shifting for some time, and Venturi's work has been instrumental in bringing about that shift. Moreover, there's arguably no strain of pop culture hardier than its lust for the status of designer labels. In this sense, a Robert Venturi Signature house is scarcely more elitist than Calvin Klein jeans or Vidal Sassoon shampoo. Except, of course, that it happens to be a pearl of great price. ▲

Editor: Carolyn Sollis

Prairie in Flower

(Continued from page 74) none in the Midwest. Ragdale seemed an ideal place for one." It was a natural development for a house that had a long history of providing shelter for artists. Besides Shaw himself and Sylvia Shaw Judson, another daughter, Evelyn, had married the noted cartoonist John T. McCutcheon and Shaw's youngest daughter, Frances, had been a well-known weaver. In addition, close family ties to *Poetry* magazine had brought Sandburg and Vachel Lindsay and even William Butler Yeats to Ragdale. And then, of course, Ryerson still writes there. In 1976 the Ragdale Foundation was born with four artists in residence. Now it is possible to provide studios and living quarters for twelve writers and painters on the estate at one time. Recent Ragdale residents have come from as far away as Hong Kong and Uganda.

The estate is also listed on the National Register of Historic Places. The prairie is jointly owned by the Nature Conservancy and the Lake Forest Open Lands Association and maintained by the association. The house and three acres immediately surrounding it (including a small formal garden with a dovecote designed by Shaw) are now the property of the city of Lake Forest. "All the owners take very good care of the place," Ryerson says with a smile.

Ragdale is always magical, always beautiful: in early spring with blue and white violets beneath the black locust trees, in high summer when the sunflowers resemble Indian braves in warbonnets, in autumn when the goldenrod washes across the prairie like ocher paint, even in the dead of winter when the tall grasses glazed with ice shimmer like Venetian glass. Yet perhaps the most magical moment at Ragdale is that October night each year when tree limbs and underbrush gathered over the past twelve months are burned in a spectacular bonfire. As the flames leap high into the autumn sky a piper plays old Scottish airs. It is a tradition begun more than eighty years ago by Howard Van Doren Shaw himself, a fitting celebration of art and nature perennially renewed. ▲

Editor: Senga Mortimer

Custom of the Country

(Continued from page 121) has a "very undesigned feel," according to Diamond. "It looks as though the tub has always been there." Which, of course, was not the case. In their quest for dramatic height, the designers tore out an upstairs sleeping loft, encased the walls and ceiling in wood, and cut new windows, which they outfitted with Caribbean-inspired broad-louvered shutters. Swinging doors, carved to look like horse stalls, shield the two basins. The thick wooden countertop surrounding the basins was coated again and again with glossy lacquer—"as you would on a boat."

Further examples of Diamond and Baratta's decorative ingenuity appear throughout the house. They had tin and brass gas lamps wired for electricity in the dining room. An enameled tin graniteware coffeepot was capped with a lampshade papered in a tiny red and white gingham that looks as though it might have been clipped off a child's apron. Alternatives to the standard coffee table include a garden bench—built by estate carpenters at Chatsworth in England—and a painted Scandinavian chest. The scalloped lip of a rickety old butcher-block table so inspired Diamond that he had it restored and topped with a thick slab of white marble for use as a bedside table. In the library a vast pine cupboard was dressed up with curtains and cut down slightly to fit against one wall. "Everybody, including Tony, thought I was crazy when I tried to adapt this piece to the house," says Diamond. "But, like everything else we brought in, it really adds character and a sense of integrity to the room."

As Diamond and Baratta's clients have happily learned, combining crafts and antiques doesn't have to result in something predictably traditional. In the hands of these inventive designers, the experimental rediscovery of the past is a continuing adventure. ▲

Editor: Carolyn Sollis

Anglophile

(Continued from page 89) "Look at this," she says, inspecting an early nineteenth century English banquet table in the dining room. "It has hunks out and hunks put in." As for an American sideboard nearby, one entire leg is missing. No matter. "It fell off, and I never got around to sticking it back on," she says.

Another part of the blend is painted antique furniture, such as a favorite gilded Italian table in the living room she describes as a "gooey gold and cream." Many of the upholstered pieces were bought at neighborhood yard sales and then slipcovered, and each one seems to have a story. "This is Mrs. Walker's sofa," Suzanne begins. "This is Dr. Walker's chair, the most comfortable club chair. This chair is the June Street chair because I bought it at a sale on June Street for five dollars."

To be sure, the antiques also come with a narrative, since the couple acquired a bounty of antiques from their families: at one time, Suzanne's mother owned an antiques shop in New Orleans, and Frederic's mother was an inveterate collector. The nineteenth-century English copies of Chinese wallpaper panels were rescued from Frederic's family dining room in Manhattan.

Having worked for several years as a decorator, last year Rheinstein opened Hollyhock on Larchmont Boulevard, the single commercial street in her neighborhood, which one could say is to nearby Melrose Avenue what Gershwin is to Guns N' Roses. Down the street is a greengrocer who still shells peas, a butcher who knows everyone's name, and a cobbler who resoles Belgian loafers.

Joining forces with her husband, her brother, L.A. architect Odom Stamps, who installed Classical architectural details, and his wife, Kate, Rheinstein set about re-creating the feeling of her house in her shop. The warm colored walls are identical. Favorite treasures, such as nineteenth-century English botanical paintings, paisley pillows, and japanned and painted antiques, also echo her choices at home.

And if the upholstered pieces look familiar, it's because Rheinstein copied Dr. and Mrs. Walker's furniture as well as the five-dollar chair she bought on June Street. ▲

Editor: Joyce MacRae

Capital Venture

(Continued from page 81) decorators find it easier to adapt when it does.

"If you want to move on to another house and it suits you, you might have to get rid of things. A lot of people want to have too many carryovers." Still, he admits, there were things he refused to give up: certain paintings and books. "Some things are important," he concedes. "But most furniture and pictures and objects can go. They can always make someone else happy."

Some of his new possessions help link the house's smallish rooms together. In the living room and entrance hall are seventeenth-century Italian and Dutch architectural paintings. Upstairs, both the master bedroom and bath feature equestrian art. And the sisal flooring is everywhere.

Parts of the house, though, are perfect as they were. "A friend and client came by the day I was moving in," the decorator remembers. "I hung a picture above the fireplace. 'Aren't you going to adjust the hook?' she asked. And I said no, it was exactly where it should be."

Childs believes that a good room doesn't scream at you to look at it. "You also should be able to find different things to look at. As with a person, you shouldn't know everything at once. Rooms that are not successful, you know everything about within five minutes. That's also true of some people. You never need to see them again. You should be able to discover nuances over a period of time." ▲ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*

Swedish Fantasies

(Continued from page 132) there are no extra bodies making table linen at Biby today, there is also no cook. When Fredrik von Celsing comes in from the fields at lunchtime, it is to a meal prepared by his wife and set in a tiny corner of the immense dining room. Typically, a first course of *herrgards* and *svecia* (two cow's milk cheeses) is followed by *Wallenbergare* (small fried patties of ground meat, cream, and egg yolk), lingonberry relish, a simple salad, Portuguese white wine, cinnamon cake, and homemade ginger cookies slathered with sweet butter. When the couple's four children and seven grandchildren visit, the locale shifts to the Turkish drawing room. Inga von Celsing says its sprawling sofas and giddy atmosphere make the ideal stage set for parties.

The Biby collection of 102 Turkish-motif paintings is the most important in the world, rivaled only by a series of sixty works commissioned by the eighteenth-century Dutch ambassador to Turkey and housed today in a private part of Amsterdam's Rijksmuseum. In amassing their canvases of Constantinople and Ottoman dignitaries, Celsing says his ancestors were in fact following the example of their Dutch contemporary.

Although the avenues were open, a diplomatic career for Fredrik von Celsing himself has always been out of the question. "No time," he says sharply. "Who would have looked after the farm?" Biby may have never functioned on the sumptuous scale Vita Sackville-West knew at Knole, but it did enjoy the same sort of independence. The captain in any case has no particular longing for that lost era. "Today at Biby," he says with a tonic lack of nostalgia, "I know every tree, every stone, every step I take." ▲

Editor: Deborah Webster

Once upon a Time

(Continued from page 112) the red chair, Eleonora the yellow one—as well as their own set of Peter Rabbit china, [illegible] the real grown-ups aren't allowed to use unless they're invited.

Another option is their own room, which is painted to look like a jungle in Brazil but which looks more like the stuffed-animal department at FAO Schwarz. Sometimes, when Eleonora and Tathiana are feeling mischievous, they hide under their beds so Francesca can't find them. Other times, when they're feeling romantic, they retreat to their parents' silver room with the giant yellow-skirted bed and play Sleeping Beauty. Tathiana likes to take the lead, which leaves Eleonora with the role of Prince Charming.

Once in a while, amid the squeals and giggles, the piercing sound of a porcelain plate smashing can be heard. But no one gets too excited about it. Stuff gets broken. It just happens. After all, you're only young once. ▲ *Editor: Martha Baker*

Inside Newport

(Continued from page 66) got to do it up right. Actually, newcomers are the best thing that could happen to the old cottages they now spend fortunes fixing up. Glenn Randall, an international art dealer from Washington, D.C., has just bought the von Bülow's Clarendon Court for more than $4 million, and he's filling it with fine eighteenth-century English and French pieces. The John Masheks of Dallas (oil and gas) bought Mrs. Robert Young's huge house, Fairholme, about four years ago. Chan Mashek used Palm Beach decorator John Hulse, and Mark Hampton is doing her new winter house in Palm Beach.

What is it about Newport that draws people there today? What is the appeal of this town that has lost the Four Hundred and the America's Cup and turned itself into an overcrowded tourist mecca every summer, with bumper-to-bumper traffic from one end of Bellevue Avenue to the other? For James Gubelmann, who came to Newport as an alternate crew member on the *Constellation* in the 1964 America's Cup race, the lure is sailing: "Newport's got perfect wind conditions. There's nothing like it anywhere else on the East Coast." A few years ago he bought a 1970s stucco house with a stubby mansard roof on the Arthur Curtiss James estate and turned it into a Shingle Style chalet.

Others are drawn by the sense of history that permeates the place—by the many towns-within-the-town that Thornton Wilder wrote about in *Theophilus North* (Newport has always been much more than a resort). And there is the aura of exclusivity that challenges and fascinates people even today, the myth that if you can make it in Newport, you've really arrived. Newport long ago ceased to be the pinnacle of America's high society. If you want to be annointed as a social hostess or a media queen, you don't live there. But some Newporters still believe in the illusion of their social superiority, and in this miniature haven, belief is everything. I have sometimes felt that Newporters live in a time warp, a cozy pocket of attitudes that disappeared some forty years ago in other parts of the country. This has its advantages, of course. Newport is one of the last outposts of good manners, of real consideration for one's neighbor. The quickest way to be blackballed there is to be unkind to the help.

No, the grandeur of social Newport is part of its history, not its living present. In the social sense, today's Newport is more like the older Newport of Edith Wharton without the literary overtones; it is conservative, quiet, and agreeably dull. There is the Newport Music Festival, two weeks of classical concerts in the cottages every summer, and the Newport Jazz Festival has been tamed and no longer attracts hordes of rowdy outsiders. The Casino, once the capital of America's amateur tennis, now has only a few minor tournaments on its grass courts, along with the Tennis Hall of Fame. It also has serious croquet; mallets are imported from England, and everybody dresses in white.

The only true exclusivity left in Newport rests with the clubs, which still exist in something like their former glory. Newport swells dressed in navy blazers with club insignia still dominate the boards. There's the Reading Room, one of the oldest men's club in America, which now has a disco night every Labor Day weekend. There is also the Clambake Club, with trapshooting, second-rate food, and the best natural setting I've ever seen (the dining room is right on the ocean); the Ida Lewis Yacht Club; the Newport Country Club; the Casino; and, most exclusively, The Beach. To be a member of The Beach is the ultimate acceptance. In spite of the Olympic-size heated saltwater pool installed in 1959, The Beach remains the purest expression of what old Newport holds dear. It is comfortable. It is protected, small-scale, self-contained. No big waves but a ceaseless undertow of gossip. The sand is incredibly fine and smooth and gray. Each of the cabanas—89 facing the ocean and 26 around the pool—is painted (mint, peach, yellow, blue, pink) and decorated according to the owner's taste. There is a waiting list for the cabanas, of course. The Beach, all too clearly, is Us, with an invisible bulwark against Them.

What pulls me back to Newport time and again is not some illusion of tribal superiority, however. It is the geography of the place. Ocean vistas, rocky cliffs, the smell of the sea, the bracing breeze off the water, blue hydrangeas, the romantic early-morning fog that dissolves the outlines of the overly assertive houses, the sense of being on an island, which it still is, in spite of the bridge to Jamestown that replaced the ferry in 1969. Henry James, though appalled by the vulgar display he saw here in 1905, could still praise Newport nostalgically in *The American Scene* as "this miniature spot of earth, where the sea-nymphs on the curved sands . . . might have chanted back to the shepherds." He was right. It is both an intimate landscape and a mannered tableau, a scene idyllic and preposterous all at once. I keep coming back, and I can't imagine staying. The trouble with Newport is that it spoils you for every other place, including Newport. ▲



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DESIGN
Pages 28, 30 Anne Gordon's work, $300–$2,000, through Alexandra Stoddard, NYC (212) 490-1940; at Charlotte Moss & Co., NYC (212) 772-3320; Mrs. Monro, London 589-5052; Monro Heywood Antiques, London 351-1477. Contact Clare Potter at Box 624, Locust Valley, NY 11560.

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Page 50 Tole objects available from: Bardith I, 1015 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021 (212) 737-6699; Yale R. Burge, 305 East 63 St., New York, NY 10021 (212) 838-4005; Cherchez, 862 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10021 (212) 737-8215; Creekside Antiques, 241 Sir Francis Drake Ave., San Anselmo, CA 94960 (415) 457-1266; Florence de Dampierre, 16 East 78 St., New York, NY 10021 (212) 734-6764; G. R. Durenberger, Antiquarian, 31531 Camino Capistrano St., San Juan Capistrano, CA 92675 (714) 493-1283; Georgian Manor Antiques, 305 East 61 St., New York, NY 10021 (212) 593-2520; Herrup & Wolfner, 12 East 86 St., New York, NY 10028 (212) 737-9051; Kentshire Galleries, 37 East 12 St., New York, NY 10003 (212) 673-6644; Kogan & Co., 30 East 67 St., New York, NY 10021 (212) 288-8523; Lenox Court Antiques, 972 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10021 (212) 772-2460, Marston Luce, 1314 21 St., NW, Washington, D.C. 20036 (202) 775-9460; J. Garvin Mecking, 72 East 11 St., New York, NY 10003 (212) 677-4316; Newel Art Galleries, 425 East 53 St., New York, NY 10022 (212) 758-1970; Florian Papp, 962 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021 (212) 288-6770, Pierre Deux Antiques, 369 Bleecker St., New York, NY 10014 (212) 243-7740; Florence Sack, 813 Broadway, New York, NY 10003 (212) 777-2967; A. Smith Antiques, 235 East 60 St., New York, NY 1002[illegible] (212) 838-8050; Thomas-Matthews, 4233-D Howard Ave., Kensington, MD 20895 (301) 562-4871, Vern[illegible] & Jussel, 817 Madison Ave., New York, NY 100[illegible] (212) 879-3344; Don Walters, 1 Amber Lane, [illegible]thampton, MA 01060 (413) 586-3909.

CAPITAL VENTURE
Page 76 Linen/rayon/cotton (#3983) on walls and shades, 54" wide, $35 yd, to the trade at Henry Calvin Fabrics, NYC, San Francisco; Bob Collins, Atlanta, Miami, Philadelphia; Devon Services, Boston; Designers Choice, Chicago; Jim Barrett, Dallas; Fibre Gallery, Honolulu; Keith H. McCoy & Assoc., Los Angeles; Stephen E. Earls, Portland, Seattle. Braswell Cloth cotton/linen on sofa, 52" wide, $72 yd, to the trade at Hinson & Co., NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles; Jerry Pair & Assocs., Atlanta, Dania; Devon Services, Boston; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Regency House, Denver, San Francisco; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Brandt's, Phoenix; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Sueded buffalo hide on desk chairs, to the trade at Teddy & Arthur Edelman, for nearest showroom call (203) 426-3611. **77** Chairs (#T7), $535 ea, table (#T4CR), $486, at John Good Imports, Los Angeles (213) 655-6484. **78–79** Carsten Check cotton, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Shan silk, 40" wide, $100 yd, to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C.; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland; Zelsing, Troy. Custom wallpaper, at Cole & Son, London 580-1066. Bedford cotton taffeta, 54" wide, $41 yd, to the trade at Henry Calvin Fabrics (see above). **80–81** Leopardo silk velvet, 51" wide, $714 yd, to the trade at Old World Weavers, NYC; Walls Unlimited, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Gerald Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Shears & Window, Denver, San Francisco; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; McQuiston-Riggs, Seattle; Trade Wings, Washington, D.C. Fleurs Indiennes cotton/linen, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above).

LOS ANGLOPHILE
Pages 84–85 Similar 18th-century Italian gilt table, at G. R. Durenberger, Antiquarian, San Juan Capistrano (714) 493-1283. Faux silk cachepots, $475 ea, at Hollyhock, Los Angeles (213) 931-3400. Begonia chintz, 48" wide, $58 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 23). **86** Ceramic fruits/vegetables, $35–$650, botanical watercolors, from a collection, at Hollyhock (see above). Chinoiserie cachepot on chest, $780, at Hollyhock (see above). Tole Directoire lamp, from G. R. Durenberger, Antiquarian (see above). **88–89** Fuchsia chintz by Colefax & Fowler, 48" wide, $105 yd, Glenalmond cotton lining, 54" wide, $22.50 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 23). Silent Companion table near bed, $795, botanical watercolors, from a collection, at Hollyhock (see above).

PARLOR GAME
Pages 92–93 Steel table, adapted by Joe D'Urso from a Shelton Mindel design, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, NYC; Jerry Pair & Assocs., Atlanta, Dania; Ostrer House, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Ellen Aronis Heard, Kensington; Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles, San Francisco. **95** Sarah sofa, $1,500 COM, at Yves Halard, Paris 42-22-60-50. Floor lamp base (#BB3), $220, shade (#55DD), $116, by Isamu Noguchi, from Akari-Gemini, for nearest store call (805) 966-9557. Architect's lamp with green shade (#612G), $395, to the trade at Harry Gitlin, NYC (212) 243-1080. **96–97** Antique American bed, from G. K. S. Bush, Washington, D.C. (202) 965-0653. Iron bed, approx $1,200, from Hob Nail Antiques, Pawling (914) 855-1623. White cabled cashmere throw, $1,145, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection, at Bloomingdale's; Neiman Marcus; Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Boston, Chicago, Costa Mesa, Dallas, Denver, Palm Beach; Polo Ralph Lauren Home Collection, Palo Alto. Berenice aluminum reading lamps, $390 ea, at Artemide, for nearest dealer call (800) 326-8200, in NY (718) 786-8528

HOLLYWOOD HOMESTEAD
Pages 98–99 Table, from a collection, at Indigo Seas, Los Angeles (213) 550-8758. **100** Table, $850, from a collection, to the trade at Richard Mulligan, Los Angeles (213) 653-0204. Ophelia chintz on pillows, 49" wide, $54 yd, to the trade at Rose Cumming, for nearest showroom call (212) 758-0844. **102** William tank suit, $64, at Norma Kamali, NYC (212) 957-9797. Sunglasses (#053), $120, at Alain Mikli Boutique, NYC; Optica Chicago, Chicago; Optical Designs, Santa Monica; City Optix, San Francisco.

VENTURI TO ORDER
Page 107 Malmaison metal settee, $1,900, armchair, $930, stool, $580, tray on stool, $300, from Syllian Collection, to the trade at Bill Nessen, Dania (305) 925-0606. **108** Queen-size iron bed (#2922-05), $5,238, Tuscan-finished tables (#5660), $1,160 ea, bench (#257) in rayon/cotton (#20-124), $2,793, by Baker Furniture. Porthault, from Mary Mahoney, Palm Beach (407) 655-8288. Indian cotton throw, $55, bamboo tray, $40, at Jack Davidson, Palm Beach (407) 655-0906. Venturi bentwood laminate table, $9,175, yellow chair, $1,204, maple chair, $1,494, to the trade through KnollStudio, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, Phoenix, St. Louis, San Francisco, Washington, D.C. **109** Console with travertine top (#5665 with finish #212), $2,935, sofa (#675-89) in cotton (#50-158), $5,700, armchair (#216) in cotton (#50-158), $2,675, armless chairs (#270) in silk/cotton (#17-100), $1,233 ea, armchair (#217) in leather (#G-931), $3,263, Tuscan-finished side table (#5609), $1,145, by Baker Furniture. Tortoise urn (#209-7863), $410, to the trade at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Dania (305) 920-4565. Lacquer tray, $175, at Jack Davidson (see above). Paintings by Cleve Gray, $4,500, and Friedl Dzubus, $27,000, at Irving Galleries, Palm Beach (407) 659-6221. In kitchen, appliances by KitchenAid.

ONCE UPON A TIME
Page 112 Leopard velvet, 54" wide, $70 yd, to the trade at Craig Fabrics, for nearest showroom call (212) 371-0827. **113** Concrete pedestal, antique lacquer tables, to the trade at John Rosselli, NYC (212) 772-2137. Iron side table, by Ronaldo Maia, $525, at Casa Maia, NYC (212) 534-3615. Wright sofa, to the trade at Guild Furniture, NYC (212) 627-1850. Zebra Damask ramie/viscose/silk, 51" wide, $90 yd, Lampas Ferrare brocade on pillow, 51" wide, $240 yd, Armure Luberon viscose/cotton on side chairs, 55" wide, $52.50 yd, Moiré Roxane viscose/cotton on table, 50" wide, $58.50 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 23). **114** Scheherazade chintz on sofa, 51" wide, $36 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 23). Black/gold lace top with sequined skirt on chair, by Suzana Monacella, at Jimmys, NYC; Fred Hayman, Beverly Hills; Ultimo, Chicago; Stanley Korshak, Dallas.

CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY
Pages 116–21 Contemporary quilts and quilting, by Sara Bruce, South Salem (914) 763-8019. **116–17** Ludwig cotton, to the trade at Kravet Fabrics, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, for other showrooms call (800) 645-9068. Quilts over railings, from a collection, at American Hurrah, NYC (212) 535-1930. Creamware jug, Staffordshire mug, from Ages Past Antiques, NYC (212) 628-0725. **120–21** Marseilles cotton bedspread, $350, king, at Pierre Deux, NYC, for other dealers call (800) 221-4080. Braided Early American carpet (custom colors), $19.35 sq ft, to the trade at Stark Carpet, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Gregory Alonso, Cleve-

land; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco; Dean-Warren, Phoenix; Designers Showroom, Seattle. New Antrim Stripe linen/cotton, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pgs 78–79). Wool canvas, by Glant Textiles, 52" wide, $66 yd, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, for nearest dealer call (206) 628-6235. Italian Countryside paper-backed cotton, to the trade at Scalamandré, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington D.C.; JEH/Denver, Denver; Fee-McClaran, Honolulu; Gene Smiley, Minneapolis; S. C. Smith, Phoenix; James Goldman & Assocs., Seattle.

SEAWORTHY STYLE

Page 123 New Antrim Stripe (see above for pgs 120–21). Jules cotton, 57" wide, $66 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 23). Custom-monogrammed porcelain, from Richard Ginori, NYC (212) 213-6884.

A REALLY BIG SHOW

Page 134 Lord Byron chaise, $6,300 COM, to the trade at Rose Tarlow–Melrose House, Los Angeles; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Gerald Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco; Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles; Luten Clarey Stern, NYC. Spanish console, $4,800, to the trade at Dennis & Leen, Los Angeles; Jerry Pair & Assocs., Atlanta, Dania; Holly Hunt, Chicago; Gerald Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco. Etruscan chair, $2,667 COM, to the trade at Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; George & Frances Davison, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Troy; Gerald Hargett, Dallas; Todd Wiggins, Fort Lauderdale, Miami; Luten Clarey Stern, NYC; Matches, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; James Goldman & Assocs., Seattle. Busts, $9,600 pr, urns, $9,300 pr, at Paul Ferrante, Los Angeles (213) 653-4142. Larger Kazak rug, $970, Baluch rug, $670, at Lawrence O. Lawrence, Los Angeles (213) 854-5605. Hilliard silk, 50" wide, $247.50 yd, at George Wallach Antiques, Los Angeles; Christopher Hyland (see above for pg 23). George II–style armchair, $7,200 COM, to the trade at Waldo's Designs, Los Angeles (213) 278-1803. Umbria console, to the trade at J. Robert Scott, Los Angeles, Laguna Niguel; Holly Hunt, Chicago; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Luten Clarey Stern, NYC; Shears & Window, San Francisco. Hyland Gothic silk, 50" wide, $247 yd, at George Wallach (see above). Persian rug, $2,400, at Lawrence O. Lawrence (see above). **135** Italian armchair, $2,535 COM, Trianon console, $7,500, to the trade at Formations, Los Angeles; Jerry Pair & Assocs., Atlanta, Dania; Holly Hunt, Chicago; Gerald Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco. Star mirror, $13,500, at Melrose Place Antiques, Los Angeles (213) 274-0907. William Kent–style bench, by Charles Pollock Reproductions, $2,085 COM, to the trade at Kneedler-Fauchère, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Kirk-Brummel, Miami, Washington, D.C.; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle. **136** Wrightsman I armchair, by Erika Brunson, $4,110 COM, to the trade at Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Gerald Hargett, Dallas. Serpent chair, by Quatrain, $7,845, in Randolph & Hein silk, Crocodile-Lotus table, by Quatrain, $6,300, to the trade at Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles, San Francisco. Regency-style armchair, $2,040 COM, to the trade at Nancy Corzine, Los Angeles (213) 276-0291. Windsor Tapestry cotton/rayon, 50" wide, $249 yd, at George Wallach (see above). Louis XVI–style Ribbon Salon chair, $2,590, Louis XVI–style Fontainebleau Salon chair, $2,845, Louis XV–style chair, $2,160, all in Nancy Corzine Thai silk, to the trade at Nancy Corzine (see above). Shell chair, $2,400 COM, at Melrose Place Antiques (see above). Spanish mirror, $5,400, to the trade at Dennis & Leen (see above). **137** Ramses chair, $4,200 COM, to the trade at Rose Tarlow–Melrose House (see above). Small Roman Heads cotton, 48" wide, $58.50 yd, at George Wallach (see above). Saber Leg bench, $1,215, to the trade at Formations (see above). Savoy console, $5,800, to the trade at $5,700 COM, to the trade at Rose Tarlow–Melrose House (see above). Candlesticks, $3,600 pr, columnar, $3,900 pr, faience urn, $2,700, floor lamp, $2,700, at Paul Ferrante (see above).

FABRICS

Page 140 Mainsail Dralon, 54" wide, $24.50 yd, at Waverly, for nearest showroom call (800) 423-5881. Butterfly chair frame, $24.95, cover, $19.95, at Crate & Barrel (800) 323-5461. Activity balls (4 sizes), $15.95 16", to $37.95 37", at Childcraft (800) 367-3255. Lemans cotton, 54" wide, $42 yd, to the trade at Hines & Co., NYC, Chicago; Marion Kent, Atlanta, High Point, Washington, D.C.; Shecter-Martin, Boston; DeCioccio, Cincinnati; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Jerry Pair & Assocs., Dania; Kneedler-Fauchère, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Stephen E. Earls, Portland, Seattle; Campbell-Louis, Troy. Cheesecloth, 36" wide, $2.75 yd, at Circle Fabrics, NYC (212) 719-5153. Linen scrim for flags (#HC79151), 50" wide, $12.85 yd, to the trade at Decorators Walk (see above for pg 23). Other flags, New Antrim Stripe (see above for pgs 120–21). Monet iron chairs, $700 ea, to the trade at Syllian Collection, NYC (212) 988-7930. Silver salt and pepper sets (#231-53), $130, napkin rings (#231-44), $110, Elsa Peretti glasses (#254-11), $18 ea, at Tiffany & Co., NYC (212) 755-8000. Stool with tray, $445, hurricane lamps, $150 ea, to the trade at Syllian Collection (see above). Perfection wineglasses, $52 ea, champagne flutes, $52 ea, at Baccarat, NYC (212) 696-1440. Hand-painted French geometric top plate, $48, underplate, $65, by Laura Japy, German bar glasses, $85 ea, Siècle plastic and stainless-steel flatware, at Barneys New York (212) 929-9000. Liz Wain napkins, cocktail $7 ea, luncheon $22 ea, Ricci silver-plated ice bucket, $180, blue/clear and yellow/clear glasses, $85 ea, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC (212) 753-7300. Kalliomaa cotton exterior, 55" wide, $24 yd, at Marimekko, NYC (212) 581-9616. Caribbean Dream, by Molly Corbett, 54" wide, to the trade at Walters Wicker, NYC (212) 832-1810, or call for nearest showroom (415) 771-2988. Fence of Paju cotton, 55" wide, $24 yd, at Marimekko (see above).

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Gandee AT LARGE

"I'm not pushy," said bicoastal real estate agent Linda Stein. "I'm wildly enthusiastic"

If I had $500,000 and I told you I wanted to live on Central Park West, what would you tell me?" I asked real estate agent Linda Stein. "I'd tell you to take drugs because you're on a trip west," she said. "To West End Avenue. It's over, $500,000 on Central Park West—forget it. But I'm sure if you had $500,000, we could have a nice afternoon. We might even have a nice weekend."

In truth, if I had a mere $500,000 to spend on a New York City apartment, Linda Stein wouldn't even pencil me into her Filofax. Nor would she send me caviar or cashmere, buy me lunch at Le Cirque or La Grenouille, or squire me around town in her chauffeur-driven BMW 528e, letting me talk on her cellular telephone for as long as I wanted. Instead, she would "refer" me to a colleague. Why? Because Linda Stein doesn't handle such modestly priced apartments. Her bottom-of-the-barrel property these days is what she calls a "Classic Six." Which is? "A not-so-large apartment with a living room, dining room, two bedrooms, and a maid's room." And just what does a Classic Six in Manhattan run a guy these days? "It could be $2 million on Central Park West," said Stein. "About $4 million in a wonderful building on Fifth Avenue. And I might be able to find you one for $900,000 on Upper [emphasis on the Upper] Park Avenue—provided it's not in great condition."

Such stratospheric statistics are commonplace to Stein, who has been dubbed the Realtor to the Stars owing to her roster of high-rolling celebrity clients. Over the past four years she has sold Andrew Lloyd Webber a $5.5 million duplex in Trump Tower; sold Billy Joel and Christie Brinkley two nine-room apartments overlooking Central Park, which they converted to a duplex; resold that same duplex to Sting; sold *Rolling Stone* publisher Jann Wenner the late Perry Ellis's Upper West Side town house; sold Steve Martin and Victoria Tennant a pied-à-terre on Central Park West—and yes, Stein is the one who finally found Madonna an apartment in Manhattan. In honor of such high-profile "deals," Stein also allegedly served as the model for the shrill real estate agent in Oliver Stone's film *Wall Street*. "It's not true," says Stein. "That wasn't me. For one thing, she wasn't wearing Chanel."

Although Stein seems to bask in her quasi-celebrityhood, "excruciating" is the word she chooses to describe her profession. "Everybody hates real estate agents," she explains, "because they're supposed to be pushy." "Are you pushy?" I felt compelled to ask. "No," she said. "I am enthusiastic—wildly enthusiastic. Most of my clients have earned their money, and if they're smart enough to have earned enough money to buy these kinds of properties, then they're smart enough to see what they're looking at. You can't push something down somebody's throat. That's stupid."

Another thorn in Stein's professional side are New York co-op boards—those fierce defenders of "better buildings" who screen their potential neighbors very carefully. "They don't like people who get a lot of publicity," explains Stein, whose specialty, of course, is people who get a lot of publicity. "But what boards have to understand," adds a clearly rankled Stein, "is that if you earn your living entertaining hundreds of thousands of people, maybe you want to be alone at home."

I asked Stein if there was anything particularly wonderful she had to offer this month, and she gave me the tantalizing rundown on her current favorite property, a two-bedroom apartment at the Dakota—home to Yoko Ono, Lauren Bacall, and Leonard Bernstein, among others—with a "double drawing room, central air conditioning, modern bathrooms, fourteen and a half foot ceilings, and floor-to-ceiling windows." How much? "It's a good deal," said Stein.

"A good house in L.A. costs $7 million"



"It's $2.5 million, slightly negotiable." As an afterthought Stein happened to mention that the Dakota board prefers "all cash" purchases and that they also prefer prospective neighbors to show four times the apartment purchase price in liquid assets.

Although this came as somewhat sad news to me as a New Yorker, I cheered up, perversely enough, when Stein noted, without raising an eyebrow, that "a good house in L.A. costs $7 million." She knows because she's been house hunting on the West Coast for a British rock star. "I guess I'm bicoastal now." And just what does $7 million buy these days? According to Linda Stein, it buys you "a nice house on a good street in a nice neighborhood—probably with some sort of view. It buys you a pool, a tennis court, three bedroom suites, a guest room, and some staff space." Then she added: "And for $7 million you hope that you don't have to look at the tennis court from the master." You hope. **Charles Gandee**

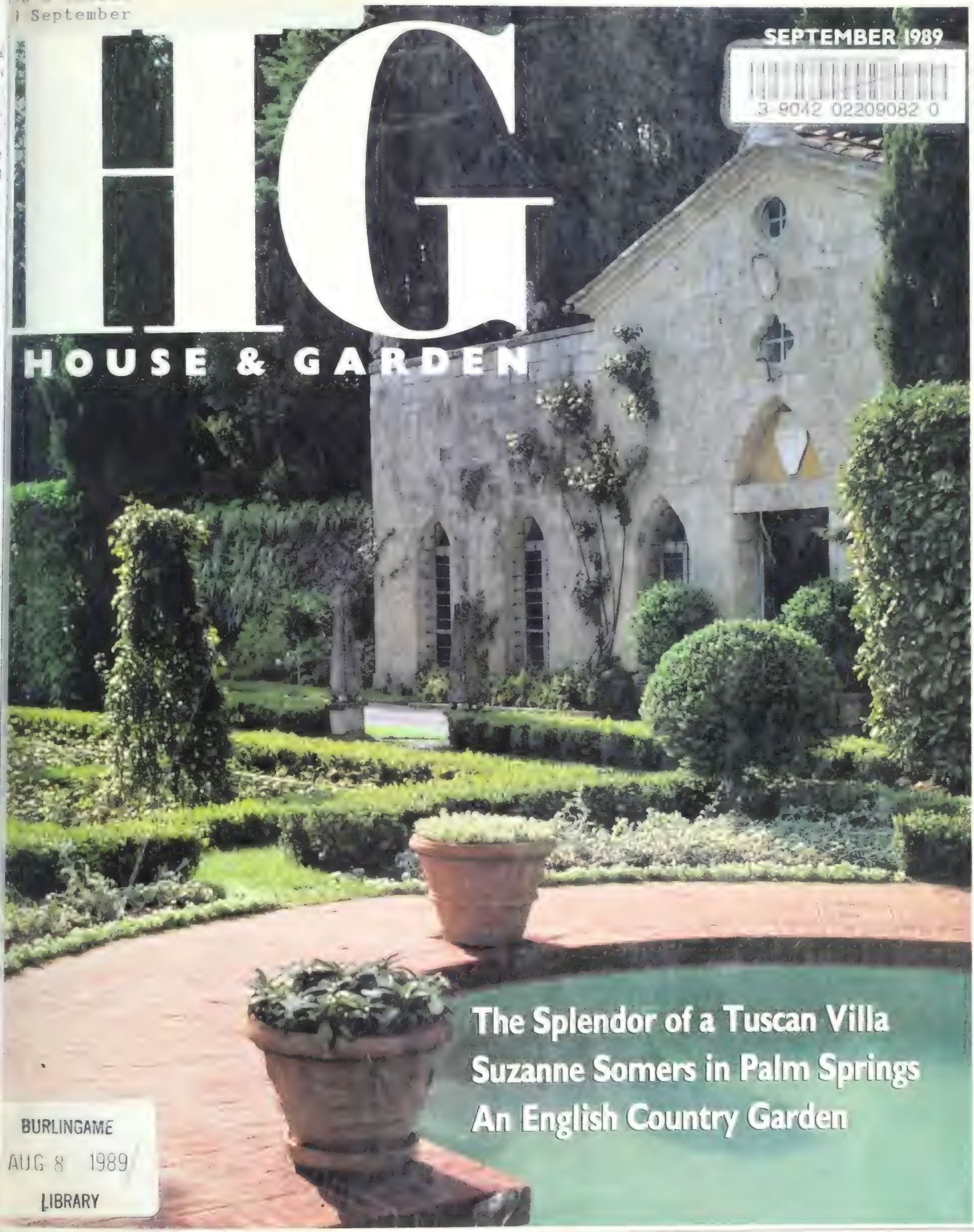
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HOUSE & GARDEN



The Splendor of a Tuscan Villa

Suzanne Somers in Palm Springs

An English Country Garden

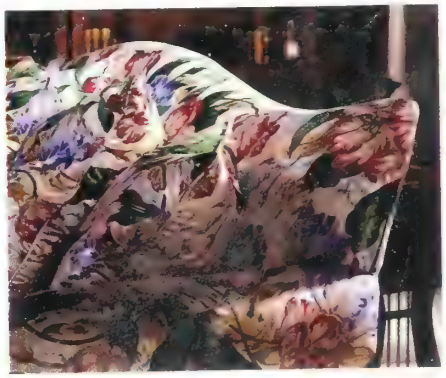
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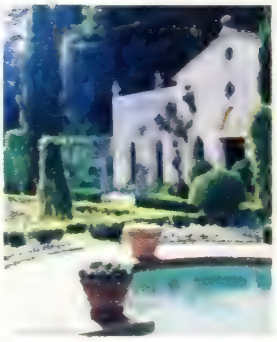




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SEPTEMBER 1989
Volume 161, Number 9



COVER *A lush green garden leads to a pool at La Vagnola, a home away from Rome for Giancarlo Giammetti. Page 146. Photograph by Oberto Gili.*



A slate and urn table surrounded by Biedermeier chairs is the focal point of advertising executive Peter Rogers's penthouse dining room, above, overlooking Manhattan's Upper East Side. Page 186. Photograph by William Waldron. Below: Hand-carved parrots perch on top of the twisted wood posts of this modern four-poster. Page 224. Photograph by Michael Mundy.



Tuscan Pastoral Renzo Mongiardino transforms a country retreat for fashion executive Giancarlo Giammetti. By Charles Maclean **146**

The Big Picture Grand scale meets fine detail in the house of Los Angeles art collectors. By Pilar Viladas **160**

Double Exposure Photographers Helmut and June Newton focus on their work in Monte Carlo. By Alexander Cockburn **168**

The Vicar's Walk An English garden preserves the timeless patterns of life in a country parish. By Caroline Seebohm **174**

Creole Comforts New Orleans has become home for designer Mario Villa. By Nancy Lemann **180**

Pared Down Penthouse If adman Peter Rogers's apartment doesn't look good, he doesn't look good. By Amy Virshup **186**

The Sultans of Sag Harbor Painter Donald Sultan and his family compose a vivid still life on Long Island. By Dodie Kazanjian **192**

Artists' Assemblage In the California wine country, two painters work in a house by Richard Fernau and Laura Hartman which captures the lively spirit of a campsite in the woods. By Martin Filler **198**

Back Bay Reflections A Boston town house mirrors the multifaceted style of decorator William Hodgins. By Glenn Harrell **206**

A Somers Place Suzanne Somers and Alan Hamel find a little piece of Provence in Palm Springs. By Pilar Viladas **210**

Country Neoclassic In a Connecticut gardener's cottage, a designer puts down roots. By William Bryant Logan **216**

Bedtime Story Six inviting designs to dream on. By Dana Cowin **224**

Actress Suzanne Somers, below, and husband Alan Hamel relax in terry cloth robes outside their Palm Springs house. Page 210. Photograph by Michel Comte.



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Photographer Helmut Newton, left, sheds light on his illustrious career and life with his wife, June, in an interview with Alexander Cockburn. Page 168. Photograph by Sheila Metzner.



Bargain hunters in the growing faux fur market can bag the Tibetan hand-knotted tiger rug, right, from Stark Carpet Page 112. Photograph by Monica Stevenson.

Renzo Mongiardino cultivated his design ideas for Giancarlo Giammetti's Tuscan country house by studying the 19th-century watercolors of Austrian and German interiors which hang in the garden room, right. Page 146. Photograph by Oberto Gili.

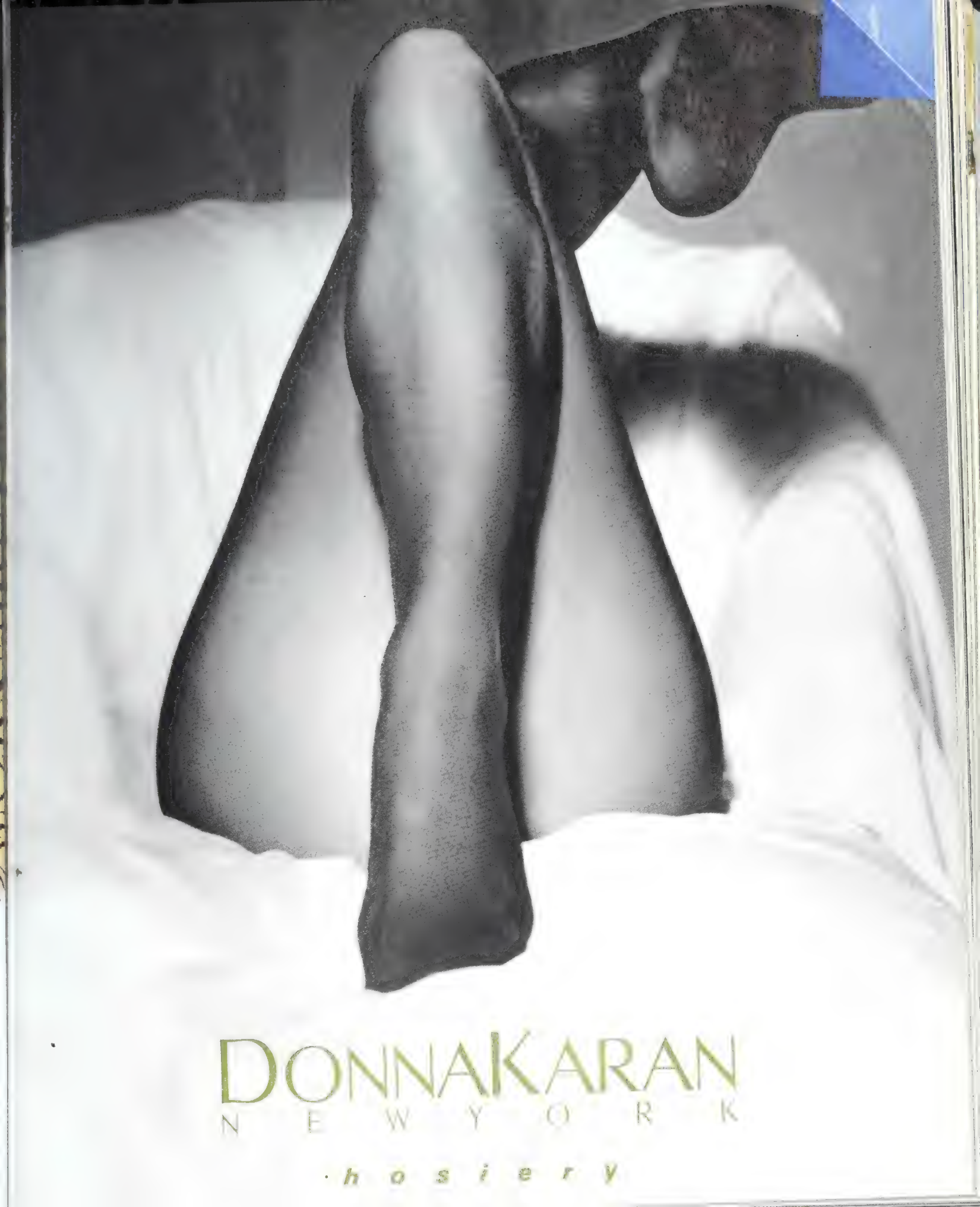


Life, change, and sensuality are some of the themes that artist Donald Sultan employs in his still life Cherries, September 22, 1987, *left, and other works. Page 192*



Organizers of the International Antique Dealers Show hope pieces like this Russian malachite clock, left, will mark a new era of competition in antiques shows. Page 160. Photograph by Franck Dielemans

For art collectors Marc and Jane Nathanson, decorator Kalef Alaton created a study in contrast, right, by setting off an Ed Ruscha painting against pale Indian silk upholstery and white walls. Page 160. Photograph by Tim Street-Porter.



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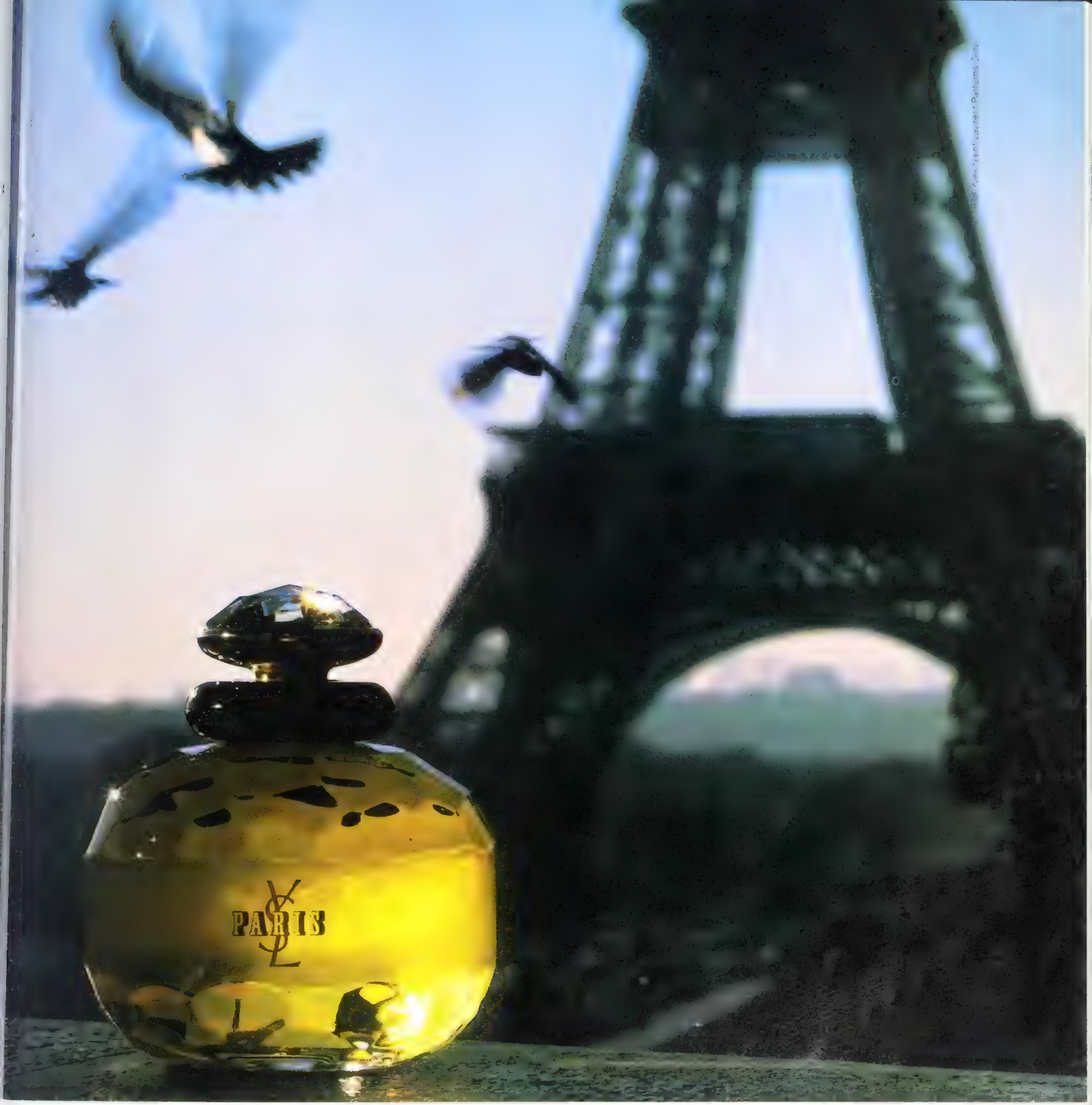
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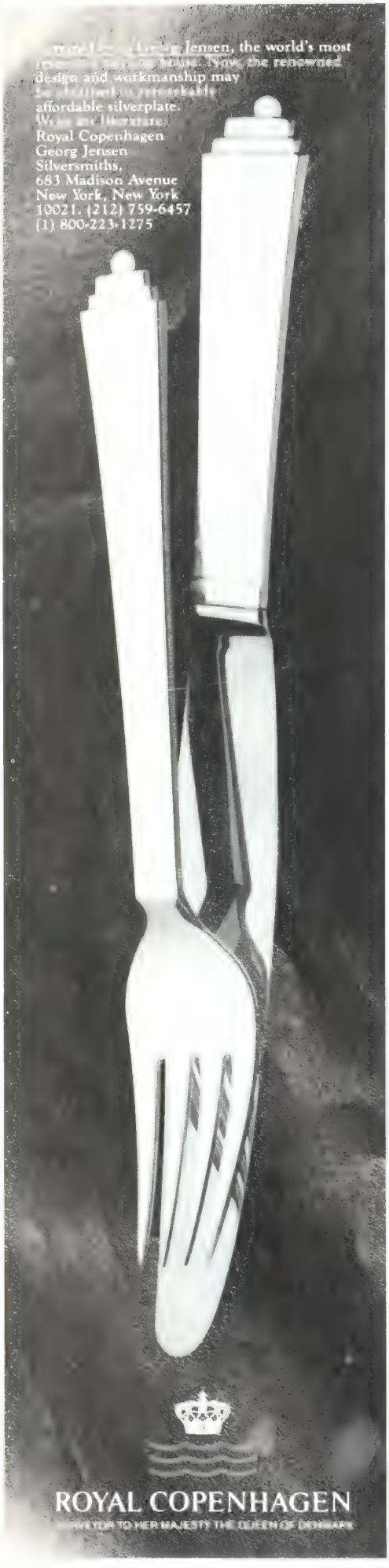
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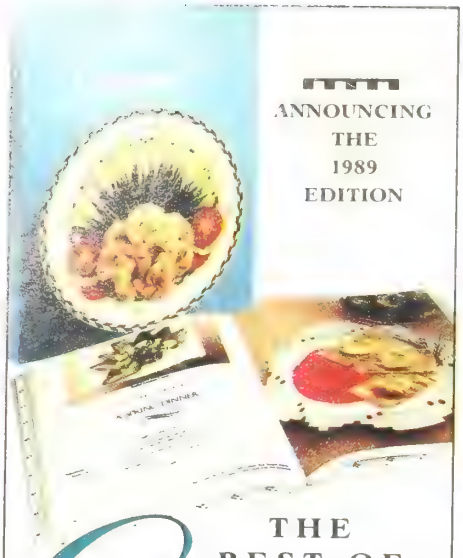
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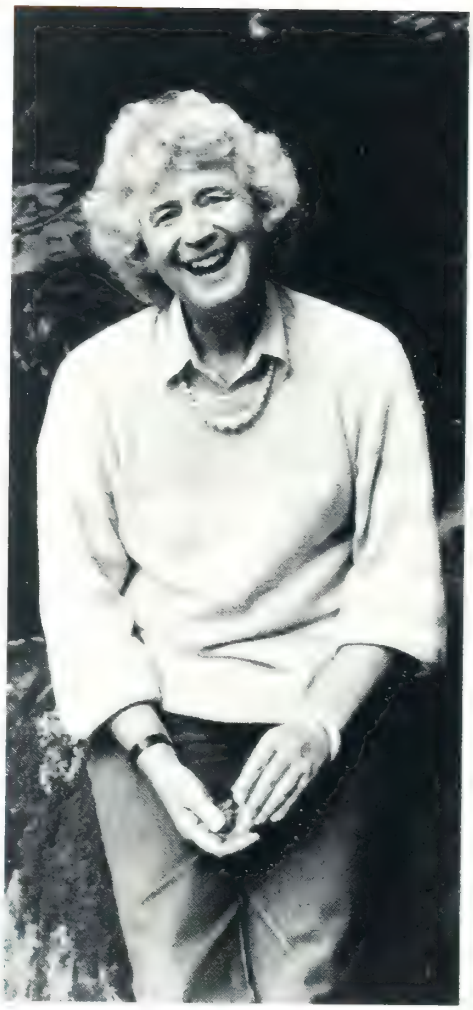
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CONTRIBUTORS NOTES

Jan Morris has written more than twenty books, including *Pleasures of a Tangled Life*, to be published next month by Random House. She frequently writes on travel and is currently at work on a book on Sydney, Australia. In the "Writer in Residence" column, Morris describes the pleasure she derives from her house in North Wales. "When I am at home, I wander around its rooms gloatingly," she writes. "When I am away, I lie in my hotel dreaming of it."



DAVID HURN/MAGNUM

Nancy Lemann is the author of *The Ritz of the Bayou* and the novel *Lives of the Saints*. For the September issue, she traveled to her hometown of New Orleans for a visit with furniture designer Mario Villa. "He's an eccentric," she says. "And that's a high compliment."



SCOTT MATTHEWS/MAN



SCOTT MATTHEWS/MAN

William Bryant Logan reports on interior and garden designer Lisa Krieger's Connecticut cottage. "Her house is a rare example of taste," he remarks. "She has married the things she loves to the way she lives." A writer-in-residence at New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine and a poetry and creative writing teacher to school children, Logan translated Federico García Lorca's *Once Five Years Pass*, to be published by Station Hill Press this fall.

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CONTRIBUTORS NOTES

Alice Springs, known in private life as June Newton, began her career as a photographer nearly twenty years ago when she filled in for her husband, Helmut Newton, at a sitting. A collection of her portraits was published by Twelvetrees Press in 1986. For this month's HG, she and Sheila Metzner both photographed the Newton apartment in Monte Carlo.



SHEILA METZN

Alexander Cockburn, a columnist for *The Nation* and *The Wall Street Journal*, has recently completed *The Fate of the Forest*, coauthored with Susanna Hecht, to be published in England in the fall by Verso. For this issue, Cockburn spent an afternoon with photographer Helmut Newton and his wife, June, in Monte Carlo. "They were lots of fun," says Cockburn. "I thought he would be a self-inflated 'great man,' but actually he's a very decent fellow."



MARY WYP

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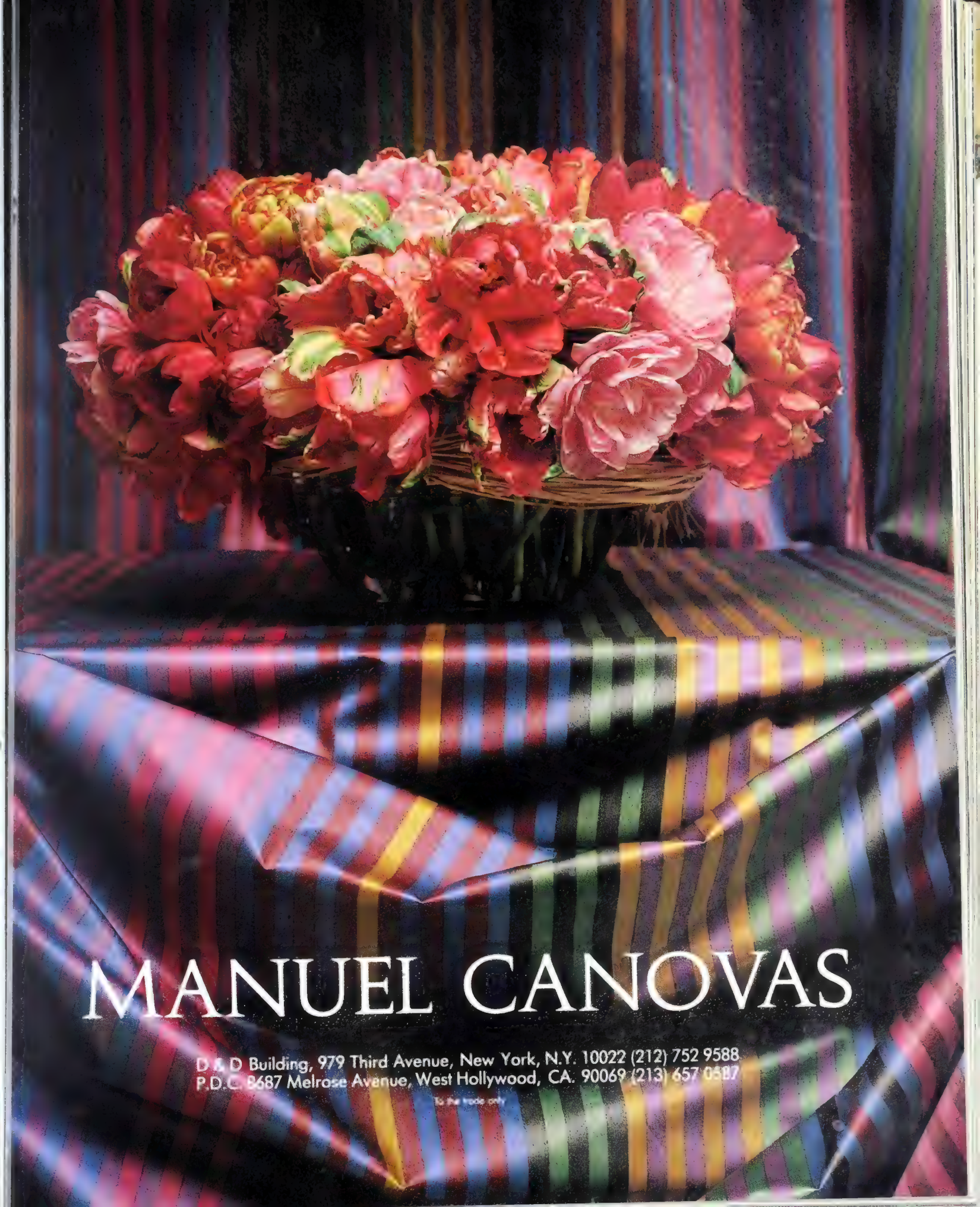
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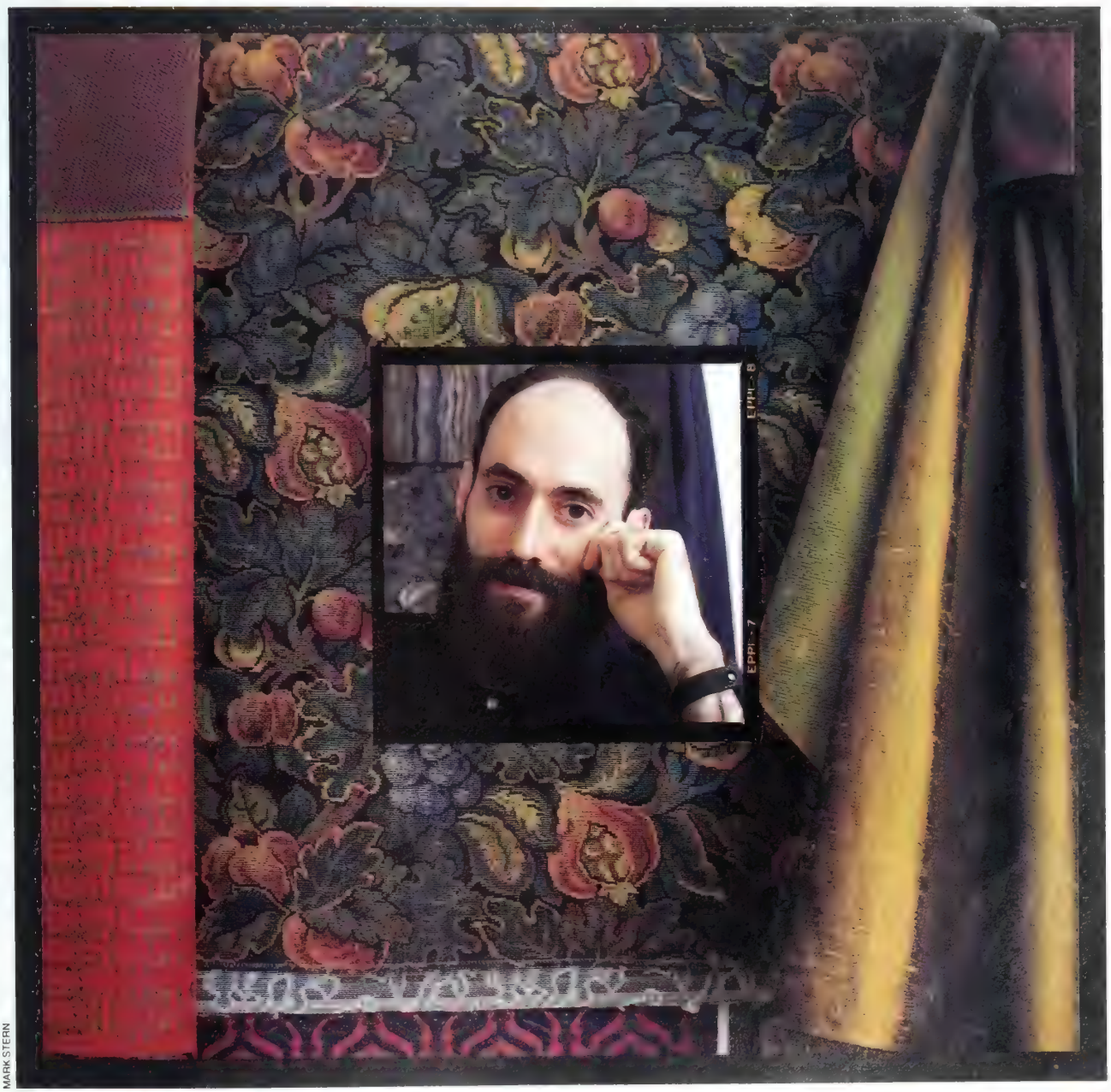



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HG reports on the new and the noteworthy.

Edited by Heather Smith MacIsaac

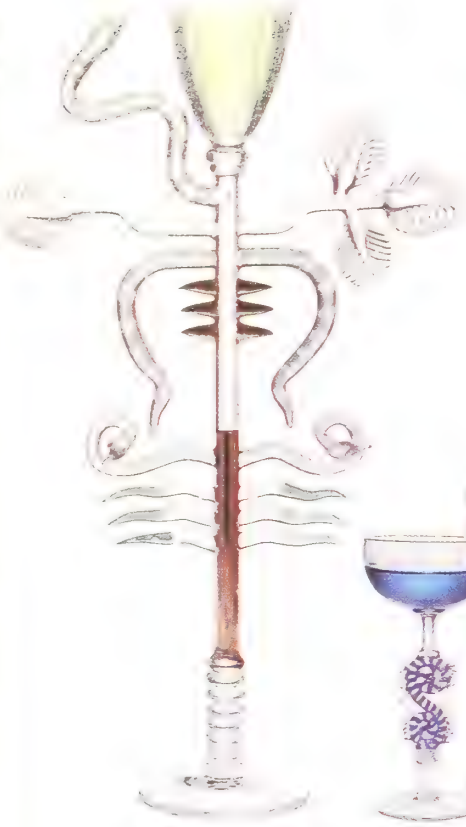


MARK STERN

LOOMING TALENT

Although Mark Pollack chose playful names—Twist and Shout, Leave It to Weaver, and My Friend Flicker—for three of the latest additions to his fabric line, his approach to textile design is decidedly calculating. "I relate to fabrics mathematically and structurally, building them from the ground up. If there's this and you add this, then you get that." His experiments on the loom have produced beautiful jacquards and reversible fabrics in both natural and synthetic fibers, ranging from $25 to $105 a yard, for the collection of his young company, Pollack & Associates, NYC. "I'm trying to produce fabrics that will be in the line for a long time, with timeless patterns as well as colors. I think—and hope—that the trend is away from trends."

NOTES



A TOUCH OF GLASS

The Copa de Ceremonia I glass (above) *is the most exotic piece, $295, in the RegaloVetro collection. Owner Kate Elliott commissions functional glasswork from some of the best glassblowers in the country, such as the Wedding Goblets* (above right) *by Bryan Rubino, $295 a pair. RegaloVetro, Seattle (206) 325-3913.*



CHAIR WEAR

Mirror, mirror, on the wall—and this season on the lapel and necktie. For his new collection of bijoux, Karl Lagerfeld reduced a mirror (above) *to stickpin size and borrowed a favorite chair* (center) *from his Paris apartment for the design of a brooch, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; I. Magnin, San Francisco. Howard Behar Designs' silk "living room" tie* (far right), *by Chuck Hettinger, joins the Interiors series, at Barneys New York; selected Macy's.*



IT'S IN THE CARDS

Send a stylish note on one of 22 postcards (above) *bound into booklets which capture the essence of the Clarkson N. Potter publications* English Style *and* Japanese Style. *From Chronicle Books, $7.95 each. Chopsticks, $32, and paper platter, $70, from the Museum of Modern Art gift shop, NYC.*



SUN WORSHIP

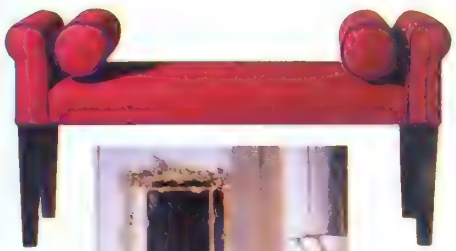
Feel the heat 365 days a year with Patricia's Sun (left), *a new wallpaper, $144 a double roll, and border, $36 a yard, to the trade at Christopher Hyland, NYC. The border is inspired by the 1988 poster* Two Weeks with Pay *by the legendary designer Gilbert Lesser. Also at George Wallach, Los Angeles.*



MANY YEN

The beauty of the East comes West at Kyoto Arts & Fashions, a new Madison Avenue shop selling exquisite tapestries, home furnishings, and fabrics. Among their treasures is the kimono (right) *of silk thread hand-dyed in gold, $13,000, and, draped over it, a handwoven obi, $5,600.*







SNEAK PEEK

High style from High Point is available this fall. A hand-decorated Hepplewhite-style side chair (top left), *to the trade from Casa Stradivari (718) 386-0048. Lee's bench,* (center left) *from the Primary Elements collection by Shelton, Mindel & Associates, to the trade at Unika Vaev, USA, NYC (212) 750-0900. From the McMillen Collection* (bottom left), *new to Baker Furniture, comes this Dutch open armchair, $1,988, and other pieces such as the Tête-à-Tête sofa, the Swan bench, and the Red secretary. For the nearest store call (312) 329-9410.*



RIM-TIN-TIN

Less precious than china, much nicer than paper, these whimsical tin plates (above) *by Robert Steffy are perfect for picnics, lunch at the office, or a children's party. Dishwasher safe, the fly plate, $8, and crest plate, $10, are available through Sue Fisher King, 3067 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, CA 94115; (415) 922-7276.*

ALL ABOARD

The Andalusian Express (below), *a vintage train in Spain that rolls gently on the plain and through the mountains, has been restored to Belle Epoque splendor. Call (800) 992-EXPO.*



URN TO COLLECT

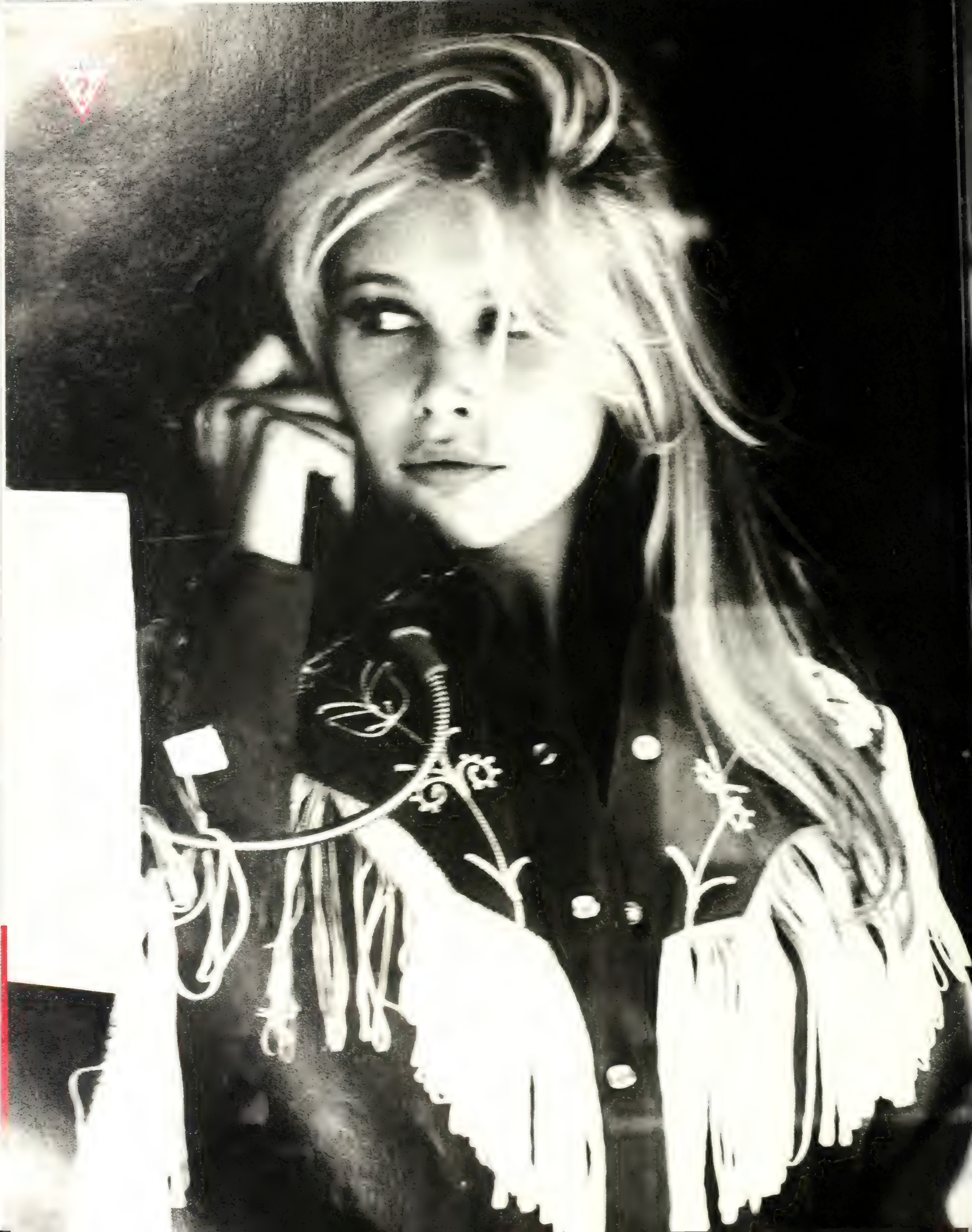
The dazzling blue and gold tones of this exceptional porcelain urn (below), *one of a pair, caught European-born designer and importer Fran Laufer's eye at a Paris flea market. They are a rare find but typical of the decorative accessories found along with antique and reproduction furniture at Laufer's showroom. The urns date from the early 1900s, $3,500 each, to the trade at Fran Laufer Collection, NYC.*

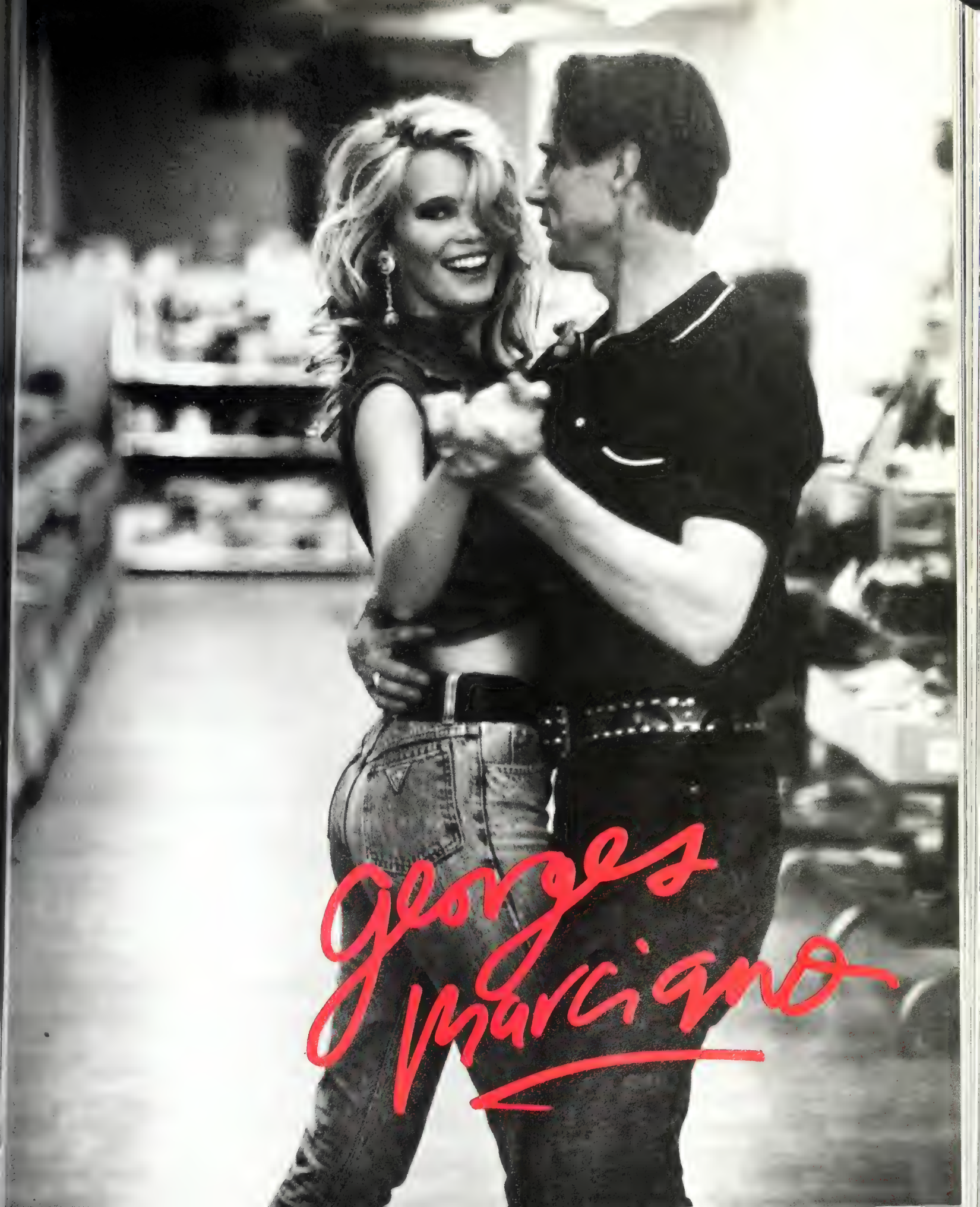




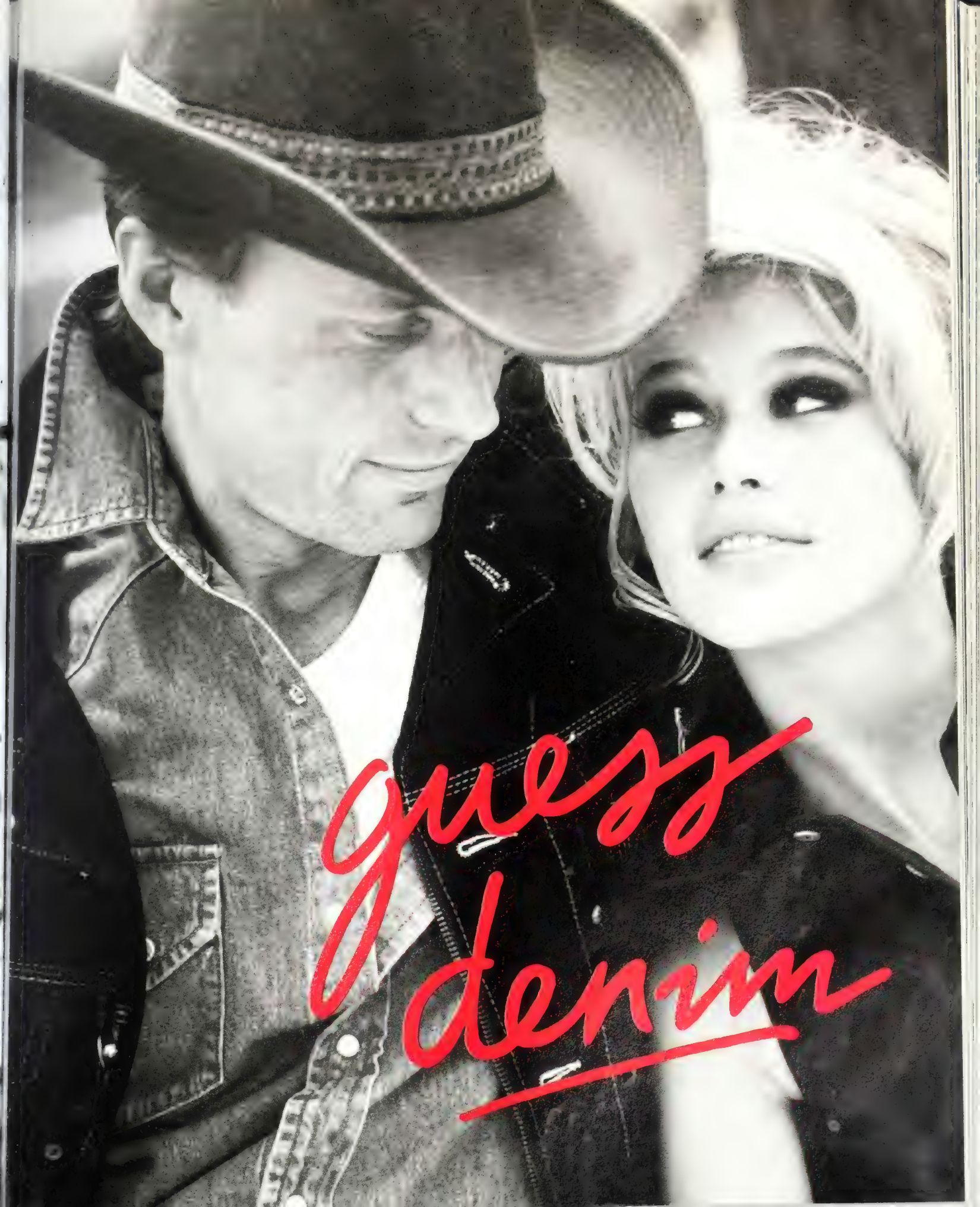
UNDER FOOT

The contemporary handloomed carpets (above) *from the island of Sardinia, part of a new collection from Stark, are richly textured and woven in a variety of ethnic patterns. Available in fifty colors in wool, selected colors in cotton/linen, they can be made to any size, $35–$60 a square foot. To the trade, at Stark Carpet, NYC (212) 752-9000.*

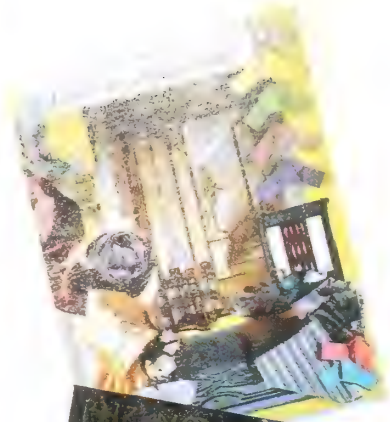



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NOTES







MISE EN SCÈNE

The three collages, Nuance Française, Byzance, *and* Hémisphère Sud (above from top), *are stylist Nelly Rodi's thematic interior decoration predictions for the 1989 Scènes d'Intérieur at the Salon International de la Décoration, 64 rue du Rocher, Paris, Sept. 1–6. There will be about 120 exhibitors previewing their new lighting, tableware, upholstery, and other decorative arts. There will be a chamber orchestra and restaurant facilities. Admission to the Salon, open 9:30 A.M.–7 P.M., is free. For further information call Paris 42-93-60-25.*

OPULENT OBJETS

A frog on its lily pad is the cover for a rare cire perdue vase (right), *one of the exceptional objects from private American collections in the exhibit "Lalique: A Century of Design for a Modern World," through September 30 at Fashion Institute of Technology, NYC. Flowers and clocks, like the 1922 topaz and jade Mandarin Duck Mystery Clock* (far right), *are the focus of "Cartier Masterworks from the George and Frayda Lindemann Collection," at Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore, Aug. 27–Oct. 15.*









CUP OF CHOICE

Inspired by the cool marble floors of Venice, the soup cup and saucer (left), *in the Venetian pattern, is one of four tabletop designs by David Linley and Matthew Rice for Mappin & Webb, London. Through Kogan & Co., NYC (212) 288-8523. Artist Otto Piene created the teacup and saucer* (above), *24-kt gold trimmed, $295, when Rosenthal invited him to "express his personality" for their new line, the Artist Tea Cup Collection. For nearest store call (718) 417-3400.*



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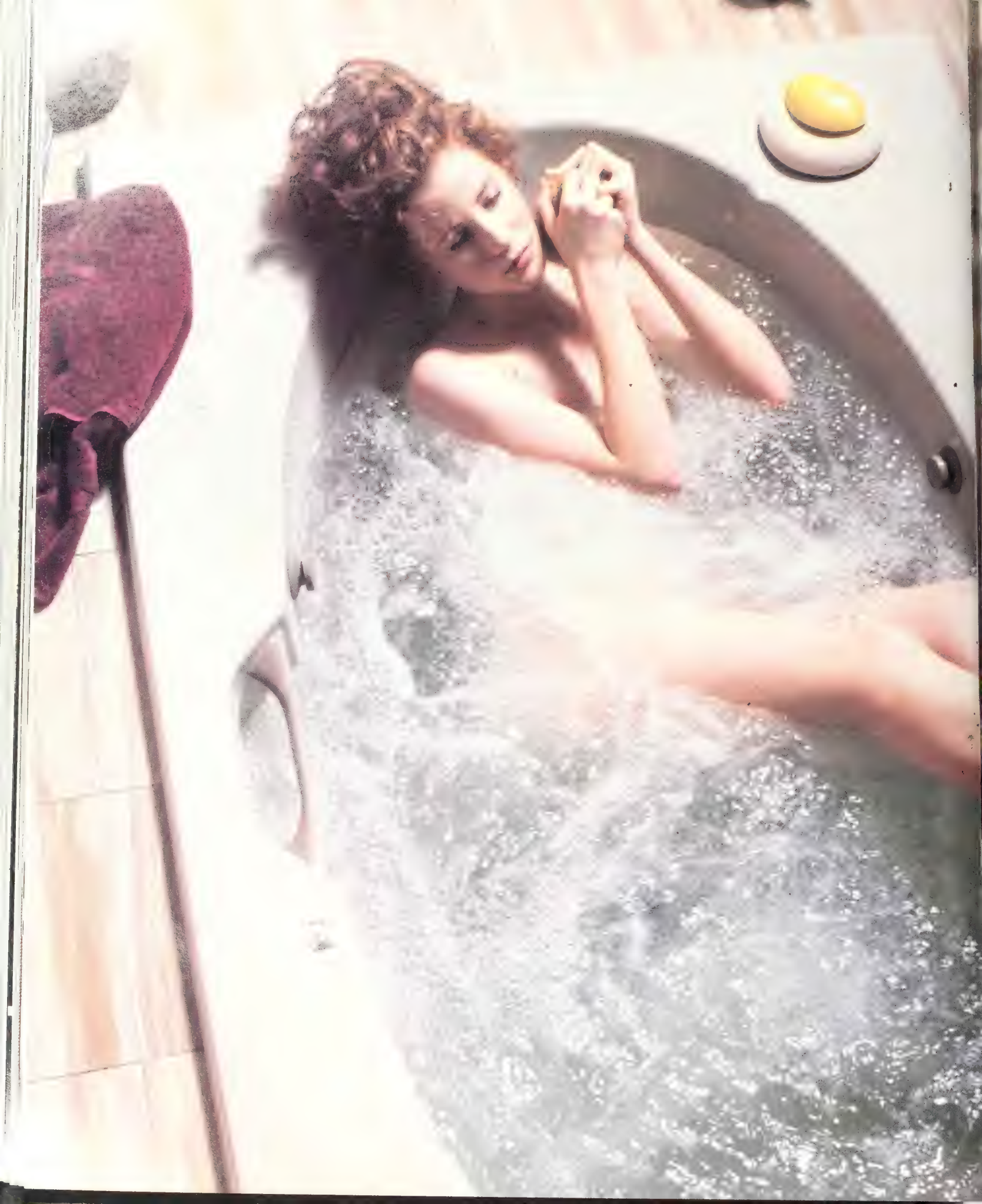
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ARCHITECTURE

Vienna Vanguard

Two young architects take Deconstructivist design to the rooftops

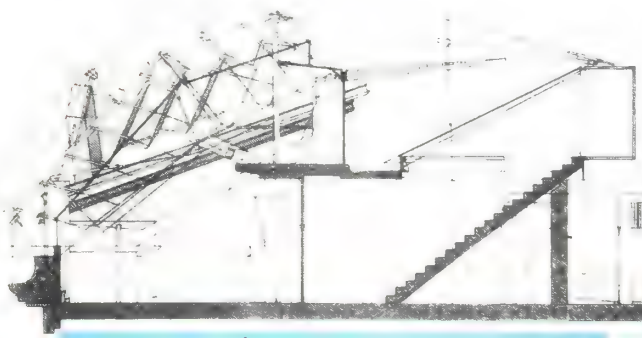
By Joseph Giovannini

Visitors crossing the Ringstrasse into the safe and sound world of Vienna's historic First District may be surprised by arcs of steel overhanging the stone cornice of an otherwise traditional apartment building—as startling as a jazz riff in the midst of a Strauss waltz. These curved metal tangents coyly draw the eye beyond the heavy Classical façade to a filigreed aerie atop the building's corner. There, in a space just renovated by the Viennese firm Coop Himmelblau, the lines of steel transform into a web of roof parts spun, it seems, by a spider gone delirious. Just beyond the building's edge, the tangents turn into a tilted truss that serves as a spine for irregular ribs framing a glass roof. Set at a tipsy diagonal, the truss alights on a balcony where it arches, taut as a bow. Another section of the roof, folded like the edges of a fan, hovers next to the glass. Only a long table surrounded by deeply upholstered swivel chairs hints that this luminous space, vaulted in such a bewildering way, is a conference room for lawyers. Two wings of offices connect to the room through original roof timbers.

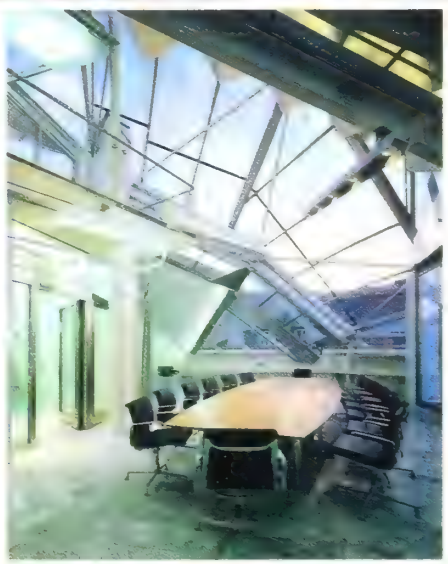
A delirious spider? Tipsy trusses? Taut bows? Zigzag fans? The space triggers metaphors because familiar images help make an unprecedented room understandable. It is as though the architects had never seen architecture before and didn't know how to behave at a drafting board. It took nearly two decades for Coop Himmelblau's Helmut Swiczinsky and Wolf Prix to achieve this state of knowing innocence. As architect radicals in the 1960s, they staged performance architecture that made the case for environments directly responsive to the human body. In 1969, for example, the heartbeat of a woman at the center of a translucent plastic chamber cued lights that throbbed to the beat. In 1970 heartbeats detonated dozens of explosions, arranged across fields in lines two kilometers long, to delineate space with smoke.

Since then, Prix and Swiczinsky—increasingly interested in building—have developed a kind of automatic drawing that, they believe, projects intangible circumstances of a design directly onto paper. When the two start a project, they discuss for hours their intentions and feelings and other forces shaping the design—but not the building codes and functional requirements—and then, in a blaze of sketching, they record these impulses. Their fuzzy drawings are later interpreted three-dimensionally into complex models in which every line is built. Examples of these drawings and models, including those for the Viennese rooftop, occupied a prominent spot in the 1988 exhibition "Deconstructivist Architecture" at New York's Museum of Modern Art.

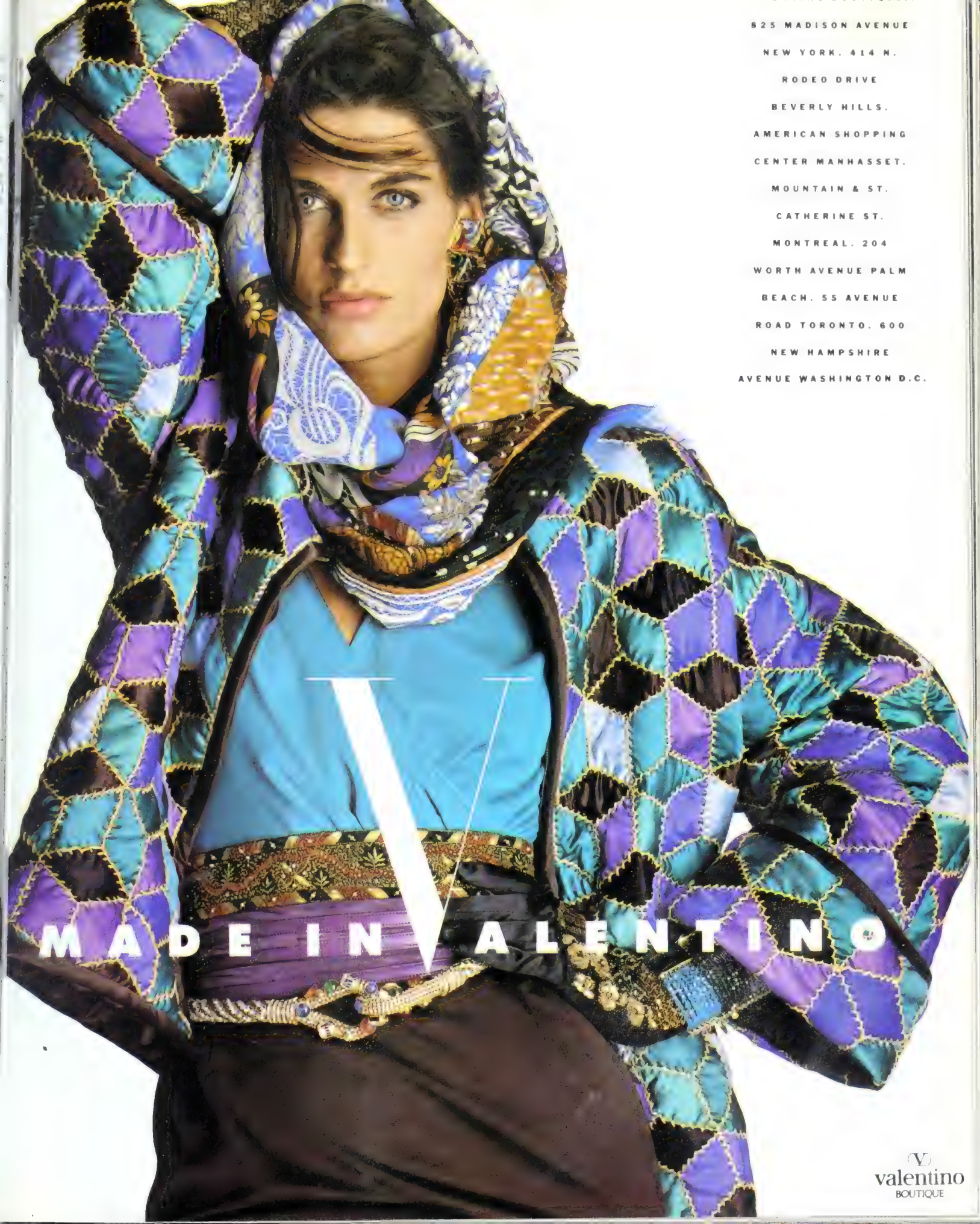
The vision that Coop Himmelblau—which means Blue Sky Cooperative—has now translated into glass and steel seems to advance in architecture what Freud, working in the same Vienna precincts, uncovered in the personality about a century ago. For Prix and Swiczinsky, a field of forces and energy beneath the civilized façade of this building and neighborhood can be uncovered through drawings they call "seismographs of feeling." If Postmodernists have based their anthropomorphic designs on the symmetrical human body (with its top, middle, and base), Coop Himmelblau is searching for a kind of richly complex and freeing architectural subconscious. The architects call it, simply, "open architecture." Although their rooftop project builds upon a long Viennese tradition of corner cupolas, it is of a different era and order entirely—not static or monumental but sprung, caught at the moment of lift-off on a runway of metaphors. ▲







A drawing, left, dissects the irregular geometry of the penthouse Coop Himmelblau remodeled for a Viennese law firm. The steel and glass web, below left, spans a conference room, below.



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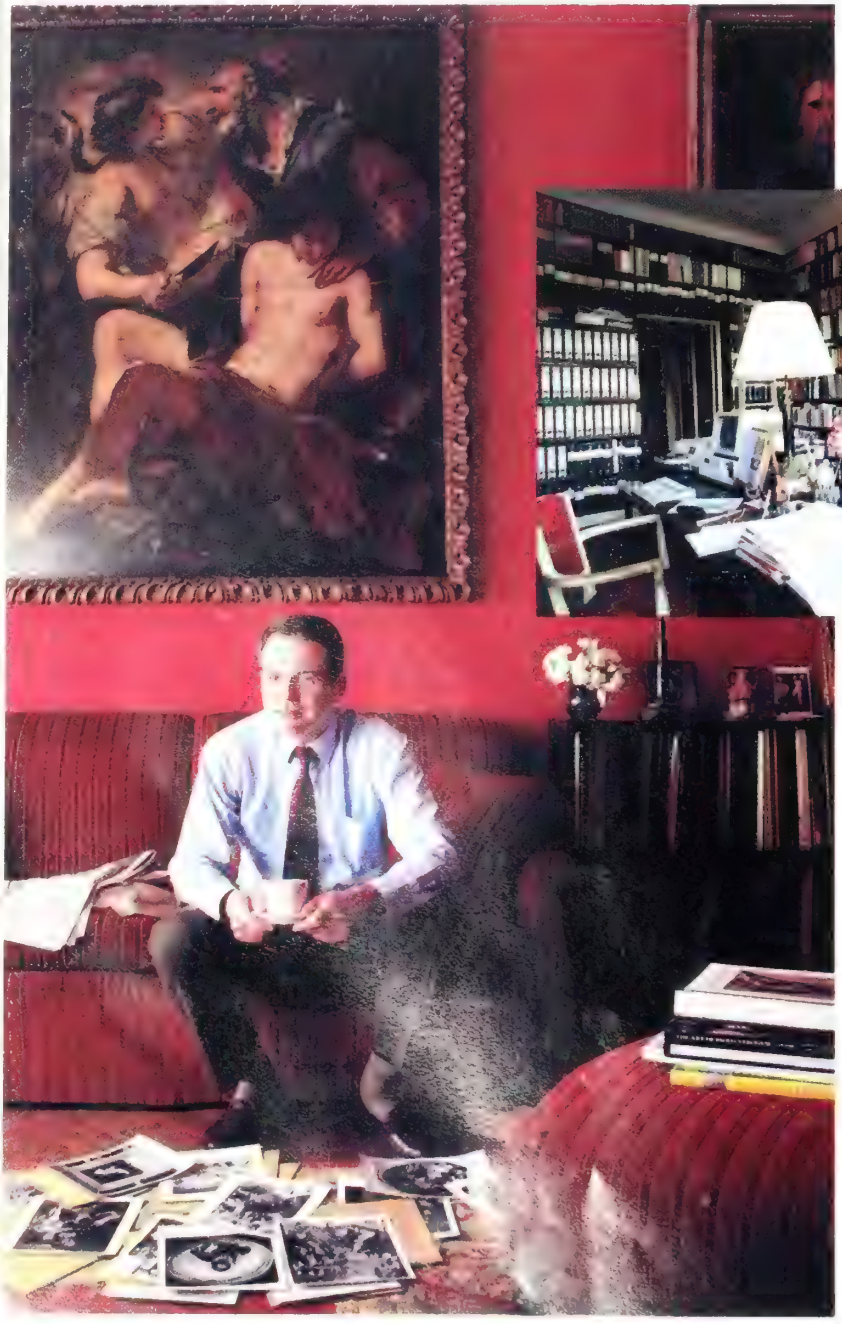
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PEOPLE

Maestro at the Met

Museum shows are high drama for star curator Everett Fahy
By Celia McGee



Everett Fahy, left, spreads out some of his photographs of paintings on a Turkish carpet in his living room. Paolo Pagani's *The Sacrifice of Isaac* hangs above a Mark Hampton sofa. Above: Black-enameled bookcases in the study were inspired by Edwin Lutyens.

"Mounting exhibitions is like doing theater or opera," says Everett Fahy. "You set up, and you strike sets. Things are constantly changing." Both the mechanics and the melodrama still intrigue the chairman of the Metropolitan Museum of Art's European paintings department—the courting of reluctant lenders; the insuring, shipping, and unloading of the works; choosing colors for the walls; savoring the final moment before the opening when the lights go on and "the paintings sing."

This hot summer day, the desk in Everett Fahy's Central Park West study is stacked with catalogue copy and label information for his Velázquez retrospective, which opens at the Met on October 3. Fahy has been working on the exhibition since he arrived at the Met two and a half years ago. Pulling out a catalogue entry here, a reproduction there, he talks breathlessly about every detail of the first full-scale show of an artist he calls "the greatest painter ever."

Maybe the enthusiasm of the boyish-looking 48-year-old, his sense of drama, has to do with the way he discovered art. Traveling through Italy on prize money he won for an undergraduate paper at the University of Virginia (on Jay Gatsby's "green light," which fits), he ended up living with a widow and her two children in Orvieto. They took him to every church in the area. "I learned to look at the painting first, not the label," Fahy recalls. The pre-med and English major went on to study art history at Harvard, where he was early spotted as one of the stars of his generation. He became director of the Frick Collection at 32.

The paintings and drawings scattered around Fahy's Beaux-Arts apartment on old-master red walls are not, he feels, something he collected. He treats them more as friends he brought to live with him, often rescuing them from unknowledgeable dealers or an unappreciative audience at auction. They're on a nickname basis—a "Frago" is a Fragonard. Nevertheless, his purchases have been shrewd. Most of the paintings are Italian Baroque, still an extremely undervalued period. They're primarily very large and of religious subjects. "I take great pride in my fourteen-foot ceilings," he says with a smile. His five-by-six-foot Pagani of *The Sacrifice of Isaac* is "not a subject for everybody's living room."

"The only things I *collect* are books," Fahy explains, pointing to the bookcases that line his study. "And photographs of paintings." Shelf upon shelf of file boxes contain an exhaustive research collection. Many of his jauntily assorted curios were gifts, including a Staffordshire inkwell in the shape of a head, given to him by John

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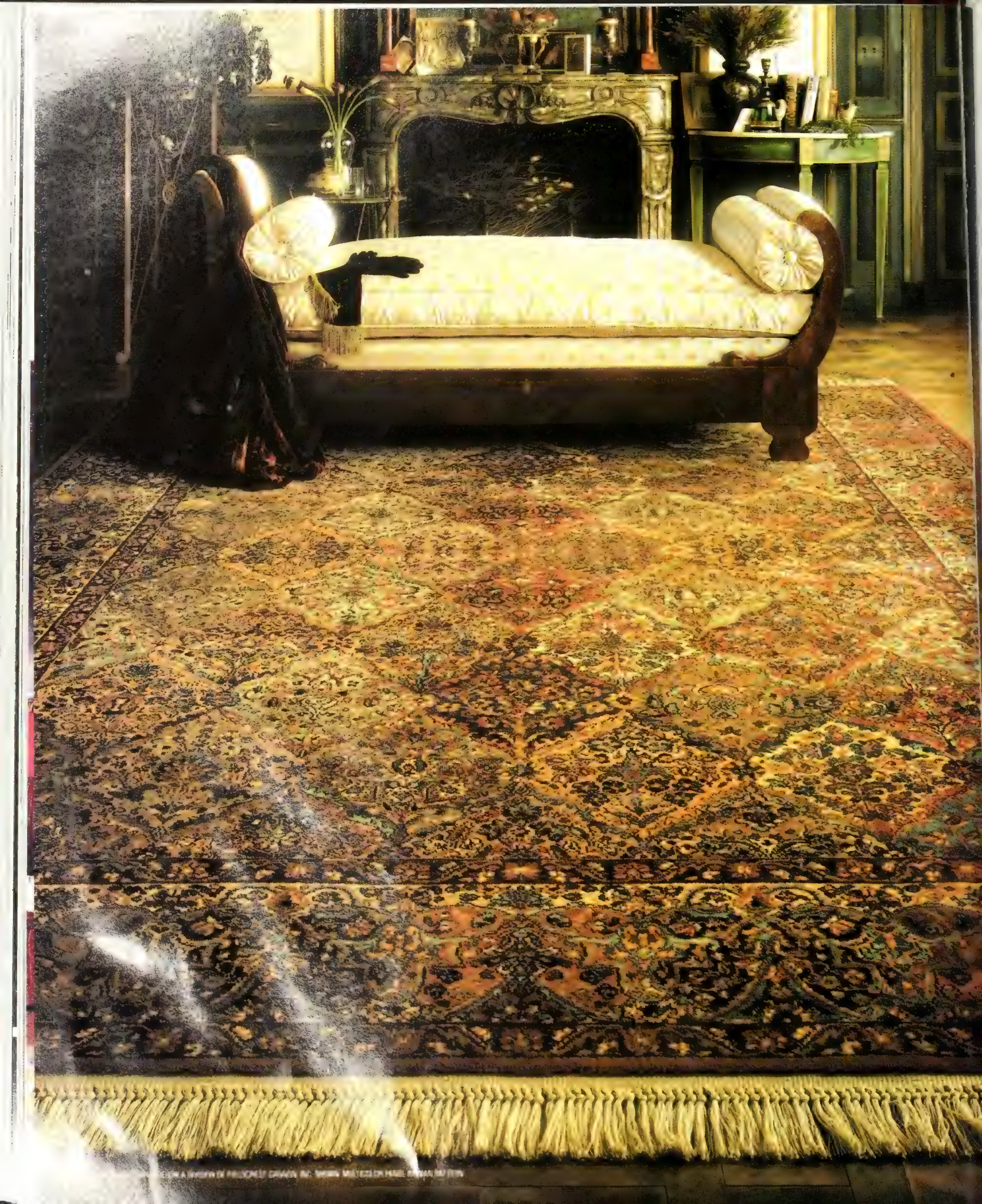
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Fahy's "Manhattan saint," he jokes, is a painting of Saint Joseph Copertino, who saved a boy falling out the window of a "high-rise palace." It hangs next to his own window overlooking Central Park. The view speaks to his other great passion, plants and gardens, which he developed at the Frick while working with Russell Page to create a garden for the museum. Fahy rides a bike everywhere "because I enjoy what I can see": the Conservatory Garden up at 105th Street, the Shakespeare Garden near the Belvedere sown only with plants mentioned by the bard. "I run down seeds for the Shakespeare Garden and the Central Park Conservancy on my travels," he says. "I write letters to botanical gardens all over the world."

The world also comes to him. Fahy loves to entertain: "My ideal dinner party is Shirley Hazzard, Francis Steegmuller, and Jayne Wrightsman. And I adore having younger people from the Met over, the ones just starting out." He learned to cook in Italy. In Florence, at Bernard Berenson's villa, I Tatti, he honed his social skills as well. Nicky Mariano, Bernard Berenson's mistress and I Tatti's grande dame, took the young graduate student under her wing. "You had dinner with just about anyone," he remembers—"the king of Sweden, Sir Kenneth Clark. People stayed for two or three days. You took long walks and talked about serious things."

Fahy decided recently that he wanted to make his living/dining room more amenable to entertaining. Mark Hampton, who was visiting one day, stepped in to help. They devised an arrangement of a round center table and two sofas, "so people wouldn't cluster." Hampton designed the high-backed sofas to go with the lofty ceilings and suggested building bookshelves on either side of the fireplace as high as possible. Around the table Hampton put nineteenth-century slipper chairs, of which Fahy is especially fond because they're the kind found in many Ingres paintings—he strikes a princesse de Broglie pose to demonstrate. Hampton covered the seating in red velvet for winter and had red and white striped slipcovers made for summer. During the summer months Fahy's room-size Turkish carpet is stored under the table. The black enamel on the living room bookcases and on the study walls and cabinetwork are his homage to Edwin Lutyens, his favorite twentieth-century architect: "In every house he lived in he had one room painted black."

Fahy prefers to stay close to home—"Going to dinner parties up and down Park Avenue depletes you physically and intellectually"—though he makes an exception for the opera. He'll see one production as many as ten times to absorb every nuance. Music is what he misses most about the Frick, where he helped organize the chamber music series and the U.S. debuts of Kiri Te Kanawa and Kathleen Battle.



A desktop vignette, left. Below: The living room with summer slipcovers. On the mantel is a Tang figurine. Right: Near 17th-century Italian paintings, an Attic vase, and other antiquities, Fahy displays a favorite Staffordshire inkwell, at left.

He savors the final moment before the lights go on and "the paintings sing"





But things move slowly at the Frick. At the Met, Fahy's energy rises to a barrage of occasions. He writes and does research, and handles a large amount of administration. Hot on the heels of "Velázquez," his department is mounting an important Canaletto exhibition. Next spring comes "Poussin to Matisse from the Soviet Museums," in the fall "Joseph Wright of Derby." 1991: Seurat. 1992: Mantegna. 1993: "The Birth of Impressionism."

Fahy's pet project at the moment is a series of one-room shows which will focus on individual painters, works, or themes. Take the theme of the married couple in art: "You can't understand a painting of a husband completely unless you see the picture of the wife his hand is reaching for." Fahy assumes one final pose. No, two poses: the husband stretching out his arm, the wife leaning coyly, sweetly back. "The point is to make the most of the originals. To present them so that the experience of looking is richer." Again, a stage has been set. ♠

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ART

Cubism's Odd Couple

Picasso and Braque shattered and then reassembled our way of looking at art

By Deborah Solomon









The idea for Braque's *Mandolin*, 1914, above right, a mixed-media paper construction, was borrowed in part from Picasso's sheet metal and wire *Guitar* of 1912, above. For a photograph, c. 1911, Picasso, right, borrowed a military uniform from Braque, left.

They were, in their own way, as improbable a couple as Mutt and Jeff. What people first noticed about Picasso were his eyes—dark and fiery—and a sense of agility about his body that made him look like a small bullfighter. Braque, by comparison, stood as tall and rigid as a tree. Picasso was a Spaniard with a restless temperament. Braque was a Frenchman from the provinces with a quiet dignified manner: he smoked a pipe, was loyal to his wife, and spoke in slow, careful rhythms. Braque was hesitant, but Picasso was impetuous. He pushed himself toward goals and answers ("To find is the thing," he boldly proclaimed), whereas Braque was content simply to ponder the questions.

Despite their differences—or because of them—Picasso and Braque were one of art history's most remarkable pairs. For a brief period in the years before the First World War, they were like "mountaineers roped together," as Braque put it, and out of their collaboration came the amazing discovery of Mount Cubism. Picasso, never one for modesty, was reluctant to give his friend full credit ("Braque," he once said, "he is my wife!"), yet Braque was no mere nurturer. From the beginning, Cubism was a joint venture, and Braque's balance and moderation were every bit as essential to its founding as Picasso's demonic, metamorphic energy. Their partnership was one of equals, and you can be sure that Picasso's demure "wife" won't be hiding in the kitchen when a big, important exhibition chronicling the birth of Cubism opens this month at New York's Museum of Modern Art.

"Picasso and Braque: Pioneering Cubism" is the sort of show that only MOMA, with its vast scholarly resources, could undertake. But it's also a show that only MOMA would *want* to undertake. There's something almost weirdly obsessive about the idea of devoting two floors of a museum to a group of works that spans a decidedly brief period—1907 to 1914—and represents just the first chapter in the lengthy saga of Cubism. But the show's narrowness is what promises to make it so great. "Picasso and Braque" freezes a single frame of art history, putting us in touch with the climb-every-mountain optimism of the moment when Cubism first sprang to life.

Legend has it that the two painters first met in 1907, when the poet Guillaume Apollinaire escorted Braque to Picasso's studio on the rue Ravignan in Montmartre. Resting on the easel was *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*, that startling picture in which five witchy women rebuke us with their jagged outlines and hostile stares. Braque angrily accused Picasso of "wanting to make us drink gasoline to spit fire." It may not sound like the most heartwarming tribute, yet despite his initial dismay, Braque recognized *Les Demoiselles* as a powerhouse of aesthetic possibilities and he didn't waste any time in exploring them. The following summer he came back from a trip to L'Estaque with what some consider the first truly Cubist paintings.

Picasso, meanwhile, had begun turning to Braque for guidance. "We lived in Montmartre, we saw each other every day, we talked," Braque later said of their collaboration. "During those years Picasso and I discussed things nobody will ever discuss again, which nobody else would know how to discuss, which nobody else would know how to understand."

And, he might have added, which nobody else cared about. Picasso and Braque were still young men when they embarked on the adventure of Cubism, and their relative obscurity gave them the freedom to experiment as they pleased. The experiment they had in

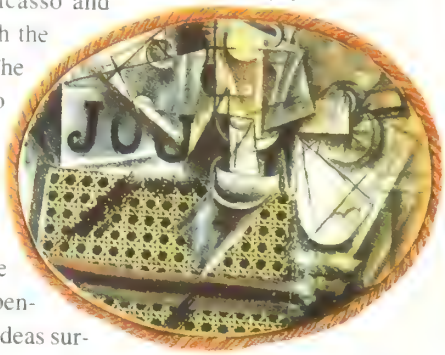

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mind would no doubt have seemed perfectly ludicrous to anyone outside their small circle of friends. Taking their cue from Cézanne, the two artists hoped to break free from the one-point perspective that had prevailed in art since the Renaissance. They hoped to sneak up behind an object, then clamber around it and let us see it from the back and the front and the sides all at once.

It has never been completely clear whether it was Picasso or Braque who led the way in the founding of Cubism. Picasso, the more sure-handed of the two, seems to have defined the fundamental approach, but it was Braque, with his reserves of patience, who did the most to articulate its forms. And it was Braque who was the first to experiment with trompe l'oeil effects and to create a papier collé. It seems possible that Braque could have pioneered Cubism on his own, yet surely it was Picasso, with his intuitive flashes, who invested the style with its tension and emotional resonance.

Emotional resonance? There has always been an unfortunate tendency to see Cubism as a dry intellectualized endeavor in which emotion plays no part. This is particularly true of the early works, with their regimented planes and rigorous geometries and near-monochromatic tones. The style they define is known as Analytic Cubism—an awful label. It evokes visions of Picasso and Braque dissecting forms with the cold precision of scientists. The status that's been attached to Cubism has in a way distanced us from its achievements. Standing before a major Cubist painting, we see an object, but we also see the pages of history books opening in front of it. It's as if the ideas surrounding the work mattered more than the delectable object on the wall.

Cubism wasn't founded as a laboratory experiment but as a means for expressing emotion. There are those who believe that it wasn't until later years, when Picasso gave us the screaming heads of *Guernica*, that the style acquired real force, but the truth is that the emotion was there right from the beginning. The early compositions, with their tilting planes, brown tones, and occasional traces of newspaper lettering, eloquently convey the pathos of their time. They're rooted, I think, in the experiences of the city, and they enable us to imagine what it was once like to turn an anonymous street corner in Paris and take in the dizzying rush of sights: sidewalk cafés and street musicians and people scurrying home from work with newspapers under their arms. Picasso and Braque weren't scientists. Nor were they paintbrush-wielding philosophers. They were two men rushing through the city, a couple of dreamers in step with the rhythms of daily life. ▲





Picasso's 1912 *Still Life with Chair Caning*, below, an early Cubist collage. Right: Braque's *Glass, Bottle, and Newspaper* of 1914.

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outrage, garish colors, crawly patterns, and kitschy materials. But even then its creative days were numbered. From the beginning, Sottsass, the prime mover behind Memphis, knew that the life span of such an intentionally confrontational style was limited and would soon be superseded. Artemide, the Milan-based manufacturing concern that produced the Memphis objects, was reluctant to let the creative thread drop after Sottsass withdrew from active participation in Memphis last year, and thus the parent firm decided to set off on its next radical tangent.

The upshot is Meta Memphis, a new collection of furniture designed by artists, which Urban Architecture will introduce to North America in an exhibition in New York in November. "Instead of having designers playing as artists with Memphis, artists are playing as designers with Meta Memphis," says Johnson of the nineteen-piece line of furniture and lighting. Several of the best-known



Four pieces from the new Meta Memphis collection. Clockwise from above: An oak and inlaid-brass table and stool entitled What Is Set upon the Table Rests upon the Table, by the Amsterdam-based American artist Lawrence Wiener; Austrian artist Franz West's Private Lamp for Artists of welded steel; Italian artist Alighiero E Boetti's Orogio clock is incised with the names of the hours in Italian; artist Pier Paolo Calzolari's Rivolo chair of ash, cane, and terra-cotta.

names on the current art scene are represented, such as the Italians Sandro Chia and Mimmo Paladino and the American Joseph Kosuth. After a decade of increasing interplay between artists and furniture designers—including the furniture art of Richard Artschwager and Scott Burton and the art furniture of Frank Gehry and Robert Wilson—the challenge of doing something adventurous is more difficult than it might seem, but the Meta Memphis collection is a major departure and advance nonetheless.

Incorporating the name of the original movement into its own, Meta Memphis inevitably invites comparisons, and they could not be clearer. Where Memphis was uninhibited, raucous, and immediate, Meta Memphis is reflective, subtle, and reminiscent of no particular moment except any point after the advent of Marcel Duchamp. By commissioning several artists with a particularly conceptual point of view—such as the Italian Alighiero E Boetti, the Austrian Franz West, and the Amsterdam-based American Lawrence Wiener—Artemide president Ernesto Gismondi and Memphis director Alberto Bianchi Albrici set the stage for works very much in the tradition of Duchamp and Man Ray.

As with Duchamp, titles and inscriptions carry a large part of the Meta Memphis message: the words "What Is Set upon the Table Rests upon the Table" are inlaid in brass on the oak desk by Wiener. Alighiero E Boetti's Orogio clock is inscribed with the Italian words for the cardinal numbers rather than Arabic numerals. Chia's eponymous S. Chia table is in fact both its own name as well as his: its legs spell out the letters of the painter's surname, his first initial entwined around the bottom of those supports. The playful incongruities of Man Ray's Dadaist transformed household objects find an echo in West's Private Lamp for Artists, a sinuous welded steel torchère

Meta Memphis is reflective, subtle, and reminiscent of no particular moment in design history

that is made from a length of chain apparently frozen in space.

The delicate, often self-effacing chairs, tables, dressers, settees, desks, and lamps of Meta Memphis seem precisely geared to art collectors not just in conception but in their respectful reticence toward their surroundings. These are pieces that will not distract attention from the Twombly, override the Ryman, or be jarring next to the Johns. Whether or not the Meta Memphis designs recapture the stunning impact that Memphis had in the early eighties, they are yet another provocative chapter in the continuing history of postwar Italian design. Though the mood in Milan in recent seasons has been cautious and restrained, this new direction reconfirms the endless resilience of the creative spirit there. And spreading the word here in the U.S. is Keith Johnson, whose motto, inscribed in Italian between the elevator doors in his Detroit showroom, says it all: "Tutto è possibile"—Everything is possible. ▲

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An Adriatic Idyll

The Macleans' annual trek to Korčula is an ongoing family adventure
By Charles Maclean

In a walled city on a remote Adriatic island, the Boschi palace could hardly be described as easily accessible. Yet it's a rare September that we have the place to ourselves. The overnight boat from Rijeka, a stately but less than luxurious liner, threads its way through the Dalmatian archipelago and lets you off in Korčula around noon the following day. But the long awkward journey, which I make with my family every year (usually in September, the month of fresh figs, fewer tourists), never seems to discourage friends and relatives from just turning up—on that noon boat, by car and ferry, in the middle of the night.

After twenty years of more or less riotous Korčulan summers (of the house being full for weeks on end, three generations staying at once, and rows of children in sleeping bags on the terrace), my parents have taken to coming here out of season. They think of the palace now as their second home, and short of another earthquake—the last one, in 1608, left a zigzag crack down the palace walls—feel that the connection they struck with this beautiful island is likely to continue, something my father, Fitzroy Maclean, could never have imagined when he first turned up in Korčula nearly half a century ago.

Then a brigadier in the British army, he had parachuted into occupied Yugoslavia in 1943, sent out by Winston Churchill at the head of a military mission to Tito and the partisans. With the added responsibility of having Randolph Churchill and Evelyn Waugh along as his junior officers, he spent the next several months fighting a guerrilla campaign in the mountains of Bosnia. After walking down to the coast through the enemy lines accompanied by a Serbian partisan officer who had never seen the sea, he set sail one autumn night in a small dinghy, dodging the searchlights of German patrol boats, for Korčula: "We arrived just as it was getting light. I woke up to this marvelous view of a city on a little promontory rising out of the mist and thought I must be dreaming. We came ashore opposite the Hotel Korčula, and it seemed extraordinary to be somewhere civilized and, at that time, still relatively unscathed by the war.

"There were pretty girls in silk stockings and friendly, enormously hospitable people who plied us with wonderful fish and wine. We'd had nothing much to eat on a roughish journey from Bosnia and were very hungry indeed. And very, very dirty. I remember taking my first dip in the Adriatic, just below the city walls—where I always swim now—and feeling decidedly exposed when some German Stukas chose that moment to dive-bomb the harbor.

"It was a memorable swim. Looking up at Korčula from the sea, I thought it one of the most beautiful places I'd ever seen and promised myself that if I survived, I'd come back."

He returned to Yugoslavia soon after the war, taking his wife, Veronica, to meet Marshal Tito at an unexpectedly tense reunion on Lake Bled in 1948. Tito presented my mother with a diamond brooch and after lunch led the party on a wild horseback ride through the Slovenian woods, briefly shaking off the oppressive mood that only days later would be explained by his defiance of Stalin and the







The Romanesque cathedral of Saint Mark rises above Korčula, top, a Yugoslav island off the Dalmatian coast. Above: Sir Fitzroy Maclean, a former British brigadier, reminisces with President Tito. Left: Maclean outside the Boschi palace, his Korčula retreat.



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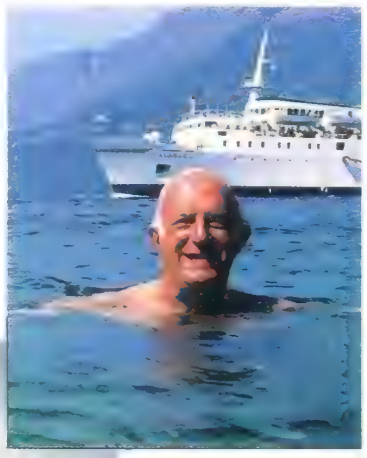
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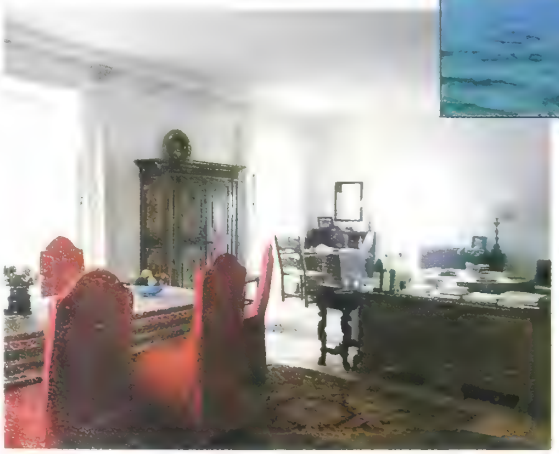
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Yugoslavia broke with Moscow. It was not until 1960 that my father, traveling this time en famille, managed to get back to Korčula. Tito had often said that he wanted him to have a house somewhere in Dalmatia. We spent the summer looking at villas up and down the coast, but I think my father always felt that Korčula was the only place for him. The rest of us were not quite so convinced. My mother, in particular, had reservations about living on an island: "It was an even more difficult journey in those days, and I didn't like the idea of being cut off. My heart was set on a very fine Venetian villa near Dubrovnik. Fortunately, since an enormous resort complex went up bang next to it and the villa itself was turned into a nightclub, it was not available."

My brother, Jamie, and I, then aged eleven and thirteen respectively and somewhat underawed by Korčula's natural beauty, were all for nightclubs and resort complexes. Of the houses on Korčula we'd been taken to look at, none of them very appealing, our vote went to the most unsuitable—a former lazaretto (a quarantine house for pilgrims), near Saint Nikola's monastery, that had been used more recently as a slaughterhouse. In the sea below its ancient walls we'd discovered a reef of whitened bones. The fishing there was excellent.

"Looking up at Korčula from the sea, I promised myself that if I survived, I'd come back"







Far away from their native Scotland, the Macleans found the perfect home for their 18th-century Italian furniture in the Boschi palace drawing room, above left. Top: Maclean takes his daily dip before lunch. Above: The Maclean family coat of arms.

Undaunted, undauntable, our parents were looking into the possibility of building out over the bones when they were asked if they would ever consider living in the old town of Korčula. There was a half-ruined palace belonging to the Boschis, a noble patrician family whose power and influence had dwindled over the centuries—it was for sale.

As palaces go, its proportions were modest, but the plain sixteenth-century building, restored from an earlier ruin with rough wooden floors, white-limed walls, and fine stone architraves, had the same air of simple splendor that characterizes much of the town.

We were met at the front door by the sound of energetic weeping. In a ground-floor room an old lady sat up in bed reading a comic book and boohooing into a red cotton handkerchief. The caretaker's mother, we were told—as if that was all the explanation needed. We trooped past her and on up to the piano nobile where the dark gloomy rooms stuffed with rather creepy religious art had been kept exactly as old Mr. Boschi had left them. Shutters and windows were thrown open. A wash of blue light came dancing in, and at once the atmosphere of genteel, sanctified decay was banished.

"Walking out onto the small but quite lovely terrace and seeing that magical view for the first time," my mother recalls, "I thought, 'This is wonderful.' It was a palace without a roof. You looked down onto a henhouse and the tops of fig and lemon trees growing up from cool dark courtyards below. But it was really the position that was so stunning, and since the whole city was under preservation order, we knew it would be safe."

A legend persists that Tito gave my father the house in recognition of his wartime deeds, a token of remembrance from a grateful nation and all that. In fact, my father bought it from the owner, long since emigrated to America, in a perfectly conventional sale. However, since no foreigner was allowed to own property in Yugoslavia except on a short lease, special dispensation had to be given. Tito duly passed the "Maclean law" decreeing that the house could remain in our family not only for my father's lifetime but in perpetuity.

Owning a tumbledown palace on an island in a Socialist republic is one thing, turning it into a manageable Balkan pied-à-terre another. The only habitable part of the house was the ground-floor flat occupied by the caretaker's family, whom we'd invited to stay on. (Now firm friends, they have become an integral part of our lives in Korčula.) The grander upstairs apartment had no kitchen, no bathroom, and not enough bedrooms for all of us to be there at once. A fearful array of logistical problems loomed beyond.

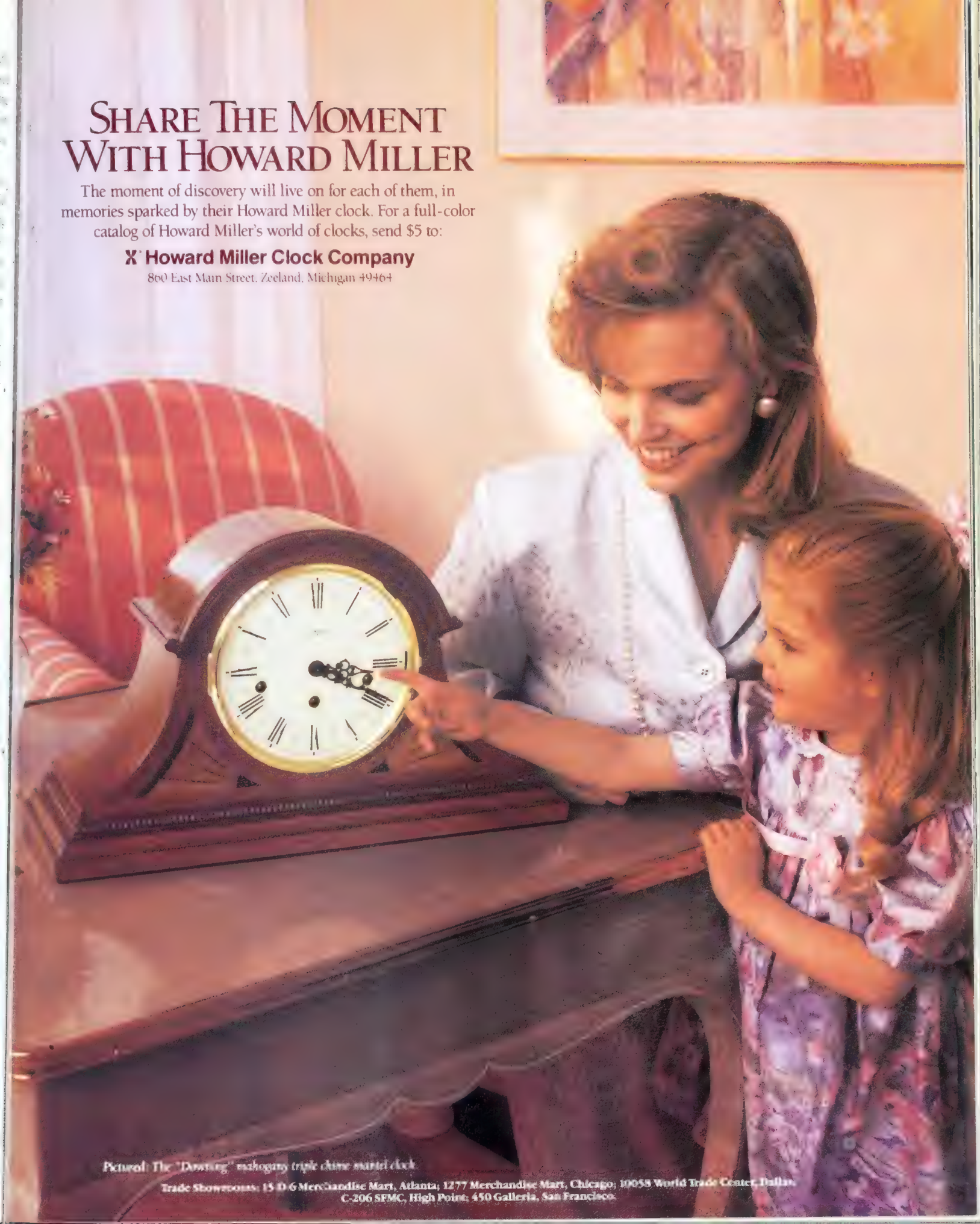
If my parents share a weakness, it is for just these kinds of odds. Directing operations from their house in the Scottish Highlands, they began—with the help of Korčulan friends whose knowledge of local history and stoneworking traditions proved invaluable—to restore, expand, and modernize. The hens were driven from the ruined courtyard below the terrace, floors put back where the original *zubi* (stone dentils to support wooden rafters) showed they must have been, and odd bits of Gothic and Renaissance masonry collected by the Boschis fitted in wherever appropriate. The vine-shaded terrace was extended to make a roof over what is now known as the *nova kuča*, a separate guesthouse within the old palace walls to take the overspill.

The terrace, looking out over the town roofs to a chain of small islands scattered across the Adriatic, has inevitably become the center of palace life. Where we eat, entertain, sunbathe, work—and, in

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...fair weather, sleep out under the stars—it's like living on the bridge of a great liner. The sea ahead, within easy reach for a swim below the ramparts, must be one of the busiest shipping lanes in Dalmatia. Foghorns sound in all weather as merchantmen coming through the Korčulanski Kanal salute the retired sea captains who live in the old town. At dusk swallows and bats swoop down from the cathedral tower, and the deepening blue sky above the terrace can seem as vast as it does over Kansas.

When my parents are here alone, sharing a life of routine simplicity, my mother shops early at the open-air market and does all the cooking and housework, while my father, who finds Korčula a good place to write, sits out on the terrace at his stone table and works until their ritual swim before lunch. It's really an Adriatic reflection of the life they lead in Argyll, where he writes in the garden at another stone table with a distant view of sea and hill, and she reluctantly keeps him company in the frigid waters of Loch Fyne. The terrace may be noisier, but the clamor of church bells, rooftop conversations between neighbors, cats fighting, even blaring radios are not the distractions they would certainly be at home.

"I should miss all the excitement if it wasn't there," my father insists. "The point about Korčula is that it's a city—with its own cathedral, city chambers, guilds, and a thousand years of civilization—but the size of a village. It's city life on a human scale without the aggravations of traffic, crime, smog, anonymity. What I don't miss is the telephone."

A summer refuge on the Mediterranean conjures the image of a gin-and-tonic enclave. In Korčula, although the town was occupied by a British garrison in Napoleonic times, there's no danger of nightly bridge parties with retired colonels. In high season the island swarms with tourists. And ever since Edward VIII and Mrs. Simpson came here on a getaway cruise in 1936, visiting yachts have continued to supply a little welcome glamour.

But it's the Korčulans themselves who make the island's richly various social life fun and interesting. As a family, we all have our own friends here, and now that the connections extend over several generations, we are beginning to feel that we belong. My parents, recently made honorary citizens, take an active interest in local affairs. When my brother, Jamie, got married in the cathedral a few years ago, the celebrations involving half the town of Korčula lasted for four extraordinary days and nights.

If you take a guided tour of the old town, you will be shown the house where Marco Polo may or may not have spent a year as prisoner of the Genoese. You are also likely to have pointed out the Boschi palace, home of "Serfizroy Maklen," another foreigner whose contribution to the island's history has gradually been absorbed into Korčulan mythology.

Since Homeric times, when Circe is said to have lured Ulysses's men ashore to the golden beaches of Lumbarda, Korčula has eased the wanderlust of world travelers. My father claims to feel less restless here than in most places, but he still has a tendency to swim out dangerously far into the busy shipping lanes beyond the city walls. "It would be a little ironic at this point to get decapitated by a German tourist in a speedboat," he cheerfully admits. But he continues to take in the unchanging view of the city from the sea—to make him give up the pleasure, the odds would have to be a lot tougher. ♠





Wearing a Scottish military bonnet, Maclean, below, patrols the streets of Korčula with partisan officers in 1943. Right: Maclean, son Charlie, and granddaughter Margaret Augusta breakfast on the terrace of the Boschi palace.

Owning a tumbledown palace on an island in a Socialist republic is one thing, turning it into a manageable Balkan pied-à-terre another



A flying staircase leads to the 14th-century main gate of Korčula.

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War at the Armory

New York's newest antiques show challenges its most prestigious rival
By Stuart Greenspan



Greek dog's head drinking cup, 4th century B.C., left, fr... the Merrin Gallery, ... Below: An 18th-cent... portrait by John Fr... Rigaud, from Arthur... Ackermann & Son, London. Below left: Greek red figure wi... and water krater, 4... century B.C., from ... the Merrin Gallery.

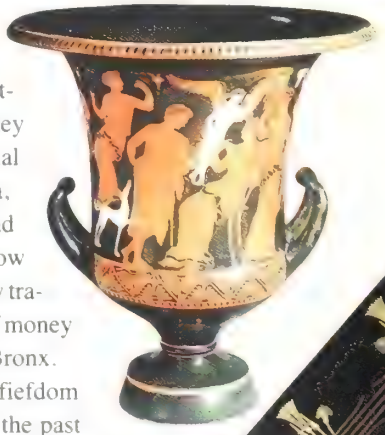


Finds from the International Antique Dealers Show: intaglio crystal pendants and pins, c. 1880, left, from Hancocks & Co., London. Below: C. G. Diehl box, c. 1860, from Didier Aaron, NYC. Bottom: Chelsea plate, c. 1755, from Brian Haughton, London.

London ceramics dealers Anna and Brian Haughton were receiving journalists at half-hour intervals in their cheerful suite in New York's Mayfair Regent Hotel. Attended by their American publicist Joanne Creveling, a graduate of the Mario Buatta Winter Antiques Show school of show management, they were tying together the many loose strings of their latest, most ambitious, and potentially most controversial enterprise—the International Antique Dealers Show, to be launched September 23–27 (with a benefit opening September 22) at New York's Seventh Regiment Armory.

Organizing antiques shows is something the Haughtons do very well, having established over the past decade two of the most successful specialist shows in Europe, the International Silver and Jewelry Fair and Seminar and the International Ceramics Fair and Seminar, both in London. But in presenting the New York show in September, which they are producing with the cooperation of the National Antique and Art Dealers Association of America, the Haughtons appear to be going head-to-head with the best established and most prestigious show in America, the Winter Antiques Show, a January tradition which for 35 years has made a great deal of money for the East Side House Settlement in the south Bronx.



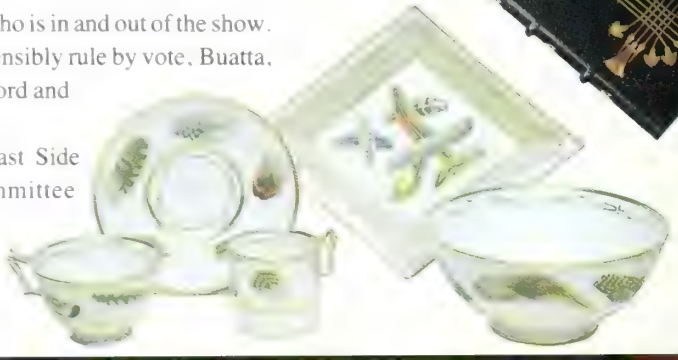


Flaubert's *Herodias*, below, with Petrus Ruban binding, 1892, from Vieux Livres d'Europe, NYC. Bottom: Worcester Flight, Barr & Barr porcelain, c. 1815, from Earle D. Vandekar, NYC.



The East Side show is regarded as the personal fiefdom of esteemed decorator Mario Buatta, who over the past fifteen years has transformed the formerly stodgy Winter Antiques Show into one of the chicest events of the winter season. The show raises about $800,000 annually for East Side House, nearly a third of its entire budget. Although his charm and wit are legendary, Buatta has not accomplished this by being a "nice guy." There are many people who dislike his autocratic manner when it comes to making decisions about such things as who is in and out of the show. Although there are committees who ostensibly rule by vote, Buatta, it is generally conceded, has the final word and often the first one, too.

The source of Buatta's power is East Side House itself whose aristocratic committee members are delighted by the money



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he makes for the charity and at the same time are cowed by his flamboyance and style. Buatta's way, as successful as it has proven to be, is not their way, but when push comes to shove, these gentlemen turn the other cheek in the name of charity.

Buatta's other power base is made up of the friends and clients whom he has handpicked for the various committees responsible for the show. Glamorous people, Buatta knows, appreciate special handling and show their gratitude by bringing along their friends, who almost always travel with their checkbooks.

But in all this, one has to ask, What about the antiques? Ah! This is where the Haughtons come in. One of the major complaints about Buatta is that he turned what had been a fine if slightly provincial Americana-dominated show into a "decorator" show, where no one much cared if the goods for sale weren't "right," as long as they looked right. As the situation worsened some dealers suggested that in order to reassure buyers of authenticity and to support the integrity of the show, East Side should be vetted. Vetting, in which committees of experts examine everything on the floor to certify that it is just what the dealer says it is—if not, it is banished—is standard procedure at European shows, but it has never caught on in America. Maybe this can be attributed to that streak of fierce individualism which runs through so much of American enterprise; or maybe, despite our sophistication and worldly wisdom, we are still suspicious of "foreign" ways—and in the American antiques world, vetting is definitely foreign.

Buatta, it is conceded, has the final word and often the first one, too



Pair of Worcester flowerpots, below, from Brian Haughton, London. Right: English 1658 embossed silver porringer and stand from Asprey, London.

Nevertheless, a few years ago a group of dealers in the East Side show banded together and advertised, by means of placards displayed in their booths, that their goods were vetted. The rest of the exhibitors were outraged and some threatened to walk out if the offending signs were not removed. Two years later when Buatta broke faith with the dealers by ignoring their recommendations regarding which of them should be invited back, the dealers threatened to close down the show. Buatta backed down, but it remains an uneasy truce. Few exhibitors, if any, however, are prepared to give up their spot at East Side because it's still the most highly acclaimed and profitable show in America. Some dealers take home a huge chunk of their annual income through this ten-day gig, alone. That East Side might be superseded by the International show, which will be fully vetted, has some people quaking.

Although much has already been made of this "war of the antiques shows," the Haughtons, at least, do not see it that way. "We're not interested in the power side at all," says Brian Haughton, picking up immediately on Buatta's most remarked-upon trait. "We're not interested in egos. We're very happy to be Brian and Anna Haughton." All very well and good, but one doesn't get to put on a high-powered international show by emulating Mother Teresa, either. In order to avoid any appearance of poaching, the Haughtons did not invite exhibitors to join them, per se, but once the word got out they did entertain written applications.

The 84 dealers they've lined up are among the best in the world and include Israel Sack, the great New York American furniture firm, which has not done a show like this in years, and Robert H. Ellsworth, the New York Orientalist who is so exclusive he does not even keep a shop. As if running the show were not enough, the Haughtons will also be exhibiting ceramics, as will Earle D. Vandekar and a slew of others. Didier Aaron, the decorative arts specialist, antiquities dealer Edward Merrin, and twenty others will be showing at the International as well as at East Side. Although Buatta has grumbled a bit about crossovers—dealers doing both shows—he seems to be taking a wait-and-see attitude.

In fact, despite all the criticism directed at him, Buatta generally has seemed impervious to it, delighting in the negative as well as the positive attention he gets. Buatta has been known to write or call journalists to thank them even when he has been savaged. But the announcement of the new show must have rattled him because for a while he was wondering out loud if the Haughtons might not want him to come over to their side. The Haughtons were aghast at the suggestion. "We haven't even met the man," Brian Haughton sniffed. Wait and see. ♠

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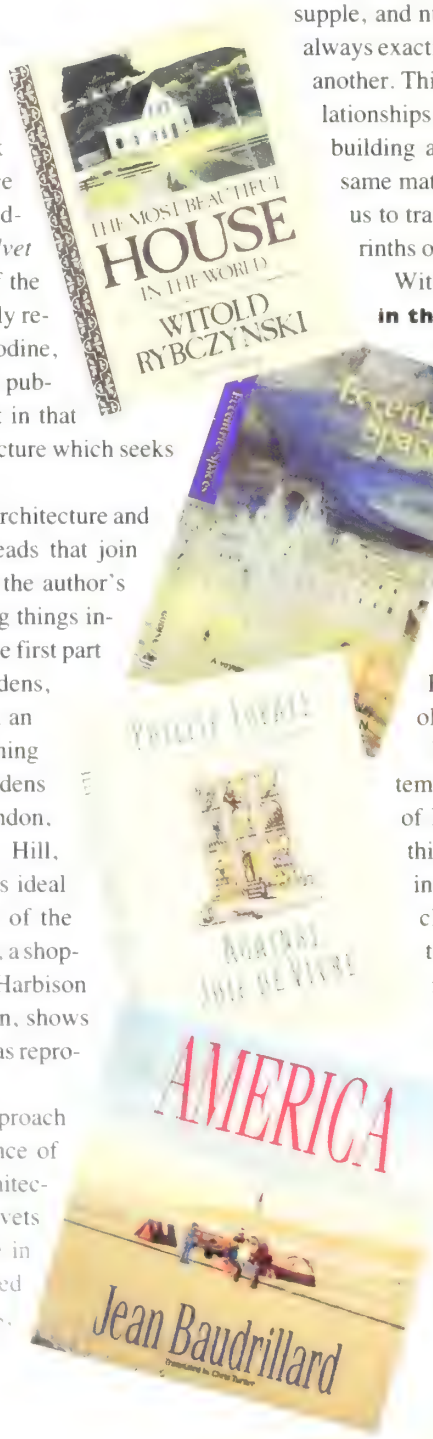
I was at the video store the other night, cruising the tapes. Passing in delicious perplexity among the genres, I hauled up in front of a rack marked CULT. The category seemed to embrace those hard-to-classify movies vehemently admired by smallish groups, films like *Blue Velvet* and the marvelous *Brazil*. By this standard of the fervor of minorities, Robert Harbison's recently reissued book **Eccentric Spaces** (David R. Godine, $10.95) is also a cult classic. Since it was first published in 1977, it has become a standard text in that small but fervent canon of works about architecture which seeks to understand the poetic dimension of space.

The book is about the relationship between architecture and fiction in the broadest sense—about the threads that join space making and the imagination, about, in the author's words, "domesticating reality" and "bringing things indoors." Harbison adopts a double strategy. The first part of the book considers a sequence of things, gardens, rooms, machines, and cities, that he arrays in an unfolding order of complication. By examining places of exemplary eccentricity, the weird gardens of Bomarzo, Sir John Soane's house in London, Horace Walpole's zany mansion Strawberry Hill, Victorian train sheds, Ledoux's and Boullée's ideal cities, the architecture of Bernini, and that of the "Bernini of the present," one Eddie di Bartolo, a shopping mall magnate from Youngstown, Ohio, Harbison presses the edges of his envelope of inscription, shows the way in which the most fantastic literary ideas reproduce themselves in material reality.

The second half of the book inverts the approach of the first. Here Harbison looks at a sequence of fictions that order the world of places, an architecture of ideas. Again, the range of instances rivets with its eccentricity: the strange architecture in Gothic novels and those of Kafka; cities evoked in Hawthorne, James, Robbe-Grillet, Dickens, Flaubert; the encapsulating spatialization of maps and of the paintings of Brueghel and Van Eyck; the ordering of things embodied at the Victoria and Albert Museum and in the Sears catalogue. All represent evanescent codings of states of mind, the shadowy architecture of the imaginary.

Eccentric Spaces is, of course, also a mapping of Harbison's own sensibility, autobiographical, and preoccupied. Like architecture, which he decodes as the expression of individual lives, the book returns persistently to certain centers, to Rome, Venice, and London, to Victorian novels, to Joyce, to the primal scenes of modernity's struggles between reason and romance. What makes the book marvelous, however, is not the axis of return but the twists in the road, Harbison's uncannily fresh mental topographies.

In form, *Eccentric Spaces* is a kind of picaresque, a rogue wandering through a singular imagination. The writing is brilliant, supple, and nuanced. The book's unexpected juxtapositions are always exacting, propelling the reader in one new direction after another. This exquisite piling on exemplifies just the sorts of relationships the book is about, the ways in which the space of building and the space of fiction are constructed from the same matrix of conjury. Harbison is a Marco Polo, inviting us to travel to places mysterious and new, to see the labyrinths of the exotic in the spaces we inhabit.



Witold Rybczynski's **The Most Beautiful House in the World** (Viking, $18.95) is also structured as a picaresque, a series of associative wanderings prompted by the contemplation of architecture. In this case, the stimulating object is a little house Rybczynski built for himself near Montreal. At one level, then, the book is a memoir of the amateur carpenter's travails, an immemorial form, incarnate from *The Swiss Family Robinson* to *Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House* and down to *The Money Pit* and sundry other pittings of Tom Hanks or Chevy Chase against the teeny malevolences of the suburbs.

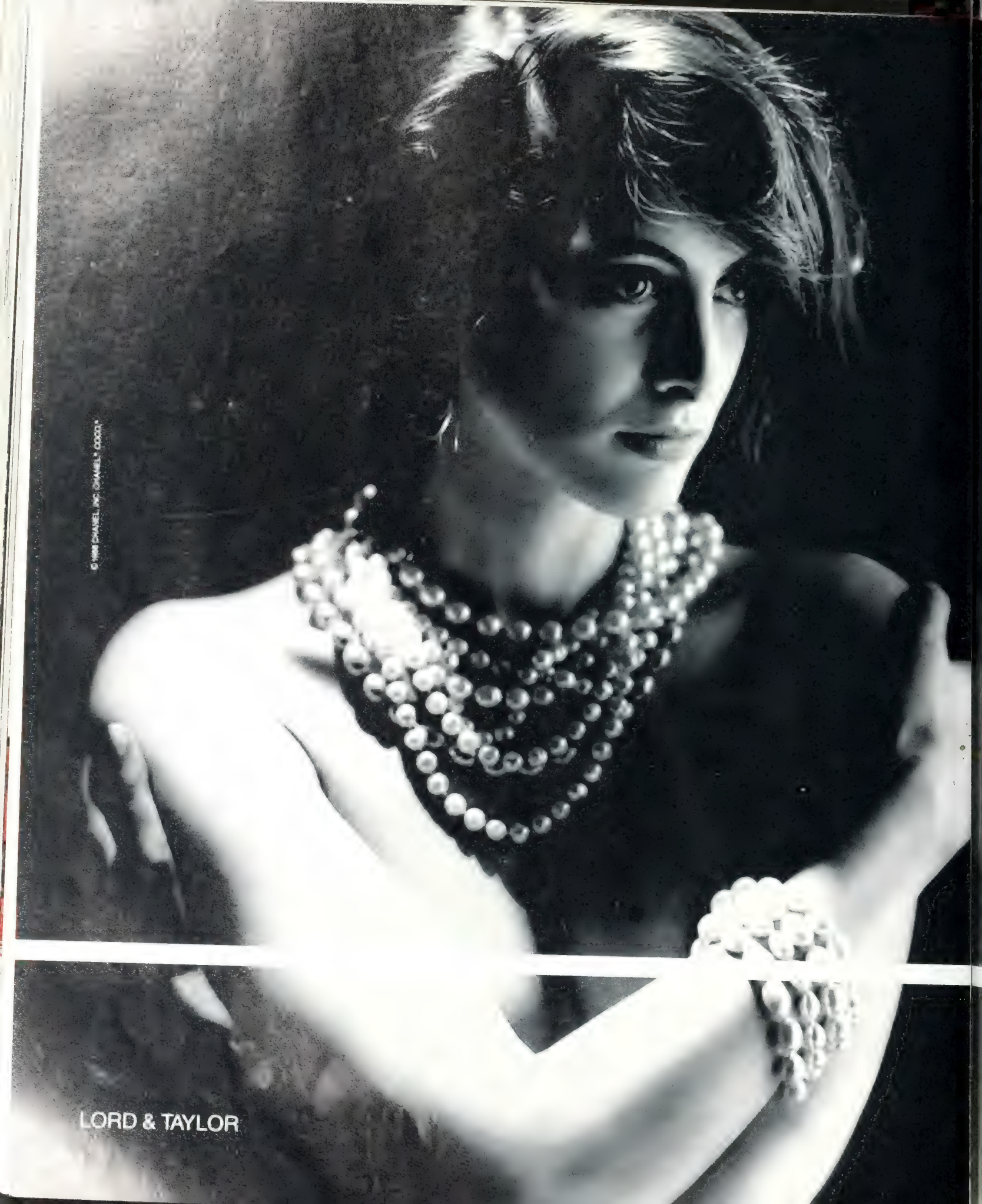
Unlike Tom Hanks, though, when Rybczynski contemplates a two-by-four, he's put immediately in mind of Bernini or, at least, Le Corbusier. There's something charming and affecting, even grand, in the leap, in the conceit that, immanent in every work of architecture, however modest, resides the collective memory of all architecture. It's scarcely a new insight, this vision of buildings as mnemonics, and, indeed, it is this very idea of building as a residence for ideas that Harbison so skillfully elaborates. The problem for me with Rybczynski lies in both a consonance and a dissonance between his little shingled goad and the larger thoughts it inspires.

The consonance problem is the same one I had with his earlier book, *Home*, that popular paean to the cozy comforts of the absolutely bourgeois: there is no eccentricity. The march of associations



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...aspect of a kindly, catholic, and conscientious schoolmaster. One can't fault his mini discourses on feng shui or Fallingwater, but the analysis is always so, well, comfortable. Where Harbison measures the dimensions of fictive words, Rybczynski describes the houses famous authors lived in. Harbison offers a ride in a roaring Maserati through the lifting mists on a twisting alpine road. Rybczynski takes us for a leisurely Sunday drive to Grandmother's house in the family flivver.

The dissonance, on the other hand, comes from contemplating the particular object of Rybczynski's energies, the house described in the text and presented in a series of unlovely little sketches. Now, the universe may well be visible in a grain of sand to some, but most of us, trodding the beach, don't spot the cosmos. Invited to find fascination in Rybczynski's stimulating relationship to the shed he has built, we're given only his own fascination to be fascinated with. The homely little building, however homey, is something only a parent could love.

The month's picaresque prize must, however, surely go to Parisian Jean Baudrillard and his latest book, **America** (Verso, $24.95). Baudrillard is a picaresque hero in the most metropolitan incarnation: the philosophical *flâneur*. Picture Baudrillard, the great avatar of simulation, proponent of the idea that experience is growing ever more ersatz, tooling down the American superhighway in his rented Buick as the satanic manufactories of mediated mendacity, from Madison Avenue to Hollywood, flash by on either side. Did a philosopher ever have greater incitement to find the *mot juste*?

Rybczynski's homely little building is something only a parent could love

Alas, he's not quite up to it in this brief work. The geography of Baudrillard's travels is too familiar, trod or driven by so many Europeans looking for themselves in the mirror of America, projecting their visions of utopia on our yielding shores. But we are still dealing with Baudrillard, who is nothing if not an astute reader of the "affectless succession of signs" that signal the shifting shapes of this "primitive society of the future." Embedded in the hyperbolic torrent are plenty of gratifying and deadly accurate riffs: on Los Angeles (that El Dorado of European speculation), on Salt Lake City, on the desert, the movies, Ronald Reagan, automobiles, and much more. If Baudrillard isn't exactly the Postmodern Tocqueville we've been waiting for, his lambent insights seldom fail to amuse.

Finally, I'm pleased to note the publication of **Against Joie de Vivre** (Poseidon Press, $18.95), a fine book of essays by Phillip Lopate. A number of these deal with places and ways in which people live in the city (specifically, New York and Houston). His accounts of these intimate relations with the urban environment are finely nuanced and wise. His is a fine eye for the little rituals of propinquity that make up everybody's strategies of inhabitation. I especially like "Never Live above Your Landlord," with its reverberant, if chilling, bong of familiarity. ▲



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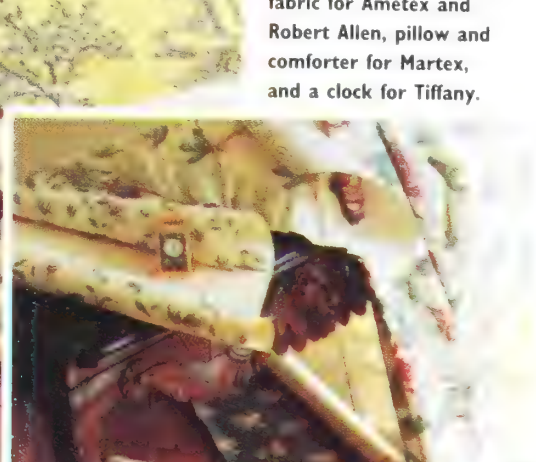
Eire Apparent

Dublin designer Sybil Connolly's cottage industry goes global
By Douglas Brenner



Connolly, below, with fabrics she designed for Schumacher and Robert Allen. Above left: Porcelain for Tiffany & Co. echoes 18th-century botanical collages.





Brunschwig & Fils has re-created a 1760 Dublin toile, left, used in Connolly's decoration of a Regency cottage ornée, shown in photo. Below: On an Irish Georgian table from Kentshire Gallery, Connolly wallpapers for Schumacher, fabric for Ametex and Robert Allen, pillow and comforter for Martex, and a clock for Tiffany.

"Sometimes I wonder if I don't really prefer houses to clothes," muses Sybil Connolly, the doyenne of Irish couture, as she sips her favorite jasmine tea in a friend's Manhattan apartment. "The tea," she confides in a cozy whisper, "is my drug," a soothing restorative amid a hectic round of professional and social engagements across the United States. For many years after her transatlantic debut in Philadelphia in 1953, her frequent visits to this country promoted the now-classic fashions in linen, tweed, and lace that have won her a loyal clientele (Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis wore a Connolly gown to sit for her White House portrait; Cary Grant was partial to the Dubliner's menswear). More recently, however, Americans have also come to know Sybil Connolly as the designer of china place settings, enamel boxes, and clocks for Tiffany's, fabrics and wallcoverings for Brunschwig & Fils, Robert Allen, and Schumacher, and bed linens for Martex and as the editor of two new books, *In an Irish Garden* (a collaborative effort with Helen Dillon) and *In an Irish House*, both published by Harmony.

Sybil Connolly's teacup pauses in midair at the mention of a second career—"Well," she offers with an indulgent smile, "one does evolve, doesn't one?" Clearly, though, she would no sooner countenance such an idea than she would talk about "lifestyle" as a commodity. Style is something she absorbed as a girl from her half-Welsh, half-English mother, a woman who cared as deeply about Georgian houses, eighteenth-century cabinetwork, and old silver as she did about the newest Balenciaga frock: "She and Nancy Lancaster had the best taste—about houses, about everything—of anybody I have ever known. I always knew when my mother had been in a room from the placement of a single object."

Connolly sharpened her eye for detail and craftsmanship as a teenage apprentice at Bradley's, an exclusive London dressmaking salon (she was once allowed to hold the pins at a Buckingham Palace fitting for the dowager Queen Mary). Later, back in Ireland with a design label of her own, she worked with seamstresses to perfect methods for hand-pleating gossamer linen, organized teams of knitters, and sat by peat fires with cottage weavers in Donegal, devising novel lightweight tweeds for American customers used to central heating. Between foreign tours and fittings, she personally supervised the restoration of the circa 1770 town house on Dublin's Merrion Square where she still lives and runs her salon after 32 years, surrounded by "Irish Chippendale" furniture, rare Dublin delft, Waterford and Simon Pearce glass, and a collection of chatelaines she treasures as relics of the high art of housekeeping.

Sybil Connolly has been decorating other people's houses almost as long as she has been designing clothes, and as she sees it, everything she has put her hand to—no matter how romantic its intended effect—expresses a single-minded aesthetic discipline. "I've always been interested in proportion and line," she says. "Line endures—in a piece of furniture, in a room, in a dress." She has seldom made her point quite so explicitly as in the 1954 couture collection that featured evening skirts with embroidery modeled after eighteenth-century plasterwork and pillbox hats derived from Clas-

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Vent' anni's in the Goblet Look of 1955, whose silhouette reflected the contours of antique Waterford claret glasses (turned upside down). But even at her subtlest and most original, Connolly has never ceased to learn from the decorative arts of earlier eras. The sprigged Angoulême pattern of Louis XVI china reappeared in one of her earliest fabric designs, the ribbon cartouche of a Chinese export wallpaper threaded its way into a Connolly chintz, and the botanical "paper mosaicks" of Mary Delaney, the eminent collagist, diarist, and needlewoman of eighteenth-century England and Ireland, inspired the jewel-like flowers against black backgrounds on Connolly porcelain. A skilled watercolorist and an avid gardener, Connolly bases most of her floral motifs on paintings of the plants she grows behind her Dublin house. "I used 29 colors in my first design for Brunschwig & Fils—there were eleven greens!" she recalls. "But they forgot to tell me that one is limited to a certain number of colors. So I had to learn how to paint with a bit of gouache."

"Line endures—in a piece of furniture, in a room, in a dress"

Besides helping to organize the 1986 exhibition that brought Mrs. Delaney's long-neglected collages and embroidery from the storerooms of the British Museum to the galleries of New York's Morgan Library, Connolly has aided in the rescue of other forgotten art forms. In the 1970s she was one of the first to revive the appliqué paper mural technique of the Georgian print room—an adaptation of which adorns the endpapers of *In an Irish House*—and now she is eager to broadcast the little-known fact that the method for printing eighteenth-century toile de Jouy with copper plates was invented by an Irishman, whose process was eventually appropriated by a French manufacturer. She recounts the behind-the-scenes museum detective work that led to this discovery with the unabashed delight of Miss Marple unraveling a knotty case.

A reprinted 1760 "toile de Dublin" from the National Museum of Ireland is an important element in Connolly's decoration of a Regency folly near Cahir in County Tipperary, a thatched cottage ornée said to have been designed by John Nash. "The place is wildly romantic, like a sleeping beauty," she exclaims. "What adds to the aura, I suppose, is that it was rumored to have been commissioned by the Earl of Glengall for his mistress." With its vine-clad trellises and tree trunk columns, the cottage ornée was meant to be a fanciful, sophisticated version of rustic architecture—rather like one of Connolly's most famous dresses, the Irish Washerwoman, which transformed the Connemara peasant's red flannel petticoat, white blouse, and black crochet shawl into an elegant evening ensemble. The Cahir cottage is owned by the Irish government and is now being restored as a public landmark with funds from the New York–based Port Royal Foundation. The Irish toile and other fabrics and wallpapers, based on documentary sources as well as original Connolly designs, have been produced for the restoration by Brunschwig, which will market them this fall as the Cottage Ornée Collection.

Meanwhile, Sybil Connolly is gathering material for a book on the decorative arts of Ireland, studying floral-patterned antique papier-mâché with a new series of trays in mind, consulting with couture clients, and "working hard, and not succeeding very much, to do white-on-white sheets with just a bit of color. Indeed the best seller I have ever designed for Martex is just blue and white. It's been out two years or so, and I am still receiving royalties. I don't think I'll ever get over the novelty of receiving royalties."

As always, Connolly looks forward to seeing her designs in the houses of friends at home and abroad—and will no doubt view the results with a gentle appreciation for the mysterious influence of national taste. "American houses are neater than Irish or English houses," she observes, "and sometimes I am not too sure that they shouldn't look a bit more as though people are living in them. You want to see a cushion not quite straight or stumble over a child's train set or find somebody's knitting. I think that makes a charming room. It's rather encouraging, don't you think, to feel that human beings are still necessary." ▲

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Timely Obsessions

After cornering the market on 1950s clocks, a couple moves on to lunch boxes

By Margot Guralnick





Like a fisherman who's just pulled in a prize trout or a butterfly collector with a rare specimen in his net, New York sculptor Peter Reginato is feeling the flush of a recent catch. "I almost lost my cool when I saw it," he says gazing at a light blue vinyl lunch box, packed among rows and rows of similar lunch boxes dating from the 1950s to the near present. Though the cachet of this model—or any for that matter—is far from obvious to the uninitiated, a 1964 Mickey Mouse Kaboodle Kit represents a blue-chip find to lunch box aficionados like Reginato, and for $10 from an uptown New York gallery it's something to gloat over.

Then again, each of the lunch boxes lining Reginato's studio has a story behind it—a tale of a fruitful garage sale, a three-hour drive to a backwoods flea market, or a complex trading deal negotiated over the telephone with a stranger in Wyoming. "Every popular figure from Zorro to Twiggy found their way onto a lunch box," says Reginato. "To me these aren't just kitsch collector's items, they're documents of an era."

What started four years ago with a $3 find has led to a pioneering collection nearly eight hundred strong, a mere twelve away from featuring every steel example ever made. (The last steel lunch box, fittingly emblazoned with Rambo graphics, came out in 1986 before a group of disgruntled mothers, insisting steel was a deadly weapon, forced manufacturers to switch to molded plastic.) Lunch boxes, of course, are far from rare—between 1950 and 1970, 120 million were produced—but a recent book on the subject and a rash of new collectors have sent prices soaring. To keep up with the competition, Reginato forgoes art openings in favor of hours of long-distance box talk. And though his own colorful steel sculptures can be found in prominent collections all over the country, he's more likely to be overheard effusing about "full-faced Hoppies" (lunch box code for Alladin's 1954–56 likenesses of Hopalong Cassidy) than about the Whitney Museum's Edward Hoppers.

Collecting may be a new sideline for Reginato but developing untapped territories is a longtime speciality. During the late sixties, long before the acquisitive urge had surfaced, he was one of the first artists to carve a combination studio and living space out of a seedy downtown New York warehouse. "Stripped, bright, without redundancies," as an article in *Vogue* described it, the loft was a stylish wilderness of "almost no furniture, considerable art, and continuous music." Things had changed, however, by the time Reginato met his wife, Felicia de Chabris, more than a decade later. His hand-me-down modular orange sofa no longer had that outré edge, the rooms begged for doors, and the ceiling was on the verge of caving in.

Peter Reginato and Felicia de Chabris, left, count the minutes with their collection of 1950s George Nelson clocks. Top: One of de Chabris's vintage hat forms wearing a concoction by Victoria DiNardo. Below: Lunch boxes climb the walls in Reginato's studio. Bottom: A 1954 Howdy Doody.

Some quick structural improvements were followed by a mad search for furniture. "After rejecting one black leather couch after another," recalls de Chabris, a former interior designer turned ceramic artist, "we decided to focus on furniture classics." Soon an Eames sofa, a vintage jukebox, an Arne Jacobsen Swan chair, and a rug with Calder-style abstractions had formed an ensemble in the living room and it seemed they wanted only one more detail—a ball clock produced by fifties design hero




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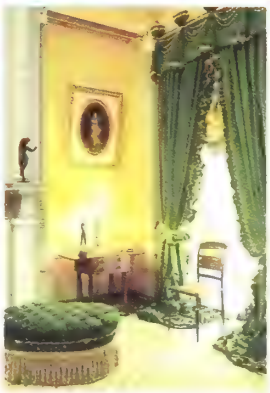
From Folk to Federal

A new gallery in Baltimore provides a sumptuous setting for high-style Americana

By Amy Cunningham



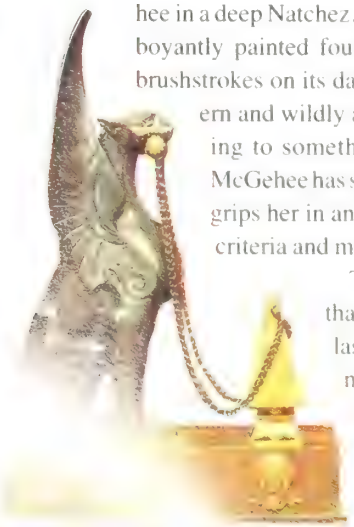




Milly McGehee, below left, conducts business from a Federal lolling chair with partner Stiles Colwill. The sideboard is Renaissance Revival, c. 1860.

A Renaissance Revival armchair, 19th-century painted screen, and vintage Parcheesi board, above, lend a baronial look to the gallery. Left: Colwill-McGehee's lavish Neoclassical drawing room. Below left: Detail of a bronze Egyptian Revival fire fender.

"The more you see, the more you start to focus on what was really special in the eye of the artist making the piece," says Milly McGehee in a deep Natchez, Mississippi, accent. She is surveying a flamboyantly painted four-drawer chest dated 1800. The bold green brushstrokes on its dark mustard finish are anachronistically modern and wildly abstract—as if the craftsman had been listening to something dissonant, like Béla Bartók, that day. McGehee has studied the chest dozens of times, and yet it still grips her in an extraordinary way. This object meets all her criteria and more. This object "sings" in a piercing voice.



The chest is just the kind of American rarity that McGehee, 39, a recent transplant from Dallas, and Stiles Tuttle Colwill, 37, a Baltimore native, resolved to trade in exclusively when they formed their Baltimore partnership in March 1988. Almost every piece in their gallery is an exquisite oddity in some respect. A walk around all four rooms reveals two rare rosewood-grain painted card tables attributed to Baltimore furniture makers John and Hugh Findlay, a late Federal sofa extremely valuable for its diminutive size, and an 1820 sideboard made by John Needles and purchased from Andy Warhol's estate.

"Whether it's textiles or furniture, we look for things that are vibrant, spirited, unusual," says McGehee, a gregarious blonde who had her own museum-quality Americana business in Dallas for eight years before hooking up with Colwill. The two met nearly a decade ago while examining a Baltimore painted settee that McGehee was selling to the Maryland Historical Society, where Colwill worked for sixteen years, the last two as museum director. They got better acquainted at annual Sotheby's luncheons and came to see the kicky compatibility of their seemingly opposing tastes. She loves sophisticated country. He has a scholar's knowledge of formal American furniture and landscape paintings. It's the juxtaposition of their preferences that now constitutes Colwill-McGehee's sumptuous look.

The gallery, which had been used as a copy store, occupies the first floor of a 1901 Greek Revival town house. Abused for many years, it took seven months to remodel and decorate the place. Colwill and McGehee carefully restored the Robert Adam–style plasterwork and trim and enlisted British decorative painter Harry Lendrum to do the graining and marbling in the first two rooms.

Colwill-McGehee's lavish Neoclassical drawing room is brightly lined with a giddy yellow wallpaper. Under McGehee's critical eye, Colwill draped the front window with four layers of dramatically swagged curtains of dark green silk. The bright yellow and green carpet was custom-woven in England from an 1806 pattern. British and American landscapes and portraits hang by chains from brass picture rails. An early nineteenth century gilded eagle with spread wings looks down from a pediment. McGehee is quite fond of eagles.

Among the gallery's boldest combinations is in the baronial fourth gallery room, their office, which looks like a library or smoking room in a Scottish castle. Since this space has become an extension of home, it's not unusual to find them eating lunch beside one of the two working fireplaces, complaining vehemently about the quotidian chicken sandwiches they've been forced to purchase from the only carryout place within blocks. "Frankly," says McGehee, "anything ordinary just isn't acceptable to us." (Colwill-McGehee Antique Decorative and Fine Arts, 1106 North Charles St., Baltimore, MD 301-547-8607) ▲

JEAN PAGLIUSO



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Floral Decorum

Only the French would decree which blooms signify good taste
By Jane Kramer

A shy, bearded gardener by the name of Yves Martignon comes from the suburbs two or three times a year to help with my Paris garden, which is one of those big secret gardens hidden behind the walls and courtyards of the Left Bank. It was intended as an English garden. A gardening lady from one of the Scilly Isles looked it over years ago, when it was a neat grass plot with gravel "walking borders," and said that it would never do — and then she carried over the proper English bulbs and seeds and fertilizers in her Mini-Minor and turned the earth two shovels deep and scattered everything around with great artful nonchalance. Soon she had herbs and iris, camellias and roses and petunias appearing and reappearing like the themes of a pastorale, overflowing their beds onto old stone paths that wandered through the garden from the far wall to the dining room door. The garden was rarely bare, except for a few months in winter. Then M. Martignon took it over.



M. Martignon is actually allergic to flowers. In a bad year he has to retire from gardening with the first crocus and cannot go back to work until the last fall rose has died. This means that he is rarely around to see the flowers he has planted bloom, but, even so, he is as rigorous in his views about flowers as any of the fancy florists in town. It is against M. Martignon's principles to plant a yellow tulip, say, next to a pink tulip or to mix the seeds he brings in little paper bags from his *pépinière* in the suburbs and wait for surprises. Left to his own taste, he plants an austere—even a devout—garden. He was distressed, of course, by the terrible winter we had in France a few years back, but when he arrived at my garden that April and was busy pulling up the dead bushes and stuffing them into black plastic garbage sacks, he did remark that the garden looked "plus pur, plus classique" with its big new empty patches and not much of its old bosky greenery left to make him sneeze. When he came back to plant, I was away in Italy, and I got home just as the new flowers he put in began to bud. I was astonished to see that every one of those flowers was a marigold. There were hundreds and hundreds of marigolds, and they were coming up in neat straight rows, all the way back to the garden walls, looking less like flowers than like nervous little yellow soldiers on a drill field. M. Martignon was so excited by the thought of all those marigolds that he took a couple of antihistamines and drove into Paris to admire his handiwork. It was hard to argue with him when he announced, with considerable pride, that my yard looked just like a municipal garden now. I asked him where the petunias were and where the begonias were and the impatiens but M. Martignon gave me a cool look and said simply, "Madame, ça que j'ai fait, c'est plus raffiné."

The French are often peculiar when it comes to flowers. They suspect that flowers are beautiful, and beauty here is a serious business and does not always have much to do with gaiety or amusement. It has to do with "taste," as M. Martignon remarked while he was admiring his marigolds—with *le bon goût*. The famous flowers of Provence, the jasmine and the agapanthus and the hot, splashy bougainvillea of the south, belong to Latin France, the France where nature, so to speak, lets go the way the French themselves let go when they get to Beaulieu or Saint-Tropez and take off their clothes and lie right down in the sunshine. They do not let go like that at home. By all accounts, no one in Normandy thought much of Giverny when Claude Monet started planting. The locals considered Giverny a wild, romantic, messy sort of place, something they would expect from a painter. They had no appetite for all that dripping wisteria, all those overgrown borders (where the geraniums clashed with the pansies and the pansies with the peonies), all those tulip beds where rhododendrons squatted. They preferred their boxwood hedges and their sculpted trees. They put their own Monets—Monet was cheap, and when he could get away with it, he paid his bills with paintings—in the attic or the barn. The French are just beginning to stop at Giverny along with the other tourists. They still refer to artful dis-



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order in a garden as *le style anglais*, and occasionally take it up along with Laura Ashley wallpaper and long white petticoats under summer skirts. But they are more at home visiting Versailles than visiting Giverny. In France, it is mainly the artists, like Monet, who seem to know that nature and gardens have something in common. The French, for all their talk about being the fifth industrial power in the world, still believe themselves to be a country of farmers, and the fact is that farmers think of a garden the way they think of a living room—as an antidote to the realities of life outdoors.

The painter Charlotte de Bresson is a neighbor of mine, and like Monet, she loves flowers. She works in a big studio at home, and whenever she is not actually in the studio painting she is out on her roof or on a ledge or hanging from a window watering her flowers, weeding and snipping, and trimming leaves. Or she is down in her courtyard—dressed in a paint-smeared apron with a lot of little trowels and shovels in the pockets—turning the dirt in the pale green wooden tubs that she has helped contribute to the building. In the days when she and her husband had a farm, she used to get her cuttings from the countryside. Today, she stays in Paris. She takes a basket, heads for the Jardin des Plantes, and follows the city gardeners on their rounds, collecting whatever leftover cuttings look good or take her fancy. One bleak day last winter, it occurred to me that Charlotte would like to have something fragrant and exotic for her house, something that smelled like a hot sweet day in the Midi and took her mind off the frost on her window boxes and her rooftop planters. I thought of narcissus. I stopped at the florist on my street and asked for narcissus, but he was out of narcissus, and so was everybody else in the neighborhood, so I checked my old Paris Gault Millau and ran through a list of florists, all of them unctuously described—"élégance rare," "couleurs réjouissantes," "plus harmonieux qu'on puisse rêver"—though none of them with a pot of narcissus in stock. The last florist on the list—I was going through the list backwards—was an establishment over in the sixteenth called Arène. I knew Arène. It had the reputation of being rigorously appropriate—the sort of place that had moved generations of Paris's anxious bourgeoisie through births and baptisms and weddings and funerals with the right arrangements, the right bouquets. The man in charge of potted bulb flowers at Arène (there are specialists for these things in Paris) took over the search for Charlotte's narcissus, and after several days he called to report that there was not a pot of narcissus to be had in Paris or any of its suburbs. It would have to be hyacinths, he said. He had pots of blue hyacinths and pots of yellow hyacinths and pots of pink hyacinths and, obviously, pots of white hyacinths. They sounded pretty, and I told him to choose a big basket and put in a couple of pots of each color hyacinth until the basket was full. There was a long silence on the telephone. Finally, the man in charge of potted bulb plants at Arène said, "Madame, you cannot send *mixed* pots to the Bressons."

"Why not?" I asked him.

There was another silence—and then, "It would not be right, madame."

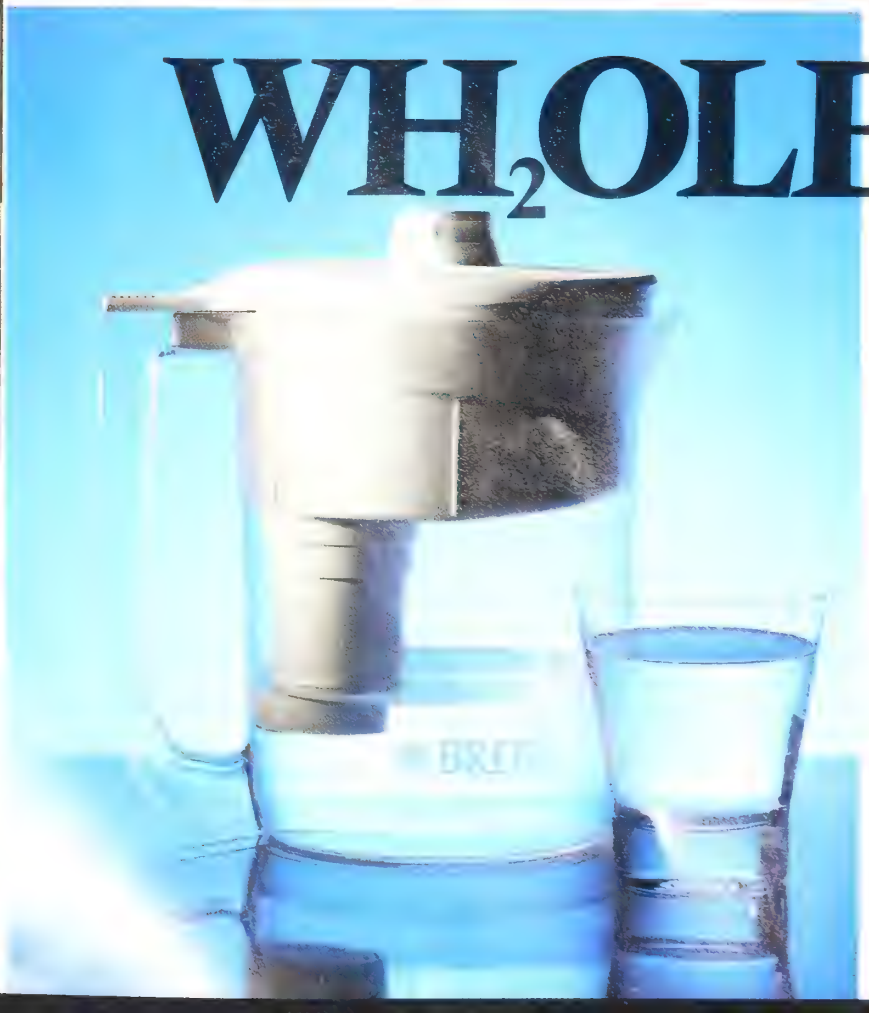
"Why wouldn't it be right?"

"For people of family, white is appropriate."

"White?" I said.

"White, madame. C'est plus raffiné." ▲

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Call of the Wild

HG stalks the best
in domesticated faux fur
By Melinda Tweeddale



No longer does one have to go on safari to take home the hide of an exotic beast; designers are beginning to stampede the market with their faux fur interpretations. Although animal skins have been around for many centuries—think about the caveman's skirt and the ermine robes of European royalty—it wasn't until recently that everything from plates to wallpaper, from towels to scarves and belts, has become fair game for the imprint of imposture. Some of these pieces capture the fuzzy quality of real hide, while others rely on a strong graphic effect for their appeal.

A serval print fabric by Andre Bon, right, adorns the rugged iron bench from Syllian Collections. Far right: A leopard-print plate exclusive to Tiffany.





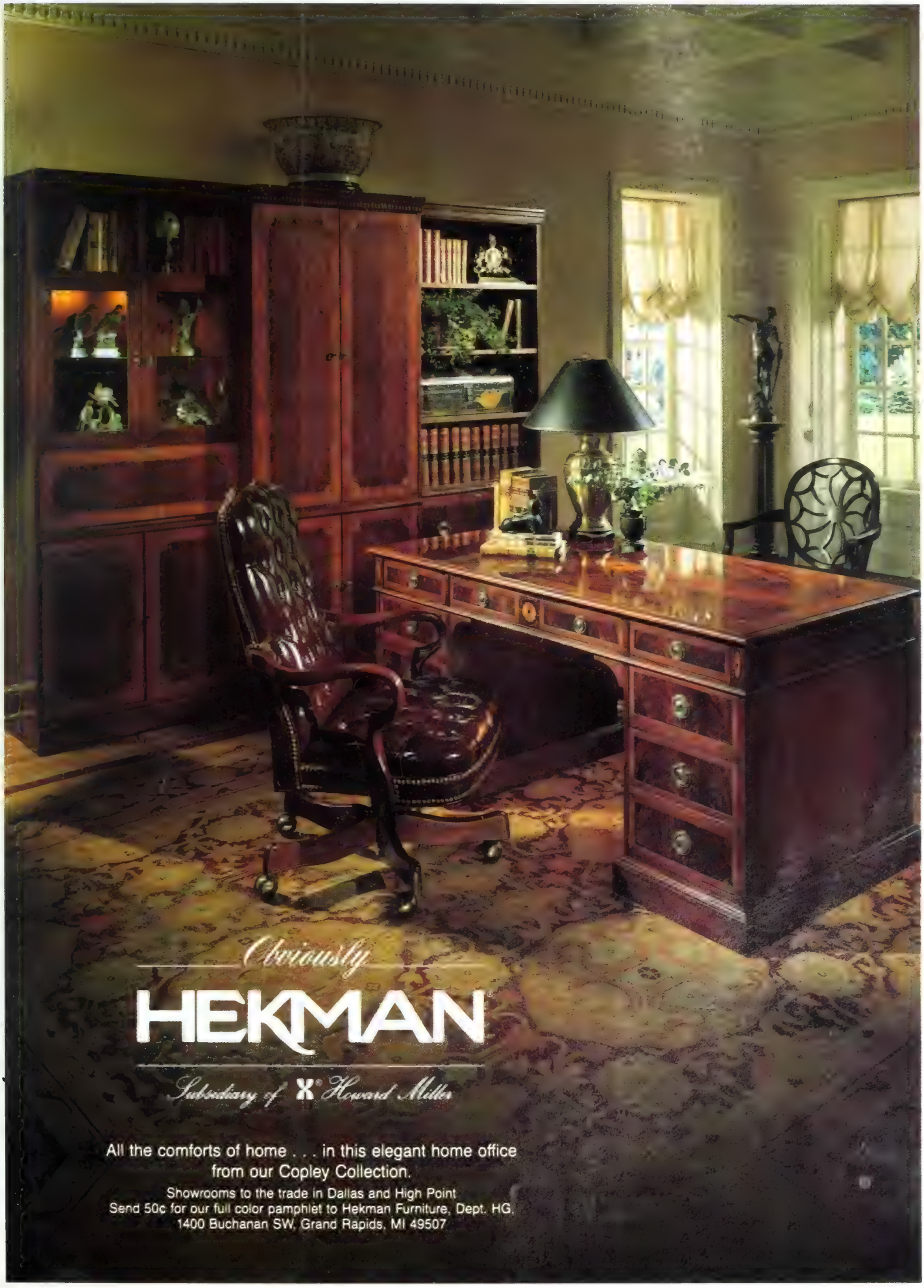
Three animal-skin towels, above, ready to grip you in a tiger hold, from Hubert des Forges, NYC. Right: Pillows with animal-skin patterns from Rose Cumming. Below: A leopard-spotted screen from Robert Allen. Inset: Anne Klein's faux leopard belt.



Anne Klein's challis leopard-design scarf, above left. Left: A hand-knotted Tibetan tiger rug from Stark. Below left: A grand leopard urn from Robert Allen. Below: Two doormats from Grand Entrance. Bottom: Flowers and spots are the theme of the Botanik border from Boussac. Details see Resources.






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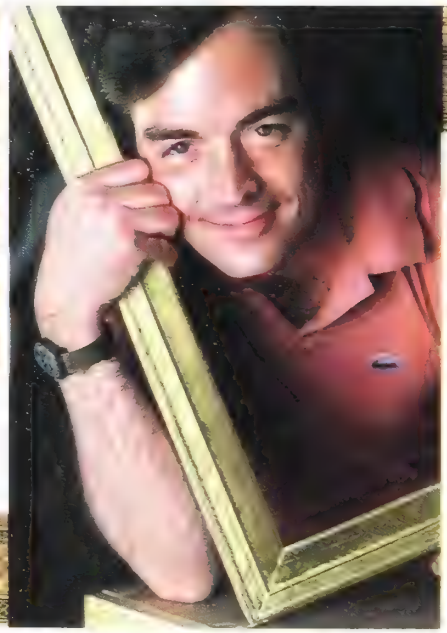
Master gilder William Adair loves to turn over an old leaf

By Glenn Harrell





Detail, above, of a ceiling in the Diplomatic Reception Rooms at the State Department. Right: Stanford White corner sample.







William Adair, center. Left: Water-gilded corner sample, c. 1910, included in the book *Forgotten Frames, 1860–1960*. Below: Agate-tipped tools for burnishing.

I was sweeping floors in the Smithsonian's cabinet shop when a box of gold leaves caught my eye," recalls William Adair. "Before I could ask the old cabinetmaker what it was, he snapped, 'Put that away, it'll drive you nuts.'" Perhaps it has, but only in the most agreeable way. Nearly twenty years later, after a decade apprenticing in the framing department of the Smithsonian and two summers traveling throughout Europe worming trade secrets from venerable practitioners of the art, Adair is certainly one of America's most esteemed gilders.

As president of Gold Leaf Studios in Washington, D.C., and founder of the nationwide Society of Gilders, Adair follows in the footsteps of another William Adair (no relation) who, coincidentally, was court gilder to George III in 1799. He has worked on many White House projects since he set up shop in 1982, most recently gilding decorative objects and furniture for Mario Buatta's portion of the redecoration of Blair House. In 1985 he gilded the architectural detailing in the State Department's Diplomatic Reception Rooms. Other prestigious Adair commissions include the exterior limestone frieze at the Nebraska State Capitol (in which a thick Russian gold leaf was used), the cupola and lantern of the Franciscan monastery in Washington, and the Social Saloon of the nineteenth-century SS *China*.

Restoring gilded surfaces that have been damaged by dirt, layers of gold spray paint, or just plain poor maintenance is usually where the adventure begins for Adair and his team of ten artisans. The original patina must be determined so that it can be accurately re-created once the surface has been gilded. "Our philosophy is that something old should look old," explains Adair. "You don't want an eighteenth-century frame that appears showroom-new." Another puzzle is ascertaining the shape and form of ornaments that have been broken off over the years. New ones, derived from corresponding parts still intact on the piece or from a historical study of period motifs, are either carved in wood or plaster-cast depending on how they were originally executed.

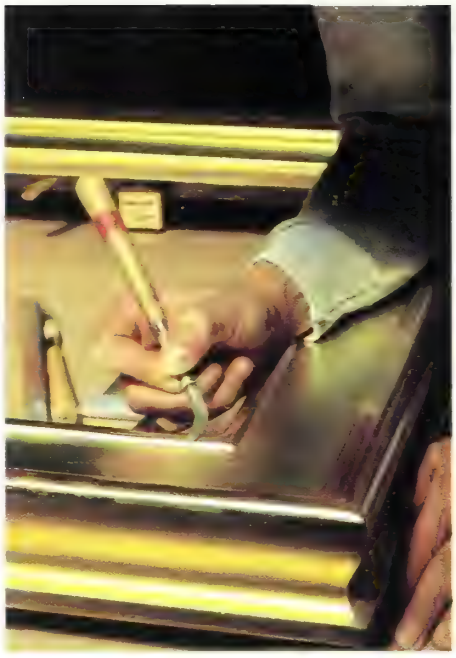
For extremely brilliant results that can make an object look like solid gold when burnished, Adair uses the time-honored method of water gilding, which requires an elaborate labor-intensive preparation of the surface. It begins with a coating of rabbit-skin glue (other tried-and-true glues that are similarly unappealing include one derived from fish bladders and another, glair, composed of rotten egg whites). A layer of gesso, often buffed to an ivorylike finish, is followed by an application of bole, or gilder's clay. Because the gold leaf—hand-beaten to a thickness of 1/250,000 of an inch—is translucent, the color of the bole is important because it affects the overall look of the gilded work. Adair typically molds red on flat surfaces for a rich tonality, blue gray on areas of high relief, and yellow to help hide imperfections. In the past the color of the bole used by craftsmen varied by region and period—from a Chippendale reddish brown and an Adam plum in England to shades of gray in Scandinavia—thus making it an easy way for the conservator or curator to identify an object. Also varying in color is the gold leaf itself. Unequaled is pure 23½-kt gold, which, unlike other types of leaf containing silver, will not tarnish. Often, however, several types of leaf, such as white gold and lemon gold, will be used together on one piece for added contrast.


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With a lightly greased gilder's tip of sable hair, Adair lifts a leaf of gold and places it on a doeskin pad he holds in his hand and cuts it to size. Just prior to receiving the gold, an activating solution of alcohol and water (amusingly known in the trade as gilder's liquor) is brushed onto the prepared surface. While Adair frequently water-gilds areas of an object that he wants to highlight, he employs a nineteenth-century technique, oil gilding, for a more subdued finish on shadowed areas. In this less expensive and less durable method, a sticky oil varnish is applied directly to an untreated surface, thereby eliminating the extensive preparation required for water gilding. It can be seen on lacquered Oriental, Art Nouveau, and early American pieces where the effect is painterly and the flatter matte gold finish contrasts with the surrounding shiny surface.

Finishing the newly gilded surface is the final and, in Adair's opinion, most difficult step. "There are so many things that you can do," he says. "It's like an alchemist's bag of tricks." One of his favorite effects is simulating eighteenth-century flyspecks. "The fly would land on the surface coating of glue, eat it, and as he departed leave a little digested smear," says Adair. While commercial imitations create them with black toothbrush spatter, Adair painstakingly paints blurred dots of grayish umber. Often a water-gilded surface will be burnished with an agate-tipped tool, washed with watercolor, and polished again. "You build it up like an artist builds up the ground of a painting to get the right degree of luminosity," he says. "When it doesn't turn out right, you have to scrape it all off and do it again."

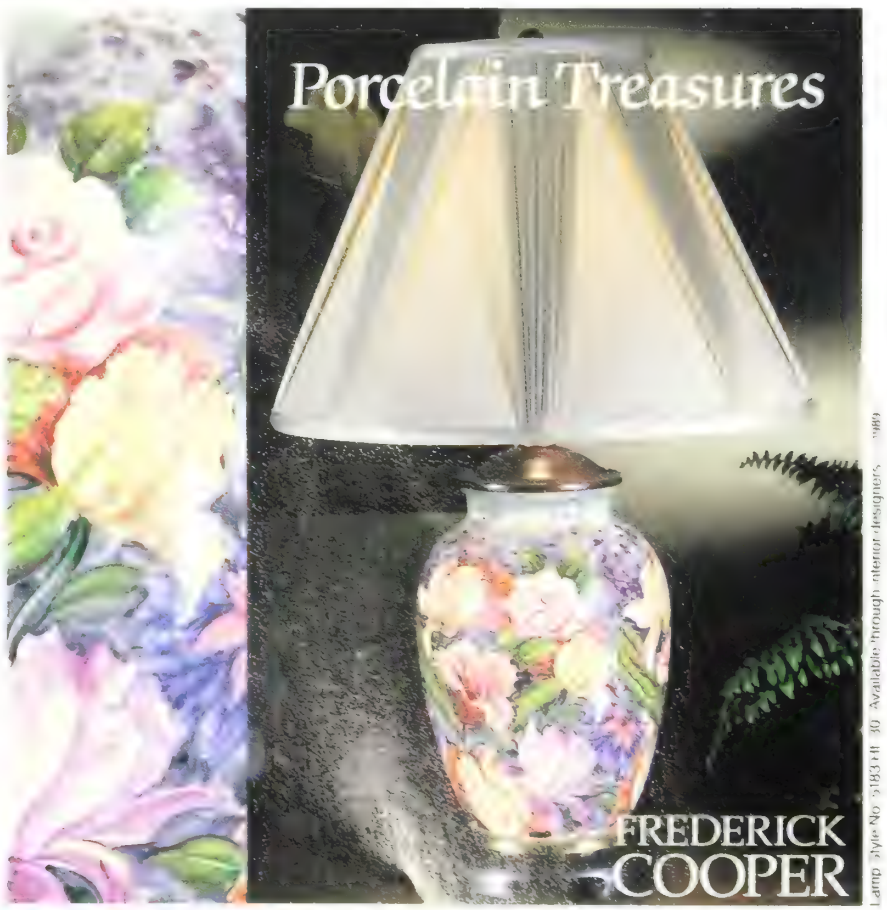
Of the many things he has gilded, including his face for a party and his own artwork (he has a sculpture in the National Museum of American Art), Adair is most passionate about frames. In 1983 he curated a show at the national headquarters of the American Institute of Architects in which he hung the frames empty. "I called it my affirmative-action program for frames," he says. "I wanted the viewer to look at the frame as a work of art in its own right." For the Freer Gallery he restored a gilded frame designed by Whistler and in the process uncovered the artist's butterfly signature, which had been obscured by layers of paint. Another prestigious project was regilding the frame surrounding Gilbert Stuart's *The Lansdowne Washington* now on loan to the National Portrait Gallery in Washington, D.C. Adair is also active conducting frame surveys for museums such as the Detroit Institute of Arts, the Amon Carter Museum, the Santa Barbara Museum of Art, and the Chicago Historical Society, gathering curatorial information, calculating restoration costs, and matching frames with appropriate pictures. Not surprisingly, this practice eventually drums up lucrative museum commissions for him once the curators realize that, more often than not, the replacement cost of antique frames exceeds the expense of conservation.



Adair painstakingly burnishes a water-gilded frame to a brilliant finish.

At present, Adair is putting together a book with the Smithsonian entitled *Forgotten Frames, 1860–1960*, and an accompanying exhibition is in the planning stages. The idea is to educate curators, collectors, and the public alike on the development of frame styles. "The very simple truth of the matter is that the frame is a barometer of taste for each period," asserts the master gilder. "I think it is probably the most undervalued art object that is left to be discovered by today's art market." With his extensive personal collection of frames and vast knowledge of the subject, Adair just may hit gold. ♠

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet



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Plein Air Chairs

Fresh furniture hybrids blur the boundary between indoors and out

By Dana Cowin

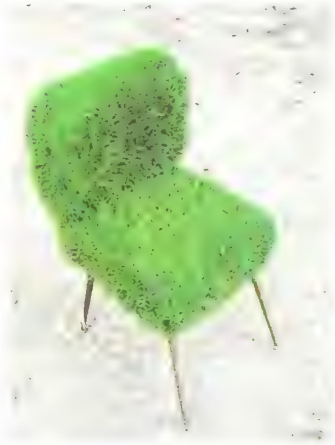
The barriers separating the wild outdoors from the protected indoors are being broken down these days. Medieval stonework structures punctuated by little windows and surrounded by moats have given way over the centuries to screens of glass with grass swimming up to the foundation. As a final step in the exchange, furniture from the interior landscape is being taken out, and objects from the exterior landscape are being brought in.

Decorators are domesticating peeling urns and statues that have been standing under trees for years. Weathered by the elements, these artifacts are wrapped with an appealing aura of age. Interior and garden designer Lisa Krieger, whose house is featured in this issue, uses painted nineteenth-century iron garden furniture as her kitchen table and chairs and covers her walls with botanical prints.

Terraces, pool cabanas, and decks, conversely, are now equipped with cordless phones, stereo speakers, and more substantial furniture. Many of the latest designs are executed in metal, a durable material that works well in any environment and, when treated, is resistant to water. It can be either sophisticated or laid-back, ideal for cross-decorating.

At the cutting edge of the outdoor-indoor movement, artists are recasting classic forms in more daring molds. Early American twig pieces are now found in iron; eighteenth-century rush chairs are available in metal weave; and the standard Adirondack chair has acquired a place for drinks at seat level. HG files this report from the lawn front. ▲





David Hess's steel weave piece, below, looks like a manhole cover crossed with a rush chair, from Lewis Dolin, NYC. Robert E. March's Wachusetts chair, to its right, from Sansar Gallery, Washington, D.C., takes Adirondack style into the nineties.





Branches immortalized in iron, top, hold up John Ryman's table for Zona, NYC. Top right: Architect Simon Ungers's idiosyncratic interpretation of a lawn chair, Gallery of Functional Art, Santa Monica. Above: A Gothick window seat from [illegible]ington Gardens, NYC. [illegible] Resources.

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The combination of curved steel and natural canvas makes Jane Kilpatrick's low-slung Amalgam chair, below, ideal seating for outdoors—or in—from Wynne Guild, Oilville, Va. Right from top: Decorator David Easton's Regency-inspired creation with a crossed back and delicate legs from Albemarle Collection, Amityville, N.Y., softens the hard lines usually associated with white-painted wood furniture. Bamboo takes on a new cast in this aluminum version from Tropitone's Veneman Collection, Sarasota, Fla. John Ryman's clean-lined bench, with a skinny cushion, from Zona, NYC. The Arden chair, copied from one of the treasures at Winterthur, is available at Garden Source Furnishings, Atlanta.













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Journey's End

A world traveler finds the comforts of home in the Welsh countryside

By Jan Morris

Friends sometimes think excessive the pleasure I get from my house in North Wales, which is called Trefan Morys partly after the ancient estate that surrounds it and partly after me. I love it above all inanimate objects and above a good many animate ones, too. I love it incessantly. When I am at home I wander around its rooms gloatingly; when I am away I lie in my hotel dreaming of it. If people show me pictures of their children, I show them pictures of my house, and there is nothing on earth I would swap it for, except possibly something by Giorgione.

Freudian amateurs, which friends so often are, find this preoccupation unnatural. It has a psycho-obsessive ring, they say. It shows a womb longing—even a death wish, they sometimes add, especially when they learn that my gravestone already stands in a corner of my library. It is a kind of fetish—one might as well be in love with a washing machine or a stamp collection. But I see my passion in a different way. I love the house not just as a thing but as a concentration of emotions and sensations contained within a receptacle which in its style, its stance, its materials, its degree of grandeur, and its position on the map exactly represents all that I have most cherished or coveted in life. The house is not at all large, notorious, or spectacular yet the sultan of Brunei could not build it, for it is infinitely more than the sum of its own modest parts. In my mind it is almost a metaphysical house, and Fate indeed chose it for me, though not at the third attempt. Two other houses, over the years, I have offered to people with a mystic confidence as the final home infallible for me. One I never did acquire, one I sold; only then did destiny lead up the back lane to Trefan Morys.



It consists in essence of two living rooms; one above the other, each about forty feet long. They are full of books, and there is a little suite of functional chambers on both floors at one end, linked by a spiral staircase. The building was the stable block of my family house (number two on the destiny roster, which I sold in the 1970s), and long ago our children used to light bonfires on its cobbled floors. It was built in 1774, of rough-hewn local stone and has a small slate-strewn yard outside, with a wild garden intended to suggest the bottom of a wood. On its roof is a white cupola, sheltering the television aerial and supporting a weather vane which displays, besides my initials, the points of the compass half in Welsh, half in English: E and W for east and west, G and D for *gogledd* and *de*.

Passersby, to be honest, do not much notice my house. There are many such buildings in Wales, and standing as it does in an unnoticeable lane among a clutter of farm buildings old and new, Trefan Morys looks nothing special. If I happen to see strangers walking by, though, all too often I grab them, shove a glass of wine in their hands, and lure them inside. And then almost invariably, particularly if they are Welsh, some magic of the place seizes them, too, and they leave Trefan Morys nearly as besotted as I am.





Writer Jan Morris's Trefan Morys, left, was built in 1774. Below left: One of the two long living rooms. Below: The upstairs living room, with a model of a local schooner mounted on a crossbeam.

This is because they recognize a numen to the old structure. There is a kind of radiance to it, and it arises I am sure because generations of good people, harmless creatures, and benevolent things have been happy and diligent in the house. There were the woodsmen, for instance, who fashioned its timbers with such care from the oak woods down by the river—each beam marked with its number still, and with the initials of my eighteenth-century predecessor at Trefan, the Reverend Isaiah Hughes, a bigoted churchman but an en-

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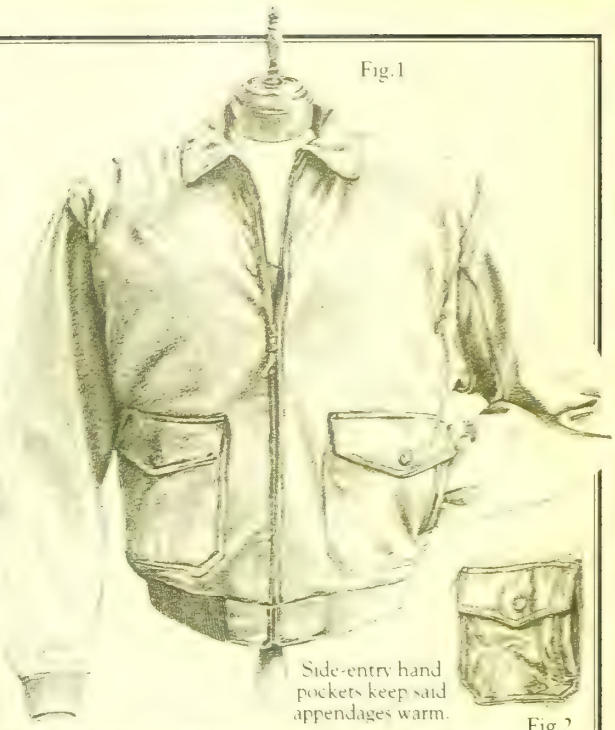
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Fig.1



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Fig.2

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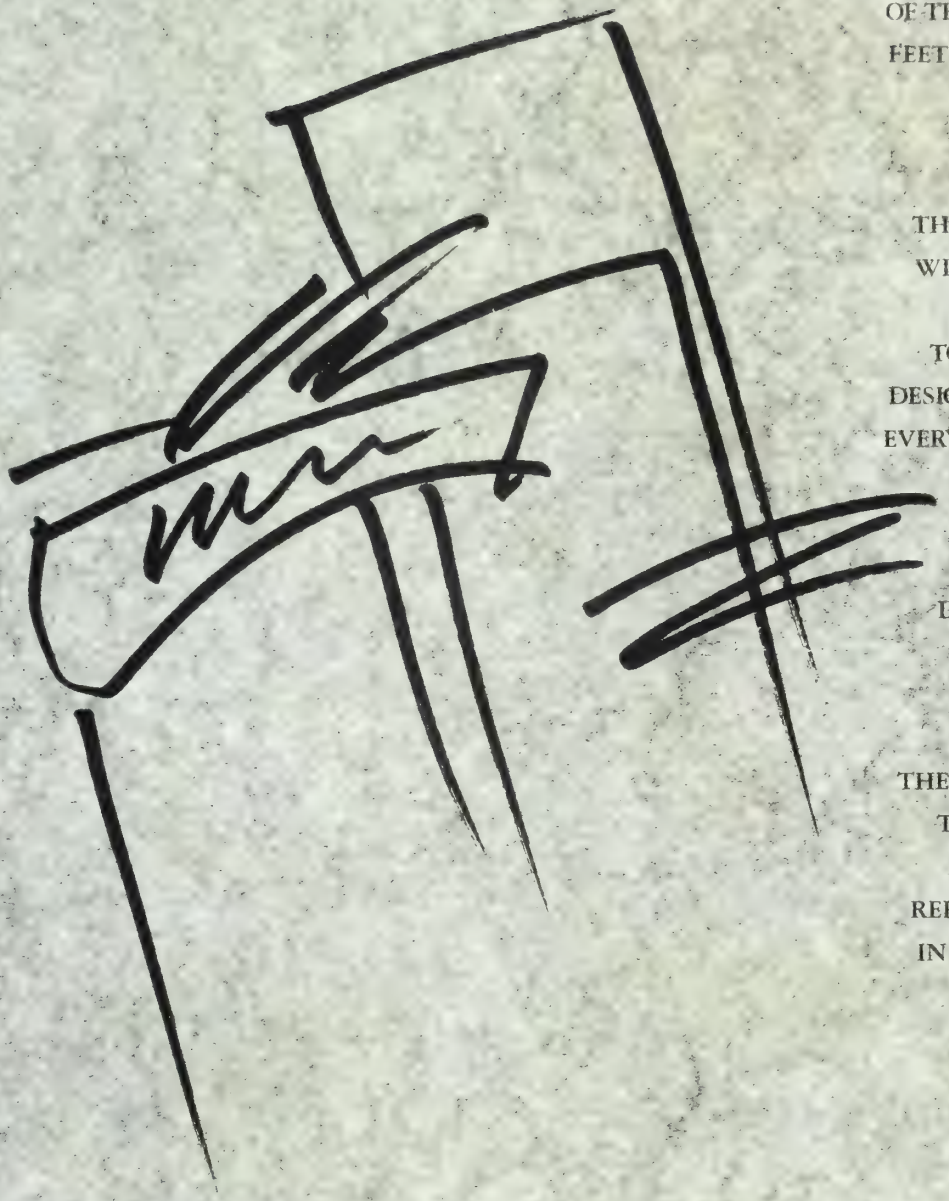
lightened improver of properties. There were the stonemasons who miraculously heaved its cyclopean blocks one on top of the other. There were the carpenters who built its simple pine staircase and the glaziers who created its many-paned chapellike windows. There were the stable hands who, for so many decades before me, lived in the building above their horses—excellent men without doubt, who laughed a lot up there and entertained themselves merrily with beer and stable songs.

Owls inhabited the place for many years, and I have commemorated them with an engraved window. Bats, mice, sundry birds, multitudinous insects, and a couple of cats share it not always entirely harmoniously now. There is a slightly over-squashy and claw-frayed sofa, and models of three local schooners—made for me over the years by Mr. Bertie Japheth of Trefor—are mounted on crossbeams above, an arrangement I thought unique until I noticed the Venetian galley in Carpaccio's picture of Saint Jerome. Silent in their white cases stand those benign old friends, my books, and through the rooms there often sounds the ancient and glorious language of the Welsh.

In the middle of it all, at the end of it, and in a mystical way—I like to think—at the beginning of it too, there stand I, owner and lover of the place. As you see, it is a complex pleasure, but then all the best ones are, and in one sense my friends are right. Not only do I immensely admire my house and all it stands for but have come to cherish it in a distinctly erotic way. I feel myself in intimate physical rapport with its old oak and frequently talk lovingly to its walls and empty spaces. When I come back to it after a long journey, opening with its big eighteenth-century key its crooked blue-painted front door—when I enter its presence once again, I experience more than mere relief or comfort but something undeniably akin to lechery.

Now there is something for the Freudians! But more neurotic still, you may think, is my last thought about Trefan Morys: that if on the one hand I love my house more salaciously than I should, on the other hand my house, I long ago came to realize, is perfectly infatuated with me. ♠

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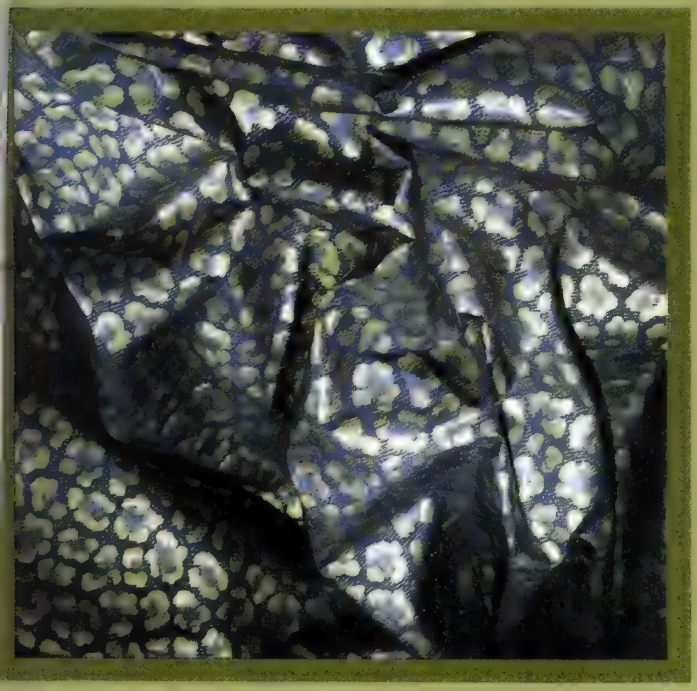
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EDITOR'S PAGE

SEPTEMBER 1989

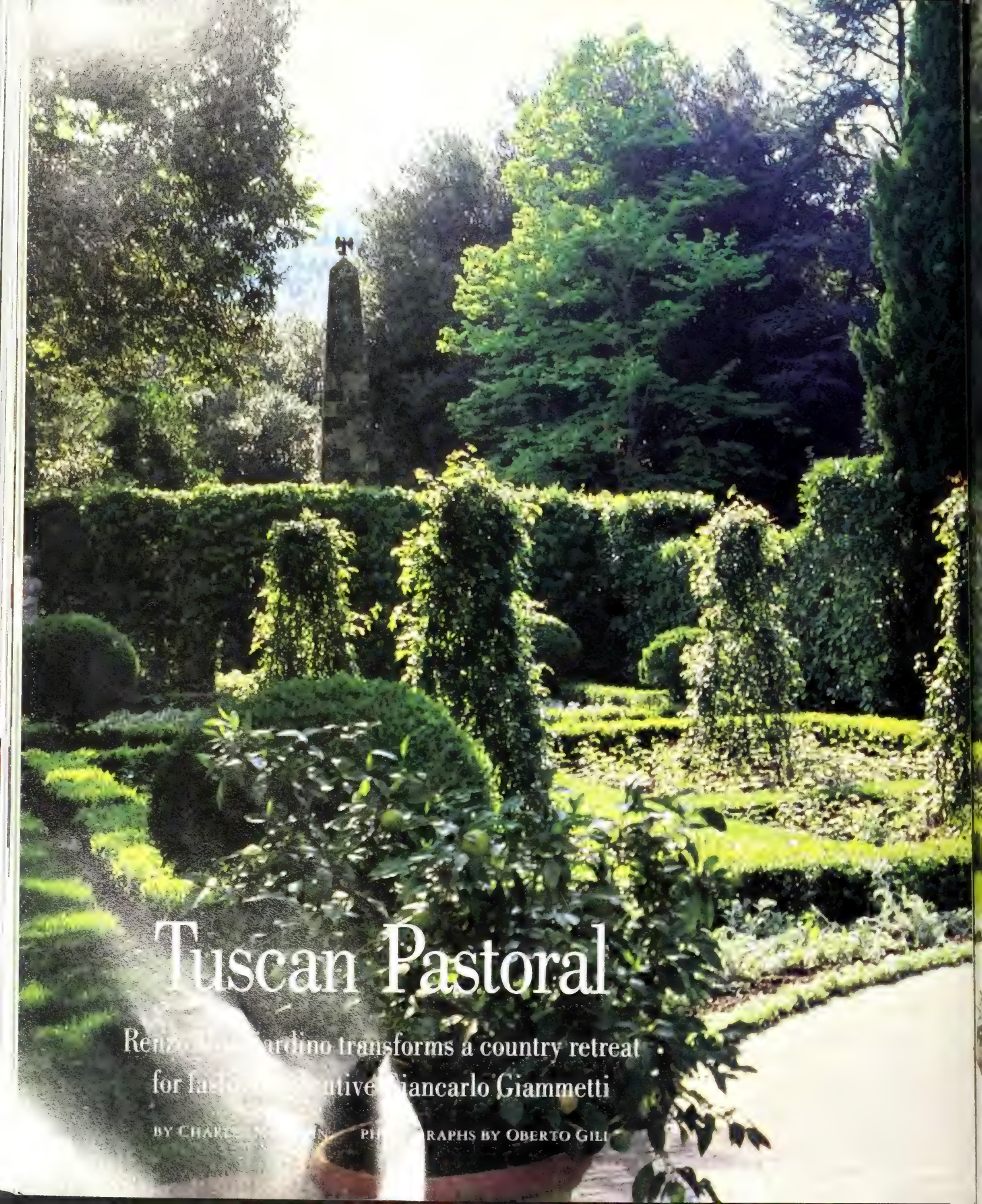
In September our thoughts turn back from the garden to the house, which seems like an ideal moment to take stock of decorating trends reflected in the wealth of material we constantly review at HG. The term "personal style," hackneyed though it is, leaps to mind when considering the distinctive and occasionally surprising mix of pieces cropping up in so many houses. An instinct for self-expression underlies the list of decorating trends that follows. *Extraordinary furniture:* Chippendale and Sheraton brown furniture have been replaced by charming painted Regency pieces and, traveling across the Channel to the Continent, extravagant gilded pieces in the style of the French kings, extraordinary Empire swan's heads and ormolu mounts on finely burnished or painted wood, and mirrors and objects so intricate and richly detailed that they might have been dreamed up by Coleridge for the pleasure palace of Kubla Khan. *Playful historicism:* A greater knowledge of history allows for more informed and amusing interpretations—witness Lisa Krieger's own brand of Neoclassicism, and Renzo Mongiardino's reinterpretation of nineteenth-century Austrian and German interiors for Giancarlo Giammetti's Tuscan villa. *Telling details:* In the Nathanson house in L.A., designed by the late Kalef Alaton, and in the Boston town house of decorator Bill Hodgins, decorative trims and subtle shifts in patterns, texture, and ornament are hallmarks of individuality. *Fantasy:* Many of today's most memorable interiors have less to do with their exact time and place than with the imagination of their inhabitants, as in Mario Villa's tropical and transcendentally spiritual studio in the French Quarter of New Orleans. *Eclecticism:* Another overused but relevant term. A new license to mix and match pieces, even of different levels of quality, can result in such comfortable and civilized interiors as adman Peter Rogers's charming New York apartment. *Luxurious fabrics:* Pastel cottons are being partially eclipsed by printed linens, woven fabrics, and woolens in saturated colors, though wonderfully textured creams and beiges accented by rich wood and gilded pieces always look right. Taken together, these trends signal a welcome sophistication in decorating and lots of good stories for HG.

The quasi-Baroque allegorical statue of Winter and playful screen of Italian marbled paper with an English wallpaper border represent the less formal elements of a splendid Neoclassical cottage in Connecticut.



WILLIAM WALDRON

Editor in Chief



Tuscan Pastoral

Renz[illegible]ardino transforms a country retreat for fa[illegible]utive Giancarlo Giammetti

BY CHAR[illegible] PH[illegible]RAPHS BY OBERTO GILI



At La Vagnola, Giancarlo Giammetti's country home away from Rome, the 18th-century stable is now an orangery with an upstairs exercise room. It looks onto the estate's garden, recently transformed [illegible] designer Paolo Pejrone [illegible]





This is my first country house,'' Giancarlo Giammetti declares as we stroll along a well-kept avenue of cypresses high on the slopes of Mount Cetona. ''So I may not be able to answer all of your questions about living in the Italian countryside.'' The disclaimer carries a lot more charm than conviction. Well versed in every detail of running La Vagnola, the picturesque fifty-acre estate he bought three years ago on the Umbrian-Tuscan border, Giammetti takes the pride and interest of a gentleman farmer in his pastoral refuge from the hurly-burly of the fashion industry.

As business partner of Valentino, emperor of haute couture—they have worked together now for 29 years—Giammetti leads such a high-pressured international existence that a quiet weekend among his olive groves can seem like the ultimate luxury. A sure sign, he admits with a comfortable laugh, that he is getting older.

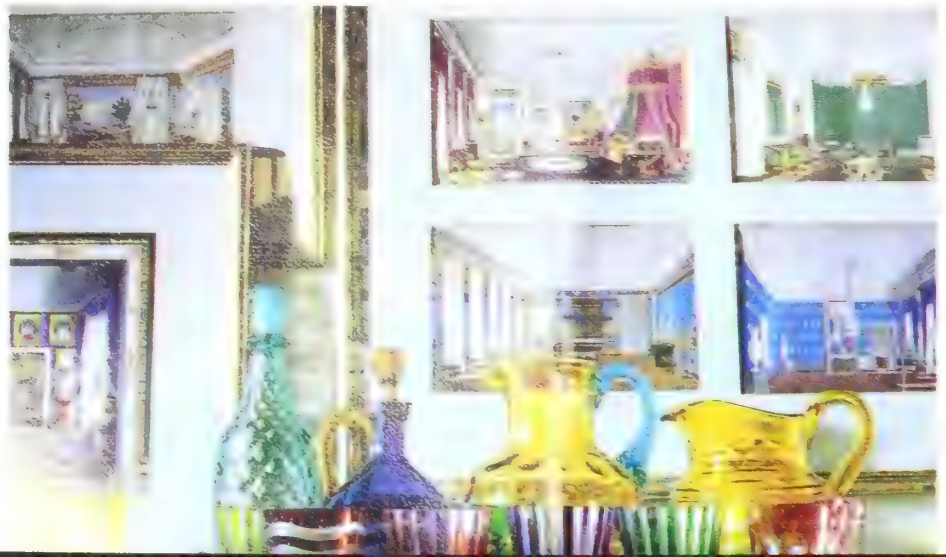
Before Giammetti discovered Cetona, his home away from Rome was next door to the Peggy Guggenheim Collection in Venice, until the crowds began to spoil the romance of owning a house on the Grand Canal. ''The only times I could go there were when all the other tourists went there—I have one month's holiday in August like everyone else. Here life is more peaceful, more relaxing.''

Giammetti and I stand and admire views of the rolling Tuscan countryside, which have hardly changed over the millennia. He points out an Etruscan tomb, one of twenty or so remains of that mysterious civilization which litter the property. Olive groves, terraced vineyards, fields of poppies and sunflowers stretch away to distant hilltop towns, the gilt domes of their churches ablaze in the early sun. The classic backdrop of so much great Italian painting, there is something too good to be real about the loveliness of La Vagnola's setting.

The house, which dates from the sixteenth century, forms one side of a piazza in the center of Cetona. Iron gates swing open by remote control to admit video-approved visitors through an ancient archway. Inside the grounds, the town is suddenly left far behind. There is a feeling of having stepped directly into an enchanted landscape. Tucked into the flank of a cliff and shaded by tall chestnut trees and cypress, the house—named after the Terrosi-Vagnoli family, whose land once reached all the way to Siena—seems a natural extension of the garden. But looking out from within, the effect is reversed. Formal arrangements of box hedges and lemon trees in big earthenware pots make a series of garden rooms that give the impression of a leafy summer annex.

Paolo Peyrone, a pupil of the English landscape gardener Russell Page, helped organize the park. Giammetti wanted a garden full of English flowers and would send him pages torn from magazines of delphiniums and phlox and roses—a glossy profusion of color. ''But Peyrone said, 'Let's get a bit of green first, and then we'll decide what flowers to have.' And the more green he put, the more I understood that the best color in a garden, especially in Tuscany, is green.''

The greening of La Vagnola was a concept shared by the aptly named architectur-



Olivia, a King Charles spaniel, opposite, poses on an Empire settee that belonged to Princess Mathilde, Napoleon's niece. The 19th-century portrait hangs against early 19th century French hand-painted wallpaper. Above: Giammetti unwinds with Olivia and his dachshund, Claus, on a woodland path near his house. Above left: Obelisks flank the entrance to a formal garden of box hedges. Left: German and Italian glassware beneath 19th-century watercolors of grand Austrian and German interiors that inspired many of Renzo Mongiardino's designs for La Vagnola.

La Turkerie, a magnificent frescoed pavilion that stands in the middle of the garden, was built by the Terrosi-Vagnoli family in 1837 in honor of a visiting pasha.






Jean Giono
Il Disenar
S.M. Ricci





Tuscan houses during the seventeenth century, these conversation pieces provided the inspiration, design, and color schemes for the most important rooms. The sketches, which now hang in the garden room, are amusing to read either as a key or as testimony to La Vagnola's stylistic pedigree.

It is not always easy to gauge the relationship between decorator and client. Giammetti, who studied architecture before turning to fashion, found that Mongiardino could be magisterially stubborn but that working with him was like being reeducated in his own taste. "He takes the line that when he has given you a good shell, you can do what you want in a house. When he has to make sofas and curtains and arrange the flowers, he always hates the house afterward because it doesn't reflect the personality of the owner. The only complaint I *(Text continued on page 241)*



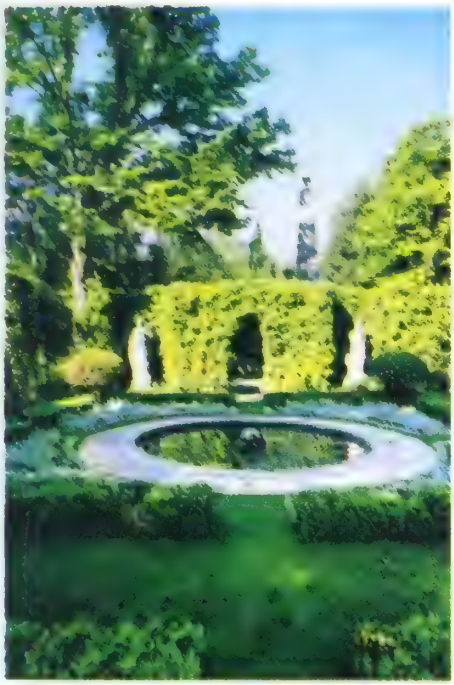


The light-filled garden room, above, has walls made of Bohemian glass tile. Top right: Sophia Loren was the inaugural guest in this sumptuously appointed bedroom, crowned with a lacy ceiling designed by Mongiardino. Center: The reading room opens into the library where books are shelved in a cabinet modeled after a historic Venetian design. The towering green and white ceramic stove, c. 1790, is used for decoration only, unlike the Louis XV duchesse, which is more comfortable than it looks. Right: La Vagnola, tucked behind chestnut trees, looks onto a green garden dotted with boxwood in earthenware pots. A monument to Garibaldi stands in a corner.





Mongiardino's ornate designs for the ceiling and walls of the ground-floor living room, left, were drawn in the studio, then applied in place. The sofas are covered in contemporary needlepoint. Above: Beyond the gates, the formal compartments of the garden give way to the rolling Tuscan countryside. Below left: A garden room appointed with a lily pond, arched hedge, and antique statues.







Tommaso Ziffer, a young decorator friend of Giammetti's, designed the all-white kitchen, above. Right: The master bedroom features its original sky-blue ceiling painted with Classical borders, a 19th-century sleigh bed with a vintage canopy, and a 19th-century needlepoint rug. Left: Giammetti's framed collection of Victorian plaster seals hangs in a corner of his bedroom.





Giammetti says the curtained closets in his crimson dressing room, right, are for convenience: "I don't waste much time thinking about clothes." The daybed is 19th century Swedish. The round table and walls and ceiling are Mongiardino designs. Above: La Turkerie viewed from poolside.



The Big Picture

Grand scale meets fine detail in the house of Los Angeles art collectors

BY PILAR VILADAS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM STREET-PORTER

The realm of glamour in Los Angeles, once reserved for the movie business, has come to encompass a new kind of cultural elite, too—men and women who are active in the arts, politics, and other fields. Jane and Marc Nathanson are a case in point. They are working people—he is the CEO of Falcon Cable TV, she is a real estate agent with the firm of Alvarez, Hyland & Young—whose extracurricular activities amount almost to second careers. They are well-known art collectors, and Jane is a founder and trustee of the Museum of Contemporary Art. They are active fund-raisers for the Democratic party. And they are cofounding an AIDS treatment unit at Cedars-Sinai Medical Center.

The glamorous backdrop for this action-packed existence is a rather grandly scaled 1927 Mediterranean Art Deco villa decorated by Kalef Alaton, who died last spring. The house is big enough to let the Nathansons entertain in the service of their various causes and display their contem-

In the Nathansons' oval entrance hall, Frank Stella's *Loomings*, 1982, confronts a sweeping staircase with an Art Deco cast-bronze balustrade. A George Segal figure is silhouetted within a passageway to the dining room.

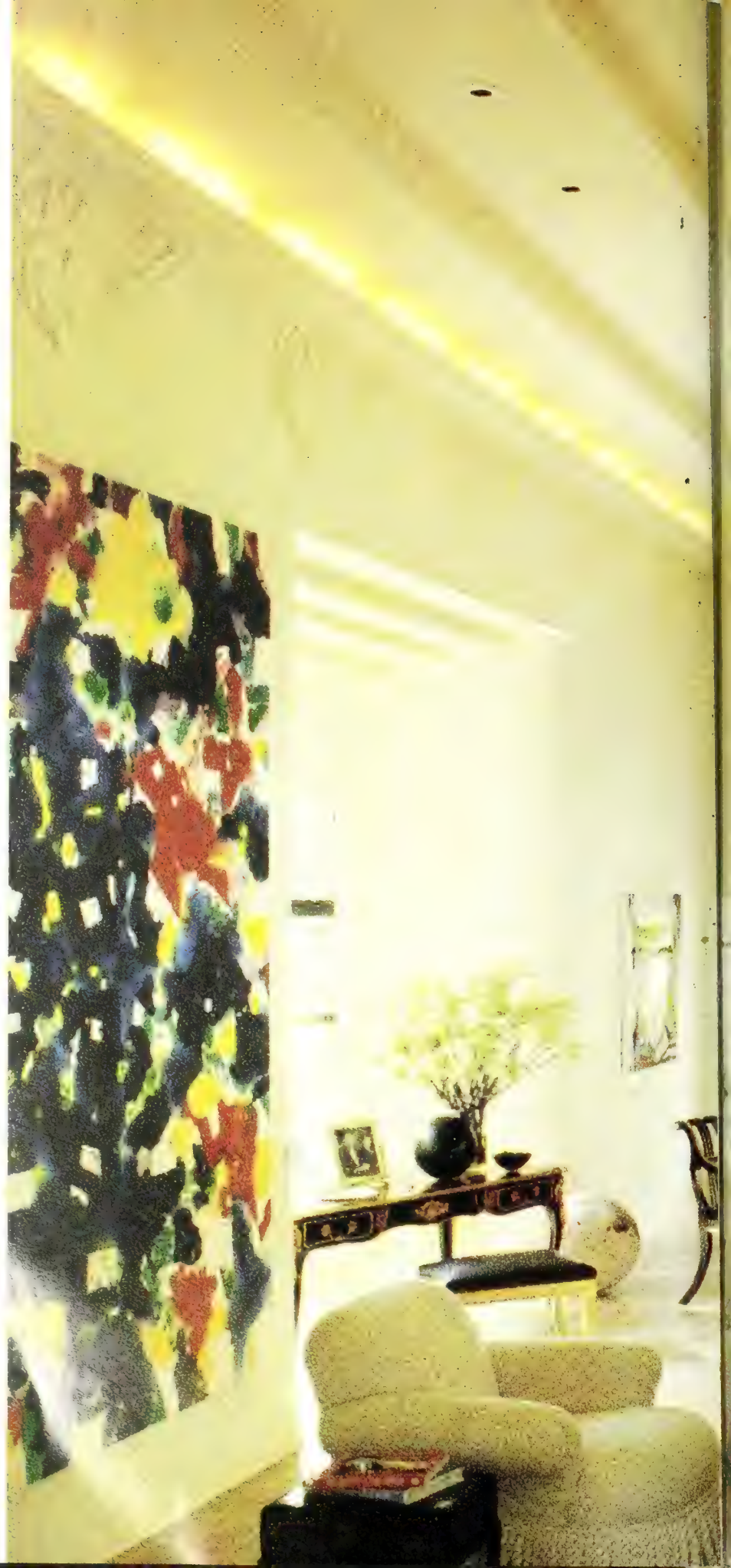
...ranging from Matisse to David Salle. The house seems such a perfect setting for the Nathansons' highly visible life that it's hard to believe they arrived here more by accident than by design.

The couple was living in another house of roughly the same vintage decorated by the late Michael Taylor when they decided to do some minor renovations. When they learned how long "minor renovations" would take, they chose to move. What they wanted, according to Mrs. Nathanson, was "a small house on a big piece of property. What we got was a big house on a small piece of property."

And what a house. Although it was quite dark and had been stripped of much of its original architectural ornament over the years, the building had, as Jane Nathanson says, "great bones" and the kind of large wall spaces needed to accommodate the scale of many contemporary paintings. Kalef Alaton worked with Mrs. Nathanson for a year before she and her family moved in, transforming the house into a series of bright uncluttered spaces that are luxurious without being fussy. The rooms, with their stepped, coved ceilings, were painted white. Wood floors were refinished and left bare.

Period and reproduction tables and chairs were used judiciously, providing a counterpoint to the upholstered pieces, which were designed by Alaton and made in his workshop. Covered in an elegant Indian basket-weave silk and trimmed with an overscaled cotton bullion fringe, these sofas and chairs balance a Moderne voluptuousness with a strong contemporary scale. Here and there, clusters of objects that the Nathansons collect—Chinese lacquer boxes, antique English match strikers—dot the tabletops, but the overall effect is spare, the better to set off the couple's first love—their art collection.

The grand oval entrance hall is [illegible]ty



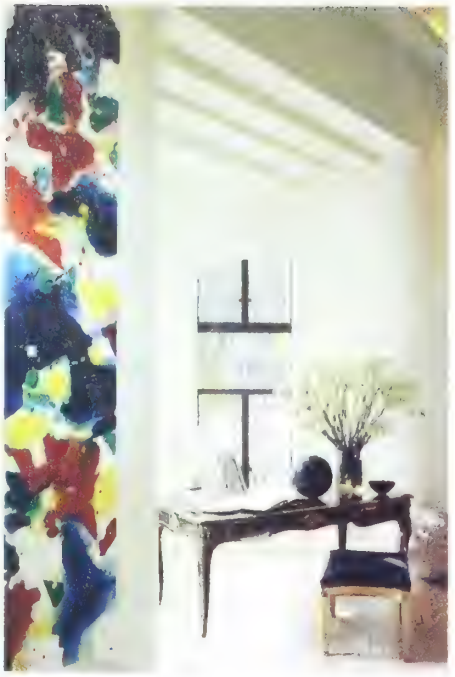
Natural-colored Indian silk upholstery and white walls in the living room set off contemporary artworks such as Ed Ruscha's 1986 *Faster Than a Speeding Beanstalk*, above the fireplace, and Sam Francis's *Untitled*, 1979, near left. The coffee table is from Rose Tarlow–Melrose House, Los Angeles. Details see Resources.



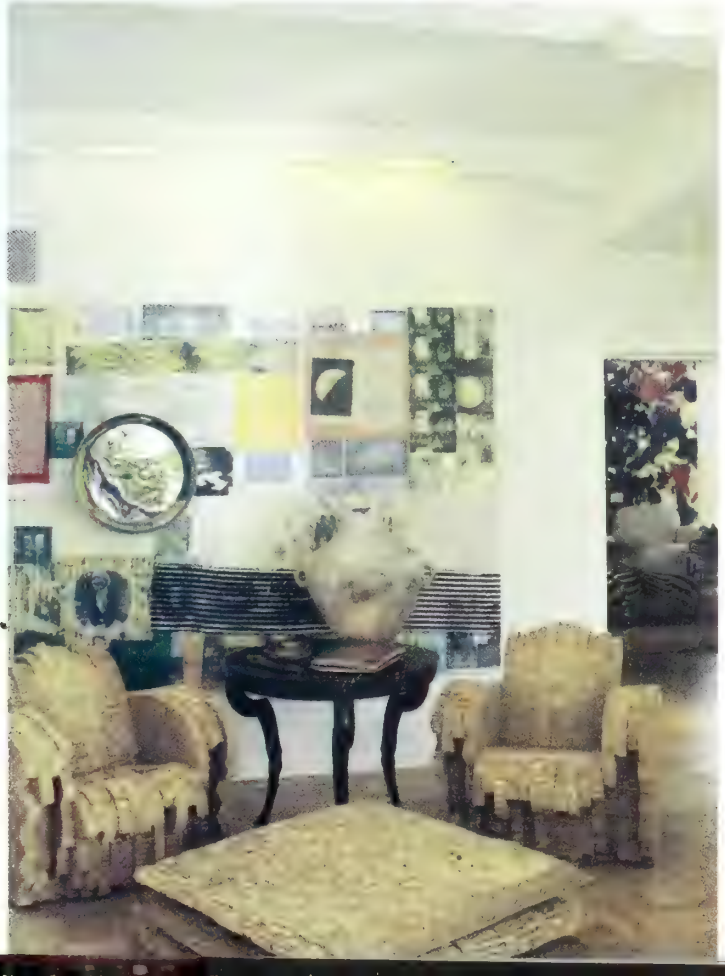


Among the artworks in the dining room are Frank Stella's *La Colomba Ladra*, 1984, left, and Cy Twombly's *Chalkboard*, 1970, right. Near the Twombly stands a Charles X chest on a gilded base. Atop the chest are antique blanc de chine vases. The black granite dining table with chiseled edges was designed by Kalef Alaton; reproduction Regency chairs are from Marcello Mioni, Los Angeles.





Antiques mix easily with contemporary art, as in the living room, above, where a Régence writing table and Rose Tarlow bench sit in an alcove beyond the Sam Francis painting. Below left: In the gallery, Robert Rauschenberg's *Artesian*, 1980, hangs behind a grouping of Frank Gehry's cardboard furniture and an ancient Jerusalem jar on a table by Sirmos.



The house seems such a perfect setting for the Nathansons' highly visible life that it's hard to believe they arrived here more by accident than by design



For the swimming pool, left, Kalef Alaton designed oversize lounge cushions. The pool occupies much of the backyard. Instead of a "small house on a big piece of property," says Jane Nathanson, "we got a big house on a small piece of property."

save for a large Frank Stella on the wall facing a dramatic curved stairway. In the living room, works by Sam Francis, Robert Motherwell, Yves Klein, Roy Lichtenstein, Ed Ruscha, and David Salle make even a jaded art-watcher sit up and take notice. In the dining room, the encounter of Cy Twombly's *Chalkboard* and a Charles X chest is an arresting sight. Between old and new, spare and ornate, there is a creative tension.

The only exceptions to the understated setting for this drama are behind the scenes. Alaton designed the powder room, for example, as a rugged study in ribbed concrete—an homage, perhaps, to Michael Taylor, since it was something that Mrs. Nathanson wanted as a reminder of her former house. And for her own bathroom Alaton pulled out all the glamour stops, installing multifaceted mirrored walls, white marble counters, and rock crystal fittings and using white terry cloth for the upholstery and curtains. You can just picture Jean Harlow headed for the bathtub in a white satin dressing gown.

"We tried to keep the house young and comfortable," says Mrs. Nathanson, "so that its formality wouldn't be overbearing." This is exactly what Alaton understood about the house; he brought out its inherent grandeur without sacrificing its warmth. "I trusted his taste," Mrs. Nathanson continues. "Kalef was always a gentleman. He was really creative, and he always listened to us." Just as important, one of Alaton's great strengths was that he not only listened to the client, he listened to the house. ▲ *Editor: Joyce MacRae*





The predominantly neutral color scheme is carried into the master bedroom, above, where sisal carpeting, Biedermeier furniture, and the same Indian silk upholstery used in the living room accentuate the warmth of abundant daylight. Left: In Jane Nathanson's bathroom, white marble, rock crystal, and mirrors re-create 1930s-style glamour.



Alaton pulled out all the glamour stops. You can just picture
Jean Harlow headed for the bathtub in a white satin dressing gown

Helmut Newton rests with the aid of a sleep mask under the gaze of Bernd Zimmer's enormous pink bull.



Double Exposure

Photographers Helmut and June Newton focus on their work in Monte Carlo

BY ALEXANDER COCKBURN







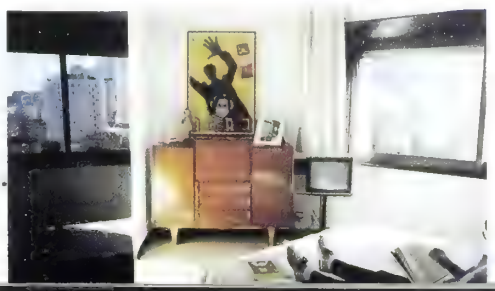


June and Helmut Newton, top. Left: The tenth-floor terrace high above the Mediterranean. Above: Helmut Newton takes a characteristically voyeuristic look at things.

ALICE SPRINGS (2)



A domestic scene charged with Newtonian menace, above. "I do like the concept of sin, of what is forbidden but not forbidden," says Newton. Below: June Newton, who does her own photography as Alice Springs, in a relaxing moment at home.



a drag. But I did it, and after I got off the stage, Gilberte came up to me and said, 'You were terrible, you said all the wrong things.' "

Newton laughs explosively. His eyes are darting glances at the telephone and he finally seizes it. "I've got to see my princess today, and I'd better see if she's there. I'm not bragging, but I'm responsible for her ballet photography." He dials between increasingly cryptic sentences. "Ballet's her baby, because of her mother."

Someone in the palace of the Grimaldis evidently picks up the phone. "Oui, bonjour, c'est Newton." The word Newton is said on a note of rising, confident affirmation. New-TON. Across the desk Newton looks at me with a trace of irony before proclaiming into the mouthpiece, "Est-ce-que la princesse Caroline est là?" But the princess isn't at home, and Newton leaves word she should call back.

We go back to talking about photographers. Another great idol of his was the photographer, Yva, to whom he had been apprenticed at the age of sixteen in Berlin. "I worshiped the ground she stood on. She did wonderful work, mostly fashion. Very sexy." Almost without a break he adds fiercely, "I get so angry when they talk about women photographers." Suddenly I realize Newton is talking not about his teacher in Berlin but his wife, June, whose portraiture under the name Alice Springs has earned much praise in recent years. "June's a good photographer. Women might see things differently. In fact, they do because they are women, but that doesn't mean they are better or worse. There are some very gutsy women photographers around."

By now Newton is pacing about, and the view of Monte Carlo out the window takes his attention.

"It's lovely living in Monte Carlo if you've got work and if you're old. It's not for a young person. People say, 'Why are you living here? Is it just for the tax?' Tax rates here help, sure. I was paying almost seventy percent tax in France. Every day I got mail from the government. It was totally Kafkaesque. Instead of taking pictures, I spent most of my time going to the bloody accountant. So when I got to sixty, nine years ago, I said to June, 'What are we doing here in Paris for five months every year?' We *(Text continued on page 236)*

The Vicar's Walk



An English garden preserves the timeless patterns of life in a country parish

BY CAROLINE SEEBOHM PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES

The house, as it so often does, inspired the garden. Belonging until the 1950s to the vicars of the Berkshire parish of Beenham in southern England, this late Georgian house reflects the serenity and prosperity of the period when it was built. Its view across the garden and over the fields to St. Mary's Church expresses the typically eighteenth-century English spirit of man surveying his acres and professing himself satisfied in the eyes of God.

The present owners, Charles and Mary Keen, knew better than to tamper with this outlook. Yet the garden was both unsatisfactory and neglected. "We knew we must respect the feeling of the house when we redesigned the garden," says Mary Keen, herself a professional garden designer and author of *The Garden Border Book*. The Keens dug new flower beds and added an herb garden, an orchard, and a large vegetable garden decorated with a series of fruit- and flower-covered arches. Throughout they chose plant materials that would harmonize with the period feel of the landscape and that are, in Mary Keen's words, "quite ordinary and informal."

The present garden, consisting of approximately two acres wrapped around the



A Palladian window in the vicarage, opposite, frames a vista past a meadow to St. Mary's Church. Above: Flower-decked arches rise above rows of cabbage, lettuce, beans, and other vegetables in the kitchen garden.





Traditional herbaceous borders line the way to a secluded walk, opposite. Top: Clipped beeches are being encouraged to grow even higher to dramatize a formal allée. Above: Pale 'New Dawn' roses at the entrance to the kitchen garden, set off by the deeper pink of 'Mme. Isaac Pereire'.

"I like the idea of people sitting where they can't be seen. I can never find anyone in this garden"

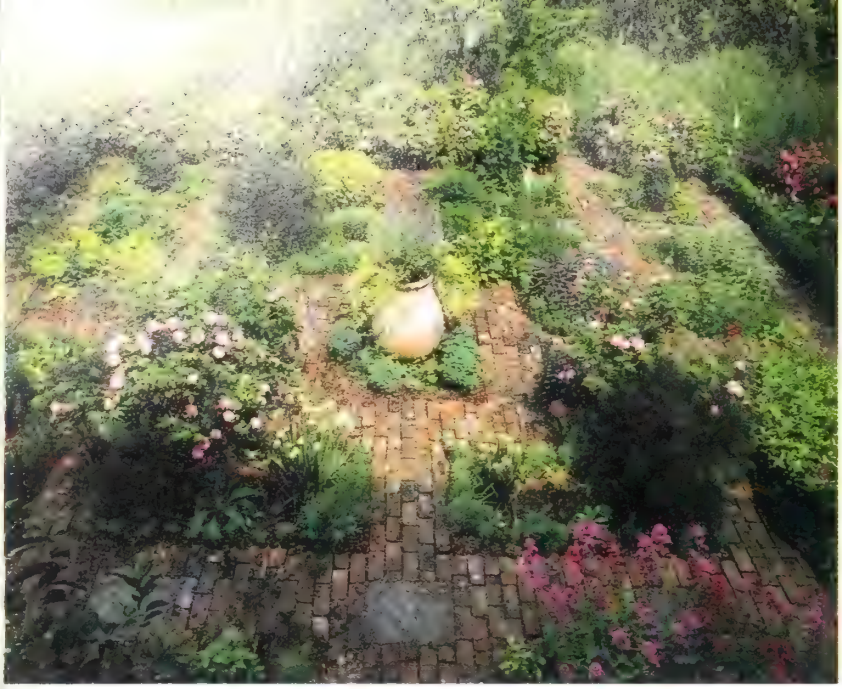
house, was embarked upon fourteen years ago. Mary Keen did not draw up a master plan when she designed her own garden. When she can, she prefers to work from the ground up, so to speak, walking around the property and planning as she goes. Her first priority was to make a kitchen garden, for she loves to eat what she plants. (For a summer lunch she digs up new potatoes and cooks them fresh from the ground.) What is now the kitchen garden was a chicken run. "We laid out the paths in the kitchen garden first and planted the yew hedge behind the swimming pool," she says. "We had no money, so it was all very slow." The herb garden evolved as an eye-pleaser from the kitchen window. Although the space faces north, the herbs grow well enough, and the brick paving that was chosen gives the garden a Mediterranean atmosphere. Beyond the herb garden to the north was a shabby vegetable garden, which was taken out and replanted with standard fruit trees to make a charming orchard.

At the south side of the house, the garden opens up to splendid vistas of rural landscape, and in the distance, the church. A huge magnolia that almost covered the terrace was destroyed by honey fungus and fell down—fortunately, as it turned out, for the Keens could then design a border, build up the steep bank that runs to the ilex, and add three Irish yews "to make the terrace garden more self-contained." An even newer addition is a small flight of steps leading up from the lower to the upper lawn, balancing the old steps that lead down from the south side of the house.

Looking out toward the large lawn and fields beyond, Mary Keen wanted more variety and interest, so she carved new beds out of the garden near the Vicar's Walk (a box hedge and path running down the side of the property to the church) and planted them with wild roses, geraniums, and foliage plants. The wide curve of the first bed on the left provides a secret garden behind, where one may linger undisturbed. "I like the idea of people sitting where they can't be seen," she says. "I can never find anyone in this garden. I spend hours calling the family in to meals."

Mary Keen, like all passionate gardeners, is full of likes and dislikes. She loves enclosed gardens, but in this case the sweep of the landscape dictated her layout.





She loves moving from a space filled with bright sun and color into a dark shrubbery: "I like each area to be and feel different." Expressing an aversion to pinched, narrow paths, she believes a garden should be made to walk through. She has a very set walk around her garden, which she has carefully planned for herself. "You need to think how you walk around your garden," she urges. She asks questions all the time as she walks. "Where a large clipped yew now stands, there was a rockery and a weeping willow. Should we plant another tree there? Trees take time. Might we use a mature tree to fill in? Can we afford it?"

The constant evolution of this garden is one of its charms. History is always in the making. "The point about this garden is that it is quite complicated and ambitious," Mary Keen admits. "Yet for the first five years we had no help at all. People shouldn't be put off making an elaborate garden. You can have a wonderful garden without full-time gardeners. You simply have to be relaxed about maintenance. I'd like my garden to be twenty percent tidier." She shrugs. She uses the plants that she knows will grow and not give trouble. When she makes her beds, she starts planting from the middle and works outward. The daisies on the lawn are intentional. "A garden is more than three-dimensional," she says, summing up. "It must feel comfortable as well as look nice." ♠

From Private Landscapes: Creating Form, Vista, and Mystery in the Garden. *Text copyright © 1989 by Caroline Seebohm. Photographs copyright © 1989 by Christopher Simon Sykes. To be published in November by Clarkson N. Potter, Inc. All rights reserved.*



Peonies, poppies, iris, delphiniums, and penstemon, right, bloom in front of a Gothick gazebo in the kitchen garden. Above: Plants spill out over brick paths and terra-cotta pots in the north-facing herb garden. Rosa Mundi helps soften the geometric enclosure.







Creole Comforts

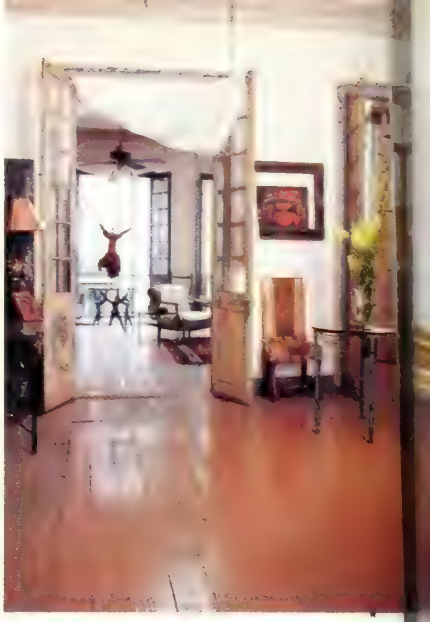
New Orleans has become home for designer Mario Villa

BY NANCY LEMANN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM WALDRON

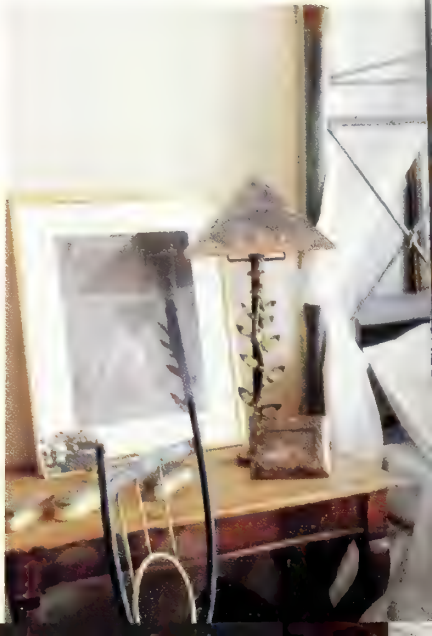
In New Orleans there is a bar called Napoleon House, originally built to hide the emperor in exile. He was to have come into Louisiana through Bayou Barataria and live out his days in the French Quarter. But it was not to be. Instead Napoleon House turned out to be the prettiest bar in New Orleans, with ceiling fans, tables with white tablecloths and plain chairs, and palm trees in the courtyard. Opera is always playing.

If you live in New Orleans, you go there with your old friends and sit for hours. A few doors down on St. Louis Street is an adjacent building that was formerly part of Napoleon House. You enter through an iron gate, and like all façades in the French Quarter, the elevation leads to mysteries unheralded—labyrinthian staircases and slave quarter galleries surrounding a courtyard with banana trees and palmettos. The staircases are so old that they are sinking. The sounds of calliopes can be heard from the riverboats on the Mississippi. White stucco walls and gardens and the softer air of the tropical town make these courtyards in the Quarter fit for many reveries. Here is

Palms, saints, and verdigris abound in designer Mario Villa's studio. The leafy daybed draped in linen is his own design. The architectural chair is pulled up to his worktable.



A bronze shell chaise longue, left, is paired with an angular copper and bronze torchère. Above: The doorway into the front room frames a table of the Three Graces dancing and a papier-mâché sculpture by Villa. Below: This swag chair and pierced metal lamp keep company with a few family photos.



"Artists, we are selfish," Villa says. "We live in our own little world"



On the pickled-wood desk the Arc de Triomphe lamp protects a bronze *Winged Victory*, both by Villa. The horse statue is by Arthur Kern and the alabaster vase is from Pakistan. The chair is part of Villa's collection of furniture decorated with palm fronds. *Magdalena* is by Watt after Correggio; a mysteriously veiled painting is propped up against the wall.

a place where you can dream, and so it is a likely place to find the designer Mario Villa, of Nicaragua and New Orleans, known for art furniture in verdigris, influenced by the Gallic heritage of New Orleans and his native Nicaragua.

It was a grandiose plan, the scheme to bring Napoleon to New Orleans, which has always held strong ties to France. Many grandiose plans tend to emanate from here, and some, such as Mario Villa's, are executed just as grandiosely. There are three themes in his studio: saints, palms, and verdigris. There is a frond from Palm Sunday over the bed, and fronds in marble vases. Everything is draped in white linen and muslin, the fronds reaching up toward the moldings of the old high ceilings and white walls. The palms add to the tropical aspect and are in their elegance "like a proud woman," he says. Religion is an important part of his life, and he feels very close to God. It seems so: there are icons everywhere, from Mexico and Venice. The verdigris, or oxidized bronze, of the furniture and a swag motif lend a patina of age and Beaux-Arts style.

He lived in Managua until the age of fourteen. During the revolution, his family moved *(Text continued on page 236)*



Nicaraguan-born designer Mario Villa, above. Right: Villa's furniture in its natural habitat. His clients are far-flung, but he is attached to New Orleans.





In the living room, opposite, Rogers likes the Daniel Greene painting over the mantel because "he paints 20th-century subjects in a 19th-century style." The Egyptian figures flanking the fireplace are from Christie's East. Left: Rogers found the articulated sea life while traveling in Spain. The bust is from Niall Smith Antiques, NYC. The wallpaper throughout the apartment is from Clarence House. Details see Resources.

Pared Down Penthouse

If adman Peter Rogers's New York apartment doesn't look good, he doesn't look good

BY AMY VIRSHUP PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM WALDRON

Peter Rogers, below. Right, clockwise from top left: A 19th-century English silver drinks tray rests on a rare late 18th century marble chimera center table from Niall Smith. The Biedermeier chair with a leopard print is also from Niall Smith. Hoboken Wood Floors recreated a traditional kitchen-floor pattern in wood for the living and dining rooms. The 19th-century Venetian scenes are auction finds.











As the head of the advertising agency that bears his name, Peter Rogers is known for marrying striking visuals to spare, equally memorable prose. He has created ads for Arnold Scaasi (''Me and my Scaasi''), Bottega Veneta (''When your own initials are enough''), and Vidal Sassoon (''If you don't look good we don't look good''). Most of his ads carry a simple defining line and nothing else. ''I try to edit everything down, not only the pictures but the words as well,'' he says. In a Peter Rogers ad, less is more.

And so it is in his recently completed apartment. When he decided to move west from Beekman Place, Rogers first looked on Park Avenue. But he couldn't give up his views, so he settled for a penthouse on an Upper East Side side street. It's not a large place—two shipshape bedrooms, a kitchen, living room, and dining room, surrounded by a wraparound terrace—but it's the ''coziest apartment I've ever lived in,'' says Rogers. The apartment is cozy, though it has none of the clichés of coziness: it's not overstuffed with furniture or knickknacked to death. The bedrooms are simple, like ocean liner staterooms—all the storage space is built into a wall of mirrored closets, so there are no chests, just beds and night tables.

The penthouse's previous owners had covered every available surface in paisley and carpeted the floor in shag, so Rogers definitely had some editing to do. With

the help of contractor Bryn Evensen—a friend who'd only recently abandoned finance for the family contracting trade—Rogers opened the place up, taking out narrow archways and combining the maid's room and kitchen to create room enough for a real cook.

A former adherent of the "Elsie de Wolfe beige school of decorating," Rogers decided he wanted color this time. He'd been planning to do the walls in the current faded, mottled style, but after "too many Italian dinners in SoHo," he instead covered the walls with yellow-on-yellow striped wallpaper (the bedrooms have the same stripe in two shades of tan). "People said don't do yellow, it disappears at night, but they were wrong," Rogers says. "You just have to find the right yellow." Then he put in pickled white wood floors with insets of black—a pattern picked up from the traditional black and white tile of the kitchen—and carpeted the bedrooms in leopard spots, an accent which is repeated throughout the apartment.

Because he spends most weekends—winter and summer—at his Fire Island beach house, Rogers wanted an easy-maintenance terrace. So instead of flowers, he planted evergreens all around its perimeter, which have the added virtue of looking good year-round. From every room guests are offered a glimpse of the city framed by a bit of green privet hedge. To add color, Rogers puts out pots of geraniums or tulips.

Born in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, Rogers came to New York after two years in the army and immediately went to work for Warwick & Legler on the Revlon account. (In a neat twist, after 25 years Rogers will again be working for Revlon this fall when the cosmetics company brings out its Arnold Scaasi perfume.) From Warwick, Rogers went to work for Jane Trahey; after a dozen years he purchased the agency from her.

On days when his clients have been particularly difficult, he likes to make a big vat of gumbo—"I am from that part of the country"—or pasta sauce and then throw it in the freezer to await guests. "Cooking is my therapy," he says. "That's why I like a big kitchen."

Rogers is an old-style collector, buying what he likes where he finds it. Much of what he's found is Biedermeier. Rogers, ever the editor, says he likes it because "everything's pared down; it's not ornate." Though his collection comes from a variety of sources, Rogers says, "when it comes to antiques, if I have a mentor, it's Niall Smith."



The curtains framing the living room's view are in Milano cotton taffeta from Clarence House. The armchairs are covered in Medieval Moiré from Grey Watkins.



"I'm not an investment purchaser," he says. "I just buy what I like." A large canvas of lovers was found in a small shop behind a church in Torcello. A painting of window washers which hangs in the guest bedroom was first seen at a dinner party in a SoHo loft. And he stumbled across the mirror framed by a herd of antlers in an Upper East Side shop.

In the dining room, leopard-seated Biedermeier chairs surround a table cobbled together from a piece of slate and an urn found in a Los Angeles antiques shop. (The L.A. dealer made Rogers buy the pair, so he sold the other one to a friend.) The table is flanked by a pair of Venetian glass mirrors and black vitrines picked up from Niall Smith. Clearly, Rogers doesn't believe a room has to be all of a piece. His design theory: "Whatever you like, if it works."

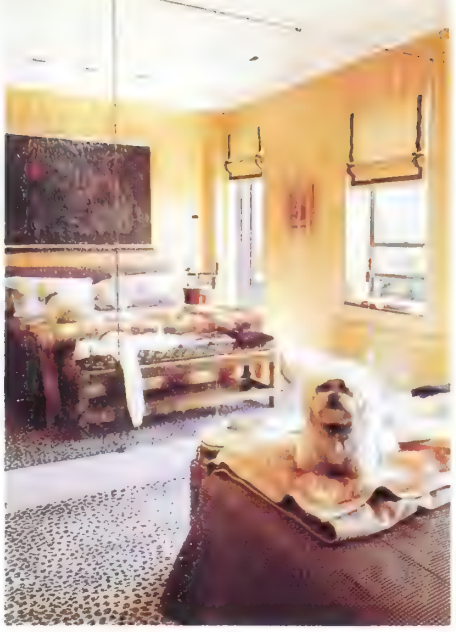
Rogers's most recent discovery is Christie's East. "It's the best way to get paintings of Venice, which is my favorite place in the world," he says, and with his auction finds he's turning one wall of his living room into a panorama of Venetian views. "I love water, period," he adds by way of explaining his obsession with that canalled city. "I love walking at night, it's like a dream. There's a lot of mystery there, around every corner."

The key to successful bidding, he adds, is not endlessly deep pockets, but strategy: he goes to sales of American paintings to buy scenes of Venice. That way, when the one odd lot comes up, the competition's not interested. He's taken to dropping in at auctions every weekend he's in town, just to see what might be of interest. How often does he buy? "Let's put it this way," says Rogers. "It's better if I go away on weekends." ▲ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*



Rogers's design theory: "Whatever you like, if it works"





In the dining room, opposite above, Rogers created the table from slate and an urn he bought in L.A., then surrounded it with Biedermeier chairs. Marble fruit from Zona. Opposite below: Chairs are covered in ponyskin stenciled to look like leopard. Left: The antler mirror frame is from Ann-Morris. Above: In the master bedroom, Maxie, Rogers's Lhasa apso, stands guard. The leopard-print carpet is from Stark.



The Sultans of Sag Harbor

Painter Donald Sultan and his family compose a vivid still life on Long Island

BY DODIE KAZANJIAN PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC BOMAN



In the plank-walled stairwell off the dining room, opposite, is one of a series of enlarged Polaroid portraits by Donald Sultan of people who visit him in Saint-Tropez. A Second Empire lamp sits on the 19th-century French country dining table. Chairs are Austrian Biedermeier. Sultan bought the 18th-century console table in Saint-Tropez. Checkerboard pattern is painted on wooden floor. Above: *Hydrangea in a Green Pot, October 30, 1987* by Sultan.





Donald Sultan hasn't hung any of his still-life paintings of pears or lemons or hydrangeas in the house he bought two years ago in Sag Harbor, New York. But it's impossible to walk into this eighteenth-century saltbox without seeing them.

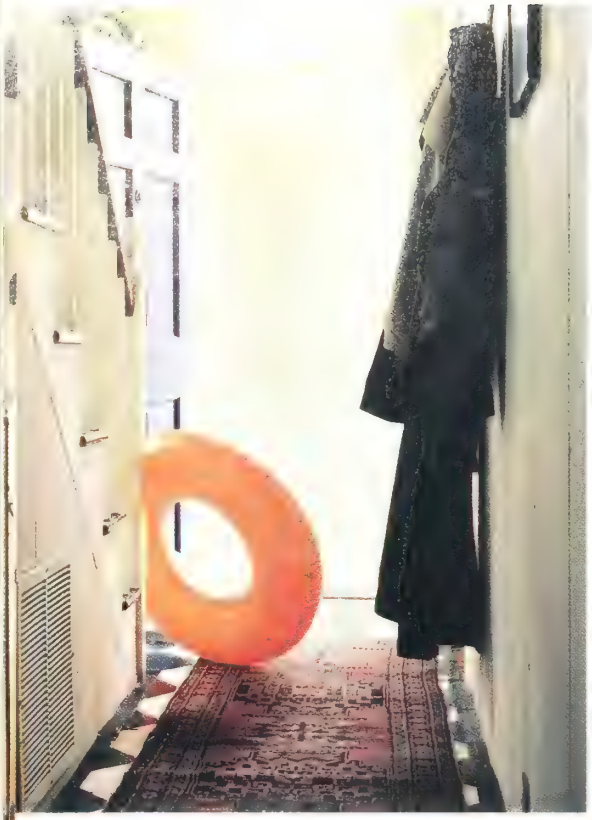
The green glazed Vallauris pitcher that is such a powerful image in his painting *Hydrangea in a Green Pot, October 30, 1987* is filled with breadsticks (not hydrangea) on the kitchen table. Four Bartlett pears are grouped on a plate on the dining table. In the parlor, grapes are arranged on another dish, also from Vallauris, which he found in the south of France.

"I like the idea of things being offered, which is kind of what a still life is," says

A turn-of-the-century kerosene lamp lights the antique French kitchen table, above. Breadsticks stand in a Vallauris pitcher Sultan bought in Provence—the same pitcher he painted in *Hydrangea in a Green Pot*. Beyond the dining room door, an Austrian Biedermeier cupboard. Opposite above: Susan and Donald Sultan with their son, Penn, and daughter, Frances. Opposite below: *Peach, Pear, and Lemon, April 11, 1987*. Left: Etchings from Sultan's 1987 *Freesia* series, printed in Paris by Aldo Crommelynck, hang above old wicker in the living room.











The front hall, above. Above right: A pear tree is espaliered against an 1860 addition to the 1750 shingled saltbox behind a peach tree in bloom. Right: In the parlor French café chairs, custom-made to Sultan's color specifications, surround a pedestal table covered with a wool plaid. Below: *Quinces, January 5, 1988.*



Sultan, who is writing a book on the subject for Viking. "So when people come in, it feels like there are things there for them. In the Hellenistic period, Greek hosts used to put a little still life of fruits and vegetables in your room. Eventually, instead of the real food, they would have a painting of it, which would change seasonally."

The actual flowers that Sultan arranges on the tables at Sag Harbor echo his paintings. "I tend to like things that are living. That's why I like cut flowers and fruits and other things you have to change all the time. It's part of the way you live. It's not a question of pickled living. That's why I don't put my paintings up all over the house. I don't think of them as decorative objects. And since I'm with them most of the time, I like to have one place where I can free-associate."

The house is tiny. The original part was built in 1750, and the kitchen, dining room, and two upstairs bedrooms were added about a hundred years later. Instead of Sultan's paintings, there are his enlarged Polaroid portraits of visitors to the house where he and his wife, Susan, stay each summer in Saint-Tropez, a house that once belonged to Paul Signac. In the Sag Harbor living room is a series of etchings by Sultan called *Freesia*, printed in Paris by Aldo Crommelynck. An early black-and-white photograph by Cindy Sherman hangs by itself over the fireplace. And in the parlor, there is David Mamet's handwritten text for a children's book he collaborated on with Sultan.

Donald Sultan does no painting here: "I need a more industrial atmosphere. I couldn't paint in the woods." A lot of his work has to do with the contemporary industrial world and its discontent; the ground of his paintings is often vinyl tile, plaster, and a tarlike buildup of Butyl rubber. These paintings have been as large as nine by twelve feet as opposed to his small one-foot-square still lifes. "The little paintings were a way I thought to advance painting through imagery. It was a way of using things I knew, and to make *(Text continued on page 241)*

The master bedroom mantelshelf, left, supports a 19th-century Swedish ship model below two Sultan Polaroids. At the foot of the bed is an English blanket chest. Carpet is Chinese. Wallpaper was installed by previous owners. Below left: One of Sultan's first sculptures, *Wood and Wood, 21 lbs, January 17, 1989*. Below: Frances Sultan plays in the garden.

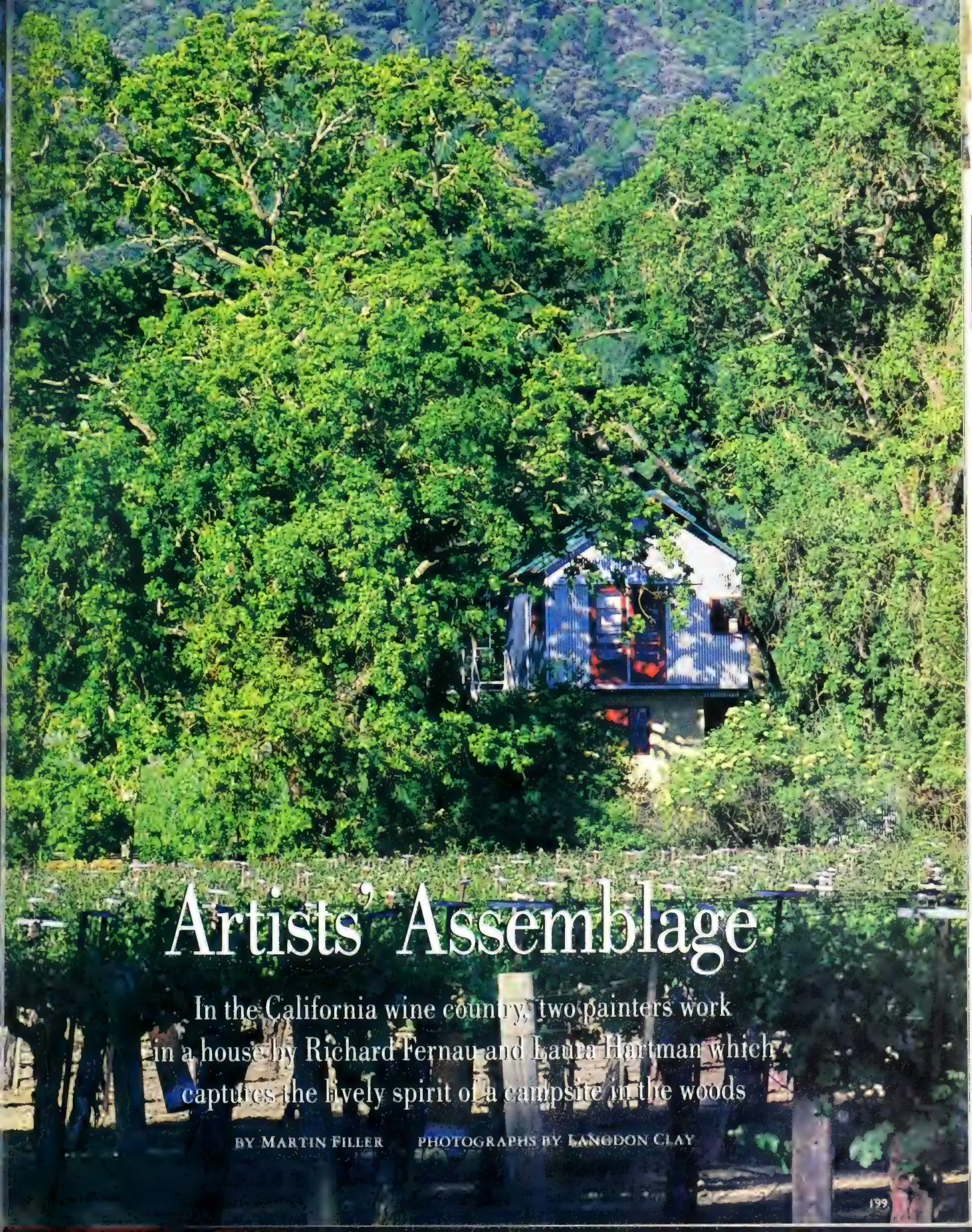








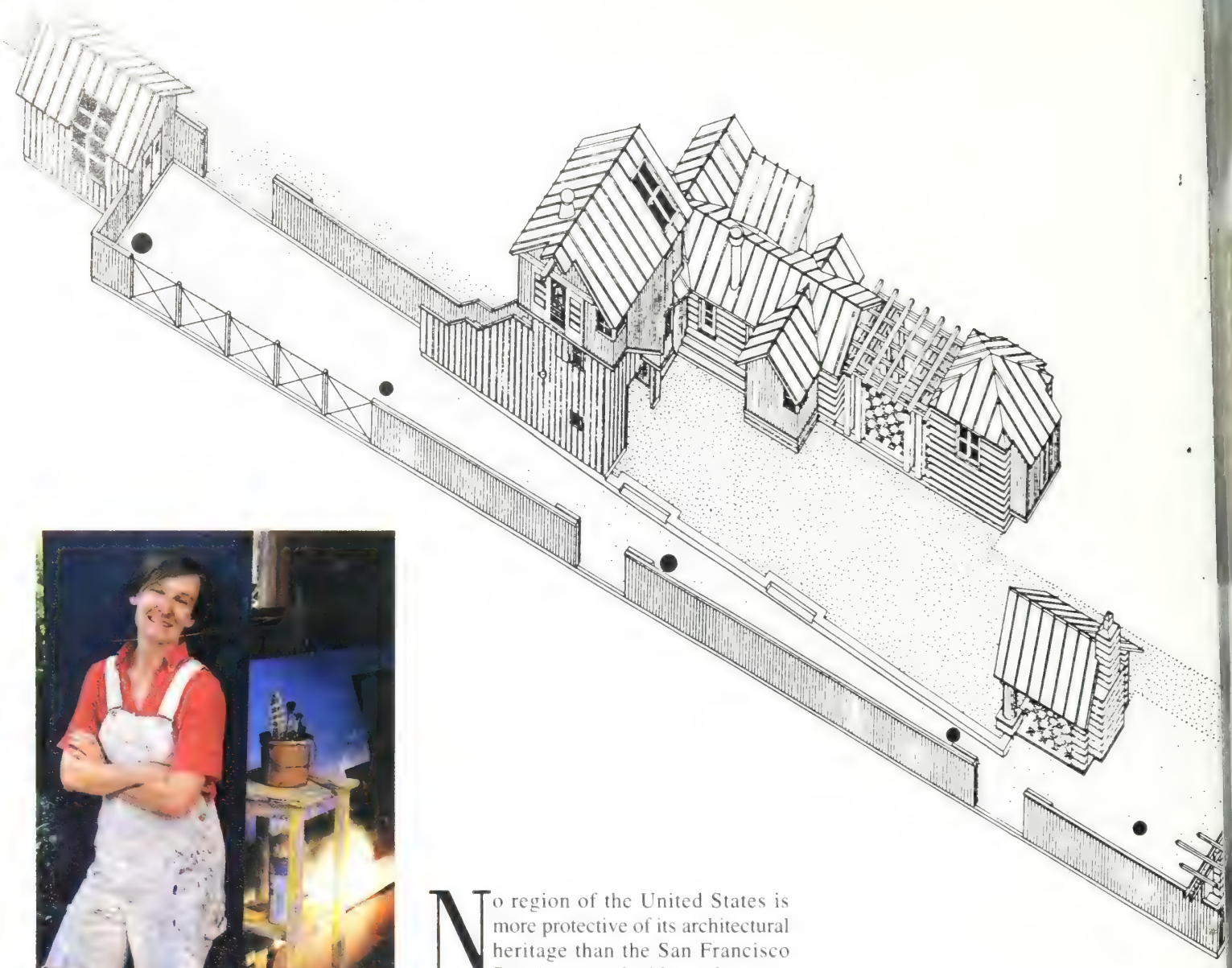
Under a canopy of valley oaks, the tower of the house contains the studio of painter Helen Berggruen. Corrugated steel cladding gives the structure the feeling of a Western mining camp. Opposite: A dense wall of greenery screens the complex at left.



Artists' Assemblage

In the California wine country, two painters work in a house by Richard Fernau and Laura Hartman which captures the lively spirit of a campsite in the woods

BY MARTIN FILLER PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANGDON CLAY

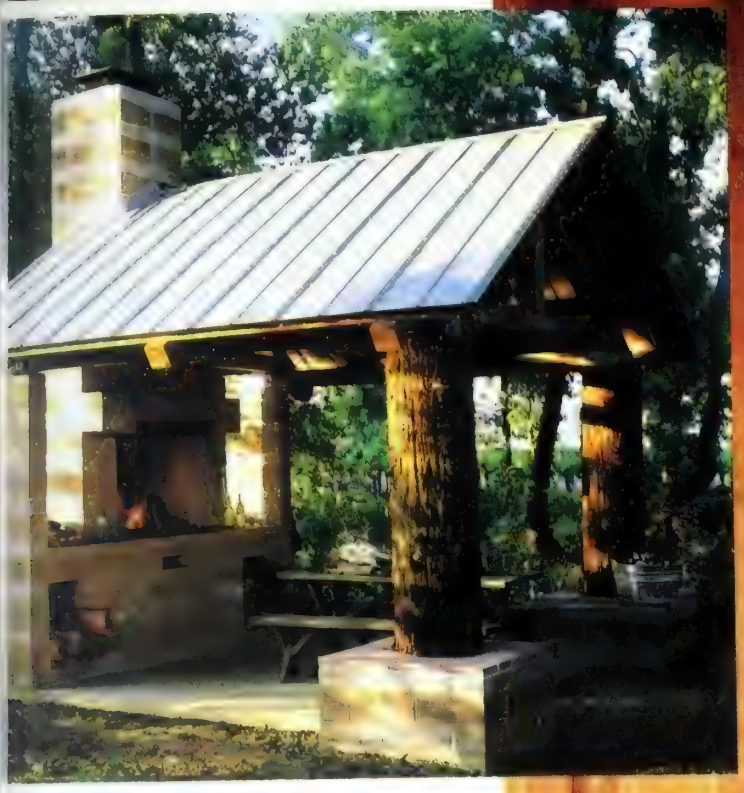


The layout of the house, top, grew out of two considerations: the desire of Mandy Wallace, above, and Helen Berggruen, opposite, for separate studios and the need for the new scheme to occupy the footprint of an old structure on the site. The long narrow plan, which reflects the shape of the plot, is opened up by projecting volumes that expand the interior spaces.

No region of the United States is more protective of its architectural heritage than the San Francisco Bay Area—and with good reason. Its balance between a glorious physical setting and a tradition of innovative but thoughtful design has made it a model of American architecture at its most sensitive. As the wine-producing valleys north of San Francisco become increasingly populous, the question of how to continue the best of the Bay Area style—ecologically respectful, aesthetically pleasing, and admirably humane—becomes ever more crucial. So much pseudo-historical and neo-everything construction has been perpetrated there lately that one common response has been a dour woodsy format based on local farm buildings.

But can architecture more challenging than that have a legitimate place in a setting of almost unparalleled natural beauty? The Berkeley-based architects Laura Hartman and Richard Fernau think so, and their most recent project demonstrates that high quality and high style need not be mutually exclusive in northern California. Their house for painters Helen Berggruen and Mandy Wallace in the rural reaches above the Bay Area marks a milestone in Hartman and Fernau's progress among the promising designers in that talent-rich part of the American architectural landscape.

Helen Berggruen has lived in this agricultural valley on and off since 1970. Most of that time has been spent on a heavily wooded one-acre plot surrounded by some of the most prized vineyards in the world. This remarkably self-contained glade wedged between two creeks is a veritable microenvironment, created by about twenty towering valley oaks enclosing the plot like a gnarled and leafy palisade. After several years of caretaking for a friend who owned this bit of uncultivated land, Berggruen had the chance to buy the property. It







On either side of the house is a small outbuilding: the barbecue pit with redwood trunk columns, top, and Mandy Wallace's studio, right. Above right: The main entrance is a Dutch double door in the breezeway connecting the studio tower with the living quarters.





was scattered with several shacks and a farm worker's house, and when she and Mandy Wallace began thinking about building a more substantial residence there, the image of a cluster of small structures still had great appeal for them.

For practical reasons, that configuration made perfect sense to Fernau and Hartman as well. Clients and architects all agreed that none of the magnificent trees should be disturbed, which therefore limited the placement and form of the new design. Zoning restrictions made it necessary to reuse the existing septic system on the property. Thus the footprint of the original house had to be retained. But instead of inhibiting the scheme, these requirements set up a strong framework within which the architects' design decisions could be made with complete confidence.

Neither Hartman nor Fernau believe that architecture in this valley must mimic the somewhat dreary local aesthetic that Fernau wryly dubs "the pony died," a reference to self-conscious and nostalgic Western design. The house is a lively, almost antic composition but avoids the overexuberance that can make a playful building exhausting. Working on models with movable components, the architects and clients toyed with a variety of arrangements before coming up with their ultimate version.

The format is a loose confederation of small pavilions with pitched green-painted metal roofs and unpainted corrugated metal walls. But the vigorous forms and vivid materials are virtually invisible until the forecourt of the house comes into view. To their credit the architects clearly knew just how far they could go with experimentation without violating the valley's visual integrity. The protective ring of oak trees allows a much bolder design than a more exposed site would permit.

The most striking element of the house is the 35-foot tower forming the highest element on the property. The upper story of

In the living room, a painting by Helen Berggruen, to the left of the doorway, and, to the right, a poster celebrating the donation of paintings by Paul Klee to the Metropolitan Museum of Art by her father, art dealer Heinz Berggruen. Paint finishes in the living room and throughout the house are by Mandy Wallace and Maria McVarish.



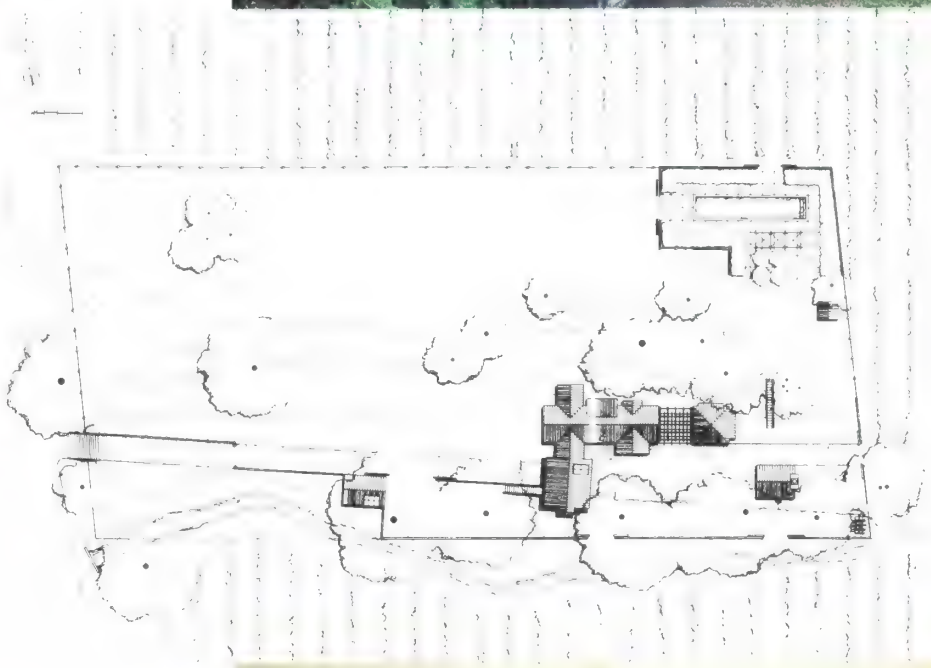
Although the house occupies only a small portion of the one-acre property bounded by two creeks and surrounded by vineyards, opposite center, the courtyard between the studio tower and the living quarters, above and opposite top, adds to the feeling of spaciousness. Opposite bottom: The kitchen is in keeping with the air of sophisticated rusticity.



the tower is given over to a large light-filled studio for Helen Berggruen. On the floor below it is her bedroom, and from both vantage points she can look down at the wooden studio used by Mandy Wallace. That tidy little building—connected to the studio tower by a tall green-painted wooden fence—is outpost as well as sanctuary, a miniature statement of the qualities at work in the entire compound.

Separate work areas for the two painter-residents was an essential requirement. Fernau and Hartman were able to accommodate a high degree of privacy within such a small setting by employing an intriguing interplay of stacked and sequential spaces, which make the house seem larger than it is. That illusion is heightened by the judicious positioning of windows throughout. Several rooms have double windows that meet at a corner. The kitchen alone is illuminated by three windows, two doors, and a skylight. But nowhere have the architects given in to the temptation to rely on window walls, which often spell the end of architectural quality as they make lazy use of views of the great outdoors.

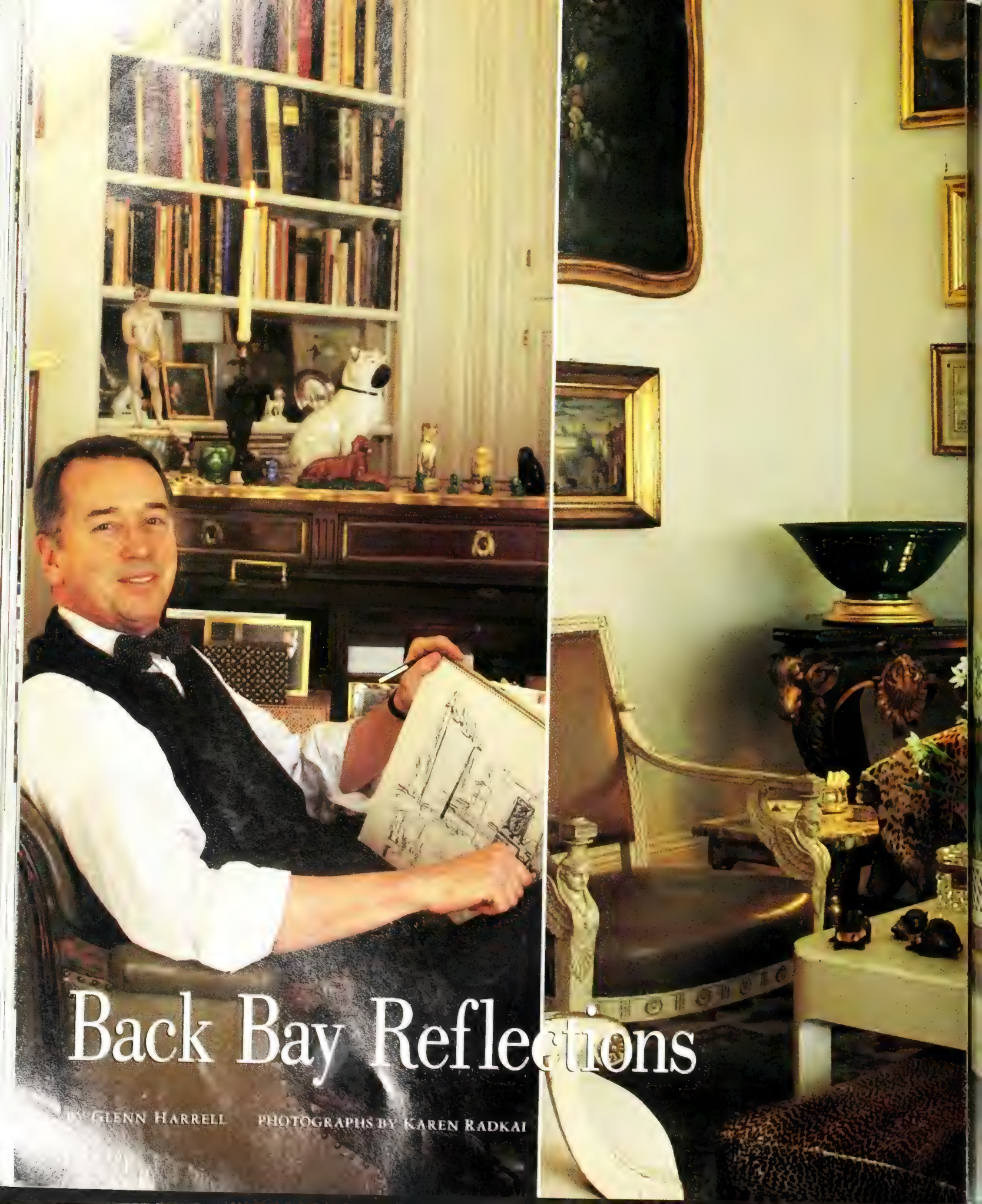




There are, nonetheless, a number of small celebrations of the rural life expressed in this captivating design. The barbecue pit, a freestanding structure with a pediment supported by columns of shaggy redwood trunks, is like an updated version of the Primitive Hut, the eighteenth-century notion of what man's first building might have looked like. Yet there is no cuteness here, even though a lighthearted spirit pervades every aspect of the scheme. This is in one sense a play house, for the informal spaces, casual materials, and simple finishes do not permit pretentious attitudes to take root. But it is also a place for serious work by the occupants as well as proof of a keen design intelligence shared by the architects who created this inspiring home for two other artists. ▲

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron





Back Bay Reflections

BY GLENN HARRELL PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN RADKAI



A large built-in mirror in the living room reflects the town house's original marble mantel and a Georgian mirror embellished with glass appliqués. Exotic touches include pillows covered in Baudelaire from Clarence House, a stenciled leather faux leopard bench (a present from Albert Hadley), and a fox fur throw. Opposite: William Hodgins sketches at his Louis XVI *bureau à cylindre* while porcelain friends look on. Details see Resources.

A Boston town house mirrors the multifaceted style of decorator William Hodgins

One [illegible] of Lydia Pinkham [illegible] of turn-of-the-century America's most popular remedy for "woman's weakness," William Hodgins's 1872 town house in the Back Bay section of Boston is special for another reason. Its traditional front bay is crowned by one of the few belvederes he's seen in the area. Despite the dilapidated state of the house when he viewed it as a prospective buyer, Hodgins was won over by its personality and charm. After installing his decorating business in the basement and on the ground floor, he renovated the upper floors as an apartment for himself in 1972. "Because the office was just downstairs, creating a real sense of privacy was very important to me," he says.

Hodgins wanted the living room to be a romantic space where he could comfortably entertain a few friends. Glittering surfaces and jewel tones stand out against a neutral shell of white walls—textured by Robert Sinclair to resemble linen—and pale Scandinavian-looking bleached wood floors. The flickering light of candles and burning logs in the fireplace reflects off two mirrors, one built-in, the other above the mantel, and the gilded surfaces of furniture and picture frames. These highlights also intensify the rich palette of details such as an eighteenth-century English tabletop painted to simulate pietre dure, the dazzling orange and purple border of an early nineteenth century Turkish carpet, and a large French emerald green bowl.

The decorator's passion for animals and exotica is apparent everywhere. A custom-made overstuffed sofa with gilded bun feet—a prototype Hodgins has since adapted for other houses—accommodates a leopard skin over one arm, a fox fur across its back, two pillows in a floral and leopard print, and a third in a salmon silk. A stenciled leather faux leopard bench, a gift to Hodgins from his mentor Albert Hadley, is tucked under a sleek coffee table crafted by Yorke Kennedy using the Oriental technique of applying linen to wood and then lacquering the surface. Goats' heads carved in full relief adorn a Regency stand, sphinxes support the arms of a pair of Directoire armchairs upholstered in taupe leather, and a majolica elephant planter holds a purple primrose.

In contrast to this discreet profusion of ornament, the master bedroom is intentionally spare. The centerpiece is a late nineteenth century Canadian bed of Honduran mahogany Hodgins found on a trip to his native Ontario. "I sent it down to Boston, thinking I had a wonderful huge four-poster, which it was," says the six-foot-six decorator. "But beside me, it looked minuscule." His solution was to have the bedposts made almost a foot taller to suit both his own height and the scale of the room. To accentuate the four-poster's architectural lines, he had it painted *en grisaille* and left the tester unadorned. The gilded lions' heads on a pair of American Empire armchairs glower at Hodgins's favorite piece, a Louis XVI *bureau à cylindre* fitted with a seemingly endless number of compartments under its roll top.

The decorator's guests enjoy luxurious seclusion in a fourth-floor room with its own private entrance. Says Hodgins: "You feel as though you're in a whole different world, a sanctuary where no one can get at you." To intensify this room's coziness, he chose a geranium chintz with a light background. The white ceiling, wainscoting, and pale carpet offset the lush floral pattern. Similarly, the dark rich accents of a pieced Aubusson rug and nineteenth-





Hodgins used a Clarence House chintz in the guest room, above, to create a cozy private space. Flanking the 18th-century Danish secretary, a pair of American Gothic tables, c. 1890, hold 19th-century English découpage lamps. Monkey prints hang below creamware platters. Left: A calm foil to the floral motif is provided by the white ceiling and wainscoting and an off-white carpet from Rosecore. The mirror was painted by Robert Jackson. Opposite: Hodgins discovered the master bedroom's 19th-century Canadian four-poster in his native Ontario and had it painted *en grisaille*. Carpet from Colefax & Fowler.

A Victorian wouldn't have batted an eyelash at this combination of styles

century English découpage lamps are balanced by wall-mounted creamware platters and a series of playful monkey prints. Opposite an upholstered sleigh bed is an eighteenth-century Danish secretary—"a delightful hybrid," notes Hodgins, pointing out signs of English influence. An early nineteenth century French oak buffet doubles as a bookcase and a stage for another tableau of objects.

A Victorian of Lydia Pinkham's generation wouldn't have batted an eyelash at this confident combination of period styles and flamboyant motifs, but for Hodgins it embodied a move toward restraint. "For me this apartment was a real departure point," explains the decorator. "It was the first time I really pared things down. Maybe I no longer needed the security of having lots and lots of things around me." ♠





Carved into the desert rock, the pool terrace, with chaises from John Good Imports, L.A., is surrounded by palo verde trees, boulders and colorful potted plants. Opposite, Suzanne Somers and Alan Hamel, dressed in robes, by Ralph Lauren, happy to be home. Details see Resource



A Somers Place

Suzanne Somers and Alan Hamel find a little piece of Provence in Palm Springs

BY PILAR VILADAS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHEL COMTE

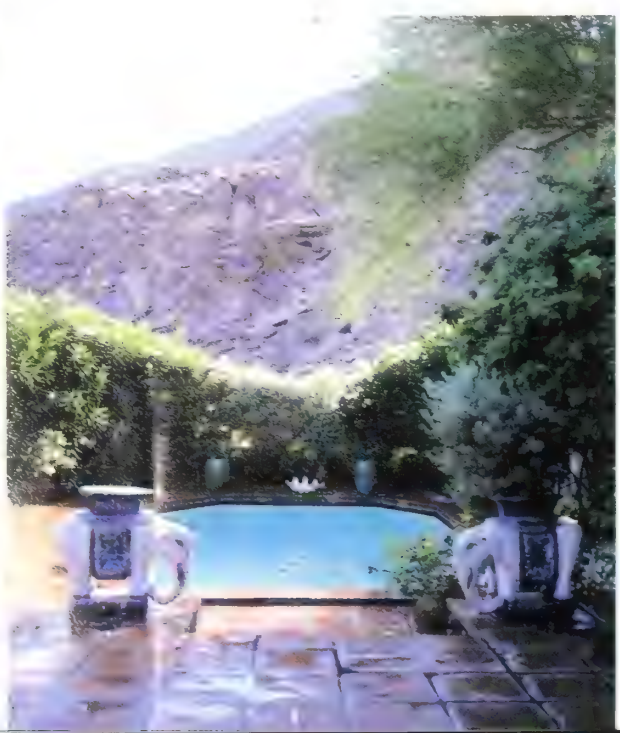
At the start of the nightclub act that she performs in places like Las Vegas, Lake Tahoe, and Atlantic City, actress Suzanne Somers appears onstage wearing a Carmen Miranda–style fruit headdress and a beaded yellow satin bolero with a shocking-pink lining singing Buster Poindexter's "Hot, Hot, Hot." Just what you'd expect from the woman who was television's blond bombshell in the hit series *Three's Company* and more recently in *She's the Sheriff*.

But if you'd expect Somers to live in a slick blond-bombshell house, you are in for a shock. There's nothing show biz about the Palm Springs retreat she shares with her husband and manager, Alan Hamel; instead, you think you've walked into an enchanted cottage. "Exactly," Somers says, smiling her thousand-watt smile. "My public image," she concedes, "is really flashy. But there are two sides to me, and one is very very domestic."

The day I visited, the domestic Somers took me on a tour of the house. It was very hot outside. She was dressed in a voluminous linen skirt and blouse and wore no makeup. Her platinum hair was pulled back into a loose ponytail, and she wore striped espadrilles on her tanned feet. Scattered among gardens and terraces lined with oleander hedges and palo verde trees, the house is actually a cluster of little pavil-

The house feels like some tiny romantic village in the south of France





Somers and Hamel inherited many things in their house from its previous owners, including, in the living room, above, the antique Chinese screen, Spanish yew wood chairs, and the painting of Columbus about to set sail. Far left: The living room terrace with its vintage wrought-iron furniture is ideal for afternoon tea. Left: A pair of ceramic elephants stand guard over the swimming pool.

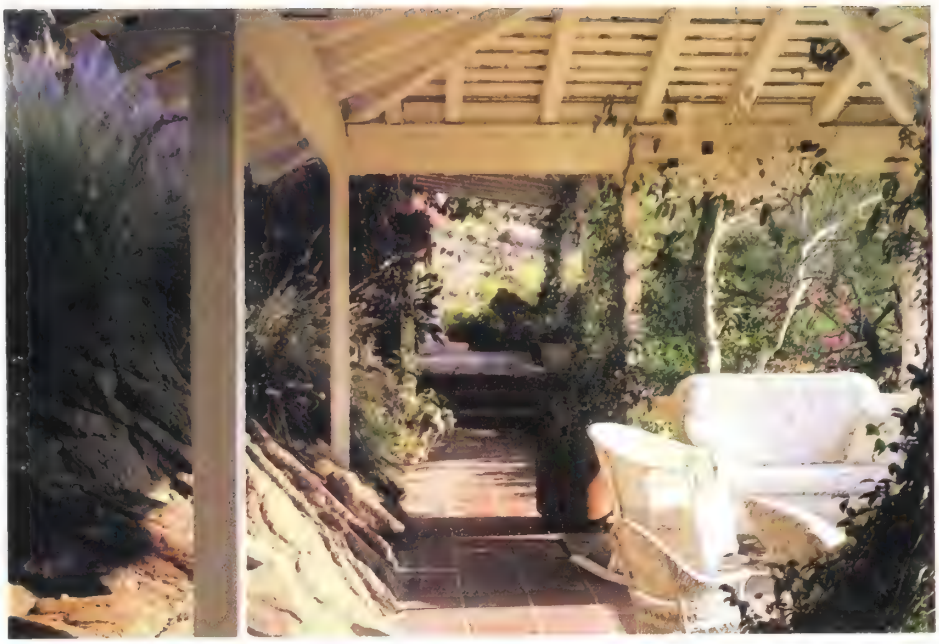
ions containing various living areas nestled into the rocks of the San Jacinto foothills like some tiny romantic village in the south of France. But then, the reason that Somers and Hamel bought the house was that it reminded them of a hideaway in Provence. "We come here to energize," she says. Her husband, who was one of Canada's most popular television personalities before going behind the scenes, concurs: "I get my best ideas here."

Somers and Hamel are the third owners of the house, which was designed by Palm Springs architect John Porter Clark and built in 1938 for noted art collector Wright S. Ludington. He sold the house to Kay and Louis Benoist, owners of Almadén vineyards, who added a guesthouse, and Somers and Hamel bought it from Kay Benoist twelve years ago. "It's a work in progress," explains Hamel. "Everything evolves very slowly." The couple's organic approach to change extended to the furnishings, many of which they inherited from the previous owners. After wondering what to do with this legacy, Somers and Hamel decided it looked fine where it was. So with a little rearranging and a few modifications, the fifty years of accumulation—a mixed bag of European antique chairs and chests, paintings, and drawings—still inhabit the house and look right at home.

Simple comfortable upholstered furniture serves as a foil for the antiques and artworks in the living room. In one of the guest bedrooms, country furniture is paired with a collection of dolls—gifts from her fans. And in all the bedrooms the actress's passion for beautiful linens makes for a luxurious night's sleep. As she enthuses over the appliqué work on a set of Italian sheets, Somers confesses that she has yet another set on order. "I guess I'd better get another TV series," she quips.

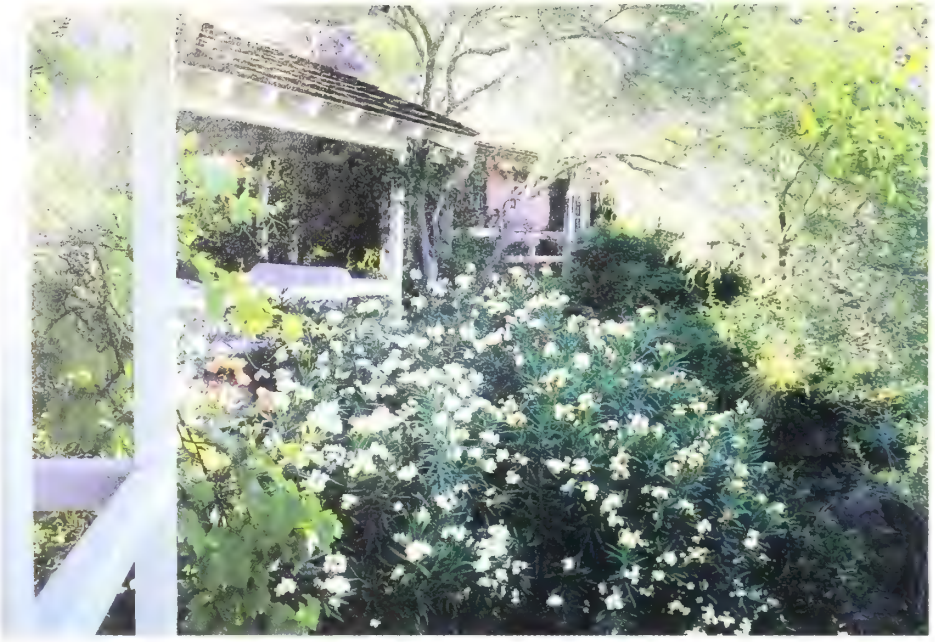
A dressing room off the master bedroom houses family photos and drawings by Hamel's daughter, Leslie, who designs Somers's stage costumes. Show business seems to be a family affair: Hamel's son, Stephen, photographed Somers for the cover of her book *Keeping Secrets,* and Bruce Somers, the actress's son by her first marriage, is a film student at UCLA.

Still, warm and inviting as these rooms are, Somers and Hamel spend most of their time on the terraces and in the gardens surrounding the house. Alfresco breakfasts





A shady haven from the desert sun, the gazebo, above, is filled with old wicker furniture, including a sofa that once belonged to Gypsy Rose Lee. In the late afternoon birds flock to the surrounding trees. Right: On the other side of the house the dining room terrace, shaded by palo verde trees, offers views of the palms and hills beyond. This terrace, with chairs from John Good and table linens by Porthault, is one of the many outdoor rooms that make the Somers-Hamel house the epitome of relaxed indoor-outdoor living.



The view from the living room balcony, above, reveals the gazebo and the bedroom pavilion beyond a wall of oleander. A covered walkway ties the living-dining pavilion to the bedrooms. Below: Down the hill, the guesthouse has two bedrooms. The smaller one, shown here, is home to a collection of dolls that are gifts from Suzanne Somers's fans.



are served on the terrace just outside the dining room, the rose garden is where Somers often gives lunches, and the living room terrace, which overlooks the swimming pool, is the perfect spot for afternoon tea. A short distance from the house an orchard is populated with grapefruit, lemon, lime, apple, peach, apricot, and macadamia nut trees. "Every one of these outdoor spaces is really a room," she says, "and we use them all day long, following the shade. Once we get up in the morning, we never really go indoors again."

One of the nicest of these outdoor rooms is the gazebo, which is part of a weathered-white wood-covered walkway that Somers and Hamel added to shade the walk from the bedrooms to the living-dining pavilion. The gazebo—furnished with old wicker pieces, one of which belonged to Gypsy Rose Lee—offers the perfect vantage point from which to contemplate the desert. "It's a great place to nap, and I wrote a lot of my book there," adds Somers, referring to her candid best-selling account of life as the child of an alcoholic. Somers is the honorary chairman of the National Association for Children of Alcoholics, and she frequently speaks in public on the subject. As her book makes painfully clear, she traveled a long and difficult road to the busy, happy, and comfortable life she and Hamel now lead, and this sense of contentment permeates their house. They have houses in Los Angeles and Las Vegas, but Palm Springs is the place that feels most like home to them. "By living here, we add years to our lives," she says.

Plans are in the works for a new kitchen-dining pavilion—Somers is an excellent cook and avid hostess. A place for it is being carved out of the rocks by Olav Engum, a mason in his eighties whose stone walls are a local legend. Somers would like to add other buildings in the future: "I'll be working on this place the rest of my life."

In addition to overseeing the orchard expansion, Hamel has added two beehives to the domestic mix: "I think beekeeping is what I'll do in the cocktail hour of my life," he muses. When he's on the road, he takes along a videotape of the house and gardens, complete with the sound of chirping birds, to stave off homesickness. "I really wouldn't leave here," Hamel contends, "if I didn't have to." Would you? ♠

Editor: Joyce MacRae



"We get up in the morning and never really go indoors again"



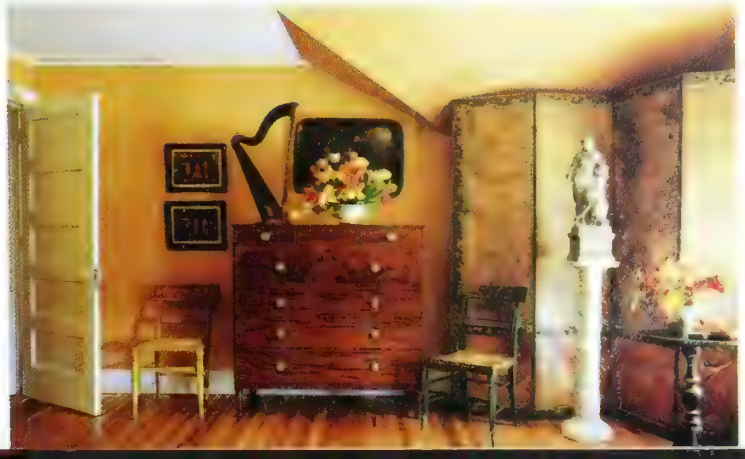


Somers's passion for fine linens and old fabrics is evident in the Porthault cotton voile sheets and the antique baby's dress that hangs next to the bed, above. Right: Somers relaxes in the gazebo. Far right: The shaded walkway leading from the gazebo to the bedrooms.



Country Neoclassic

BY WILLIAM BRYANT LOGAN PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM WALDRON



In the sitting room, left, the playful screen of Italian marbleized paper with an English wallpaper border and the quasi-Baroque statue of Winter are balanced by the more formal prints from William Hamilton's book on Greek vases. The chest is attributed to New York craftsman Richard Allison, c. 1815.

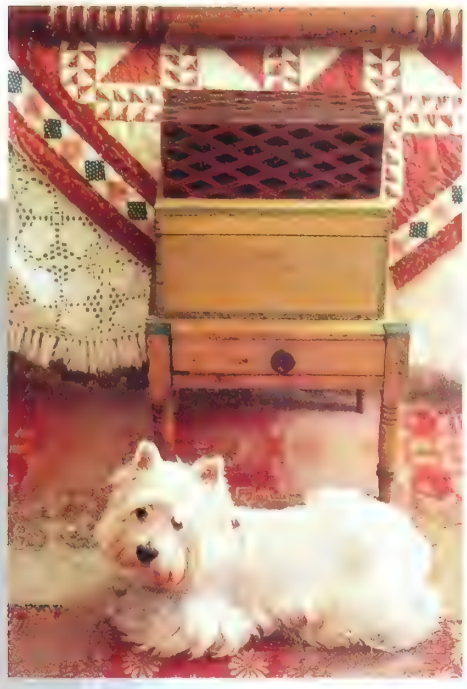
"I never felt comfortable with froufrou things," says Krieger, but she knew she had to rescue the Neoclassical from its cold im



Krieger's dog, Lilly, right, poses on a c. 1830 American Empire rug in front of hand-painted wooden boxes. Far right: Papered with Régence from the Williamsburg line by Katzenbach & Warren, the bathroom is light and airy.









The cozy bedroom, left, offers a respite from the 20th century. The New England cherry bed dressed with a hand-crocheted spread, the Long Island quilt and pillow made from a Baltimore crazy-quilt fragment, and the bandboxes in the Massachusetts Federal dressing table are all American 19th century.

She chose purity of impulse, not purity of period. One great motive of the English Neoclassical style, she feels, was the dramatic and simultaneous opening of the ancient world and the New World. The wonders of culture were joined with the wonders of nature, and, to Krieger, the dual focus is best revealed in three paintings in the sitting room. One is a copy of the *Youth* canvas from Thomas Cole's *The Voyage of Life* in which an angel among sinuous trees points the way down a river to Paradise in the clouds. Another, by a student of Gilbert Stuart, shows Alexander the Great presenting his mistress to a god. The treatment is perfectly stately but Alexander's extended arm is too long and his mistress is reminiscent of an eighteenth-century merchant's bride. The third is a painted serving tray, possibly showing Belshazzar's feast, on which the exotic subject matter is combined with pristine turns of the figures' wrists and hands worthy of the best Neoclassical statuary.

Beyond this idea, however, Krieger makes a more emotional point in her house. She admires in the Neoclassical its strength and its grace, the pairing of masculine and feminine sides. The green swag-back sofa that anchors the sitting room is emblematic: its strong form and dark wood complement its curving line. Likewise, the bold acanthus-leaved curtain rods above the room's two windows are tempered by the fact that one of the four leaves bends down instead of up.

In Krieger's kitchen, above, the botanical prints, plates, and overflowing vases are evidence of the floral motif throughout the house. Below left: A wallpaper fireboard, originally used to close off the hearth in summer. Opposite: American 19th-century wrought-iron garden set and wire plant stand provide the perfect transition from outside to in.



A large nineteenth-century screen, made with an English Border around Italian marbled paper, and a quasi-Baroque allegorical statue of Winter are counterpoints to more formal pieces like the Wedgwood rosso antico pottery and the prints of vase decorations taken from William Hamilton's definitive book on Greek pottery.

Then, too, among Krieger's favorites are the painted pieces in which a formal dark wood or a purely utilitarian object meets color and scenery. An early nineteenth century English drop-leaf library table is mahogany and rosewood, but its surface is decorated with a painted musical trophy composed of a flute, a torch, a quiver, sheet music, and an urn. In her office two wallpaper fireboards, once used to close off the hearth opening in summer, display lightly colored idealized country scenes. Downstairs in the dining room is a set of simple chairs, with Classical anthemion splats, that are painted apple green. A cornice board with pictures of lighthouses stenciled in the ears surmounts the door to the kitchen.

The play of opposites is most delicately mediated by Krieger's choice of paint for the walls. In this house, instead of choosing color to emphasize architecture, she picks up soft and delicate tones from important objects in each room. The sitting room takes its light terra-cotta color—"Some people call it Creamsicle," she jokes—from *(Text continued on page 240)*





Bedtime Story

DANA COWIN · PHOTOGRAPHY · MICHAEL MUNDY

The bed, like other highly evolved household species, is continuously changing. Ascending from the ground, this primordial form acquired short legs and feet as early as 3000 B.C. courtesy of the Egyptians. Elaborate canopies, or testers, were added during the Renaissance to protect the sleeper from insects, nosy servants, drafts, and bits of dirt falling from the ceiling. By the eighteenth century a genus touting several classifications had emerged: the *lit à la polonaise* had iron supports leading into a dome draped in the most luxurious fabrics, the *lit à la duchesse* had a canopy attached to the wall or ceiling, and the *lit à l'anglaise* sported boards on three sides to fit in an alcove. At the end of the twentieth century, a variety of styles, both reproductions and originals, exist, including solid Federal beds, sumptuously tented nineteenth-century four-posters, and eighteenth-century early American pencil-posts. The following pages offer a natural selection of the latest designs in beds, photographed in the newly renovated Beaux-Arts Police Building, formerly New York's police headquarters and now a luxury co-op.

Editor: Anne Foxley



The linear motif of the four-poster hand-forged steel Campaign bed from Michael Shannon Associates is carried out in the linens. Pillowcases with wide gray and white stripes lean on those with a narrow rule, both from Palais Royal. The pale color palette is shared by the Windsor Plaid comforter from Frette and a Jan Groover photograph (courtesy Robert Miller Gallery, NYC). The Antelope rug is from Stark Carpet.

In a harmonious detail of texture, line, and color, soft grays are interwoven with yellow and white. Details see Resources.



STYLED BY JOHN RYMAN





The masculine flavor of the room, above, is drawn from the Federal-style mahogany Railroad Baron's bed designed by M. Craig Cabinetmaker and is augmented by the richly textured Bali comforter, coverlet, pillow shams, and sheets from Frette. The antique Serapi rug is from Stark. Left: A closer look reveals intricate stitching on the rust and green comforters. Opposite above: A 19th-century French scenic screen from the Little Antique Shop, NYC, establishes an elegant European feel that is continued in Mark Hampton's Scandinavian bed with subtly fluted posts and rosettes created for Hickory Chair Co. The base and headboards are upholstered in Silk Plaid from Osborne & Little. A combination of pure color and attention to detail distinguishes the lace-trimmed white sheets and pillowcases from Wamsutta and hand-stitched comforter from Frette. The rug is from Stark. Opposite below: Winnowing choice bits and pieces of 19th-century English beds, Mario Buatta arrived at this Poster bed for John Widdicomb. The skeleton, available in a number of finishes, can be outfitted with a canopy of any material. The floral bedding from Revman Industries was also designed by Buatta. The rug is from Stark.







Modeled after one of the first pure American designs, the Pencil Post bed, below, is a copy by Leonard's Antiques, Seekonk, Mass. The eight-sided posts taper to a point, and the headboard is peaked. The mortise and tenon joinery is a functional holdover from the mid 1700s, but the holes in the footboard, which would have been strung with rope, are simply decorative. Left: The Ralph Lauren Home Collection plaid blanket, sky-blue sheets, and checkered pillow add to the rustic country look. Opposite above: Embroidered with garlands of golden flowers, Cannon Mills' Court of Versailles bed linens suggest the luxury of another era. The pillows and shams are from Cherchez and N.K.A., both NYC.



In the Renaissance, elaborate canopies were added to protect the sleeper from insects, drafts, and bits of dirt falling from the ceiling



A whimsical bed from Patina, above, is watched by hand-carved parrots on four twisted wood posts. The headboards and footboards are painted with a floral design found on a Venetian cradle. The Vienna comforter is from Frette. All plants and flowers from Very Special Flowers, NYC. Down pillows and comforters from Scandia Down Shops and Descamps. Mattresses and box springs from Simmons. Furniture and accessories from Florence Sack, Ltd., Capo D'Acqua Antiques, Howard Kaplan Antiques, Pine Country Antiques, Greenwich Auction Room, and Andrew Kolb & Son, all NYC.

SAMPLES

Sweet Dreams

HG turns up the best in bed linens from pillow shams to neck rolls
By Anne Foxley

The cool kindliness of sheets, that soon smooth away trouble" — words that convey what we want from a well-made bed even though the sentiment was expressed by Rupert Brooke early in this century. Today, stress is eased by patterned pillowcases that offer serene voyages to faraway places. Mesa Verde pillows by Osborne & Little for Revman transport the Southwest anywhere. Cowhide-print shams by Martex suggest the wild wild West. And silk Charmeuse, with gold lamé, from La Scala Riesner is the stuff of Arabian nights.





Pillows and pillowcases shown here are by Osborne & Little and Natori for Revman, Esprit, La Scala Riesner, J. P. Stevens, Laura Ashley, Pratesi, Sheridan, Fieldcrest, Adrienne Vittadini for Fieldcrest, Springmaid, Descamps, D. Porthault, Perry Ellis and Liberty of London for Martex, and Eileen West and Louis Nichole for Utica. Some are also available in sheet sets. Iron sleigh bed from T. & K. French Antiques. Details see Resources.

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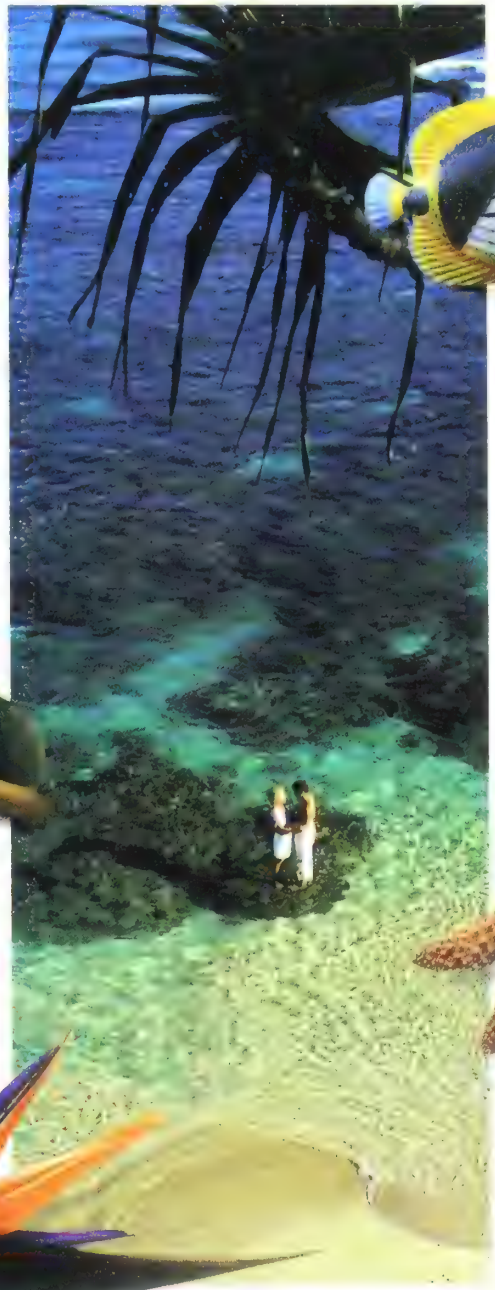


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Talk of the Town Car

A redesigned Lincoln brings new urbanity to luxury driving

By Pilar Viladas



The 1990 Lincoln Town Car, left, sports a new aerodynamic exterior. Below: Greater shoulder and hip room have been added to the already roomy interior of earlier models.

If you're one of those hopelessly old-fashioned people who think that a Lincoln Town Car is only for somebody's great-aunt, think again. The car, which was born in 1980 as an offshoot of the Lincoln Continental, is now the top seller in Ford's Lincoln-Mercury division which has captured nearly 23 percent of the luxury-car market. Captains of industry, such as record and film mogul David Geffen, are whisked around town in Town Cars. Donald Trump is negotiating a lease for fifty of them for his newest Atlantic City casinos. And at the end of Paul Bartel's satirical movie *Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills,* several of the characters ride off into the sunset in Town Cars. And why not? The car is roomy, comfortable, quiet, and it has an indefinable yet unmistakable cachet. And now the 1990 Town Car has a new look and feel.

A new look? If you're a Town Car owner—one of those consumers who belong to the conservative half of the luxury-car market, according to Lincoln-Mercury's research—you're probably seeing red right now. *Change the Town Car? What's wrong with it the way it is?* Not to worry. Lincoln has made extensive changes to the car without erasing any of the characteristics that Town Car owners know and love. The Town Car of the 1990s has shed its boxy body in favor of a new aerodynamically contoured exterior with aircraft-style doors and flush window glass. This streamlined silhouette significantly reduces the car's coefficient of drag and wind noise, making the already hushed ride even quieter—so much so that the Town Car is being touted as the quietest automobile in the world. Wait a minute, you say suspiciously. Doesn't the car look smaller? Relax. Lincoln knows that to Town Car owners bigger is better—the car hasn't shrunk an inch. In fact, the redesign has added more shoulder and hip room to the interior. The glove compartment has been substantially enlarged, and the Town Car's trunk is the biggest in its class—22 cubic feet—big enough for four sets of golf clubs, as you know if you've seen Jack Nicklaus's TV commercial for the car. "We're uncompromised on size," says Ford vice president and Lincoln-Mercury general manager Ross H. Roberts.

The best change is in the Town Car's handling. I have never been a fan of big cars because they give you no feel for the road. But a drive in the new Town Car changed my mind. Speed-sensitive, variable-assist power steering gives you greater control at high speeds while it makes steering easier at low speeds, as when parking. Rear air-spring suspension improves handling even further, yet it is incorporated into the existing body-frame construction so that none of the vehicle's famous "rolling feel" is sacrificed. Other standard features are a five-liter V-8 engine, front-seat air bags, rear-seat lap-shoulder belts, and a new electronic instrument cluster with message center (Town Car owners aren't big fans of high technology, but it's helpful, for instance, to know how many more miles you can drive before you run out of gas).



Among the options are antilock brakes, a CD player and JBL sound system, an electrochromic, automatic-dimming rearview mirror, an electronic-memory seat with power lumbar supports, and a power decklid pulldown—carspeak for a trunk you don't have to slam down because it latches automatically. These features are standard in the top-of-the-line Cartier Series, as are special trim and colors. Pearlescent exterior paint is available in titanium, champagne, and crystal blue. Inside, the lightest interior colors Ford has ever used, except white, include titanium and bisque with corresponding pale wood finishes.

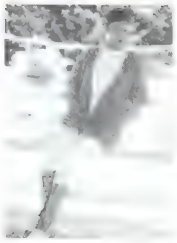
Of the more than 200,000 cars Lincoln expects to sell in 1990, at least 120,000 will be Town Cars, which will sell for $28,000 to $33,000. And the manufacturer expects that about 5,000 of those cars will be sold for limousine conversion—an increasingly important aspect of Town Car sales. The Town Car in its unextended state has also become a popular alternative to the limousine when a limo is too big or inappropriate for the occasion.

But whether you're doing the driving or being driven around, if you aren't afraid of making a not-*too*-grand entrance and want a superb ride on the way, the Lincoln Town Car proves that bigger is sometimes better. ▲

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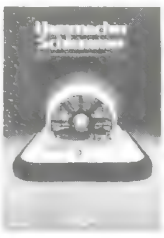
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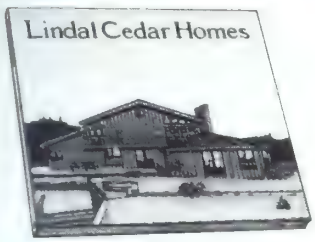


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HOUSE & GARDEN'S BEST IN DECORATION

(Continued from page 184) to Florida. He became swept away from his identity. He moved to New Orleans, maintaining his residence there at a time when, his work much in demand, he might have been better off in New York. But he had fallen in love with the city. "When you lose a country, you need an identity," he says, and his attachment to New Orleans provides that.

He was trained as an architect there and started a gallery showing his own work and that of other local artists. He ran out of money in 1984, when it seemed that New Orleans, known for a sort of ceaseless economic decline, could not support the gallery. So he designed a piece of furniture for the Contemporary Arts Center and a sort of bonanza ensued.

Some of his most interesting work has been furniture for restaurants, two notable examples of which are the defunct Restaurant de la Tour Eiffel in New Orleans and Cave Canem in New York. There have also been designs for shows in Germany, Sweden, Tokyo, and San Francisco as well as a one-man show at the Gallery of Applied Arts in New York. His gallery is now expanded to Chicago, and his clients are from all over Europe—Paris, Venice, Basel, Zürich—and now Tel Aviv. He travels to Europe, the Middle East, the Orient, California, New York, and Chicago attending to his clients. But he is attached to New Orleans. It is a place to dream, which is the work of an artist, as he notes. Its resemblance to Latin America is in the Catholic population, the lush tropical vegetation, and the local attire of white suits. It is a slow, dreamlike, innocent, and godly place.

He says he creates dreams for people. One client came to him and said, "I want to sleep under coconut trees." So he designed a bed in brushed bronze that looks exactly so. Another client said, "I want to wake up like Botticelli's *Birth of Venus*," and Villa designed that bed, too. From his balcony you can see the Mississippi River, beyond the high dormers of the French Quarter houses. He likes New Orleans on a foggy day, he says, because you can dream.

"Artists, we are selfish," he says. "We live in our own little world. Then we feel guilty because we don't live in the real world. But tell me, who lives in the real world? What is the real world? Everyone lives in their own world." He is somewhat mysterious and quite dramatic, true to his native place, and speaks in a heavy accent, like a man who has lost his country. "I speak English bad. I'm losing my Spanish. So I'm taking Italian—I need a language." Here is a fellow who belongs to the world, as he says, but stays on in New Orleans, true to himself. When you live in New Orleans, you definitely are in your own world, and this is very good for the artist. Have a drink at Napoleon House and you will see why. ♠

Editor: Babs Simpson

Double Exposure

(Continued from page 173) were spending the other seven months in the south of France, along the coast at Ramatuelle, and in Los Angeles."

So June and Helmut decided to move, got their Monaco residency papers in eight days flat, which shows what a man of the hour Newton has been this past decade, the Monegasque royal bureaucracy plainly being well aware that their applicant, as one of the prime artificers of modish sensibility in the beau monde and even demimonde on both sides of the Atlantic, was a catch well worth reeling in with alacrity.

Soon Newton had found a lab in Monte Carlo under the care of a gardener turned photographer which gave him better technical service than he had ever found elsewhere. His negatives are stored in a waterproof and fireproof safe in his office downtown. "So now," he says with satisfaction, "I do all my photography around Monte Carlo. I can make it look like any city I want. No traffic problems. Weather better than in New York or L.A."

He brightens visibly as June, his wife of forty years, enters the room. "I've hundreds of things to tell you," he says, "but not in front of *him*." He points at me warmingly and then falls into strategic planning on where we should have lunch. Rampoldi's? Perhaps too stiff. What about La Pinède down by the sea? Perfect. He seizes the phone. "C'est NEWTON." Reservations are made, and with Helmut impetuously at the wheel, we plunge through the streets in a VW Golf. A vintage VW sits in the garage of the high rise.

The conversation turns briefly to a well-known Hollywood actress, famed for her drinking. "I like the physical aspect of her now," Newton said thoughtfully. "A big *derrière*, those beautiful legs. The skin that is white, but not quite fresh."

"Oh, Helmy, not quite fresh, how can you say that!"

"But good skin. Very interesting."

"Bruises all over," June says by way of finale.

"I never knew prudery as a young man," Newton muses. "At fourteen at the swimming club in Berlin I fell madly in love. We wanted to make love but didn't know how to do it. Then the girl had to go away for a swimming contest for the weekend, and when she got back, I'd found out what to do. I had my own room with its own entrance and we went ahead and did it. Then I went into the kitchen and I was starving and I told my mother everything. She was a little bit upset, but she said, 'I'm going to increase your pocket money so you can buy French letters. I don't want you bringing home stuffed pigeons,' meaning a girl who was pregnant."

"So none of your fooling around with perverse erotic themes comes from guilt?"

"No, but I do like the concept of sin, of what is forbidden but not forbidden."

By this time we are sitting comfortably under an umbrella by the side of the Mediterranean looking at a sea which, as Newton points out, is as black as the plastic with which Fellini represented the ocean in his film about Casanova.

The conversation turns to voyeurism. I tell them the story related in Kenneth Anger's *Hollywood Babylon II*, how Princess Caroline's mother had once agreed to undress in front of a lighted window while Hitchcock spied on her through a telescope.

"But it's Schnitzler's *Fräulein Else*!" Newton slaps the table. "It's a story about a young girl who's staying in a grand hotel with her aunt. The mother writes the daughter that the father is being made bankrupt because of some dishonest thing he's done. In the hotel is an elderly man who tells the girl he will save her father's reputation if he can have her. In the end he's in the game room, and the daughter comes down the stairs with nothing on but a fur coat and he gets to see her naked. So he's there in the shadows and she just walks through the room. It's marvelous! I understand that, you see."

I could indeed see why he understands it, since Newton had just given a glowing evocation, courtesy of his beloved Schnitzler, of the mise en scène for a Newton photograph. It had long seemed to me that a lot of Newton's work refers, mostly in irony or parody, to the Nazi culture and aesthetic from which he escaped. Newton readily agrees, citing his famous photographs of large blondes as having just those antecedents in Nazi iconogra-

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Double Exposure

phy of Aryan supergirls. "My pictures are always based on reality. Like Edvard Munch, who said, 'I don't paint what I see, I paint what I saw.' I photograph what I saw. I don't do that S and M stuff anymore," he adds with a hint of nostalgia. "My car used to have chains, always chains in it. I used to tie up girls all the time."

That subject exhausted, Newton recalls how he and June fled London in 1956 and came to Paris without a penny in their pockets, riding in a Porsche.

"You know, Helmut," I say, "you're a high roller."

"I'm not, but I love the expression."

"High rollers have faith, arrive bankrupt in Porsches."

"We've always done that. We've never had any money."

"And we've never had debts," adds June rather prudishly.

"Well, now you've got money, surely, Helmut? At least I hope you have."

"I've even enough to lose on the stock exchange. I never lost a minute's sleep. I didn't even tell June."

"So how old were you when you were able to say to yourself, 'I'm not going to die starving'?"

"Pretty recently."

"By the seventies you felt OK?"

"No, it's never OK. That's why I want to buy something now rather than rent. Before it all goes down. We've decided. This is the place. Monte Carlo is perfect. A helicopter to Nice airport. A camera bag, an ordinary lens, and one for close-ups. I travel light."

"You seem a pretty happy couple," I say to June as Helmut once again attempts contact with the Grimaldi bureaucracy to confirm his date with Caroline.

"We've had our ups and downs. You can't stay married without them. But yes, we're happy. Otherwise, he would never have stayed around. Neither of us would. We like each other's company." She is the art director for *Helmut Newton's Illustrated*, the 32-page folio of his ongoing work published at irregular intervals.

"C'est New-TON!" comes a confident roar from his study. ♠

Editor: Paul Sinclaire

Country Neoclassic

(Continued from page 222) the color in the William Hamilton prints of Classical images. The office walls are cloudy blue, in harmony with the background color in one of the fireboards and also with the quality of the hazy blue sky seen out the window over Long Island Sound.

The dining room was the biggest challenge to paint because the green chairs invited a too-cute country cottage treatment. Krieger found an elegant solution while looking at a restored Robert Adam room in a Philadelphia museum. Following Adam, she chose a compatible pink for the walls but firmed it up with gold and black details and furniture, including a stenciled and gilded New York gentleman's dressing table. The table, which serves as a sideboard, is topped with a French egg-shaped hot-water urn, circa 1780, of gunmetal, copper, brass, and silver.

Ease and strength were the twin goals of the Neoclassical poet, and Krieger has emulated these virtues with a peculiarly delicate and epicurean sensibility reminiscent of Mrs. Delany or of Horace Walpole and other eighteenth-century writers whose love of life she cherishes. Her playfulness is real, not ironic—even her china depicts Etruscan vases, patterns, and plates on its surface. In the kitchen is an out-size Wedgwood cheese dish with gods and goddesses running round it like figures in a video game.

Most pleasing among her conceits is the floral motif that runs from room to room throughout the house. Since she does not own the surrounding property, her ability to transform the garden is limited. Instead she displays a collection of botanical prints of hollyhocks, tulips, and poppies, flowers she likes to grow, in vibrant colors but with their shapes isolated and almost as abstract as the palmettes and acanthus patterns that decorate the gilded mirrors, chair backs, and painted surfaces of furniture. She also prizes among her numerous landscape views—everything from sand paintings to the copy of Cole's masterpiece—those that stylize trees and foliage, making icons of nature. In the informal kitchen, the transition between inside and outside is literally effected in a corner where a collection of her garden flowers hang upside down from a drying rack above a wrought-iron table and chairs created for the outdoors. On the chairs, of course, the splat is a cut-out palmette.

Here, in not much more than 1,200 square feet, are ease and strength, color and tradition of a sort that Alexander Pope would not have imagined but might well have approved. ♠ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*

Sultans of Sag Harbor

(Continued from page 196) them important again. It wasn't just about size, because my feeling is that a small painting can be monumental. It can hold up against large works. Nobody would say that they'd rather have a giant Kiefer than *The Arnolfini Marriage* by Van Eyck."

Donald Sultan bought the house in Sag Harbor to get away from it all ("if you *can* get away from it all") with Susan and their two children. Susan Sultan is in the process of producing her first movie, based on Jane Bowles's novel *Two Serious Ladies*. Susan met Donald when they were both twenty and students at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. Now 38, he's been wearing the same blue jeans, navy and white L. L. Bean sweater with a sizable hole at the right elbow, and British National Health glasses ever since I've known him—about two years. He's had a retrospective that originated at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago and ended up at the Brooklyn Museum. His paintings are owned by the Metropolitan Museum, the Museum of Modern Art, the Walker Art Center, the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles, and many others, and his work is in great demand among collectors. He's planning to do the stage sets for a Shakespearean production to be directed by David Mamet in London next year. He had his first show of sculpture last spring, and his paintings continue to fetch ever more money at auction.

"The auction prices, the focusing on how much money people make as a measure of their success, has created an enormously jaded view of art in general, which I don't think is healthy," says Sultan. "Not for the culture, not for the artist, and not for the spectator. It turns one of the great things a culture can provide into something cynical."

Donald Sultan is now thinking about adding fish to his still-life repertoire. "Oysters are a good idea, too." But he's very selective about which objects he paints. "The fruits I pick are because I can make them look like other things. When I paint a pear, I'm not only trying to make it look like a pear. Depending on the way I've arranged them or by the way I've drawn their particular shape, they can be either male or female images." (This would be true of oysters, too.) "It's not a forced thing. It's a question of sensuality. Some people see nothing."

Sultan is brash, self-confident, and immensely appealing, and there is definitely a Sultan style to the house in Sag Harbor. "I've always had a theory that one should lurch one's way through style," he says, explaining that he's not a collector, but an "eclector." He himself bought the Austrian Biedermeier cupboard and a Second Empire lamp in the dining room, the nineteenth-century French country table and chairs and the large turn-of-the-century kerosene lamp in the kitchen. And it was he who decided to use an old English baker's rack as a cupboard for everyday china. He mixed French café chairs with a Second Empire pedestal table. His idea, too, to throw wool cloths over the tables in the parlor and living room, and to have summer slipcovers made for the sofa and chairs. "I recommend slipcovers for all people," says Sultan. "They're very practical. I had these made out of canvas—the same stuff I use for the paintings."

The Sultans spend as many weekends as they can and all of August in Sag Harbor, and Donald uses whatever is blooming in the garden to make his changing still lifes. "I like flowers jammed in a pot," he says. "I hardly ever mix them. I generally use one kind." It's an English garden, with a pond, wisteria growing over an arbor, beds of herbs, and fruit—plums, peaches, quince, and an espaliered pear tree. "When I saw the garden, I realized that it alone was worth the price of the house," says Sultan. "It's *very* rare to find a garden like that. It's magnificent. It's all like little rooms. We're thinking of calling the place Bonsai Estate," he adds, surveying his one-seventh of an acre. "It's got what I need on it. Doesn't have anything more or anything less." ♠

Tuscan Pastoral

(Continued from page 156) could make about him was that he left me alone a lot."

The decision to keep the best of the furniture left behind by the previous owners was Giammetti's. The Empire pieces, including a particularly fine sofa made for Princess Mathilde, Napoleon's niece, complement Mongiardino's overall design. They fit in equally well with Giammetti's own eclectic horde of antiques, which, after a lifetime's collecting, he at last has room to display. "I buy what pleases me on instinct, without worrying too much about dates or whether a piece is museum quality." The result is a house full of curiosities that surprise and delight at every turn: Chinese wooden figurines in the garden room that once adorned the Royal Pavilion at Brighton, an Alma-Tadema of a young girl receiving lessons in deportment which sits on a table in the salon, and a lacy ceiling in the Sophia Loren room (she was the inaugural guest) that is an old-world voluptuary's dream.

Giammetti's proudest contribution was recovering the original library of 2,100 rare books that vanished from La Vagnola during the 1960s when the house was unoccupied for a time. Giammetti discovered the library's whereabouts but was unable to negotiate what he considered a fair price for its return. "I decided this was a gift I should not deny the house or myself. So I went there with a truck. Because I knew the 'dealer' hadn't come by them honestly, I put three people in every room of this guy's house and we took the books. I sent him some money later, but it was like a raid."

A resourceful man full of quiet charm, Giammetti recalls that when he went into business with Valentino in 1960, their ambition was above all to have fun. "We made it our stratagem, if you like, to be happy, to be eager to go back to work each morning." Now, with a labor force of six thousand in Italy alone, their responsibilities have grown. Giammetti, who has offices in Paris and New York, spends half the year abroad. In Rome the remaining six months, he lives modestly in a small apartment in Parioli and puts in long grueling hours at Valentino. But neither partner has any regrets. "After thirty years we still go to work with the same enthusiasm, which is probably the key to the success of Valentino. We are still having fun."

He may now look forward to spending more time at his country retreat, but Giammetti feels he has earned the privilege. Despite his conservative nature, he seems perfectly at ease with the sumptuousness of life at La Vagnola. The house, he admits, has somehow turned out to be larger and grander—as well as more expensive—than he anticipated. A live-in staff of eight looks after the beau monde that he and Valentino inevitably draw into their slipstream.

But when he is there alone or with a few friends from Rome, life in the Giammetti household has a way of revolving around the gigantic video screen in the tower room. "You can create the most beautiful place in the most beautiful spot in the world and still end up in front of the TV," Giancarlo Giammetti observes a little wistfully as he steps out into the greenest of green gardens to discuss this year's olive crop with an old man who waits, cap in hand. ♠

Editor: Deborah Webster

[illegible]

[illegible] solus dresser in ebony/gold leaf/bronze/[illegible] ash with attached frames, by Mimmo Palato, approx $20,000, Big Sur sofa, by Peter Shire, $14,665, for Meta Memphis Collection of Memphis Milano, to the trade at Urban Architecture, Detroit (313) 873-2707. Lamp Mercure floor lamp with plexiglass wings, $270, wheeled screen of gold-leaf paper with horsehair tassels, by Patrick Naggar, $800 per panel, for ARC International, to the trade at Urban Architecture (see above). Glass-topped table of cast bronze with matching chair, by Sandro Chia, approx $10,000, Modus Operandi upholstered settee with removable coverlet, by Joseph Kosuth, approx $15,000, for Meta Memphis Collection of Memphis Milano, to the trade at Urban Architecture (see above). **66** Oak/inlaid-brass table and stool, by Lawrence Wiener, approx $15,000. Private Lamp for Artists, by Franz West, approx $3,000, aluminum Orogio clock, by Alighiero E Boetti, approx $500, Rivolo chair with ash legs, cane seat, terra-cotta back, by Pier Paolo Calzolari, approx $2,500, from Meta Memphis Collection of Memphis Milano, to the trade at Urban Architecture (see above).

DECORATION

Page 90 Merrion Square porcelain dinner plate, $175 5-piece setting, at Tiffany & Co., NYC, Atlanta, Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Costa Mesa, Dallas, Houston, San Francisco. Dublin Toile cotton, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Honeysuckle Trail cotton, 54" wide, $30 yd, to the trade at Schumacher, call (800) 423-5881. Graber cotton, to the trade at Robert Allen, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Beach, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C. Ribbon Cartouche cotton, 54" wide, $30 yd, to the trade at Schumacher (see above). Carriage clock, $1,250, at Tiffany & Co. (see above). Killiney Stripe 27" wide, $27 yd, Killiney wallpapers, 27" wide, $25 yd, to the trade at Schumacher (see above). Meadow Croft pillowcases, approx $16 set of two, comforter, approx $150 queen, by Martex. Mandarin Toss wallpaper border, 5½" high, $27 per 5-yd spool, to the trade at Schumacher (see above).

ANTIQUES

Pages 100, 104 Palissy-style ceramics are available from the following dealers: L'Antiquaire & the Connoisseur, 36 East 73 St., New York, NY 10021 (212) 517-9176; Blumka Gallery, 101 East 81 St., New York, NY 10028 (212) 734-3222; Didier Aaron, 32 East 67 St., New York, NY 10021 (212) 988-5248; Hubert des Forges, 1193 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10028 (212) 744-1857; Linda Horn, 1015 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021 (212) 772-1122; Ann Lawrence Antiques, 250 West 39 St., New York, NY 10018 (212) 302-4036; Lenox Court Antiques, 972 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10021 (212) 772-2460; Edward R. Lubin, 3 East 75 St., New York, NY 10021 (212) 288-4145; J. Garvin Mecking, 72 East 11 St., New York, NY 10003 (212) 677-4316; Palladio, 915 North La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069 (213) 652-3162.

CORRECTION In the "Antiques" column for August 1989 Resources, the number for Thomas-Matthews Antiques, Kensington, Md., was listed incorrectly. The correct number is (301) 564-4971.

FORECASTS

Page 118 Natural iron bench, $1,030, to the trade at Syllian Collections, NYC; Speake Garden Furnishings, Atlanta; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania; Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles, San Francisco. Serval cotton/viscose, 53" wide, $121 yd, to the trade at André Bon, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Leonard B. Hecker & Assocs., Boston; Nicholas P. Karas, Chicago; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Shears & Window, Laguna Niguel; Hinson & Co., Los Angeles; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; Thomas Griffith, San Francisco; Mattoon, Seattle; Rist Corp., Washington, D.C. Cotton animal-skin bath towels, $40 ea, at Hubert des Forges, NYC (212) 744-1857. Leopard plate, $35 dessert, at Tiffany & Co. (see above for pg 90). Sabu chintz, 49" wide, $39 yd, Zebra viscose/silk, 54" wide, $135 yd, Leopard silk, 55" wide, $135 yd, to the trade at Rose Cumming, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Devon Services, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Minneapolis; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Turner-Greenberg, Dania; Keith McCoy, Los Angeles; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Sloan-Miyasato, San Francisco. Leopard-patterned wooden screen, to the trade at Robert Allen (see above for pg 90). Contoured leopard-printed suede belt, by Louis dell'Olio, for Anne Klein & Co., $280, at selected stores. Leopard- and zebra-patterned nylon-on-vinyl doormats, $35 ea, to the trade at Grand Entrance, call (415) 435-3779. Botanik wallpaper border, 15" wide, $30 yd, to the trade at Boussac of France, NYC; Curran, Atlanta, High Point; Ostrer House, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; DeCioccio, Cincinnati; Decorators Walk, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Washington, D.C.; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Newton-Edwards, Laguna Niguel; Janus et Cie, Los Angeles; Delk & Morrison, New Orleans; Taggart-Zweibel, Philadelphia; S. C. Smith, Phoenix; Sloan-Miyasato, San Francisco; Jane Piper Reid, Seattle. Leopard clay urn, to the trade at Robert Allen (see above for pg 90). Tiger hand-knotted wool rug, $6,000, to the trade at Stark Carpet, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Gregory Alonso, Cleveland; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco; Dean-Warren, Phoenix; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Cashmere/silk challis scarf, by Louis dell'Olio, for Anne Klein & Co., $410, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

FOR THE GARDEN

Page 124 Iron twig table, by John Ryman, $950, at Zona, NYC (212) 925-6750. Lawn chair, by Simon Ungers, $800, Gallery of Functional Art, Santa Monica (213) 450-2827. Wrought-iron Gothick chair, $445, at Lexington Gardens, NYC (212) 861-4390. Galvanized woven steel chair, by David Hess, $900, at Lewis Dolin, NYC; City Artworks, Charlotte. Painted wooden Wachusetts chair, by Robert E. March, $750, at Sansar Gallery, Washington, D.C. (202) 244-4448. **126** Amalgam chair, $425 with oxidized steel frame and slung seat of canvas, $600 with leather, at Wynne Guild, Oilville (804) 784-5051. Painted wooden Albemarle chair, $870, by David Easton, call (516) 789-4877. Ceylon side chair of sand-cast aluminum with back cushion, $391, at Tropitone, Sarasota (813) 355-2715. Iron bench, by John Ryman, $800 with cushion, at Zona (see above). Iron Arden chair, from Winterthur Collection, $399, by Garden Source Furnishings, Atlanta, call (404) 351-6446.

TUSCAN PASTORAL

Pages 149–51, 156 Valentino Più Tessuti per Arredamento, to order from Rivalba, Cremona 0375-43-836.

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THE BIG PICTURE
Pages 162–63 K'ang Hsi lacquer with chinoiserie table, $8,820, Brighton ebony with gilt armchairs, $4,350 ea, to the trade at Rose Tarlow–Melrose House, Los Angeles; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Gerald Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco; Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles; Luten Clarey Stern, NYC. Bullion fringe on chairs, to the trade at West Coast Trimming, Los Angeles (213) 272-6569. **164** Goat Foot Regency-style armchairs, black lacquer/gold finish, to the trade at Marcello Mioni, Los Angeles (213) 278-0368. **165** Italian Regency-style gilt bench, $2,970, to the trade at Rose Tarlow–Melrose House (see above). Pompeiian table (#20236), $1,905 for matte white (other finishes available), to the trade at Sirmos, NYC; Donghia Showrooms, Chicago, Cleveland, Dania, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; McClearn-Cotney, Birmingham; Ostrer House, Boston; Hargett, Dallas; JEH Denver, Denver; Matches, Philadelphia; Collins & Draheim, Seattle. **166–67** Doe Foot lacquer/gilt with chinoiserie small table, $3,600, to the trade at Rose Tarlow–Melrose House (see above). West Coast Trimming Bullion fringe on chaise (see above).

CREOLE COMFORTS
Pages 180–85 Steel and painted wood furniture, by Mario Villa, Chicago, New Orleans; George Cameron Nash, Dallas; Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles; Shears & Window, San Francisco. Personalized bed linens, special order at Linens, New Orleans (504) 568-8148.

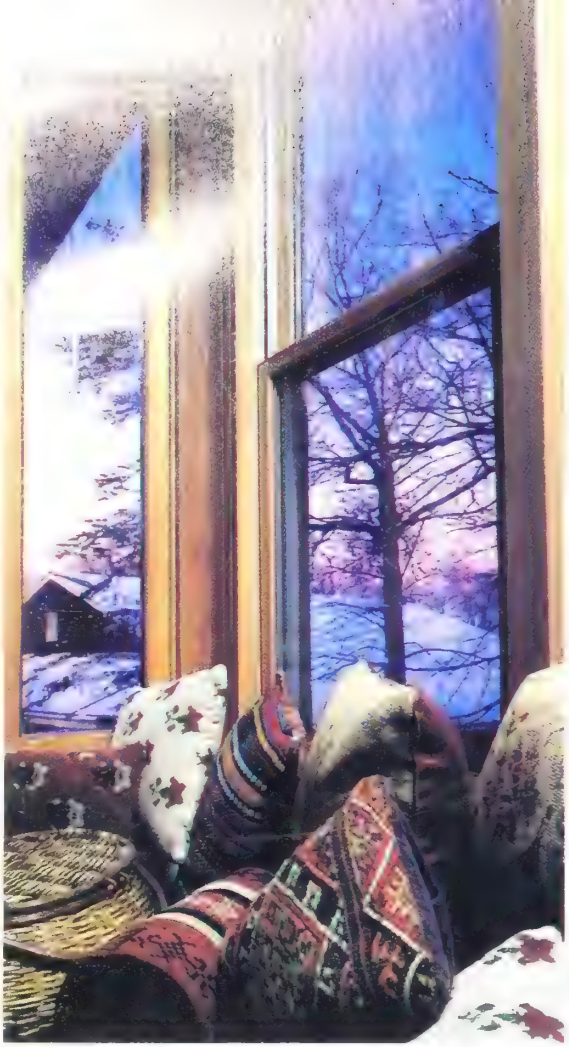
PARED DOWN PENTHOUSE
Pages 186–91 Three over Stripe wallpaper, 21" wide, $48 roll and a half, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. **187** Marble fruit, $14 ea, at Zona, NYC (212) 925-6750. **188–90** Floor, designed by Bryn Evensen, Jersey City (201) 433-8177; materials from Hoboken Wood Floors (212) 759-5917. **189** Milano cotton taffeta for curtains, 55" wide, $57 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Medieval Moiré jute/cotton on armchairs, 51" wide, $72 yd, to the trade at Grey Watkins, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Devon Services, Boston; Nicholas P. Karas, Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Donghia Showrooms, Dania, Los Angeles, Washington, D.C.; Randolph & Hein, San Francisco; Jane Piper Reid, Seattle. **191** Somali Panther wool carpeting, 12' wide, $116 sq yd, to the trade at Stark (see above for pg 118).

BACK BAY REFLECTIONS
Pages 206–07 Baudelaire cotton, 51" wide, $99 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 186–91). Armchairs in cowhide, from Hermes Leather, NYC (212) 947-1153. Decorative texturing and glazing, by Robert Sinclair, Boston (617) 646-3271. **208–09** Geranium Chintz, 51" wide, $81 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 186–91). Pillow on Sheraton armchair in Sea Coral cotton, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Troy; Rozmallin at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Cleveland, Minneapolis; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Croce, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle. Sierra wool carpet, $37.45 sq yd, to the trade at Rosecore Carpet, NYC, Dania, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; George & Frances Davison, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Linn Ledford, Denver; Fee-McLaran, Honolulu; Richard Guillen, Laguna Niguel; Decorative Carpets, Los Angeles; Wroolie & LoPresti, San Francisco; Collins & Draheim, Seattle; Wade Carter, Tempe; Ghiordes Knot, Troy. Higford Medallion wool/nylon carpet in master bedroom, by Colefax & Fowler, to the trade at Stark (see above for pg 118), Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges, NYC, Chicago; Designer Carpets, Atlanta; Vivian Watson, Dallas; Hi-Craft, Dania; Regency House, Denver, San Francisco; Denton Jones, Houston; Decorative Carpets, Los Angeles; Delk & Morrison, New Orleans; Darr-Luck, Philadelphia; Thomas & Co., Phoenix; James Goldman & Assocs., Seattle; Trade Wings, Washington, D.C.; Mark B. Meyer, West Palm Beach.

A SOMERS PLACE
Page 210 Chaises (#T10), at John Good Imports, Los Angeles (213) 655-6484. **213** Chairs (#T3B), at John Good Imports (see above). Cotton tablecloth (#5638A), 94" cir, $1,142, at D. Porthault, NYC (212) 688-1660. **213, 215** Wicker furniture cushions in Mille Fleurs cotton, 54" wide, $66 yd, at D. Porthault (see above). **215** Cotton voile sheets (#C86), at D. Porthault (see above).

COUNTRY NEOCLASSIC
Pages 216–17 Taffetas Raye Corelli rayon, 50" wide, $58.50 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 186–91). **218–19** Etienne Strié Texture rayon/cotton, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pg 90). **220** Antique bronze stem Solar lamp, $1,800, from Galleria Hugo, NYC (212) 288-8444. **221** Régence wallpaper in bathroom, 27" wide, $23 single roll, Randolph wallpaper border, 4¾" high, $4.70 yd, from the Golden Age of Williamsburg collection, by Katzenbach & Warren, to the trade at Kinney Wallcoverings, call (800) 535-2878.

BEDTIME STORY
Pages 224–29 Ascensia down pillows, Quintessa down comforter, Scandia Signature down comforter, from Scandia Down Shops, call (800) 237-5337, in Washington (800) 367-3696. Down pillows, $130 ea European Square, at Descamps, NYC, Costa Mesa, Dallas, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C. Mattresses and box springs, by Simmons. **224–25** Campaign bed, steel/brass, $3,360 full, through Michael Shannon, call (415) 641-9444. Amboise cotton flat sheets, $86 ea full, pillowcases, $56 ea standard, pillowcases, $62 ea European, from Palais Royal, call (804) 979-3911. Windsor Plaid two-tone jacquard comforter, $750 king, at Frette, NYC, Beverly Hills. Antelope Wilton-weave rug, $500 4'x6' size, to the trade at Stark (see above for pg 118). Jan Groover untitled photograph, $3,500, at Robert Miller Gallery, NYC (212) 980-5454. Oak stepstool, $750, Moroccan inlaid tabouret, $1,200, Art Deco bronze lamp, $1,200, French glass obelisk, $350, at Florence Sack, Ltd., NYC (212) 777-2967. Moroccan inlaid octagonal table, $2,000, at Capo D'Acqua Antiques, NYC (212) 353-9681. **226** Railroad Baron's bed, Honduran mahogany, $10,520 queen, from M. Craig Cabinetmaker, call (803) 254-5994. Bali cotton sateen bed linens, $720 king set (top and bottom sheet, two standard shams), shams, $140 ea European Square, Bali cotton sateen print comforter, $2,150 king, Bali cotton sateen embroidered paisley coverlet, $600, at Frette (see above). Antique Serapi, $45,000 10"x14" size, to the trade at Stark (see above for pg 118). Gallant Friend painting, by Reginald Baxter, $3,000, at Andrew Kolb & Son, NYC (212) 684-2980. Black French Empire lamp, $1,850, small alabaster covered urn, $150, bronze Neoclassical floor lamp, $1,850, American Empire mahogany table, $4,500, Neoclassical marble bust, $1,800, Neoclassical French opaline vase, $950, Neoclassical plate with gold rim, $150, American iron bench, c. 1830, $2,800, at Florence Sack, Ltd., NYC (212) 777-2967. Louis XV leather hall chair, $700, at Capo D'Acqua Antiques, NYC (212) 353-9681. **227** Scandinavian mahogany bed in cream finish, by Mark Hampton, $2,471 queen, from Hickory Chair, call (704) 328-1801. Silk Plaid, 48" wide, $111 yd, to the trade at Osborne & Little, NYC, Stamford; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Designers Choice, Chicago; Boyd-Levinson, Dallas, Houston; Design West, Dania; Kneedler-Fauchère, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Darr-Luck, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Stephen E. Earls Showrooms, Portland, Seattle. Bal Harbour Supercale cotton sheets, $50 flat queen, $42 fitted queen, shams, $38 ea European, pillowcases, $30 pr standard, by Wamsutta Home Products. Nuvola cotton sateen embroidered comforter, $975 king, at Frette (see above). Chinese needlepoint rug, $5,500 8' x 11' size, to the trade at Stark (see above for pg 118). French 19th-century screen, $15,000, at Little Antique Shop, NYC (212) 673-5173. Italian marble/gilt 18th-century cabinets, $7,200 pr, at Capo D'Acqua Antiques, NYC (212) 353-9681. Neoclassical French porcelain lamps, $1,200 pr, at Florence Sack, Ltd., NYC (212) 777-2967. The Poster Bed (#6303) of painted cherrywood with upholstered headboard, by Mario Buatta, for John Widdicomb, $6,000 COM queen, call (616) 459-7173. Henrietta cotton/polyester bed linens, by Mario Buatta, for Revman, sheets, $35 ea queen (flat and fitted), pillowcases, $27 pr standard, shams, $45 ea European, decorative pillows, $35 ea, dust ruffle, $65 queen, comforter, $170 queen, call (800) 237-0658. Spanish hand-knotted woven carpet, $3,700 6'x9' size, to the trade at Stark (see above for pg 118). Monet-inspired paintings, $750 ea, Dog painting, by Thomas Martin, $700, at Andrew Kolb & Son, NYC (212) 684-2980. The Prince of Wales Plume reproduction armchair in satinwood finish with painted decoration, $2,950, at Howard Kaplan Antiques, NYC (212) 674-1000. Art Nouveau inlaid mahogany easel, $4,000, at Capo D'Acqua Antiques, NYC (212) 353-9681. Venetian console table, c. 1910, of gilded and painted wood, $1,800, Chinese porcelain lamp, $950, at Florence Sack, Ltd., NYC (212) 777-2967. Silk lampshade, $500 9"x13"x14" size, to order at Howard Kaplan Antiques, NYC (212) 674-1000. **228** Pencil Post bed of maplewood in Old English finish, $1,300 full, at Leonard's Antiques, Seekonk (508) 336-8585. Annie cotton chambray top sheet, $70 full, Annie pillowcases, $71 pr standard, Caitlin cotton chambray fitted sheet, $58 full, Bradley unnapped wool blanket, $160 full, Clara cotton throw pillow, $80, Mattress Ticking throw pillow on chair, $70, Ticking Stripe cotton on chair, 54" wide, $35 yd, by Ralph Lauren Home Collection American Country, at Bloomingdale's, Nordstrom; Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Beverly Hills, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Palm Beach; Polo/Ralph Lauren Home Collection, Palo Alto. Needlepoint 20th-century rug, $900, 6'x9' size, 1940s painting, by Ambrose Kennedy, from a collection at Greenwich Auction Room, NYC (212) 533-5930. Danish birchwood armchair, c.1880, $825, handpainted Danish pine table, c. 1900, $925, at Pine Country Antiques (212) 529-3480. **229** Parrot bed in salmon finish, $9,750, from Patina, call (800) 635-4365. Golden Garland pima cotton/polyester bed linens, from the Court of Versailles Collection, by Cannon Royal Family, flat sheet, $78 full, duvet, $230 full, shams, $80 ea standard, breakfast pillow, $50, call (800) 237-3209. White boudoir pillows in linen and cotton, $35–$70, at Cherchez, NYC (212) 737-8215. Shams in silk, cotton, or linen, $50–$275, at N.K.A. Fine Linens & Textiles, NYC (212) 995-9050. Vienna cotton sateen embroidered comforter, $760 king, at Frette (see above). American hooked rug, 1920s, $350 6'x6' size, antique Neoclassical painting, $750, from a collection at Greenwich Auction Room, NYC (212) 533-5930. Biedermeier side table, c. 1850, $3,500, French faux tortoise tole lamp, $475, at Florence Sack, Ltd., NYC (212) 777-2967.



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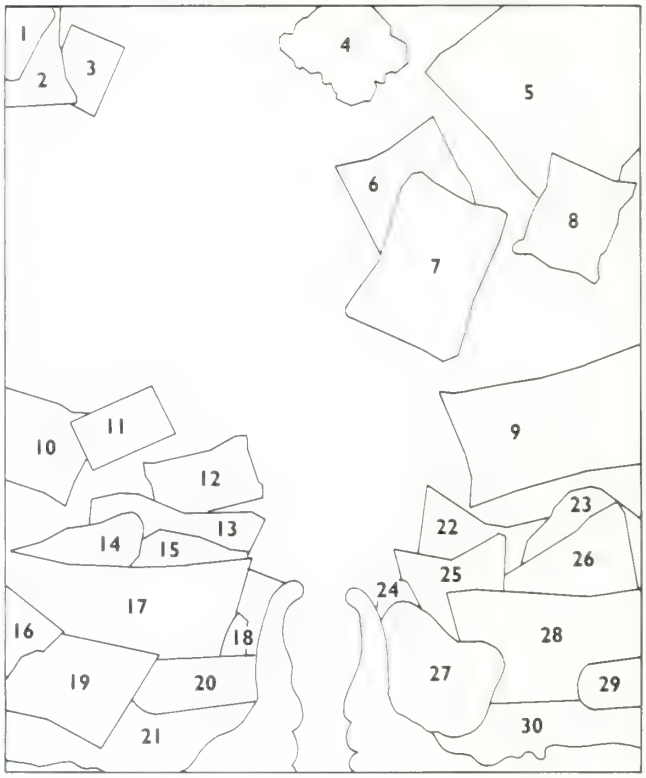
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Resources



SAMPLES

Page 230 Iron sleigh bed, $2,750, at T. & K. French Antiques, NYC (212) 219-2472. KEY TO PILLOW COLLAGE: **1.** Mesa Verde cotton/polyester decorative pillow, by Osborne & Little, $35, for Revman, call (800) 237-0658. **2.** Mesa Verde pillowcase, by Osborne & Little, $22 pr standard, for Revman (see above). **3.** Mesa Verde breakfast pillow, by Osborne & Little, $35, for Revman (see above). **4.** Delphinium combed cotton ruffled sham, by Eileen West, $40, for Utica, call (800) 845-1661. **5.** Silk Charmeuse pillowcase with gold tassel trim (#2941-K), by La Scala Riesner, $225 king, from Coronation Collection, at Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills, Chicago, White Plains; I. Magnin, San Francisco; In Detail, Burlington, McLean, Rockville, Washington, D.C. **6.** Russian Hill embroidered cotton accessory pillow, $64, at Esprit Bath & Bed, call (212) 382-5407. **7.** Boudoir silk/cotton Charmeuse potpourri-filled pillow with gold lamé (#2951), by La Scala Riesner, $225, from Coronation Collection (see #5 above). **8.** Night Range cowhide-print cotton/polyester sham, by Perry Ellis, $40 standard, for Atelier Martex, call (212) 382-5407. **9.** Siena cotton/polyester pillowcase, by Louis Nichole, $13 pr, for Utica (see above). **10.** Arabesque cotton/polyester pillowcase, $28, at Descamps, (see above for pgs 224–29). **11.** Pacific Stripe cotton/polyester pillowcase, $25 pr standard, at Sheridan, call (800) 777-9563. **12.** English Ivy cotton pillowcase, by Fieldcrest, $50 pr standard, from Stately Homes Collection, call (800) 841-3336. **13.** Boston cotton square pillowcase, $32, at Descamps (see above for pgs 224–29). **14.** Greek Key cotton pillow, from D. Porthault Studio Collection, $61, at D. Porthault, call (212) 688-1660. **15.** Boudoir silk/cotton Charmeuse potpourri-filled pillow with gold lamé (#2951), (see #7 above). **16.** Siena damask pillow, by Louis Nichole, $30, for Utica (see above). **17.** Night Range cowhide-print cotton/polyester sham (see #8 above). **18.** Mesa Verde striped pillow (see #3 above). **19.** Russian Hill embroidered cotton accessory pillow (see #6 above). **20.** Mesa Verde striped cotton/polyester neckroll, by Osborne & Little, $35, for Revman (see above). **21.** Silk Charmeuse sheet trimmed with gold-cord edge (#2951-K), by La Scala Riesner, $1,400 king flat or fitted, from Coronation Collection, (see #5 above). **22.** Ascot cotton sham, by Liberty of London, $50, for Martex (see above). **23.** Palace Garden cotton/polyester ruffled sham, $60 standard, by Laura Ashley, call (800) 223-6917. **24.** Sateen 230 combed cotton/Kodel polyester pillow, by Springmaid, $25, call (800) 537-0115. **25.** Pacific Stripe cotton/polyester pillowcase (see #11 above). **26.** Three-line embroidered European cotton sham, $190 king, at Pratesi, NYC, Bal Harbour, Beverly Hills, Palm Beach. **27.** Eros cotton sateen ruffled breakfast pillow, by Natori, $89, for Revman (see above). **28.** Palace Garden cotton striped pillowcase, $44 pr standard, by Laura Ashley (see above). **29.** Spencer cotton/polyester neckroll, by Tastemaker, for Stevens, $15, from Country Inn Collection, call (800) 845-1661. **30.** Cottage cotton/polyester polka-dotted sheet, by Adrienne Vittadini, $25 full flat, for Fieldcrest (see above).
ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the "Shopping" column for the May issue, it was reported that Kogan & Co. is the only outlet in New York for Colefax & Fowler accessories. In fact, Cherchez was the first in New York and continues to offer an extensive range of Colefax & Fowler products. Lee Bogart in Locust Valley, New York, also carries them.

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Gandee AT LARGE

Many of Bruce Newman's fantasies are X-rated. But he's not ashamed. In fact, he's going public

On the fifth floor of the six-floor antique furniture gallery his father founded fifty years ago in Manhattan, Bruce Newman is perched on a silver-leaf bench made of three giant clamshells. His left hand is cupped over the naked right breast of an eight-foot-tall wooden Art Nouveau nymph standing next to the Birth of Venus–style settee, and his gaze is fixed on a nineteenth-century Italian bronze brazier supported by a trio of also-naked boys with erect, and conspicuously overscale, phalluses. "Take the picture now," cries Newman with unabashed delight. "Why don't we try something else?" I suggest. We compromised on a peacock tête-à-tête.

After the photographer puts away his tripod and the plumed bird has been returned to its nest, Newman leads me to his ground-floor office where he embarks on an animated discussion of the second great passion of his life—furniture. (The first great passion of his life is his wife.) It's not just any old brown breakfront that sends adrenalin racing through Newman's bloodstream, however. It's a specific genre of furniture which the dealer originally dubbed Quality Camp but which he more recently rechristened Fantasy Furniture. Why the name change? "Because Fantasy Furniture is classier than Quality Camp," explains Newman. "And you can get more money for it." (The bare-breasted nymph is one of a $75,000 pair. The bare-bottomed-boy brazier is one of a $45,000 pair.)



And just what is Fantasy Furniture? According to Newman, it's furniture that is "erotic, surrealistic, seductive, romantic, bizarre, robust, grotesque, humorous, whimsical, symbolistic, and seriously decadent." In other words Fantasy Furniture is a school of thought not a style, an attitude not a pedigree, a state of mind not a period. Its appeal is more visual than curatorial, more visceral than academic, and its highly decorative constituency ranges from the ominous—a pair of carved walnut torchères that take the form of Mr. and Mrs. Satan—to the enchanting—a massive late nineteenth century desk crawling with frolicking hand-carved bear cubs.

Newman's obsession with the genre began in 1950 when his father took him on a tour of the Brighton Pavilion, the early nineteenth century seaside palace of England's Prince Regent. In Newman's mind, the Brighton Pavilion is the Valhalla of Fantasy Furniture, the font of inspiration. His eyes get almost misty when he talks about the gargantuan palm tree columns, a larger-than-life dragon chandelier, and Brobdingnagian plantain leaf frieze that fill the exotic retreat. "When I come back in my next life," he muses, "I want to be the Prince Regent. He really understood how to enjoy life." Until then, however, Newman must content himself with spreading the word about Fantasy Furniture, which thanks to Newel Art Galleries, his primary vehicle, is both a painless and a profitable task.

Although Newman prides himself on overseeing what must surely be one of the most exhaustive—and exhausting—collections of antique furniture in New York City, his heart isn't really in many of the furniture types that Newel carries: "Bauhaus? Not in my *haus*," he quips. "Traditional English furniture? It's great if you have insomnia." But Newman's attitude is understandable. It's hard not to be seduced by the more remarkable fare—by the sensuous curves of a dragon-footed récamier, for example—tucked in between the Swedish Biedermeier and the Mission oak like tempting sirens beckoning customers to explore more exotic lands.

Given the intensity of Newman's zeal, perhaps it was inevitable that he would seek to convert a larger audience to the cause, that he would offer to share the fantasy, if you will, with those who cannot drop by his East 53rd Street gallery. So in an attempt to spread the word, Newman has assembled a 200-page monograph on his favorite subject, entitled, appropriately enough, *Fantasy Furniture*, which Rizzoli unveils this month. In addition to proclaiming the gospel according to Bruce Newman, *Fantasy Furniture*, the book, will also serve as the catalogue for "Fantasy Furniture," the exhibition. Newman handpicked the 250 pieces included in the show, opening September 19 at the National Academy of Design in New York.

Although most of the pieces in the exhibition have been culled from Newman's collection, one or two were borrowed. For example, Newel didn't have anything quite like the Prince of Wales's 1890 Rococo-style chair that the cabinetmaker Soubrier designed and installed in Le Chabanais, the famous nineteenth-century Paris bordello, for the prince's personal use during his frequent visits. Complete with stirrups, the two-tiered *siège d'amour* enabled the stout Edward "to amuse himself," as Newman so delicately puts it, "with two ladies at the same time." Which only goes to show you that then, as now, some fantasies do indeed come true. **Charles Gandee**

October

HG

HOUSE & GARDEN

OCTOBER 1989

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SPE... YORK ISSUE

PEOPLE AND PLACES WITH STYLE



HG GUIDE
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Designer Peter Marino and the Privilege of Power

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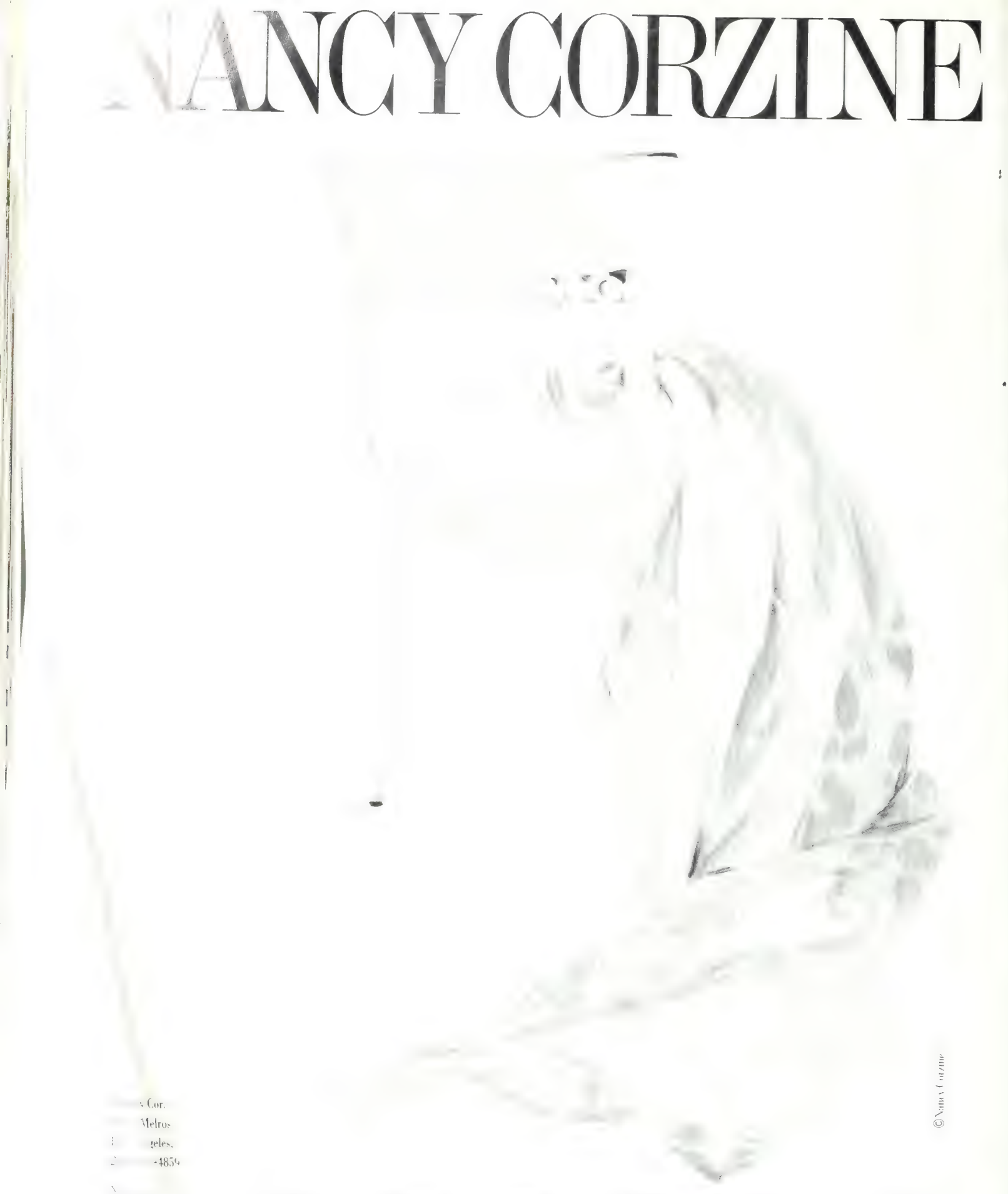
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HOUSE & GARDEN
OCTOBER 1989
Volume 161, Number 10



COVER *Stephen Sills drew on a muted palette for a sophisticated New York interior. Page 224. Photograph by Michael Mundy.*

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In the apartment by Sills, a sleek yet rustic look prevails in the living room, left. Page 224. Photograph by Michael Mundy.



Novelist Jay McInerney, right, on his Greenwich Village penthouse terrace. Page 190. Photograph by George Lange.

A Very Private Collection Sister Parish draws upon a friend's family treasures for a grand riverside apartment. By John Richardson **154**

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Peter the Great At the tender age of forty, architect Peter Marino has conquered the New York decorating establishment By Charles Gandee **174**

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Climbing Mt. Manhattan New money loses its shine in the rarefied atmosphere of New York's high society. By Jane Kramer **188**

Bright Light in the Big City Writer Jay McInerney has settled down, for the time being, in a Greenwich Village penthouse decorated by Alison Spear. By Charles Gandee **190**

New York It is hard to tell which has been greater—New York's impact on art or art's impact on New York, writes Ingrid Sischy **196**

Shakespeare in the Park Plants cited by the Bard are the cast for Central Park's newest garden. By Patti Hagan **200**

Imperial Standard Reminiscences of other worlds pervade a singular domain. By Robert Felner **204**

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Carving out a Niche Wendy Lehman divides her time between a Fifth Avenue apartment decorated by Irvine & Fleming and a studio filled with her own art. By Rhoda Koenig **218**

Earning His Stripes Fast-track decorator Stephen Sills creates a Manhattan haven for a couple on the move. By James Reginato **224**

Well-Read Women The residences of three publishing executives speak volumes about their lives. By David Lida **228**

House Call Upstairs from her office, a pediatrician inhabits a playful realm of her own. By Heather Smith MacIsaac **232**

Model Rooms HG takes a look at three designs from the 1989 Kips Bay Decorator Show House. By Glenn Harrell **238**


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How to Define an Exceptional Perfume by Jean Patou

The difference between an *exceptional* perfume and one that's merely *expensive*, lies less in the nose of the beholder than it does in pedigree.

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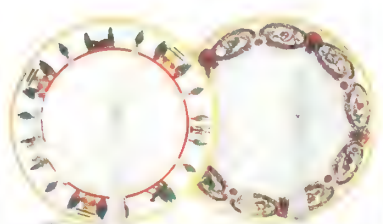
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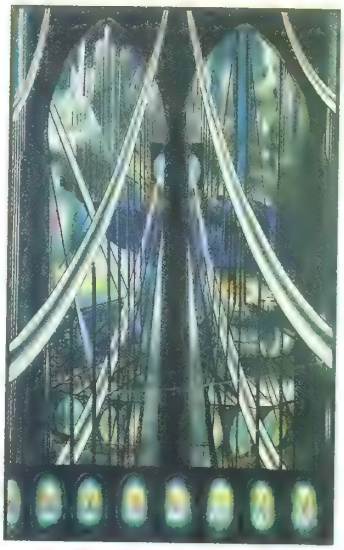


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Joseph Stella's The Bridge, *1920–22, left, depicting one of New York's most famous landmarks, the Brooklyn Bridge, symbolizes the effect the city has had on art. Page 196. Collection Newark Museum.*

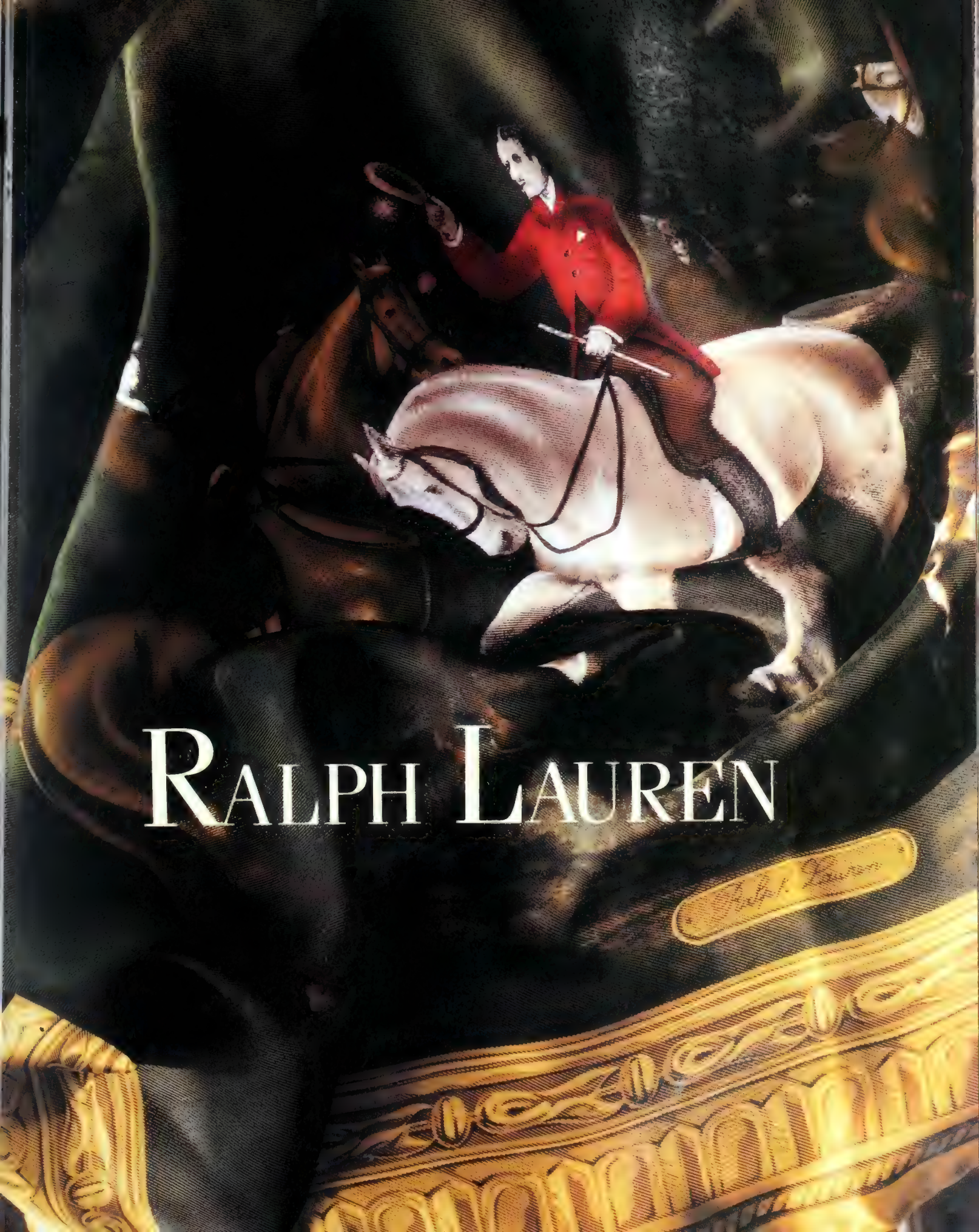


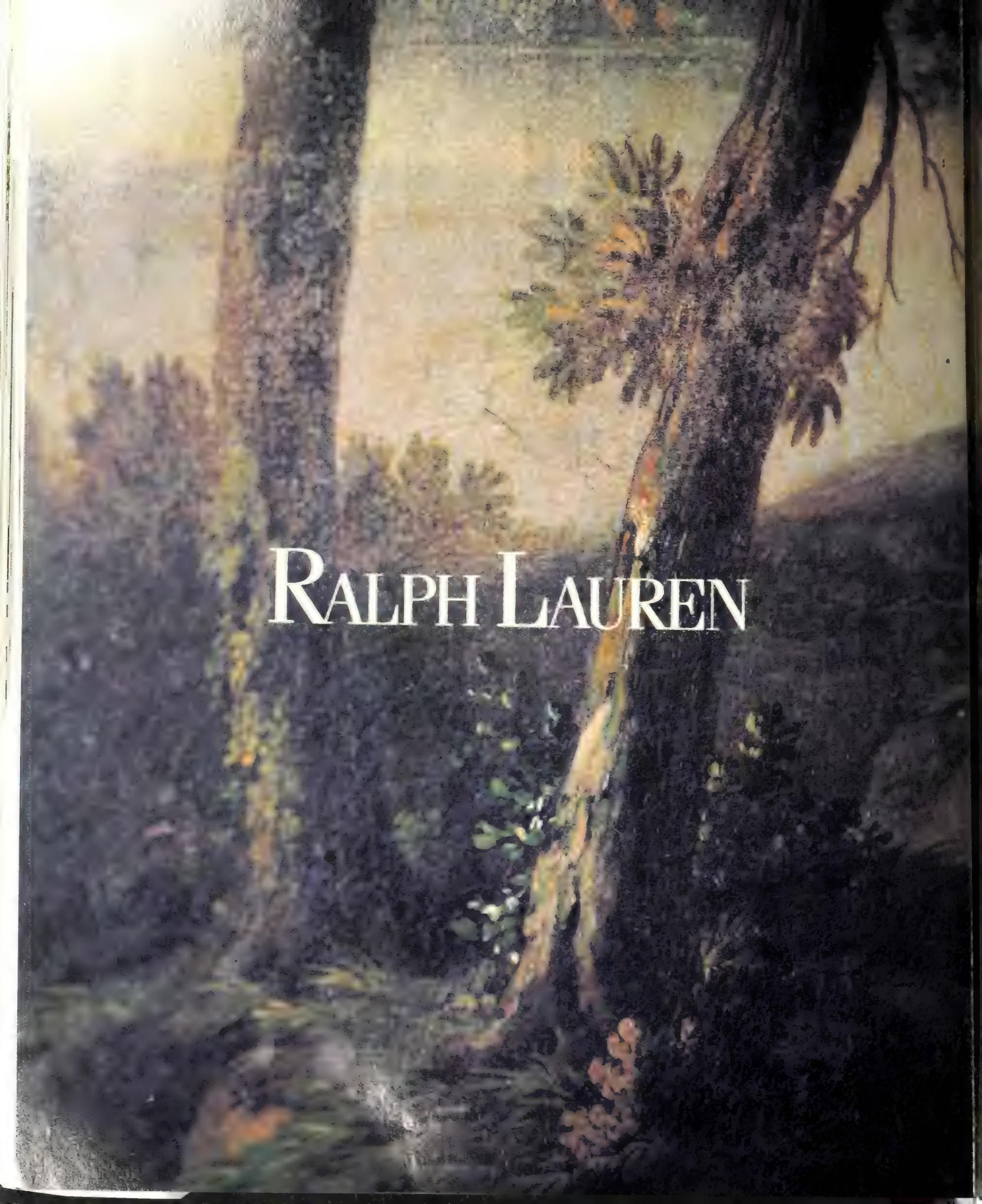
Peter Marino's custom-made Handkerchief table, above, typifies the high-style craftsmanship that has established him as one of New York's top designers. Page 174. Photograph by Monica Stevenson. Inset: Ann Jones, wife of rock musician Mick Jones, with her son Alexander on Central Park West. Page 72. Photograph by Karen Radkai.



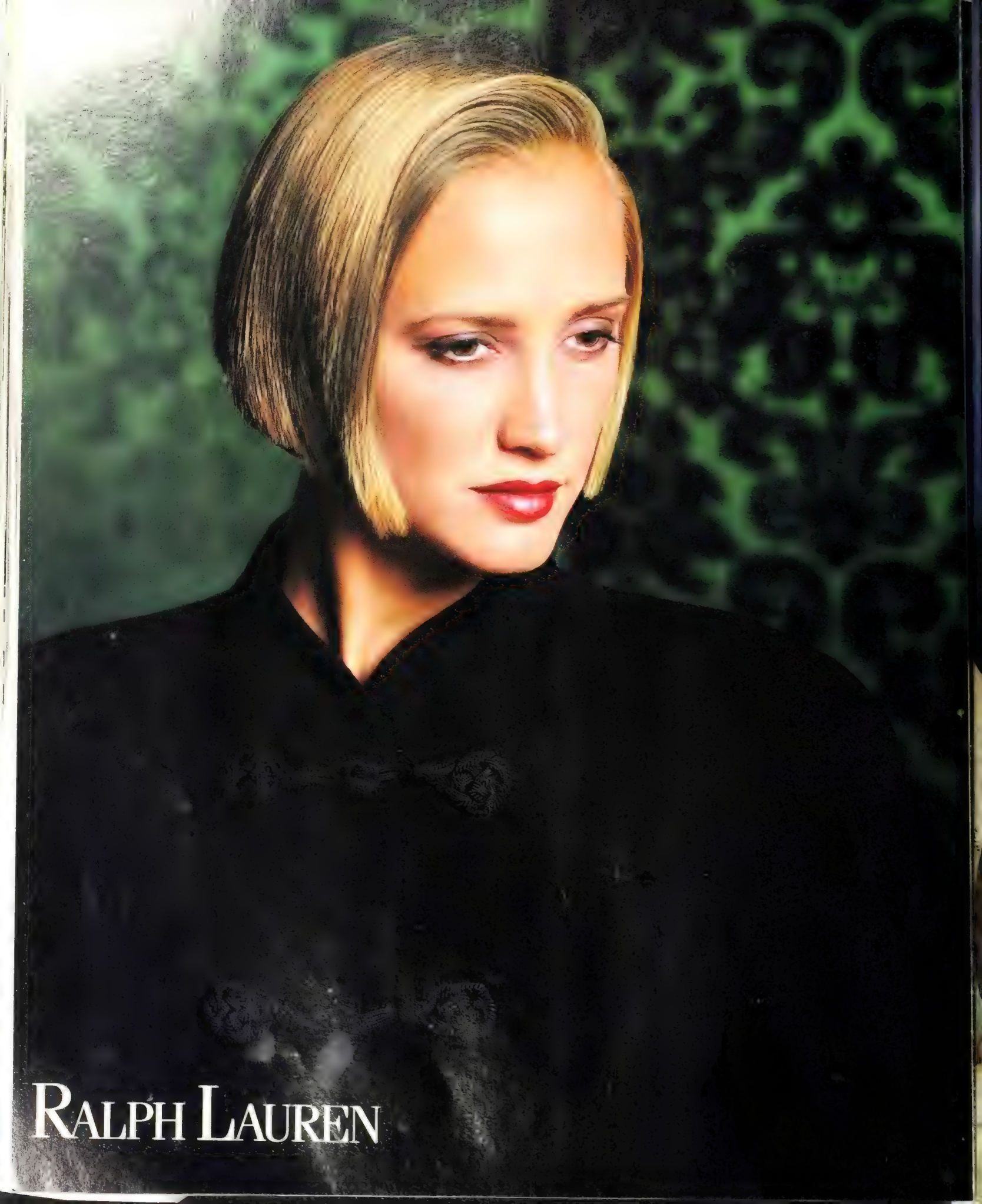


The brilliant bouquet, left, was created by florist Anita Widder, who draws inspiration from French flower paintings. Page 80. Photograph by George Lange. Above: Martin Noren, co-owner of Gem Monogram, one of many best-kept-secret decorators' sources revealed in the HG Guide. Page 128. Photograph by Andrew Garn.


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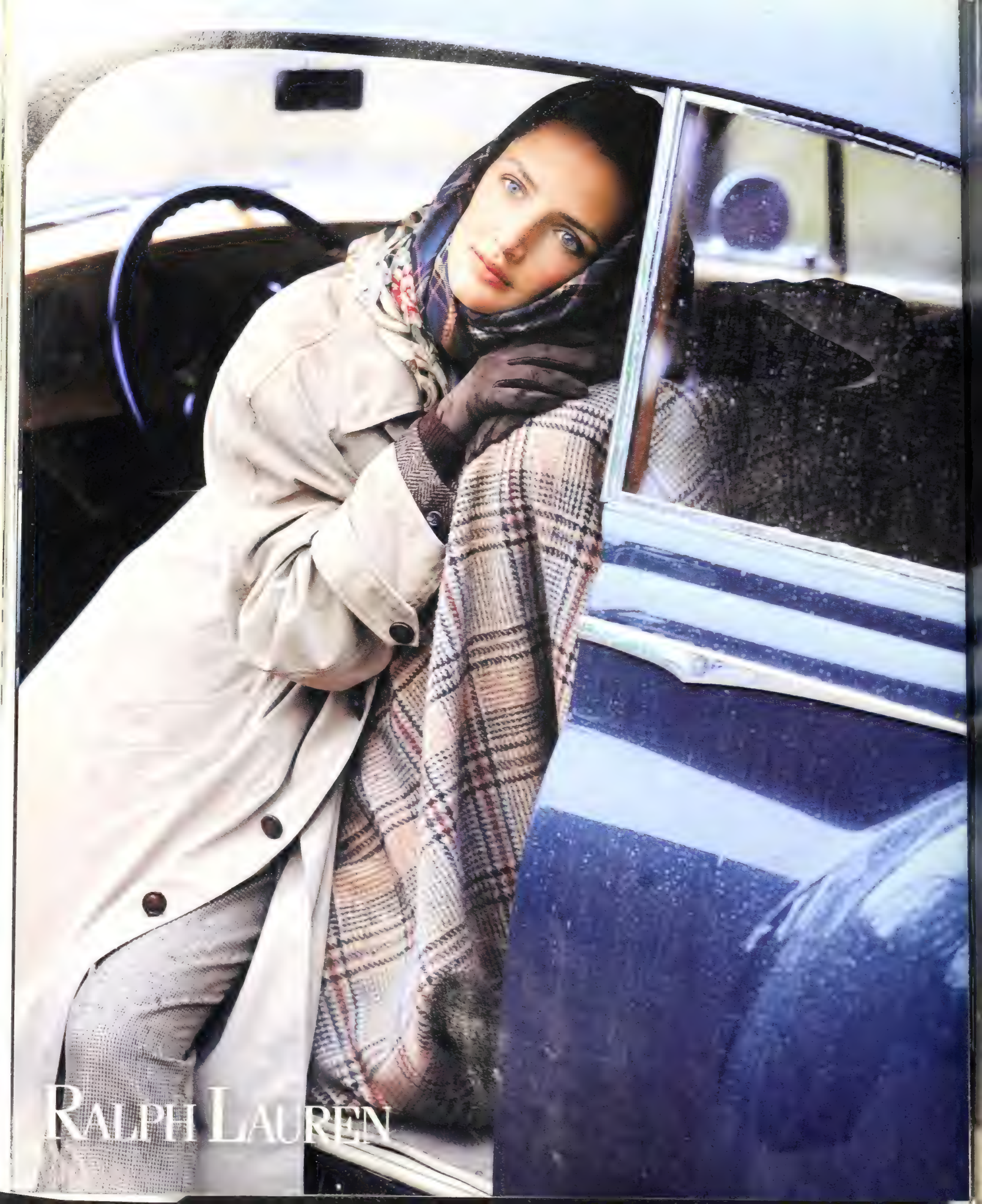

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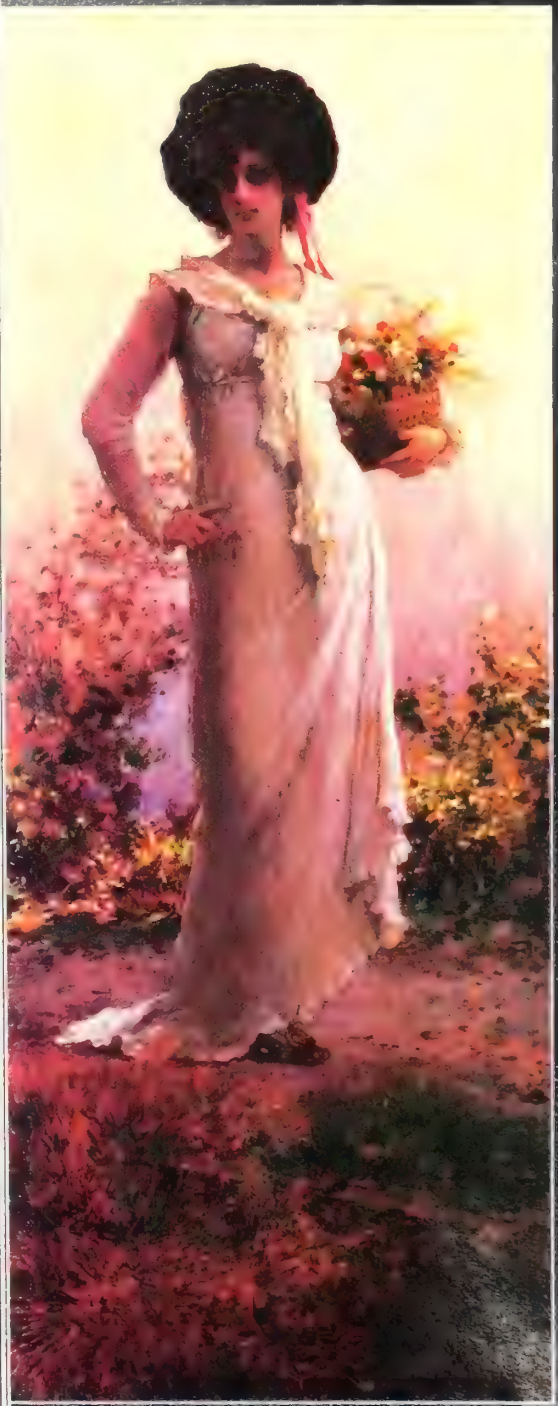


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Marcus Stone
(British 1840-1921)
Wild Flowers
one of a pair
oil on canvas
16½ × 12 inches

CONTRIBUTORS NOTES



William Norwich, whose witty society caricatures have appeared in *Vogue* and *New York* magazine, has written an around-the-town column for the New York *Daily News* since 1985. For this issue, he questioned New Yorkers on life in the Big Apple. "It was a real education. For me the city became the manifestation of the collective mind," says Norwich. "Everyone has their reasons for being here. I live in New York because when I was growing up in Connecticut, that's where the trains went. Besides, if New York weren't New York, I wouldn't have a job."



CHRIS SANDERS

Michael Sorkin is a practicing architect and professor of architecture at New York's Cooper Union and the Southern California Institute of Architecture as well as a writer and critic for *The Village Voice* and other publications. Sorkin is currently designing an imaginary city of the future, which was the focus of a SoHo gallery show last February. In HG's "Architecture" column, he explores the difficult but rewarding work of Peter Eisenman, "theorizer, mystifier, mad dog."



CHRIS SANDERS

Gael Towey joins HG as design director from Clarkson N. Potter where as creative director she worked on a series of highly successful style books. "In magazines you have to be very economical," says Towey. "The pictures have to be edited down to the absolute best and still tell a convincing story in a small space. To me it's the evidence of real life that makes a room come alive on the page. I love photography—I travel by light box."

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Detail, Greene & Greene Sideboard
Blacker House, Pasadena, California, 1907-09

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CONTRIBUTORS NOTES



Carolyn Englefield, who produced this month's feature on the Kips Bay Decorator Show House, comes to HG as a decorating editor after six years at *House Beautiful*. "When I go scouting, I always look for something very personal, something with a unique point of view. I love surprises and drama," remarks Englefield. "When I find a wonderful house, I get very passionate. I can't stop talking about it—until I find the next one."



CHRISTOPHER MAKOS

Jerry Saltz has edited two books on contemporary art and writes a regular column for *Arts* magazine. For this month's HG, he explores the art-filled loft of collectors Michael and B. Z. Schwartz. "I love being in other people's houses and pretending I live in them," Saltz says. "I immediately possess a place upon entering. It may come from growing up in Oak Park, Illinois, where there are two dozen Frank Lloyd Wright houses."


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OBSESSION

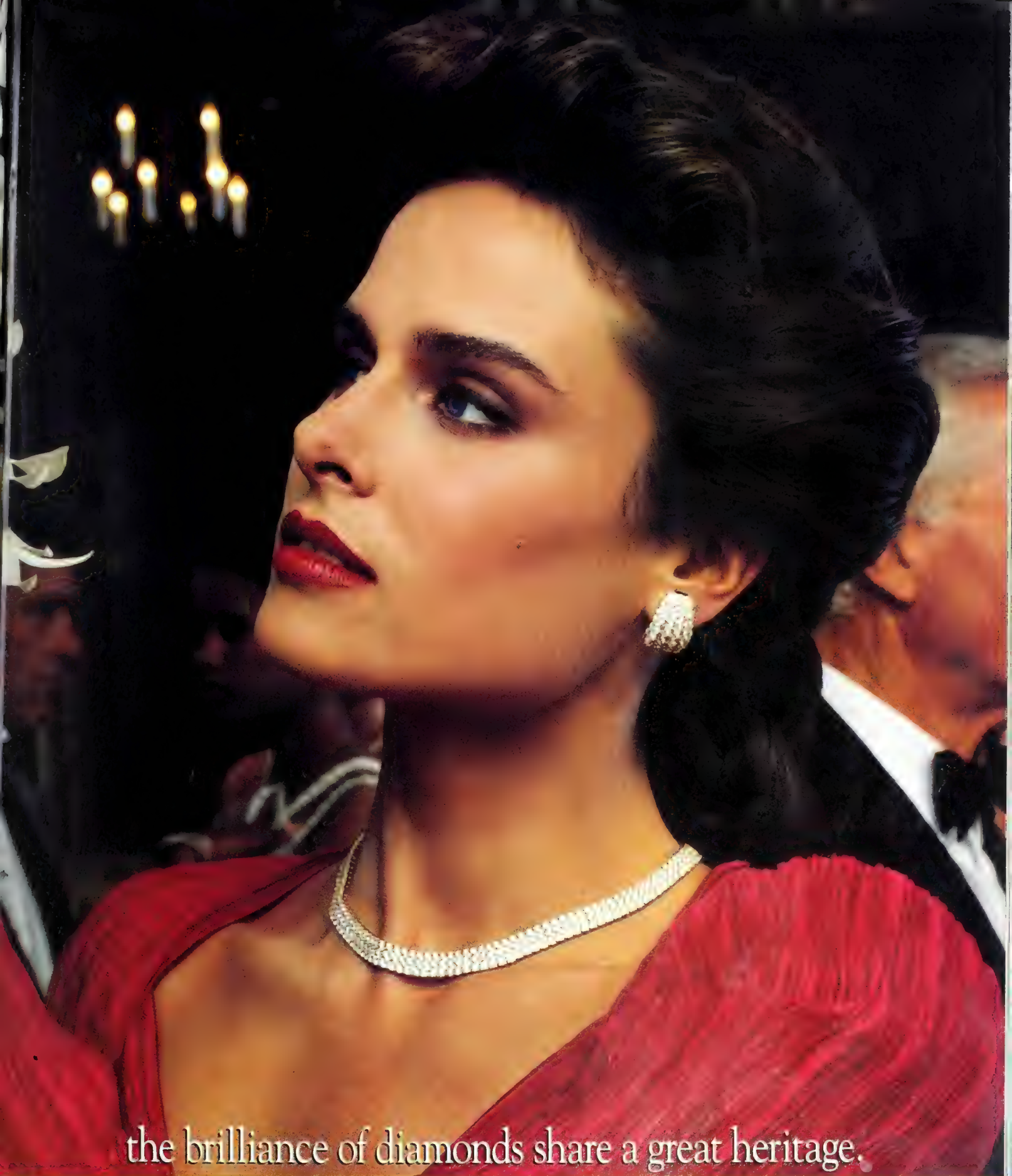
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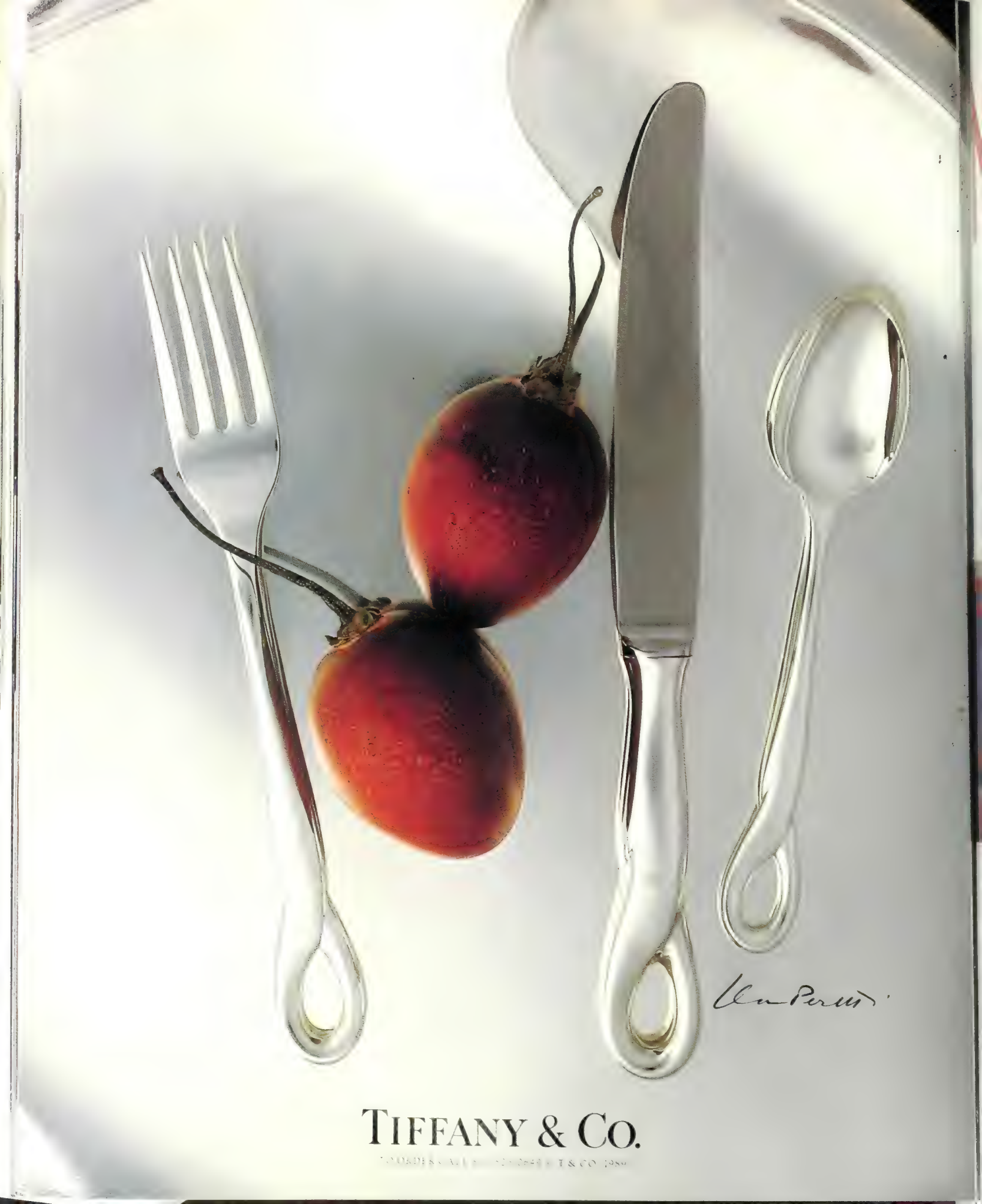
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NOTES

HG reports on the new and the noteworthy.



Clarence House's Pavlova, left, and Milton Glaser's plate designed for the Rainbow Room. Below: Marina McDonald's chair for Jazz, covered in Façade from Schumacher.

JAZZ AGE designs return to New York as nostalgia for the period reaches a fever pitch. Vibrant colors and strong geometry that swept away the tangled vines of Art Nouveau and marked the style of the Roaring Twenties are breaking the spell cast by tea-dipped chintz and pallid Postmodern pastels. Upbeat patterns taken directly from archives or borrowed from Art Deco landmarks such as the Rainbow Room and Radio City Music Hall in Manhattan are recycled on plates, fabrics, furniture, and accessories. As Anne Martin of Schumacher says, "The twenties were a time when people were living for the moment and for the future, and we're all trying to recapture that feeling of immediacy." *Editor: Amicia de Moubray*



The pillow, below right, done up in Christopher Hyland's Abstraction, is reminiscent of Juan Gris's paintings. Left: Ontos Tapestry from Brunschwig & Fils. Details see Resources.







Vintage console, left, from Fran Laufer, NYC, topped with coffee service by Puiforcat, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. In background, André Bon's Fantasia fabric.



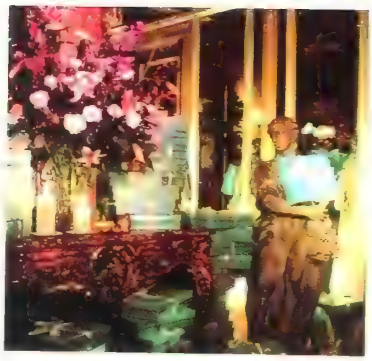
NOTES

Edited by Heather Smith MacIsaac

HINTS FROM HAMPTON



A sage of his trade, decorator Mark Hampton shares the secrets of his experience in a new Condé Nast Book (left) *published by Random House. With watercolors by the author,* Mark Hampton on Decorating *delves into the details, in such chapters as "Beds and Bedposts," as well as the history of decoration.*

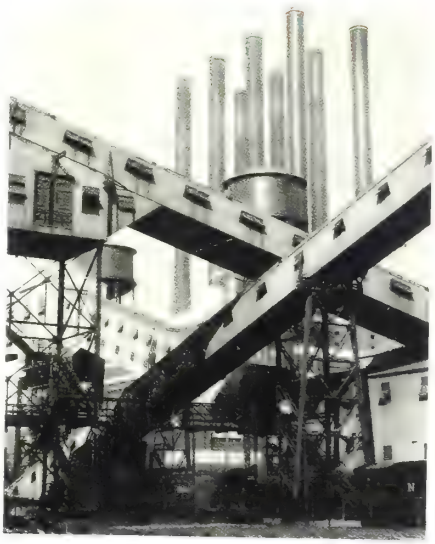


DINNER AT TIFFANY'S

The dazzling fêtes (left) *that are the staple of gossip columns come to technicolor life in* Tiffany Parties *by John Loring, out this November from Doubleday. Also debuting a new fragrance—Tiffany for Men.*

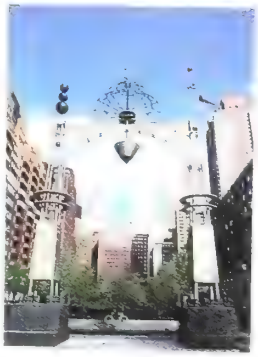
PLATINUM IMAGES

The exhibition "The New Vision: Photography Between the World Wars," from the collection donated to the Metropolitan Museum by John C. Waddell and Ford Motor Co., returns to the roots of Modernist photography with such important works as Charles Sheeler's Crisscross Conveyors, Ford Plant, *1927* (right) *and others (Sept. 23–Dec. 31).*



GOTHAM GATEWAY

A wind sock and a whirligig are two of the unexpected ornamental objects featured in R. M. Fischer's Rector Gate. *The 45-foot steel, granite, and bronze sculpture* (right) *is located at the intersection of Rector Place and the Esplanade in Battery Park City. Fischer has already won an award from the New York City Art Commission for his witty and urbane piece.*





TIN TYPES

These one-of-a-kind tole wastebaskets (right) *are cut and pieced together by hand. Their tin bodies are painted inside and out, including trompe l'oeil swags, tassels, and trelliswork, or they can be made to order in a pattern taken from your favorite swatch or book. Wastebaskets, from $190, are priced according to the detailing. At Portmerion, NYC (212) 371-3031*



PRETTY IN PAINT

Catherine Roseberry and Rob Womack chose the musical term "coloratura," meaning elaborate embellishment, for their work in art furniture. Pieces are painted "according to the inspiration from the furniture's period, form, or idiosyncrasies." Rockefeller Center seemed like just the right subject for a console (above), *of late 1940s vintage, $5,500. Coloratura, Richmond (804) 358-0022.*

CAUSE CÉLÈBRE

The first French Designer Showhouse, benefiting the American Hospital of Paris, opens in New York (Oct. 19–Nov. 19) and features rooms by decorators such as François Catroux and Jacques Grange. House façade (right) *by Patrick Naggar. At 123 East 80th Street.*

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: MONICA STEVENSON; BILLY CUNNINGHAM; ERIC NORBOM; MONICA STEVENSON; DONALD PENNY; METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, FORD MOTOR COMPANY COLLECTION, GIFT OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY AND JOHN C. WADDELL





THE SUN QUEEN

Claude Noelle Toly (left) *combs southern France twice a year in search of antique furniture and pottery as well as contemporary ceramics for Le Fanion, her treasure chest of a shop at 299 West 4th Street, NYC; (212) 463-8760.*

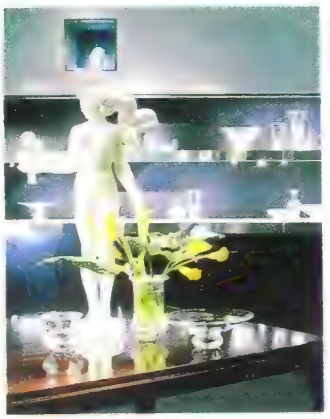
PERIOD PIECE

Masterworks of the American Arts and Crafts movement, such as the c. 1907 Grueby vase (right), *are the focus of a comprehensive exhibition at the Hirschl & Adler Galleries, 21 East 70th Street, NYC (Oct. 7–Nov. 18).*



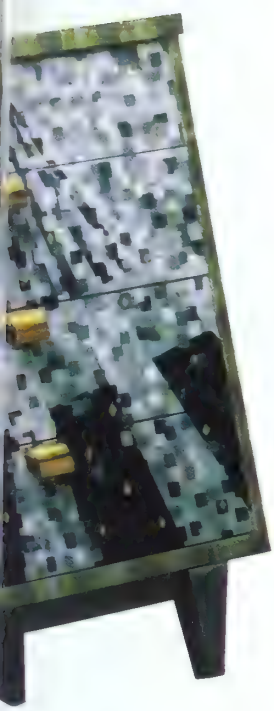
BRIGHT IDEAS

The Wall Sconce (left), *by David Johnson, $1,100, gives new dimension to "Illumination," the first in a series of three successive shows devoted to lighting, furniture, and tabletop objects. From September 21, at Archetype Gallery, 411 East 9th Street, NYC.*



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Working with Christopher Hacker, Steuben's director of design, architect Franklin Salasky of Bentley LaRosa Salasky, Design gives a modern polish to the Fifth Avenue store's classic interior of glass, mahogany, and stainless steel (above). *Steuben glass created for the 1939 New York World's Fair, on view (Sept. 27–Oct. 28). Fifth Avenue at 56th Street.*



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CLOCKWISE FROM BOTTOM LEFT: MONICA STEVENSON; COURTESY ARCHETYPE GALLERY; MONICA STEVENSON; GEORGE MOTT; HELGA PHOTO STUDIOS; MARCUS TULLIS; MONICA STEVENSON


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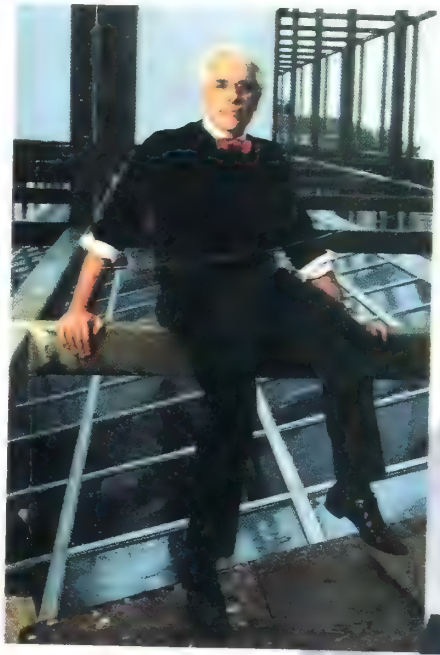
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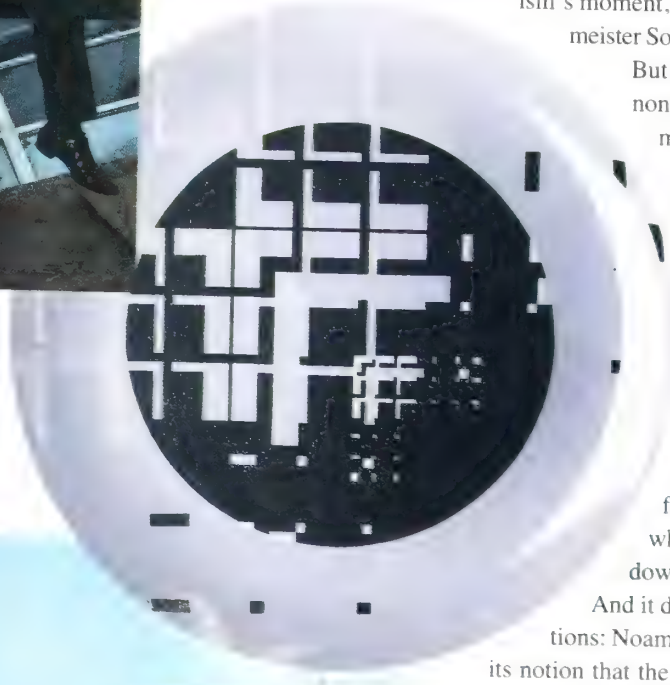
Solid Geometry

Coming off a theoretical tangent, architect Peter Eisenman puts a new spin on design

By Michael Sorkin



New York architect Peter Eisenman, left, at his newly completed Wexner Center for the Visual Arts at the Ohio State University, Columbus, done in partnership with Richard Trott.



Design of Wexner Center, below, refers to an old armory and to street grids of Columbus. Right: Eisenman plate design for Swid Powell.



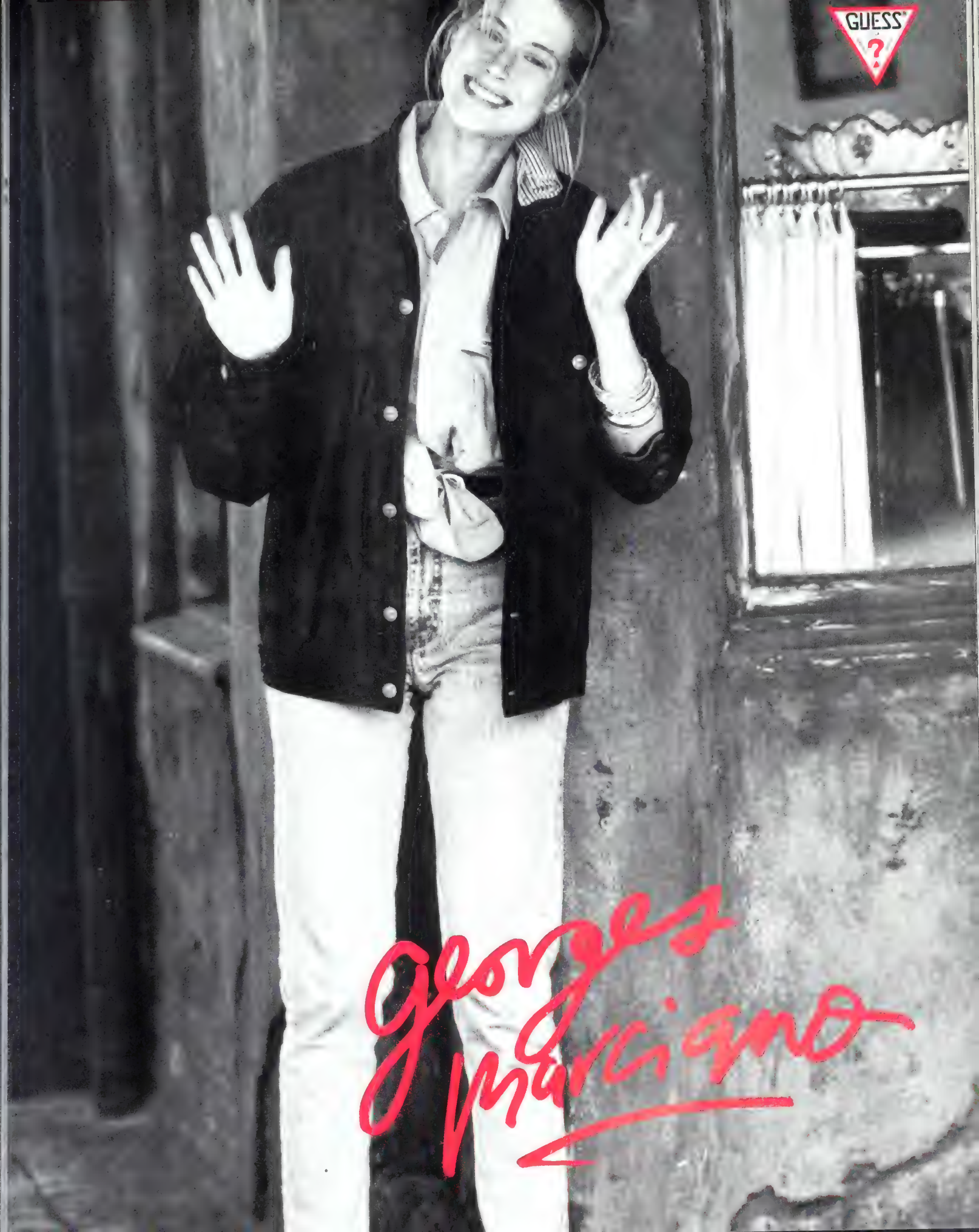
One of the staples of the architectural lecture circuit nowadays is Peter Eisenman world-wearily protesting to a groaning, controversy-hungry audience that he's just a practical-minded architect trying to bring in a big building for two hundred bucks a foot. If eyeballs roll, it isn't because he's not actually building. It's because this pose affronts everybody's favorite version of Peter: the theorizer and polemicist, mystifier, mad dog, creator of projects of zany rarefication, the very antithesis of all that's practical.

Eisenman comes by much of this skepticism honestly. As someone who spent twenty years trying to invent an architecture that explicitly shunned categories like use and shelter, his entry into the nitty-gritty of practice invites at least a whisper of dissonance. But to dismiss Eisenman, as many have, as "merely" theoretical slights the importance of both his search and his contribution: Eisenman has been a prime mover in reinventing the possibility of an architecture intimately tied to the larger world of ideas.

The primary medium of Eisenman's investigation was the design of eleven rigorously geometrical houses. This work had clear origins in Eisenman's nostalgia for aspects of early Modernism and in the artistic and intellectual climate of the late sixties and early seventies. Eisenman shared with his contemporaries in the so-called New York Five a fascination for the pared-down work of the early Le Corbusier. And Eisenman's arrival in New York was at Minimalism's moment, the days of box maker Donald Judd and grid meister Sol LeWitt querying how little it took to make art. But Eisenman has always preferred to be linked to nonvisual sources, and there were other, perhaps more important, influences. The work of critic Colin Rowe was seminal: Rowe explained an architecture of "phenomenal transparency," which, by exceeding mere sensory possibilities, aspired to a more purely mental realm. In a memorable reading of Le Corbusier's Villa Stein at Garches, Rowe unpeeled a series of horizontal and vertical layers, showing how their shifting intersection created a grid of meanings based on the fluctuating relations of their forms. The image took hold. The idea of a wholly abstracted architecture, of form cooled down to near-absolute zero, gripped Eisenman. And it dovetailed nicely with another of his fascinations: Noam Chomsky's transformational grammar with its notion that the rules—the "surface structure"—of everyday speech were undergirded by a "deep structure" of primary syntactic relations. Eisenman began to reconsider architecture as if it were a language. Taking a spare range of elements—columns, openings, planes—he made them dance according to a few basic rules of combination, creating a grid of form and, he argued, meaning.

Despite their ambitions to autonomy, the houses, four of which were built, were curiously familiar. Indeed, these Houses of Cards—as Eisenman called them—were very much like their high Modernist predecessors, elaborate reshufflings of the old deck,

FROM TOP: LOUIE PSIHOYOS (2); ...


GUESS
?
georges marciano





An ingenious system of paneled sliding screens, left and far left, allows the loft to be subdivided into a number of flexible spaces. Corbusier dining table from Atelier International.



In a New York loft by Peter Eisenman and Faruk Yorgancioglu, left, classic modern furniture by Mies van der Rohe (from Knoll International), Thonet, and Rietveld emphasize the architects' strong debt to modern design history. Details see Resources.

sharing vocabulary, materials, dimensions, forms, and uses. The occasional, much-publicized anomalies—the hanging columns, holes in the floor, staircases to nowhere—seemed willful eccentricities rather than crucial workings-through.

In the early eighties something changed. Although the houses were aggressively non-site-specific, Eisenman was forced to confront a variety of preexisting meanings when he began to undertake projects with strong geographic or historic contexts. His linguistic investigations also led him to Deconstruction, the French-bred school of criticism that reads works not as unitary structures but as skeins of differences, ironically rife with ambiguities. Eisenman abandoned self-containment for a more open style. The hermetic Euclidean atmosphere began to mingle with relic textures and traces, allusions and differences, the imprints of memory's grit.

This reinvigorated Eisenman has now completed his first major project: the Wexner Center for the Visual Arts at the Ohio State University in Columbus. The basic moves are straightforward. Eisenman has linked two existing buildings by inserting a third in the space between. This new structure is organized simply along a spine—a corridor scheme. The main spaces—the galleries—and the circulation ramp have come out especially well. Wedge-shaped in plan and stepped in section, this enlarging series of rooms is elegantly proportioned, intricately expressed, and handsomely lit. There is a bit of confusion elsewhere—on our visit, Eisenman twice had to stop to ask workmen for directions.

Although hyped as wild and disturbing, the building turns out to be well behaved, agreeable, and not at all threatening. There are the expected skewings and shearings and the occasional stalactite column, but these are ornamental rather than confrontational, never impinging on use. Indeed, the most dramatic collision is completely suppressed. In twisting the geometry of his building in relation to the existing structures, Eisenman shaves a corner off one of the old ones. But the wound is camouflaged: a new wall constructed along the line of the shear seamlessly blends with the old, obliterating any evidence of the transformation.

Eisenman is able to take a spare range of elements and make them dance

Frederick Law Olmsted, planning the OSU campus in the early twentieth century, marked it off from the adjacent city by skewing its gridiron 12.25 degrees. The forced collision between the grids of town and gown became Eisenman's primary organizing device, a twisted tartan that recurs throughout the building and grounds. The grids are everywhere, emerging as structural elements, as windows, as dark gray stripes skidding across light gray carpet, as cuts in walls or indentations in ceilings, as a bosque. It's the old functionalism of the abstract in which one authority guides every creative move. Eisenman would probably insist that his grids are antifunctional, but they're antifunctional in the old-fashioned way: they're a system of decoration.

The Wexner Center's bid for attention—its lunge at originality—comes from what seems to have become Eisenman's main preoccupation: the invention of a fresh method for producing iconographic architecture. At Columbus, Eisenman's ubiquitous gridding has

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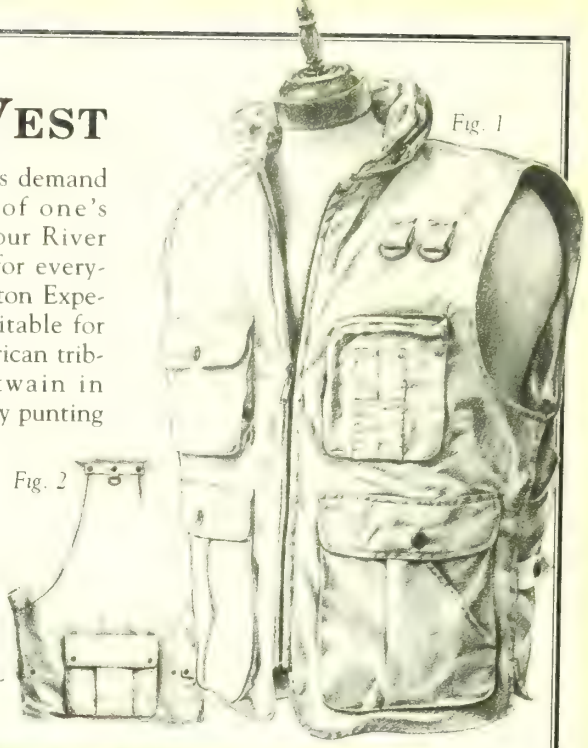
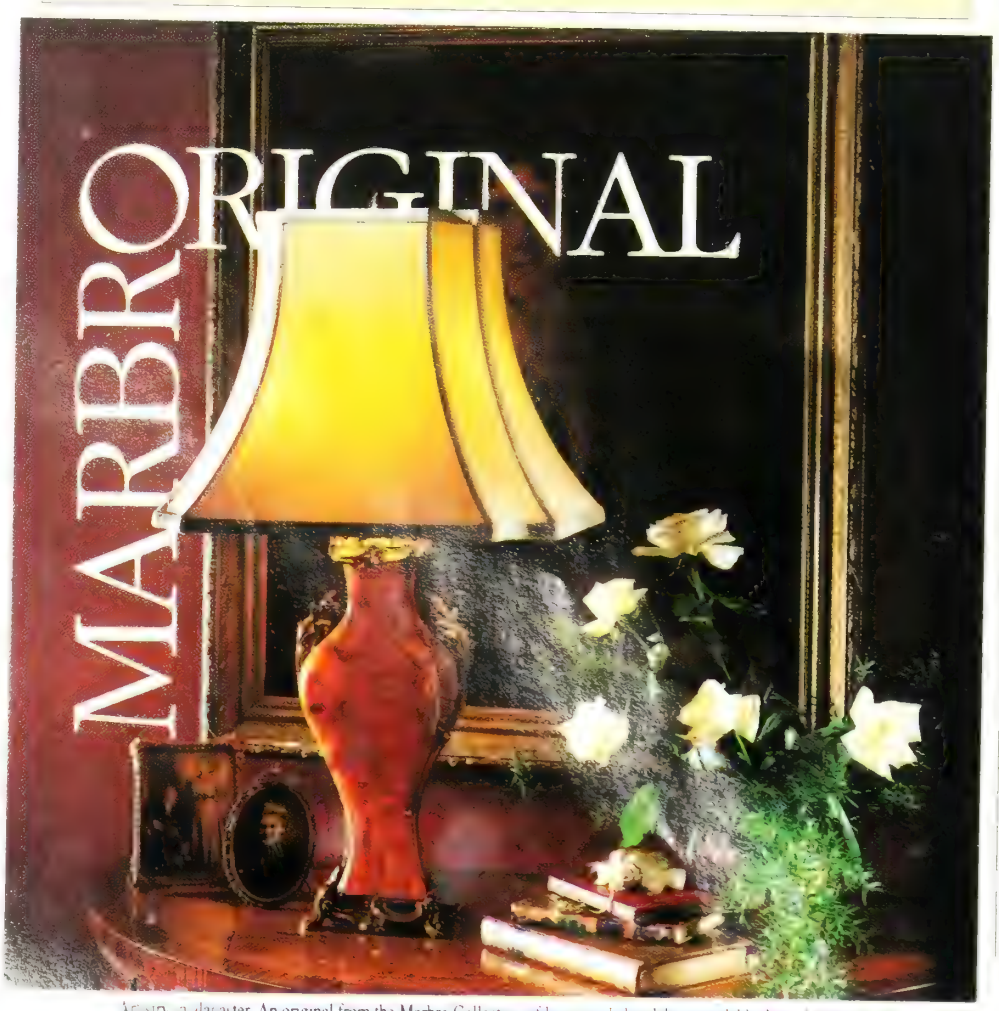


Fig. 2

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become representational rather than abstract. And it's joined to the resurfacing of certain historical elements, reconstituted ghosts that float selectively into view.

Iconographically, the grid represents discipline and control, the "rational," Thomas Jefferson's project to mark the nation into squares, the trace of the surveyor's lay line. At root, though, the device is simply formal, Eisenman's signature, like a Laura Ashley floral pattern or a Miesian curtain wall. And Eisenman has writ a grid so gigantic it makes Sol LeWitt's largest look like the morning

Eisenman had to stop and ask for directions in his own building

crossword puzzle. Wexner's centerpiece is an inclined 516-foot-long white steel lattice flying above a pedestrian spine, a monster piece of sixties art.

Wexner's other striking iconographic element is a set of castlelike brick forms at the front of the building, resuscitations of an armory once on the site. Eisenman accounts for this by claiming that since the reconstructions are slightly removed from their original site, they strike a blow against historicism and simulation by their patent falsity. Never mind. It's also a way of introducing some curves and a denser materiality into the composition.

During our walk around, Peter was obviously pleased with what he saw, *kvelling* like a parent, rewarded with a real prize after years of hard slogging. The Wexner Center may also be a harbinger of things to come. There's a science center with a chromosome-patterned plan in the works, another project based on the Boolean cube, and an art museum done up with an ersatz oil derrick and beached boardwalks. Peter Eisenman seems to be loosening as he quickens his pace. His work, once driven to hard sparsity, grows more sensual—without sacrificing any of its private logics of complexity. And as process defers a little to product and to place, the lapsing iconoclast becomes an iconographer. ♠



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An interior view of Robert Mapplethorpe's Manhattan loft, the contents of which will be sold October 31, 1989.

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PEOPLE

Foreigner Affair

Rock star Mick Jones and his wife, Ann, achieve an offbeat domestic harmony

By William P. Rayner

Ann Jones lives on the Upper West Side of Manhattan and has a problem. She has five children and can't find room in her apartment for a sixth. If her approach to family planning is geared to available space, it is not because she lacks other options. Mrs. Jones, who is married to Mick Jones, the lead guitarist and songwriter for his rock group, Foreigner, has more than enough resources to pursue her own quite original take on motherhood. But then Ann's originality in this role is only one reflection of a distinctive personal logic that makes sense for her entire way of life. It has enabled her to adapt the old-fashioned ideal of a large family to the thoroughly modern schedule of a husband whose work revolves around nomadic international concert tours and all-night recording sessions.

Ann herself was one of five children, as was her Scottish mother, which may explain why she enjoys having a large brood. The wanderlust she shares with Mick was instilled in her by her father, an eye surgeon who practiced in England but periodically took Ann, her sister, and their three brothers to Australia and New Zealand "to give us choices that would not be so predictable as those at home." Her mother died when Ann was eleven, and from that time on the children were brought up solely by their father, who has remained, she says, "the guiding influence on the rest of our lives." (All her brothers went into medicine; Ann and her sister chose to study optometry and, later, art.) It is probable that Ann's father's nonchalance about financial matters accounts for her casual outlook toward possessions. She is the sort of blithe spirit who doesn't fret about being taken and she has a smile that acts as a protective charm. That smile, which comes on like a tropical sunrise, is the first thing everybody observes about her, even before they notice her mane of blond hair, the brown eyes that radiate humor, and the upper-class English voice that uses laughter as a part of speech.

Ann and Mick met in London in 1981 while she was in the midst of a divorce (he had also been married before). As she recalls, "The last thing I needed in my life was a rock musician"—or so she thought. But Mick was not just some talented cockney who could wrestle down a synthesizer. He had lived in France for eight years—first playing in Sylvie Vartan's band and later joining her then-husband Johnny Halliday's group—and he knew the best French vintages, read Flaubert, and could prepare a vol-au-vent for eight.

Today Mick and Ann's apartment accommodates the duality of professional and family life. To balance this complex equation, Ann has created two "amusement centers" at home. Mick's amusement center is a paneled studio, formerly the dining room, with the latest in synclaviers, drum machines, percussion instruments, and electric guitars and organs. Off the kitchen is the chil-







Mick Jones, far left, founder and lead guitarist of the rock group Foreigner, shifts into fifth gear. Above left: Ann Jones with the twins, Samantha and Charlotte. Left: In the jukebox- and pinball-equipped playroom, from left, Annabelle, the twins, Mark, and Alexander.



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...with a jukebox, a pinball machine, a CD player, television sets, and a tape storage cabinet custom-made by David Linley, Princess Margaret's son. There is also a mannequin wearing a dress of thin links of chain metal designed for their friend Madonna, which Mick bought Ann on an impulse. As she says, "At least Madonna was not into hair shirts at the time."

Ann has also gerrymandered space to give each child an individual habitat. The twins, Charlotte and Samantha, age eleven, share a room divided by a Gothic-inspired pink and lilac partition that looks straight out of *Grimm's Fairy Tales*. The partition separates their sleigh beds and differing interests (Samantha loves horses and Charlotte goes for Barbie dolls), but it has a door that can be opened for a chat or exchange of books. The room of Alexander, five, and Annabelle, two, is also partitioned, though here the divider is an eight-panel folding screen Ann decorated with paintings of Naughty and Big Ears, characters from an English storybook about dolls that come to life at night (in this version one plays the guitar and the other a saxophone). Thirteen-year-old Mark, like his stepfather, Mick, loves music, so his room is crammed with high-tech stereo equipment, electric guitars, and amplifiers. Iron scaffolding supports track lighting from Mick's original stage set for Foreigner.

Ann Jones decorates as she dresses, mixing high style with thrift-shop whimsy: "I like to wear a Valentino skirt with a blouse from a punk boutique or jodhpurs with a costume from Anouska Hempel." For the drawing room and master bedroom she adopted the Art Deco style of the 1920s, but besides inlaid tables by Gallé, buffets by Majorelle, fixtures by Edgar Brandt, and chandeliers by Daum there are other finds, anonymous pieces, discovered when rummaging through the storerooms of a wrecking firm in Stamford, Connecticut. Like everything else in Ann's life, her house bears the stamp of a woman who never allows self-consciousness to inhibit high spirits or imagination. ♠





Ann and Alexander, above, stroll down Central Park West on the way to Rumpelmayer's for tea. Right: Outside Mick's recording studio, Annabelle requests silence.





Watching TV in the master bedroom, right. Above right: In the drawing room an Art Deco coffee table is set with a Clarice Cliff tea service.



KAREN RADKAI

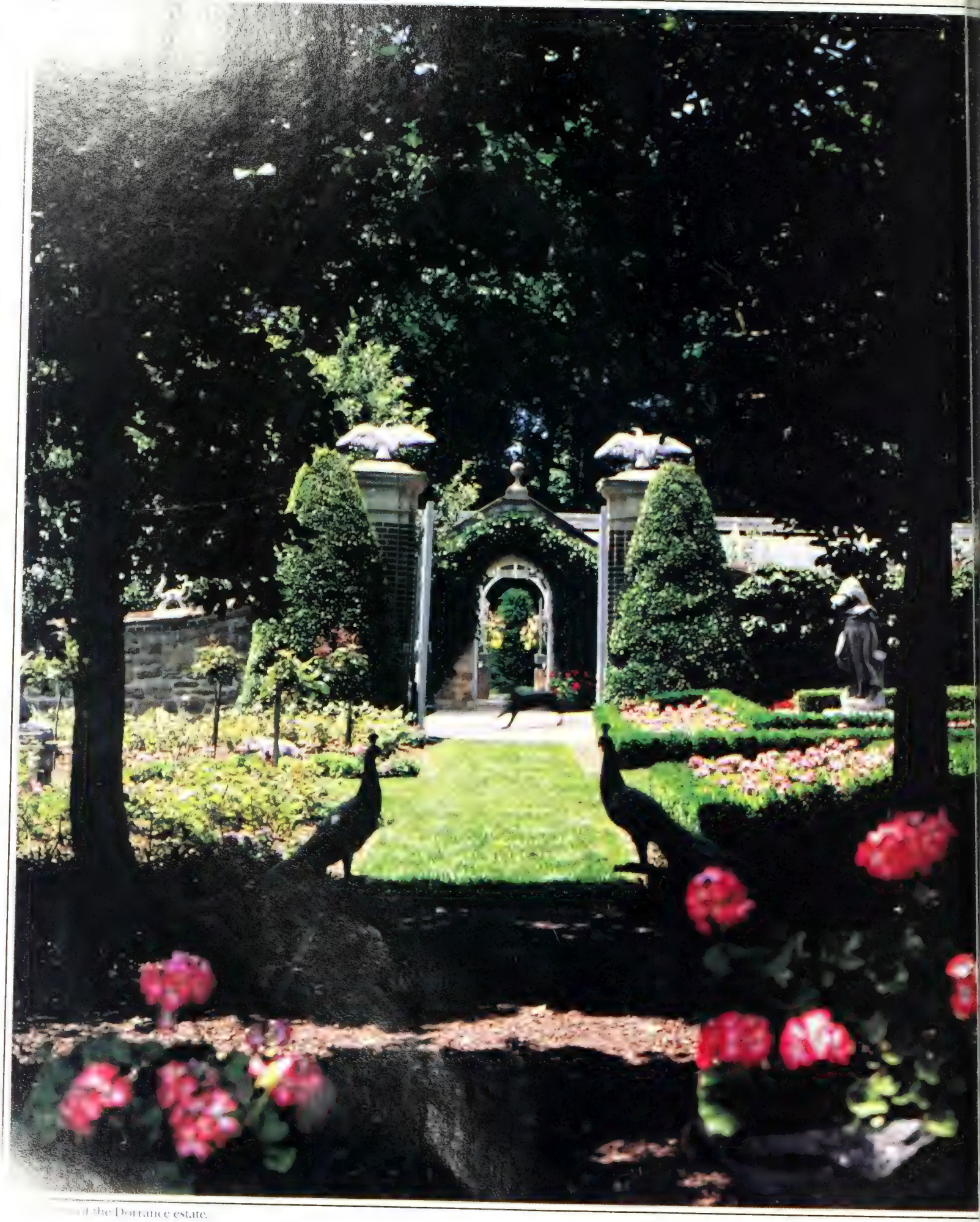


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DESIGN

Flower Brokers

Three florists arrange New York's most sought-after bouquets

By Mac Griswold



Inspired by French and Dutch still lifes, Anita Widder, left, "paints" her arrangements with big bold strokes of color, grouping four or five of the same flowers. "Flowers grow together, not one by one," she says. Below: Over one hundred roses round out a baroque bouquet. Queen Anne's lace keeps it light and airy.

The free-lance florist Anita Widder stands in a freezing cold back room at an Upper East Side restaurant. She inserts the one hundredth flower in a shimmering globe of peach, flame, and ivory, mostly ranunculus and roses. Some of them are in their last reckless full-blown stages—they will barely last the night at a private party. Who cares? They will be at their most beautiful between nine and twelve just before they fall, and that's all they have to do. One night, one perfect impression—for $350.

"If they want twinkle lights, we'll tell them where to go," says Spruce, a partner at VSF, or Very Special Flowers, on West 10th Street. Ponytailed, babyfaced, totally articulate, Spruce hugs an antique terra-cotta pot of blue hyacinths. He is describing the Darwinian selection of client and designer in the arcane high-powered world of New York's hottest florists.

Up in the 50s in a tiny shop just off Beekman Place, Mrs. Rex Harrison, short mink coat hovering just the right three inches above her short tweed skirt, consults with Zezé about how to make yarn pompom ornaments like the ones she made in boarding school. The world of $500 flower arrangements slows for a few minutes while her beautiful profile and his golden handlebar mustache draw close together to puzzle it out. Then he grabs an armful of pale delphinium, stocks, and roses and dashes off to an apartment overlooking the East River. Time to do the dining table for another of his two hundred regulars.

Three different styles—and if one word has to sum up each florist, Anita Widder is color, VSF is texture, and Zezé is line. Beautiful flowers are only part of what these artists sell. Fashion, fun, design, outrage, luxury, comfort, and a certain amount of Rolls-Royce TLC are the rest. Jack, the other half of VSF, adds, "People also buy knowledge from us. We say, 'How about some clerodendron?' and they say, 'Oh sure.' "

As a free-lancer, Anita Widder

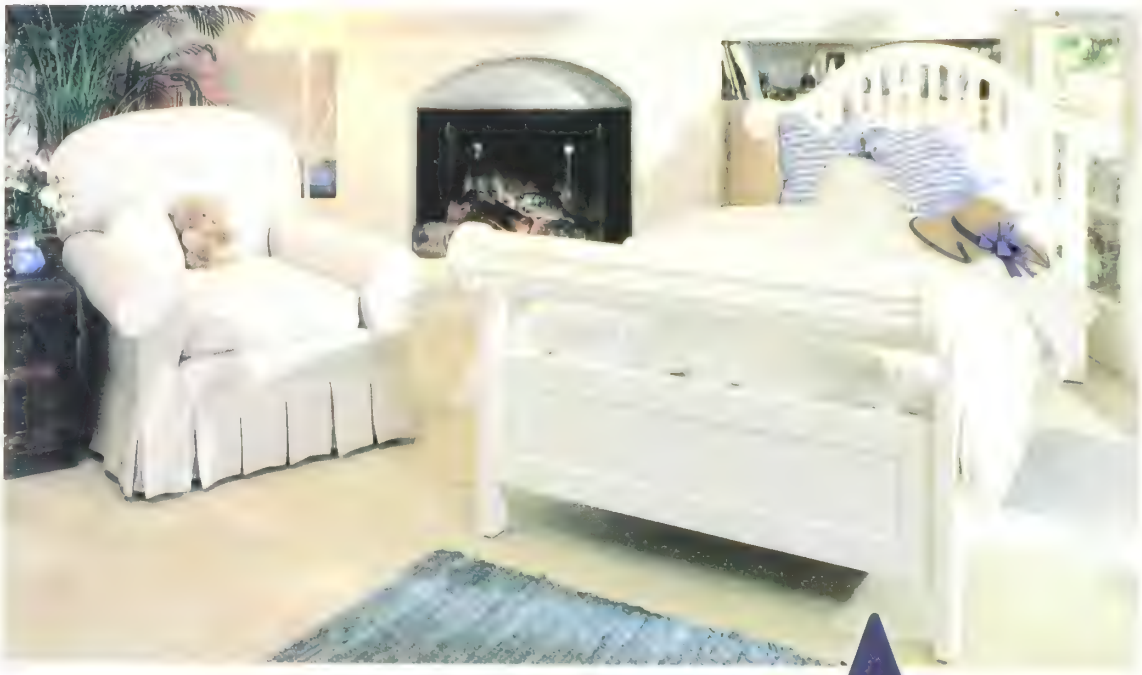



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you—that includes beeswax on the floors, baize on the doors, and large marble vases thick with flowers from Holland, Morocco, France, and Italy. Her creations are what many a brave amateur dreams of doing—but can't. Anita is often inspired by Dutch still lifes and paintings by Fantin-Latour: she uses every ravishing bicolored blossom she can find; she teases agapanthus or iris leaves into living ribbons and rosettes for her romantic garlands and swags.

Her baroque confections grace the tables at parties for Christian Lacroix and Calvin Klein, and at charity events like committee lunches for the New York Public Library. Not having a shop is hardly a problem. Hot florists are a whisper campaign. Like both VSF and Zezé, Anita does not advertise. Once you're in, it's a circular routine—your work is seen by the people you want to work for.

There is a Darwinian selection of client and designer among New York's hottest florists

VSF is the most far-out. "I'd say we're probably wilder than our clients," says Spruce. That's putting it mildly. Take two smart, funny, fast-moving six-year-olds on a walk in the woods. Bring them home and empty their pockets. What one finds are the nubby brown things that adorn VSF's special baskets made of mossed chicken wire encrusted with dried flowers, nuts, berries, mushrooms, seedpods, and petals. Oddly beautiful, they start at $100.

Innovation is as much a part of VSF as breathing. One summer for a dinner party they heaped a New Yorker's collection of silver baby cups high with fragrant wild strawberries. This past spring the sharp bright shoots of snowdrops, puschkinias, or fritillaries grew in cherrywood Shaker boxes. Jack and Spruce have left last year's wooden crates far behind.

VSF's work is the most urbane of the three—a witty existentialist commentary on the art and madness of flower arranging. One has to have seen a lot of expensive, mindless concoctions to get the refreshing point of VSF's Christmas balls—spicy, tightly massed spruce or balsam spheres wound round with gold cord. The smallest size is as big as one's head. "They are just balls," says Jack, "and they cost fifty dollars. Wouldn't you like two?"

Zezé and his clients are not into the intellectual or outrageous. His

For a party, Zezé, above, makes curtains of mimosa, lilies, and miniature daffodils. Above right: At home, his own 18th-century blackamoor sprouts tulips.





VSF partners Jack and Spruce, right, wear pinecone hats and moss jackets. Mossed animals and odd containers crowd the cupboard. Above: A feather bouquet.

works out of a studio, not a shop. One can see what she does only when she's done it. Like the other two, however, she arranges for restaurants, parties, antiques shows, boutique openings, and fashion events as well as for people's houses. Sometimes there's no scene at all until Anita arrives with her flock of baskets (the largest is her tool kit), the silks and ribbons she uses to make theatrical backdrops, and the mad abundance of flowers that marks her style. "People say, 'Oh, the single rose is so romantic,' " she pants, lugging in huge brown boxes of flowers. "No it isn't—the single rose is cheap!" She relents, adding, "Well, an arrangement *can* be small—if it's very full."

There is a cozy grandeur about her work that is the apogee of English chintz domesticity—a very establishment domesticity, mind



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shop is simple and elegant. His customers often have enduring preferences. Zezé knows them: one must always have blue, another only yellow; Frances Lear only white at her magazine headquarters and at home. A breath of Waspy understatement? It's instantly dispelled by Zezé himself, sexy, warm, and luxuriantly Brazilian.

Zezé's artlessly grouped flowers are refinements of the ordinary and always deserve a second look. No big amaryllis here, only the smallest scarlet ones. Their petals, pointed and reflexed, are a reminder that they are lilies, not part of some interplanetary hybridizing scheme. The palest, frailest branches of pink quince bloom quietly in a corner. Ice-blue scabiosas oscillate on their wiry stems. Tuberoses, whose stubby off-white spears are hardly high drama, are almost a Zezé trademark; one dingy stalk hidden in an arrangement perfumes an entire room with its operatic smell. Zezé's clay pots are specially made and then artificially aged till they are patinated with the fine gray green moss that suggests years of greenhouse use.

When a baby is born at New York Hospital, when a visitor arrives at the Carlyle Hotel, among the accompanying flotilla of flowers Zezé's are likely to be the prettiest—and the smallest. For $50, his minimum price for an arrangement, he'll put together a handful of white lilac, lily of the valley, and the whitish greenish 'Champagne' rose in a container of glass and gold. Zezé gives it what he calls "the last movement" as it goes out the door. One is buying his skill, his passion for flowers—Zezé's bright brown Brazilian eyes light up at the thought of tomorrow's dahlias—and his impatience with the less than rare and perfect.

Like a new restaurant, like the Madison Avenue gallery that hangs a dozen exquisite drawings for only two weeks, like the annual Carnegie Hall appearance of Alfred Brendel, these flowers are among the high notes of metropolitan life. And they are a lesson in the New York art of recognition: you don't have to know what you want, you just have to recognize it instantly when you see it—*and* know how to get it. Go to your hostess (or host) and ask, "Who did that?" Right now Anita, Jack and Spruce, or Zezé did it. (Anita Widder, 516-433-0611; VSF, 204 West 10th Street, 212-206-7236; Zezé, 398 East 52nd Street, 212-753-7767) ▲

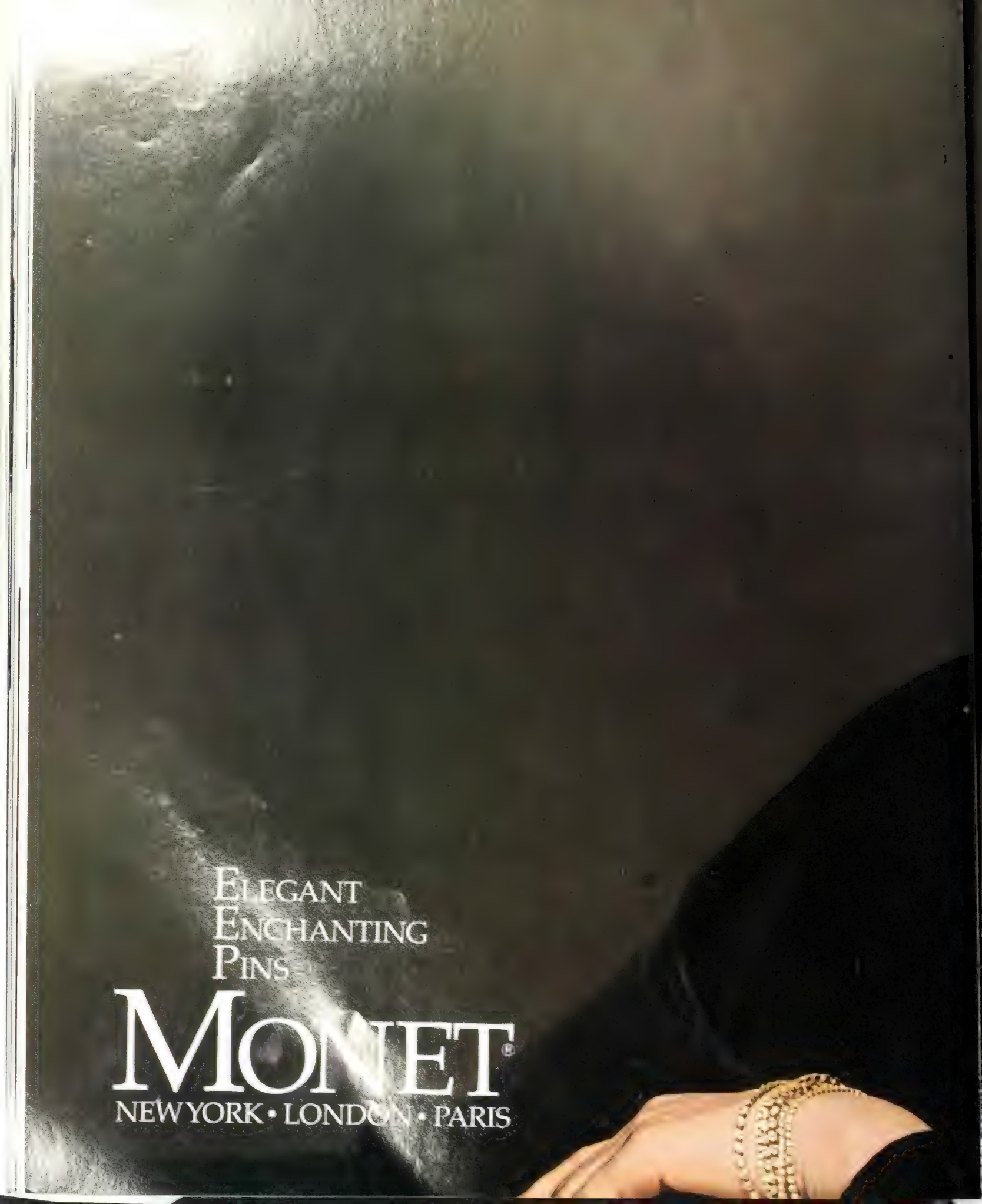
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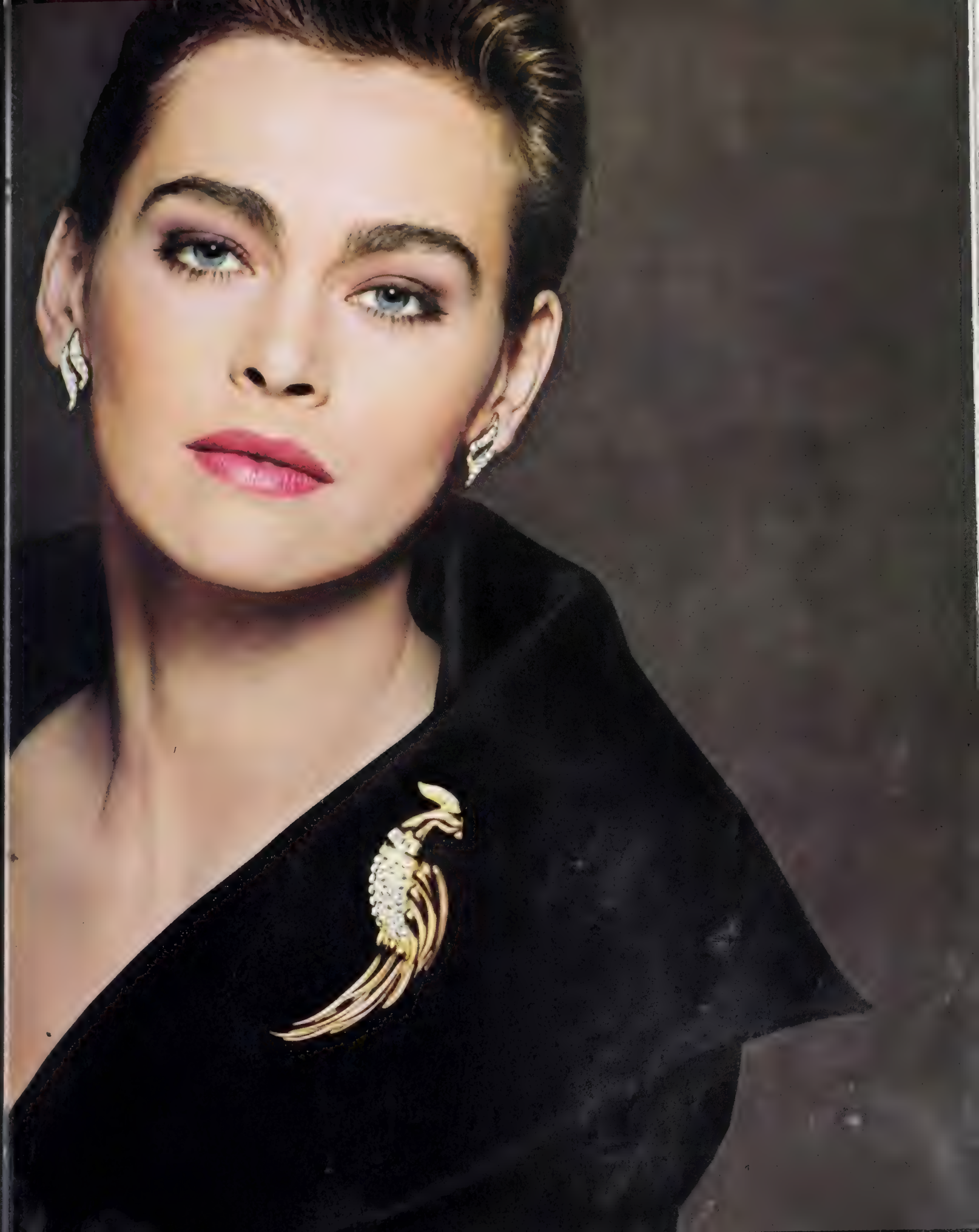


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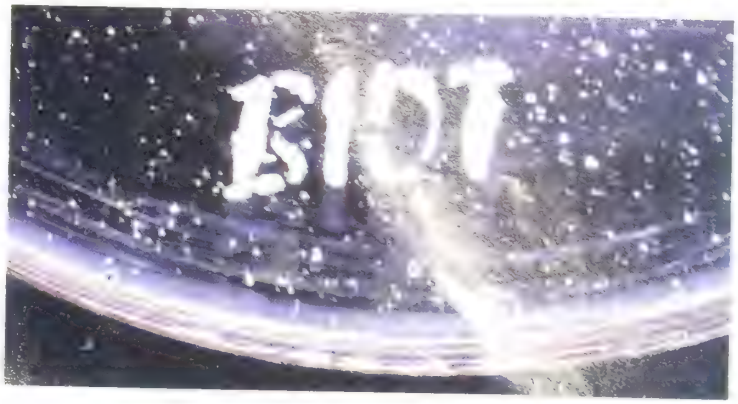


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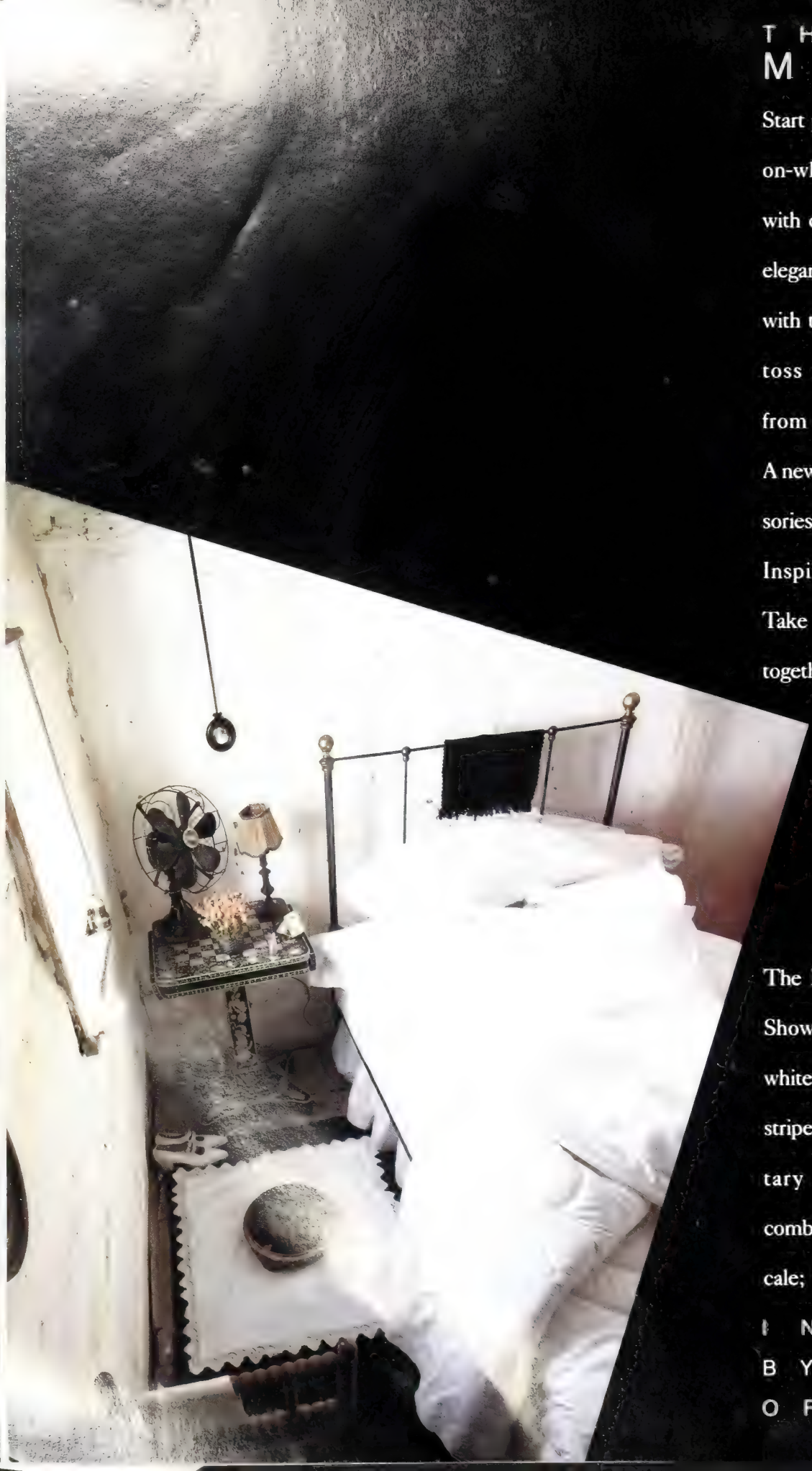
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SoHo Grandee

Carlos Llamas brings a courtly manner to his downtown antiques gallery
By Margot Guralnick

In Madrid, Carlos Fernandez Llamas is celebrated for his smooth flamenco moves on the dance floor. In New York, the recently transplanted Spaniard has decorators and collectors two-stepping to see his high-style antiques rather than his fancy footwork. Out of a compact SoHo loft, where the balcony bedroom overlooks the main selling floor of his gallery, L'Aquitaine, Llamas proffers "elegant, timeless, slightly mysterious" objects, the majority discovered in Italy, his favorite hunting ground.

At 28, Llamas has the patrician good looks of a Bronzino courtier and the cosmopolitan taste of a young blade just back from his grand tour. In his living room, where few things remain his for long, a pair of eighteenth-century obelisk-shaped Sicilian wig stands confront a Santa Fe ram's skull. A nineteenth-century Italian brass bathroom table serves up Holy Grail–size contemporary Murano glass goblets. And a lacquered screen of Llamas's own design towers behind a garden urn made of resin mimicking centuries-old marble.

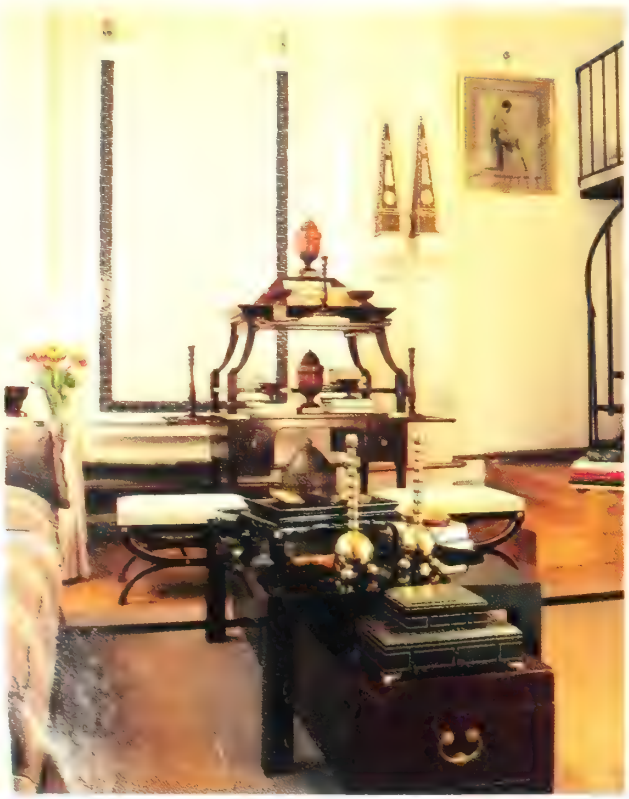
Llamas came to SoHo by way of London, where he took a crash course in art history at Christie's after graduating from law school in Spain. ("I'm a retired lawyer.") Though new to the antiques trade, he says he has been passionate about things from the past since he was tall enough to reach—and rearrange—his mother's tabletop displays of eighteenth-century candlesticks and tea caddies. Years later, to alleviate his law school miseries, Llamas set to work renovating his parents' palatial Art Deco apartment next to the Prado.

It was his first decorating job—"early eighties off-white and mirrors, lots of mirrors"—followed by several commissions from family friends and a new career direction. Now, with L'Aquitaine as his showcase and several furniture designs in progress, he has been attracting a clientele eager to turn him loose in their brownstones and penthouses. Llamas may have left his dancing shoes in Madrid, but he is clearly destined to cut a few rugs in New York. (L'Aquitaine, 17 Greene St. New York, NY 10013; 212-219-9332) ▲





"My gallery is a showcase for how I like to live," says Carlos Llamas, above, flanked by a late 18th century Italian window gate and a lacquer screen of his own design.



A clean geometry unites the objects at L'Aquitaine, left, which range from a contemporary Vietnamese lacquered leather trunk to an early 19th century Italian mahogany architect's desk. Far left: Italian hurricane lanterns, Murano glass goblets and resin candlesticks on a late 19th century Italian table.

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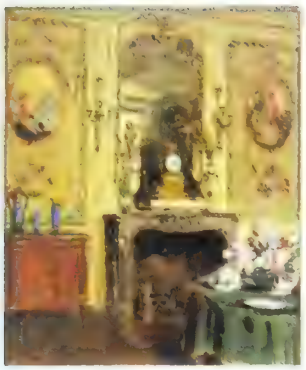
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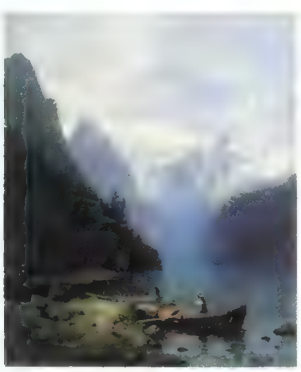
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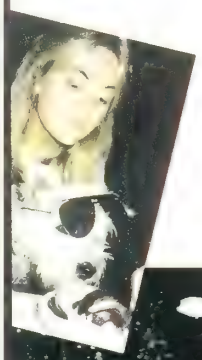
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Society's Café

How Glenn Bernbaum keeps Mortimer's New York's longest-running hot spot

By Martin Filler



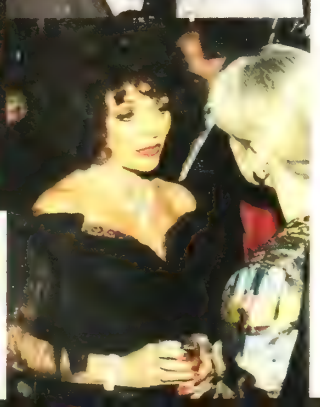












Among the mysteries of Manhattan, none is more difficult for some people to fathom than the enduring status of New York's smartest restaurant, Mortimer's. Exhaustively chronicled in the gossip columns and fashion press since it opened in 1976, Mortimer's has attracted not only a stalwart band of steady regulars but also curious outsiders intent on partaking of its imagined glamour. More often than not, the uninitiated leave there thoroughly baffled. With its exposed brick walls, bare wooden floors, bentwood chairs, and plain white tablecloths, this could be a nice corner pub in any American city. Neither does the menu scintillate. Such homey staples as chicken paillard, crab cakes, cole slaw, twinburgers, and designer meatloaf are unlikely to thrill those who fantasize that the Beautiful People feast nightly on truffles, caviar, and peacock.

Those who wish to penetrate beyond this deceptively unassuming surface must first gain the attention—or better yet the friendship—of Glenn Bernbaum, Mortimer's remarkable 65-year-old owner. This generally benevolent despot runs Mortimer's like a private club: the specialty of the house is his unforgettable cold shoulder. But Bernbaum is democratic, just as likely to be chilly to a rock star or actor he doesn't know as he is to you. Having made millions as a retailing executive and real estate investor before his big career change at age 52, he now does just as he damn well pleases, and he relishes his role as New York's arbiter elegantiae of the eighties.

Like Ralph Lauren, another American marketing genius, Bernbaum came up with a concept so basic and so obvious that anyone might have thought of it—though, of course, no one else did. "In Paris in the sixties," he recalls, "I was fond of a restaurant called Au Petit Montmorency, which had a very distinct charm. There

The usual suspects (and a few ringers) at Mortimer's. From top: Cornelia Guest and pet; owner Bernbaum before lunch; Farrah Fawcett and Ryan O'Neal; Bernbaum with Anne Slater and Sister Parish; Gloria Vanderbilt; William Norwich, Liz Smith, and Iris Love with Bernbaum at the Fête de Famille, his annual AIDS benefit; Pat Buckley and Calvin Klein; Joan Collins.

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would be the grand ladies from the sixteenth arrondissement in their sable coats but also young people in blue jeans. That was my idea for Mortimer's—a mixture of the older and the young where the generation gap would be transcended. The second we opened, there was no question in my mind that it was going to work, and it has."

Mortimer's, as the magazine *M* aptly put it, is a "reliable neighborhood joint." But what a neighborhood! The residents of New York's Upper East Side are among the best-fed people on the face of the earth. Those of them afflicted with what Andy Warhol called "social disease" dine out more nights of the week than they eat at home. Bernbaum's formula of recognizable standards at reasonable prices is brilliant in its simplicity and provides an ideal alternative to the rich, high-concept food served at charity balls, dinner parties, and haute cuisine restaurants.

His moderate price structure hasn't hurt either. Most Americans would not find a $12.75 entrée a terrific bargain, but by current New York standards it's a steal. So is Mortimer's wine list, which though not extensive always has some excellent buys, like the majestic 1982 Château Brane Cantenac at $45 ($62 at the Four Seasons) or the full-bodied 1985 Robert Mondavi Cabernet Sauvignon at $30 ($52 at the Four Seasons). Mortimer's proprietor has a deeply ingrained thrifty streak like his old-money customers, but it's not just the moderate tabs that keep bringing them back time after time.



Glenn Bernbaum, left, before the wedding breakfast for Teresa and Christian Melhado. Above from top: Menu for Bill Blass's luncheon for Nina Hyde; Annette Reed's dinner for John Richardson; Anne and John Marion's dinner after the Sid Bass–Mercedes Kellogg wedding.

Bernbaum is at his best at Mortimer's chic private parties

The character of Mortimer's changes significantly around the clock. The legendary lunch bunch is made up of the grandes dames of New York society and their stylish would-be successors: Brooke Astor, Betsey Whitney, Jean MacArthur, Sister Parish, C. Z. Guest, Pat Buckley, Annette Reed, Mica Ertegün, Chessy Rayner, Nan Kempner, Nancy Richardson, Fernanda Niven, and Senga Mortimer. They congregate partly because of the herding instinct, partly because of the proximity to their houses, and partly because they can't stand the drop-dead pretentiousness of the habitués at places like Le Cirque.

Dinner at Mortimer's is more family oriented: early on at supper time come locals with their school-age children, Thursday refugees from cook's night off, and white-haired Brahmins who down their straight-up martinis and polish off their Dover sole before eight o'clock. As the evening wears on, the age level drops and the animation level rises. Morgan Stanley trainees, Sotheby's assistants, Parish-Hadley underlings, pretty paralegals, and glorified gofers of all sorts flock in just as their elders are shoving off for home to catch the ten o'clock news. Particularly popular with the country house set is Mortimer's Sunday evening buffet, just the ticket after driving back into the city and nothing in the fridge.

But for all of Bernbaum's delight in having cornered the blue-blood brigade, this shrewd businessman constantly keeps one eye trained on where his next diners are coming from. "It's very nice to look at Mrs. Wentworth-Brewster eating her lemon meringue pie,"

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Estée Lauder, far left, at Bernbaum's Fête de Famille, held in a tent on 75th Street outside Mortimer's. Center: Bernbaum lives in the second-floor apartment over his restaurant. Left: The owner with Nan Kempner, a Mortimer's regular.

Bernbaum is democratic and just as likely to be chilly to a rock star as he is to you

he observes, "but five years from now, God bless her, she isn't going to be around. You have to have future customers, and if you lose the young people, you're in trouble."

Bernbaum really shines at the chic private parties for which Mortimer's is justly famous. Several times a month the restaurant is closed to the public; regulars have been forewarned, but almost always some of them have been invited. The events range from book-publication cocktail parties to welcome and farewell dinners for members of the jet set to wedding breakfasts and birthdays. It is then that the nondescript decor begins to make sense, for Bernbaum is able to transform that neutral setting so completely that even hard-core socialites don't feel it's a recap of a soirée they went to before.

The faultlessly correct restaurateur tries hard to relate his designs to the guest of honor's life. For example, for Metropolitan Museum of Art president William Luers's sixtieth birthday party, Bernbaum turned Mortimer's into a convincing replica of the Opera Grill in Prague, where Luers had previously served as U.S. ambassador. At a dinner for outgoing New York Public Library president Vartan Gregorian, a fifty-foot color blowup created the amazing illusion that the party was being held in his office. And for Betsey Whitney's eightieth birthday, the main room was romantically tented in hand-painted cotton gauze, the lace-covered tables banked with old-fashioned roses. Thus people who can afford to do anything insist on putting their special occasions in the hands of this peerless, perfectionist planner.

The food at Mortimer's has always been underrated. Often derided as baby food or country club catering, it is now seen as an early forerunner of the new interest in old-fashioned American classics. At private parties it's even better, sometimes verging on the sublime. Again it's comforting—chef Stephen Attoe's roast chicken with corn pudding, saddle of veal with rosemary, sensational homemade ice creams, and one of the world's best crème brûlées—but even his pot roast is a far cry from the version most of us grew up on. Tucked away in a corner is a trio, and before long couples are beginning to dance to "Mountain Greenery." And standing in the doorway with a glass of Diet Coke in his hand and a smile on his face is Glenn Bernbaum, magician of a thousand and one nights in Baghdad-on-the-Hudson. (Mortimer's, 1057 Lexington Avenue, 212-517-6400) ▲

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Writer's Turf

From his terrace garden, Dominick Dunne surveys New York's social hothouse
By Mary Cantwell



Dunne savors the fragrance of his roses and listens to the quiet of midtown on a summer weekend.

On the eastern side of his terrace, green-painted table and chairs are surrounded by potted delphiniums and roses.

Dominick Dunne, ex-Californian, ex–movie producer, ex-husband, is a happy man. This may pass. Dunne being prey to more than his share of life's cruelties and possessing (one suspects) the Celtic temperament in full bloom. But at the moment he is literally and figuratively on top of his world, his world being that section of New York City whose epicenter is a restaurant called Mortimer's and the majority of whose residents are well-dressed women with remarkably narrow knees.

Dunne writes about that world—and several that border it—for *Vanity Fair* and has explored it in two best-selling novels as well. The first, *The Two Mrs. Grenvilles*, is, in fact, what brought him his perch. He lives on the top floor of a building in Turtle Bay, a few minutes from his publisher and his magazine. Were it not for the occasional skyscraper, he could view his whole domain from the small terrace on which he likes to watch the sunrise, read the paper, and putter about with his clippers. "When I can come out here and cut some roses," he says, "I feel great."

A recent visitor to Dunne's penthouse was nagged by a memory. She had read about this place before, but, no, she couldn't have. Then she remembered. Edith Wharton's *The House of Mirth*—Lawrence Selden's apartment in which poor Lily Bart takes tea as the novel opens. "Which are your windows?" Lily asks. "Those with the awnings down?. . . And that nice little balcony is yours? How cool it looks up there!" Even Dunne's hallway is reminiscent of Selden's—"a slip of a hall hung with old prints. . . letters and notes heaped on the table"—and his living room, too—"cheerful, with its walls of books, a pleasantly faded Turkey rug, a littered desk. . . . A breeze had sprung up, swaying inward the muslin curtains, and bringing a fresh scent of mignonette and petunias from the flower-box on the balcony." But that Dunne's littered desk is elsewhere and his French windows have chintz curtains, the apartments from which the fictional lawyer and the real-life writer saunter forth every evening to watch Old Money intersect with New Bucks are curiously the same.

Dominick Dunne was fifty years old when he had a "very very minor heart attack and took it as a sign. I thought, 'Goddamnit! I'm going to do it.' " Though terrified of the "baring of the soul," he would pack up the rest of his life and become a writer. Bored with Los Angeles, the movie business, and possibly himself, he headed

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for Oregon. Asked why Oregon, he's not sure, only that he wanted to "start fresh, all over again."

After six months of living modestly in Oregon, Dunne went back to Los Angeles, held a grand tag sale, and headed east with two suitcases and a typewriter to live modestly in New York City. Ensconced in Greenwich Village near his older son, the actor Griffin Dunne, he finished his first novel. It was about Hollywood, and it flopped. He didn't care. "I was 53 years old, had written a book, and got reviewed in *The New York Times*. I took that bad review as kind of a sign. I found it encouraging." The word "sign" and the fatalism it implies crop up frequently in Dunne's conversation.

Then came *Vanity Fair*, which perfectly employs Dunne's long Irish nose for gossip and the to-ings and fro-ings of the rich and notorious, and *The Two Mrs. Grenvilles*. With the latter he moved north. "I didn't get uptown," he says, "but I got midway." Besides, he'd have bought this apartment wherever it was. He loves it and especially its terrace.

The terrace is deep on two sides with a narrow strip that runs along the bedroom. On the eastern side a bench and deck chairs are green-painted wood, and on the southern side is a similar setup in white-painted wrought iron. All over are ivy, evergreens, pachysandra, roses, potted delphiniums, impatiens, a red-leaf maple, rhododendrons, privet, potted lilies, and, climbing a trellis, yellow and red roses—everything that will grow in strong sun, unreliable rainfall, and air that's best not thought about. There's something of a blank space on the western end, enough for the barbecuing Dunne thinks he might like to do one of these days. He never has people over, he says, and he'd like to. One visualizes him, though with some difficulty, flipping burgers on a Weber grill.

Dunne's penthouse brings to mind Lawrence Selden's apartment in Edith Wharton's "The House of Mirth"



Roses and clematis climb a trellis banked with ivy at the southern end of the terrace. Dark rhododendron foliage sets off white lilies beyond a grouping of wrought-iron furniture.

The apartment itself, with which he is charmingly, touchingly pleased, is small and charmingly, touchingly cozy. In it are only three remnants of his old life: a highboy that he's had since he was a child, a framed panel of Chinese wallpaper, and the small bureau an ancestor brought with him when he left Ireland. The latter he had given his late daughter, the actress Dominique Dunne. Other pieces were found by his decorator, Chester Cleaver, who wasn't all that well known when Dunne first hired him but whose phone is now, in that peculiar locution, ringing off the hook. Do the right thing for the right person (and Dunne is very much the right person these days), and the effect is that of a pebble tossed into a pond. Rings, concentric rings, reach out and cover the territory.

The living room has pale apple-green walls and chairs that cry out to be sat in. Extend a cigarette-laden hand and there's an ashtray; reach out for a book or a magazine and there's a pile of them at your side. Blue and white striped awnings over the French doors baffle the sun, and the scent of petunias (no, mignonette) drifts in from the terrace.

The littered desk is in what the previous owners used for a dining room, a box with windows on three sides. Nobly and wisely, Dunne has turned the back of his desk chair toward the view. The bedroom is the kind you'd like to book for a bout of *la grippe:* big bed, many pillows, a television set within easy viewing range, and a lot of books at arm's length. Only the kitchen is undistinguished, but since he arrived in New York, how often has Dominick Dunne had to broil himself a lonely chop? "I go out a lot at night," he says when teased about his constant presence in the gossip columns, "because I'm alone all day and I like to talk."

That liking to talk, however, does not extend to summer weekends. While the rest of his crowd is in the Hamptons, Dunne is on his terrace breathing in the roses and listening to the quiet that smothers midtown in the July and August heat. This summer, though, was a little different. He took a month in Connecticut to work on his next novel, *An Inconvenient Woman*, and maybe he'd like to find a house up that way. And maybe not. The possibilities are, if not infinite, various. "We talk so much about the bad times," Dunne muses. "I think it's good to acknowledge the good times, too." ▲

Editor: Senga Mortimer



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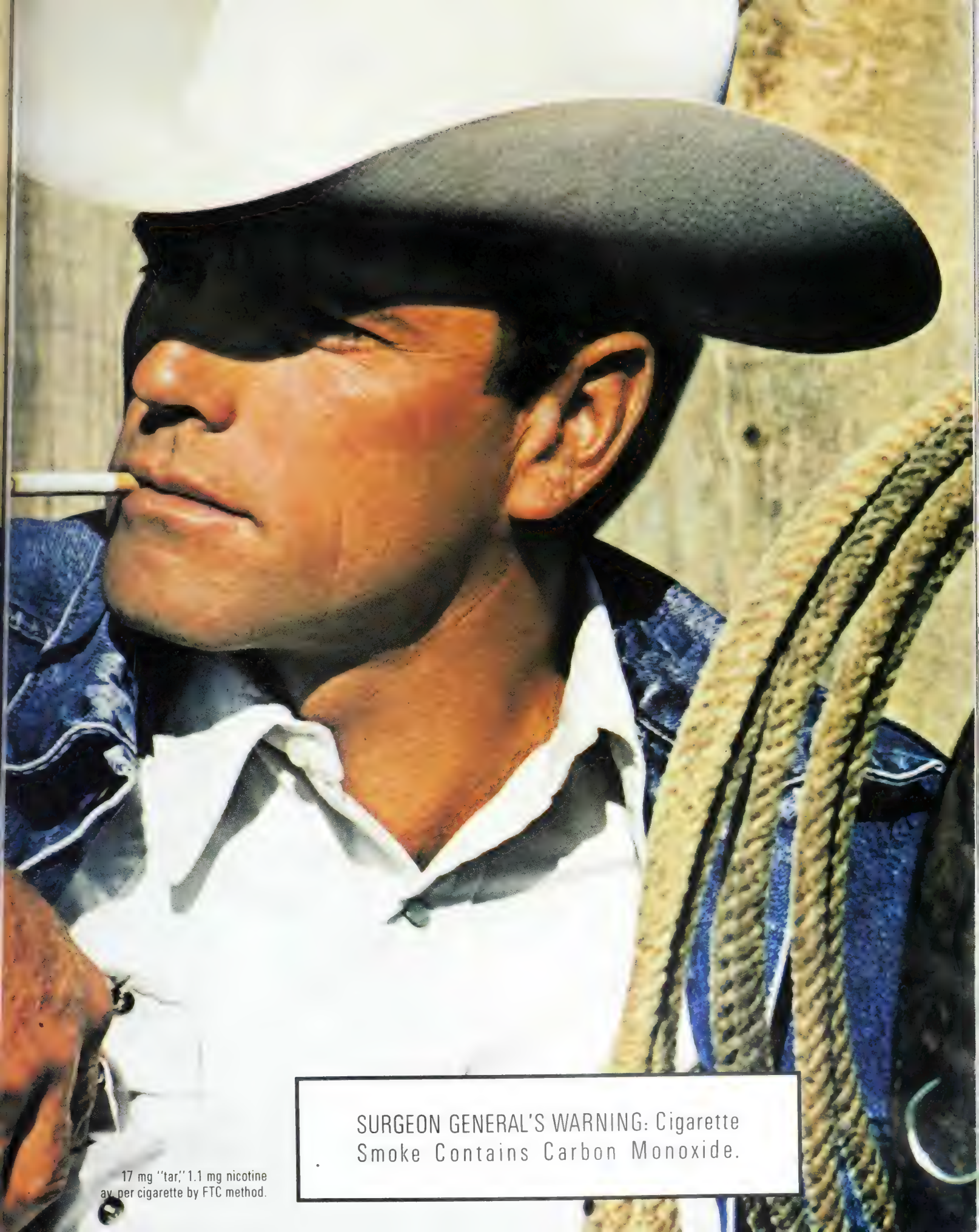
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By Liz Logan



Kay Thompson's Eloise is the presiding literary influence at the Plaza, which is still in the process of renovation, restoration, and redecoration.

You are where you sleep. Manhattan's best hotels all provide a high level of cosseting; beyond that common bond, however, each is definitely designed to please a different type of guest. It follows, then, that to choose your hotel you must know who you are—or at least who you want to be for the night. Then you can determine if your identity requires Mark Hampton's lighthearted traditionalism (at the Carlyle) or Philippe Starck's sleek otherworldliness (at the Royalton). The following is a guide to a week's worth of stays at the city's new or newly redecorated hotels.

The Box Tree 250–252 East 49th Street, just west of Second Avenue; (212) 758-8320. *Conventional Wisdom:* Considered fabulous by those who are wont to consider things fabulous. *Unconventional Wisdom:* Surprise—it is fabulous, in an appealingly eccentric fashion. *Best Features:* Six rooms in a town house decorated like six different dreams: two French, one English, one Egyptian, one Chinese, and one Japanese. (As of this fall seven more rooms will be open for a total of thirteen.) *The Visuals:* In the back penthouse, for instance, one of the French rooms features green velvet curtains and a canopy bed with a choice of linen, Egyptian cotton, silk, or flannel sheets, a fur throw, and rose petals on the pillowcases. The effect is Colette's bedroom; I wanted to prop myself up and start writing something like *The Vagabond*. *Bathroom Report:* Not a strong suit. Small (though with Czech & Speake fixtures), with an annoying exhaust fan that goes on with the light. Guerlain's soap and shampoo; terry robes. *Room Service:* Available only for breakfast when I stayed; the hotel plans to offer 24-hour room service in the fall. For dinner you may eat in the Box Tree restaurant, the source of faultlessly fancy French food of a type rarely found in these post–nouvelle cuisine days (room rates include a $100 credit toward dinner, which will still come to a pretty penny). A less expensive brasserie is also scheduled to open in the fall. *Rates:* $230–$300.

The Carlyle 35 East 76th Street at Madison Avenue; (212) 744-1600. *Conventional Wisdom:* Quietly luxurious; favored by celebrities and adulterers (and by celebrity adulterers, for that matter). *Unconventional Wisdom:* The conventional wisdom is right. *Best Features:* Bemelmans Bar, with its charming Ludwig Bemelmans (of *Madeline* series fame) murals; the legendary singer-pianist Bobby Short at Café Carlyle (if hearing him is crucial to your stay, be sure to call ahead—he performs about four months a year); knockout views of Manhattan from upper floors (it's 35 stories high); great Madison Avenue shopping just outside the door; all-cotton sheets (surprisingly rare even at top-rank hotels). *The Visuals:* Lovely sunny combinations of chintz and needlepoint—decorator Mark Hampton is a consultant. *Bathroom Report:* Extremely marbled and mirrored (more Vegas than Manhattan). Givenchy shampoo; blow driers; terry robes. *Room Service:* The food was variable: a lobster and mussel appetizer was swell; fettuccine with lobster and caviar tasted, weirdly enough, like nothing so much as chamomile stew. *Rates:* $225–$1,100. For $280 my room (number 3107) had, in addition to its cheery yellow Mark Hampton color scheme, an astonishing view of the city. For the money you can't do better.

The Grand Bay at Equitable Center 152 West 51st Street at Seventh Avenue; (212) 765-1900. *Conventional Wisdom:* Terrific-looking but handicapped by an untraditional-for-carriage-trade location. *Unconventional Wisdom:* Pretty is as pretty does; service has good intentions, but on this hotel scout's visit, more went wrong

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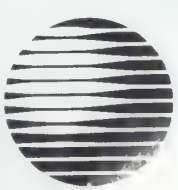
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INDULGENT. THE SENSE...

than right. After a tour of the Grand Bay, I had asked for a particular room in lovely subtle gradations of green, with French country furniture. What I got was a mirrored mauve room that was not at all to my liking. In all fairness, the front desk offered to put me in another, upgraded room when it emerged that my preferred room had been given to someone else. Next problem: a light bulb was out in a reading lamp. This was replaced quickly. Finally, upon checking out, I found an extra charge, which again was graciously remedied. It was hard to get too exercised about any of this, given the accommodating responses; still, such lapses might be trying for the weary traveler. *The Visuals:* Plush, soft-colored; very nice piano bar in lobby. *Bathroom Report:* Standard hotel splendor. Crabtree & Evelyn shampoo and conditioner; Mark Cross lotion; First by Van Cleef & Arpels perfume; terry robes. Mini TV in bathroom in addition to regular TV in bedroom, in case you can't be without the reassuring presence of Bryant and Jane for a minute. *Room Service:* The service itself was fine, but the food was undistinguished in the extreme. *Rates:* $235–$900.

The Mark 25 East 77th Street at Madison Avenue; (212) 744-4300. *Conventional Wisdom:* The new old kid on the block (the Hyde Park became the Madison Avenue Hotel became the Mark). *Unconventional Wisdom:* The suites are lovely in a nouveau-decorated way; the smaller rooms look very different, in a way that is unfortunately reminiscent of a motel in California. Like the Carlyle (which the higher floors of the Mark afford a great view of), the Mark is smack-dab in the middle of Madison Avenue's shopper's paradise. *Best Features:* Five suites have terraces, which, the Mark says, no other hotel in town can offer. *The Visuals:* The recent redecoration by Mimi Russell in a rich palette is plush and still seems newly minted. *Bathroom Report:* Glitzy to the max. Neutrogena soap and shampoo; terry robes. *Room Service:* Excellent food from nearby Sant Ambroeus; available limited hours. The hotel plans to offer full-tilt in-house room service in the fall. *Rates:* $190–$900.

The Mayfair Regent 610 Park Avenue at 65th Street; (212) 288-0800. *Conventional Wisdom:* The most European of New York hotels; situated next to Le Cirque, social stomping ground nonpareil. *Unconventional Wisdom:* It can be a little cold here. But perhaps the Mayfair Regent's virtues are too subtle for a first-timer to comprehend fully. *Best Features:* Tea in the lounge (the nicest in town); umbrellas in the closets. *The Visuals:* Either restful or staid, depending upon your perspective. *Bathroom Report:* Very nice, if not sybaritic. Choice of soaps; terry robes. *Room Service:* Service was excellent, but the food was disappointing on my visit. *Rates:* $230–$1,700.

The Plaza Fifth Avenue at 59th Street; (212) 759-3000. *Conventional Wisdom:* The grande dame of New York hotels, in the process of Trump-directed restoration, renovation, and redecoration. *Unconventional Wisdom:* Really superb service. Although one can pretty much count on good service at any luxury hotel, the Plaza's is on another plane. *Best Features:* Literary resonance—think of Eloise romping in the hallways, Zelda Fitzgerald leaping into the (currently nonfunctioning) fountain; shopping at nearby Bergdorf Goodman; easy access to Central Park; the fabulously baronial Oak Room restaurant. *Strange but True:* The Vanderbilt suite comes equipped with on-the-premises canaries. *The Visuals:* Most rooms are in a burgundy or pink scheme; if this palls, many beds have large bolsters, which are amusing to bop one's companion over the head with. *Bathroom Report:* Some have been given the marble treatment, some haven't. Chanel soap, bath gel, and cologne; terry robes. *Room Service:* A chef's special dinner (a menu of specials chosen by the Edwardian Room chef) of vegetable soup, sautéed scallops, and crème brûlée was absolutely perfect. The Plaza also served the best breakfast of the lot at precisely the time ordered. *Rates:* $235–$5,000.

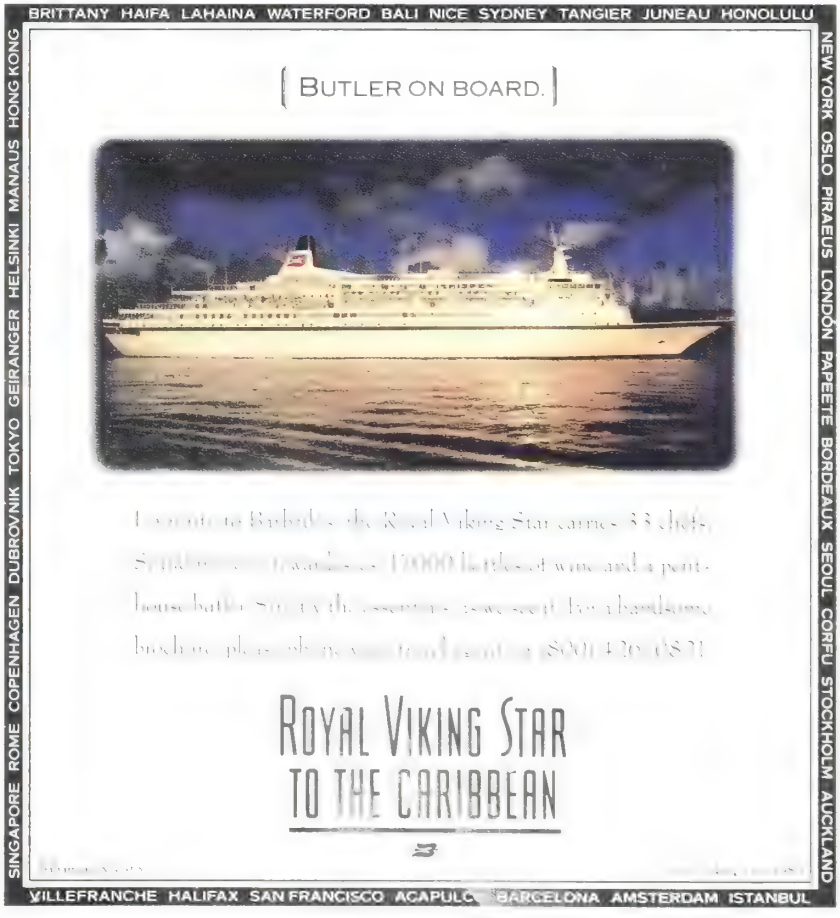
The Royalton 44 West 44th Street between Fifth and Sixth avenues; (212) 869-4400. *Conventional Wisdom:* Hangout for the sunglasses-at-night crowd with a much-publicized block-long lobby. *Unconventional Wisdom:* The lobby is trying a little too hard, and the staff members look like they belong in an ashram, but once you reach your room, an utterly exhilarating experience. (There are no great views outside the hotel, but the in-



side compensates.) The traditionally minded may not be comfortable here, but design adventurers will be in seventh heaven. Service is young, attractive, and sometimes overly familiar. *Best Features:* No rooms are dogs. Because of the consistent color scheme and design elements, the smallest rooms and the penthouse suites have the same feeling, if on different scales. *The Visuals:* You may have read more than you ever wanted to about Philippe Starck, who designed the interiors, but to stay here is to understand his aesthetic. Putty walls and gray green curtains and carpets provide a backdrop for mahogany cabinetwork, midnight blue velvet armchairs, and beds that seem to belong on a luxury liner, thanks to the bedside portholes. If God is in the details, then the Royalton must be a religious experience. The grommets in the curtains show up as a motif on the door to the refrigerator; there is an indentation in the porthole shelf for a pencil; the fireplace poker is a sensuous Starck design; the metallic mesh bath tray matches the wastebaskets; over two hundred tapes are available from the concierge for the VCR. *Bathroom Report:* A marvelous antidote to the glossy whiteness of other hotel bathrooms (all that marble makes me think of missteps and bonked heads). Here matte gray green slate prevails, and some rooms have bathtubs that are round and six feet in diameter. The effect is Japanese rather than Poconos. Kiehl's shampoo; loofahs; bath mitts; cotton swabs; cotton balls; terry robes. *Room Service:* Food ranges from truly excellent (salmon for dinner, blueberry muffins for breakfast) to poor (bitterly oversqueezed OJ). Until recently, the Royalton didn't have a liquor license, but now it does, and I'll drink to that. *Rates:* $190–$1,200. ♠

The Carlyle is favored by celebrities and adulterers (and celebrity adulterers)







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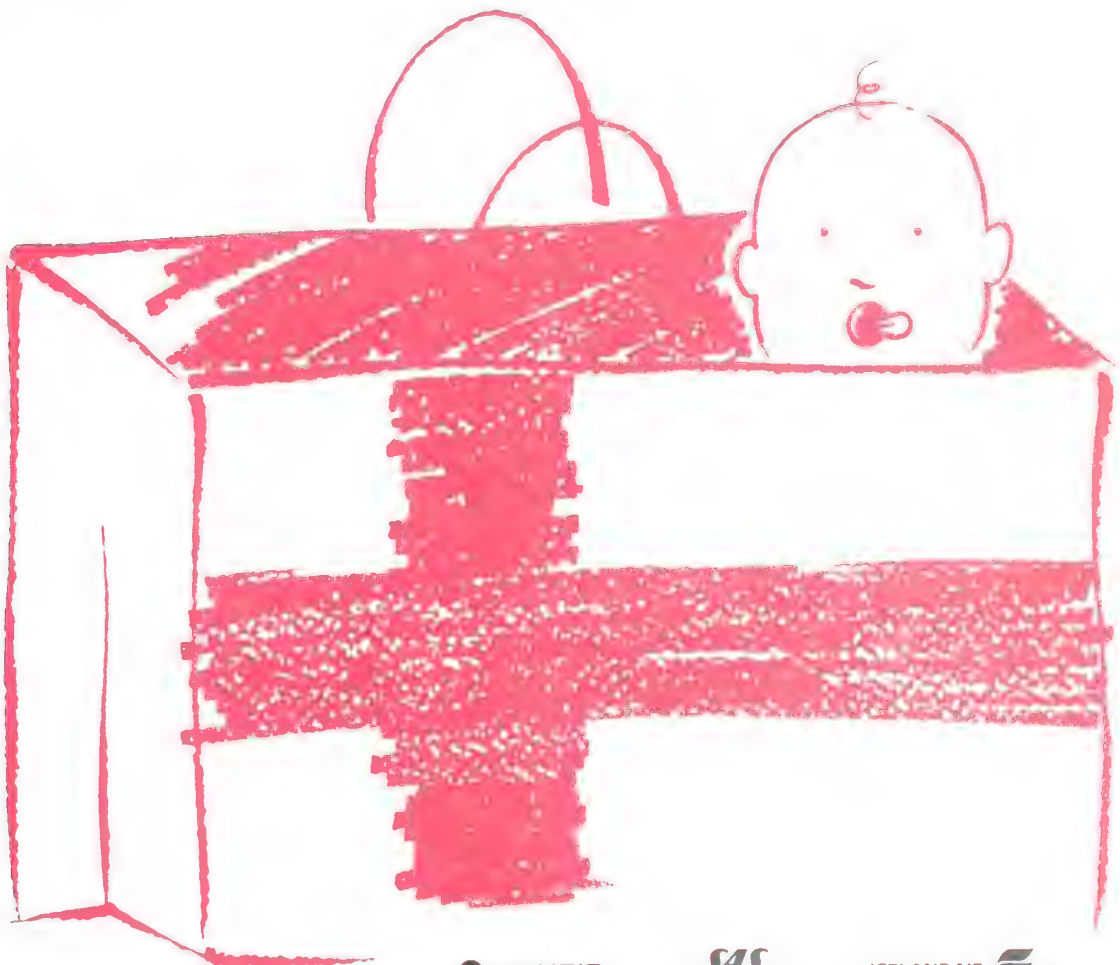
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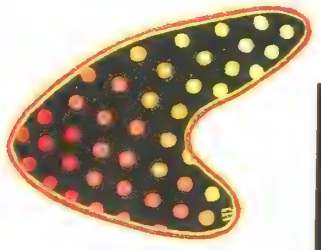
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HG Guide: New York

A revealing look at the best-kept-secret sources
Produced by Dana Cowin

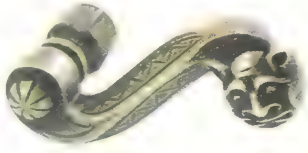




Decorators guard sources like blue-ribbon cooks covet family recipes. It's an old principle we all learned in the sandbox—when you've found a good thing, it isn't always in your best interest to share it. This is especially true of decorators' sources where other customers are often competitors. For this special issue on New York (the mecca for designers across the country), HG's editors were forced to forgo the well-known, well-loved staples in search of these secret sources. After coaxing names and numbers from our friends in the trade and plucking our Rolodexes thin, we were on our own. We scouted the boroughs of Gotham like detectives, tapped into what seemed like an underground society of "those in the know," and discovered that sources beget sources. One gilder recommended a favorite decorative painter who in turn divulged a favorite "lampshade lady" who then gave us the name of a favorite lighting store. The pared-down results range from third-generation family-run shops to new downtown studios, from suppliers of exotic marbles to antique furniture restorers. This guide should open up a world of resources for those of us who would like to think we are our own best decorators.

Above right: Elaborately hand-knotted tassels from Le Décor Français. Above: A boomerang rug by artist Elizabeth Jackson. Below: Martin Noren of Gem Monogram repairing a Louis XVI chandelier. Below right: A doorknob with a cat face from P. E. Guerin.






McGUIRE

ORNAMENT

American Wood Column
[illegible] Grand St.
Brooklyn, NY 11211
(718) 782-3163
In the world of ornament, American Wood Column stands out because of its ability to make unusually long architectural moldings—up to sixteen feet. Although Classical columns and wood turnings are available through its catalogue, the firm also does custom work, from duplicating Corinthian capitals to creating movie sets, including *The Verdict*'s paneled courtroom. *Client:* Gillette-Shadley Designs

Irreplaceable Artifacts
14 Second Ave.
New York, NY 10003
(212) 777-2900
Twelve floors of architectural ornaments are the result of years of stripping buildings of everything from crown moldings to gates. On hand at any one time there may be hundreds of pedestal sinks and dozens of unusual bathtubs. In its garden annex, Irreplaceable Artifacts stocks an array of old urns, basins, and fountains as well as reproductions of Victorian metal garden furniture resurrected from defunct foundries. *Client:* Donghia Associates

MJM Studios
100 Central Ave., Bldg. 89
South Kearny, NJ 07032
(201) 465-5220 To the trade only
Owner Michael MacLeod merged his passion (sculpture) and his business (construction) and came up with MJM Studios, a company that restores landmarks and creates inspired custom ornamental work in a variety of materials. MJM Studios is one of the few remaining companies making architectural terra-cotta pieces. *Clients:* Johnson-Wanzenberg, Allan Greenberg, Architect

CURTAINS & SLIPCOVERS

Mischelle Arcus
5 Ludlow St.
New York, NY 10002
(212) 334-4696 By appointment
New Zealander Mischelle Arcus's forte is softening the stiff lines of classic curtains. Her swags are a little looser, her hand-stitched fabric more free-flowing. Ruffles and bows are added on a whim; liberties are taken to improve on existing patterns. Her small workshop will also make slipcovers, dust ruffles, valances, anything that requires sewing. *Clients:* Arnold Copper, Robert Metzger, Perlini-Tanksley Associates

American Wood Column (above, left)



Regency Draperies

Garance Aufaure
344 East 63 St.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 832-2990 By appointment
Aufaure combines her wonderful sense of humor and her extensive knowledge of history to create inventive curtains, bedcovers, and slipcovers. For the acclaimed "L'Art de Vivre" exhibition at New York's Cooper-Hewitt this past spring, she made the covers for the bed of Princess Caroline, Napoleon's sister. For a collector of military uniforms, she used an epaulet as a tieback. *Client:* Habsburg, Feldman



Mary Bright

Mary Bright
263 East 10 St.
New York, NY 10009
(212) 677-1970 By appointment
Mary Bright is a Scottish fashion and costume designer whose work bears a dressmaker's touch. One pair of curtains, which she says hangs like an evening gown, is lined with yards of frothy English bridal netting. On another, she uses unconventional metal straps instead of curtain rings. *Client:* Anderson Schwartz, Architects

Monte Coleman
149 Wooster St.
New York, NY 10012
(212) 995-0555 By appointment
Acknowledged by some as the birthplace of the modern slipcover, this company is still producing whimsical designs to gussy up even the most modest folding chair. A lively floral-print cover that ties in a pretty bow is a standard at Bergdorf Goodman. And a rich damask slipcover laces up in the back. There is also a full-service custom workroom. *Clients:* Johnson-Wanzenberg, Bob Patino, Pierre Deux

Yonnie Horstick
433 West 34 St.
New York, NY 10001
(212) 268-4872 To the trade only
Horstick's first clients tore her name and number off sheets posted at bus stops. A movie director, even a politician, discovered her this way. As for the curtains and slipcovers Horstick designs: "The crazier they get, the more I like them." *Clients:* Penny Marshall, Stephen Sills

Regency Draperies
42–31 Crescent St.
Long Island City, NY 11101
(718) 482-7383 By appointment
The trims, tassels, and fringe dripping from the curtains made by 30-year-old Jay Quintana reveal his preference, as well as that of his partner, 28-year-old Dean Jones, for Victorian flourishes. "It's more of a challenge," says Quintana, "all those shapes and trims on top of trims." They also do slipcovers, pillows, all custom fabric work. *Clients:* Parish-Hadley, Dennis W. Rolland

White Workroom
277 West 10 St.
New York, NY 10014
(212) 243-2636 By appointment
Curtains, slipcovers, bedspreads, tablecloths, pillowcases—Vivian White is adept at creating them all, and more. The colorful cabanas in HG's August "Fabrics" column were brought to life by her needle and thread. And Marimekko, the Finnish home furnishings store, has asked her to make dust ruffles and pillow shams, among other items, for its displays. *Client:* Sheila Camera-Kotur

MJM Studios





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SCHUMACHER

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Room designed by George Constant, Inc.

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House of Heydenryk

DECORATIVE PAINTING

Eon Arts
457 Broome St.
New York, NY 10013
(212) 941-1170
Founded in 1987, Eon offers a full range of decorative painted surfaces, from a multilayered transparent damask treatment to a mural in the style of the Hudson River school. Other techniques include gilding, decorative plastering, and restorative painting of walls, furniture, and ceilings. *Client:* Kips Bay Decorator Show House

Anne Gray Harris Design Studio
114 West 29 St.
New York, NY 10001
(212) 594-0293 By appointment
A painter who often turns to Renaissance and Baroque masters for inspiration, Anne Harris creates murals and trompe l'oeil effects in addition to traditional glazing, marbleizing, and graining. Her depictions of South American Indians, based on the work of a seventeenth-century Dutch painter, enliven the walls of 150 Wooster, Brian McNally's newest restaurant in SoHo. *Clients:* Billy W. Francis, Charlotte Moss

Chuck Hettinger
105 Ave. B
New York, NY 10009
(212) 777-7700 By appointment
Chuck Hettinger will paint anything from the exteriors of houses to a pair of shoes to his own canvases. For the past eight years he has specialized in decorative painting, creating faux fur wall panels and transforming dull surfaces with Art Deco graphics. *Client:* Nicholas A. Calder

Jane Millett
10 Downing St.
New York, NY 10014
(212) 924-6263 By appointment
Millett has an exceptional range of talents. In addition to designing sushi-shaped furniture for Mick Jagger and Jerry Hall, she has stenciled and gilded walls with Egyptian-style friezes, created mural-size knockoffs of paintings from Canaletto to Léger, and added a Bauhaus-inspired patina to the New York nightclub Big Haus

Antonio Romano
480 Broadway
New York, NY 10012
(212) 941-1452 By appointment
When art critics announced the death of fresco painting about five years ago, Antonio Romano rebelled. He relearned the art taught him by his parents as a child and then began teaching others, restoring chapels, and taking private commissions. Some of his most graceful renderings are copies of works by Tiepolo and Veronese.

Anne Gray Harris Design Studio



FABRIC

Samuel Beckenstein
130 Orchard St.
New York, NY 10002
(212) 475-4525
With the "largest selection of fabrics in the world," this Lower East Side store has grown significantly since 1918, when Sam Beckenstein began doing business from a pushcart. Fabrics and wallcoverings are available at wholesale prices. As an additional service, Beckenstein will make upholstery, bedspreads, window treatments, and pillows on premises.

Far Eastern Fabrics
171 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10016
(212) 683-2623
It may be difficult to imagine that a place which sells saris would also be a great source for fabrics. But in fact Far Eastern Fabrics has an excellent selection of exotic Java batiks, madras plaids, and beautifully woven silks, many of which are appropriate for home furnishings.

Hermes Leather
45 West 34 St.
New York, NY 10001
(212) 947-1153
Since taking over the company a year ago, Bob Katz and Ralph Elias have expanded Hermes's upholstery lines. They've added plongé cowhide, which feels like lambskin but is as durable and as large as cowhide, as well as giant hides of Italian Cuoietto Lucido, which look like antique burnished leather. They sell hides in sizable quantities but will also offer just one skin.

Home Textiles
132-A Spring St.
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Christian Schlumberger
1270 Third Ave.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 879-5530
For a swatch of Paris in New York, Christian Schlumberger can provide the goods—sophisticated European fabrics, tassels, and trims. The staff, all well versed in design, will make house calls for consultations. And its workroom will carry out the scheme for anything from upholstered walls to duvet covers.

FRAMING

Bark Frameworks
85 Grand St.
New York, NY 10013
(212) 431-9080 By appointment
Since Jared Bark started making simple blond wood frames to support himself as an artist in the 1970s, the business has grown to include two partners and a large line of contemporary examples in exotic woods and welded metal with patinated finishes. The company is also known for its work as a modern art conservation framer. *Clients:* Leo Castelli, Museum of Modern Art, Whitney Museum

Antique Conservation



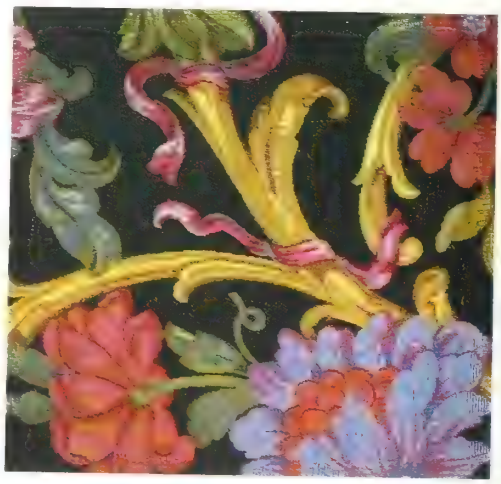
House of Heydenryk
417 East 76 St.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 249-4903
With over 3,000 antique and reproduction frames lining its shelves, House of Heydenryk is capable of obliging even the most exacting customer. Now run by the fourth generation of the Heydenryk family, the firm has been in business since 1845 providing frames to such clients as Katharine Hepburn and Lauren Bacall. Copies of Hepburn's and Bacall's frames, as well as ones made for Picasso's last show, are still available along with others dating back to the Renaissance. *Clients:* National Gallery of Art, Parish-Hadley

Julius Lowy Frame & Restoring Co.
28 West End Ave.
New York, NY 10023
(212) 586-2050
Lowy boasts one of the city's most extensive collections of antique frames (over 6,000) as well as beautifully hand-carved reproduction frames of all periods. It also restores antique frames, giltwood furniture, and works of art—services that have expanded since Lowy combined forces with another esteemed framer, D. Matt. *Clients:* Mario Buatta, Christie's, Peter Marino, Juan Montoya, Parish-Hadley, Sotheby's

GILDING

Antique Conservation
408 West 14 St.
New York, NY 10014
(212) 645-8693 By appointment
With eighteen years' experience, Maryalice Huggins heads up this small studio in Manhattan's meat-packing district. One of her most glamorous commissions was restoring a solid-gold chaise longue that once belonged to Marie Antoinette. The workshop's specialty is conserving antique furniture, frames, mirrors, and decorative objects. *Clients:* Christie's, Parish-Hadley, Rosenberg & Stiebel, Israel Sack

Society of Gilders
42 Maple Place
Nutley, NJ 07110
(201) 667-5251
For an extensive list of gilders nationwide with expertise ranging from decorative and architectural work to manuscripts (and even food and fire trucks), contact the Society of Gilders, which also publishes a newsletter. Highly recommended New York gilders include Fitzkaplan (212) 925-2457, Boyd/Reath (212) 925-1604, and Sheelin Wilson (212) 873-4344.



Home Textiles

HARDWARE

P. E. Guerin
23 Jane St.
New York, NY 10014
(212) 243-5270 By appointment
Guerin's dusty showroom is filled with the original glass cases from which the company has been selling custom hardware since 1857. The cases overflow with geometric Art Deco doorknobs, sinuous Art Nouveau hinges, acanthus leaf tiebacks, Empire keyholes, Louis XVI flush cups, modern rocklike faucets, available in over twenty

ANDREW GARN



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800 Central Blvd., Carlstadt, NJ 07072
Telephone 201 438 8444

Lee Jofa/Groundworks Showrooms:
Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Detroit, High Point, Honolulu, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C., Toronto, London.

verde antique, French silver, and polished nickel. Ancient pattern books stacked to the ceiling provide an endless source of ideas for those who want to design their own hardware. *Clients:* David Easton, Mark Hampton, Robert A. M. Stern

Simon's Hardware
421 Third Ave.
New York, NY 10016
(212) 532-9220
The undistinguished storefront of Simon's gives way to a busy no-nonsense showroom offering top names in quality hardware for cabinets, doors, and bathroom fixtures.



Home Textiles

With over 100,000 items in stock, its selection from lines such as Baldwin is comprehensive. Most fixtures can be delivered within a week or two, but imported ones may take longer.

LAMPSHADES

Abat-Jours
240 East 56 St.
New York, NY 10022
(212) 753-5455 To the trade only
Owner Patricia Sullivan is so enthusiastic about lampshades that you would think the light on which she's lavishing so much attention is the eternal one. Every frame is handmade, every stitch hand-stitched. One favorite is a paper shade with pinpricks outlining curly bows. Its flesh-colored inner lining casts a rosy glow.

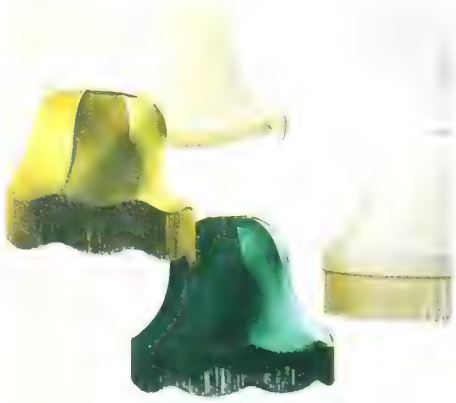
Oriental Lamp Shade
816 Lexington Ave.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 832-8190
In a shoebox-size shop, behind rows of commercial lampshades of every dimension, owner Ron Murakami gives advice to the lamplorn about proportions, lines, fabrics, and colors of handmade shades. In addition to making specialty custom shades in silk, paper, and laminated material, Murakami will mount lamps, turning a treasured vase into a new light fixture. *Clients:* William Diamond, Feldman-Hagan

Ruth Vitow
351 East 61 St.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 355-6881 To the trade only
"No problem" is the refrain that echoes throughout a conversation with Ruth Vitow. "You bring a lamp, any kind of lamp, and I'll design a shade that's right for it, no problem," she insists. A former model and sculptor, Vitow made her first shade in the 1940s on a whim for an art exhibition. A prescient friend saw the shade and suggested Vitow go into business, which she did promptly and successfully. *Clients:* Dorothy Draper & Co., Noel Jeffrey

LIGHTING

Gem Monogram
628 Broadway
New York, NY 10012
(212) 674-8960
If a chandelier breaks during a move or a pendant disappears, Gem Monogram will undoubtedly find replacement parts in its inventory of several hundred thousand items. On shelf after shelf in the workroom, cardboard boxes are lined up, each with one crystal dangling over the edge. Hundreds of S-shaped chandelier arms hang from racks, and an array of lighting hardware is suspended from pegboards. In the showroom antique chandeliers are displayed alongside newer creations by partners Martin Noren and Eric Zelwian. *Clients:* D'Aquino-Humphreys, David Easton

Lighting Associates
305 East 63 St.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 751-0575 To the trade only
This firm offers a spectacular range of contemporary Italian designs, including fixtures by Venini, Vignelli for Casigliani, Magistretti for O'Luce Italia, and Lumina. "The Italians are not only the most creative designers," says Lighting Associates' owner Donn Golden, "they are always the first to experiment with new lighting technology. They were at the forefront of halogen lamps and are now at the cutting edge of fiber optics." There is a lamp in the shape of a ladder leaning against a wall, and its bulb, on the top rung, fills the ceiling with light. Another is a table model on rollers which looks like the vertebrae of a snake cast in metal. *Clients:* Museum of Modern Art, Rainbow Room



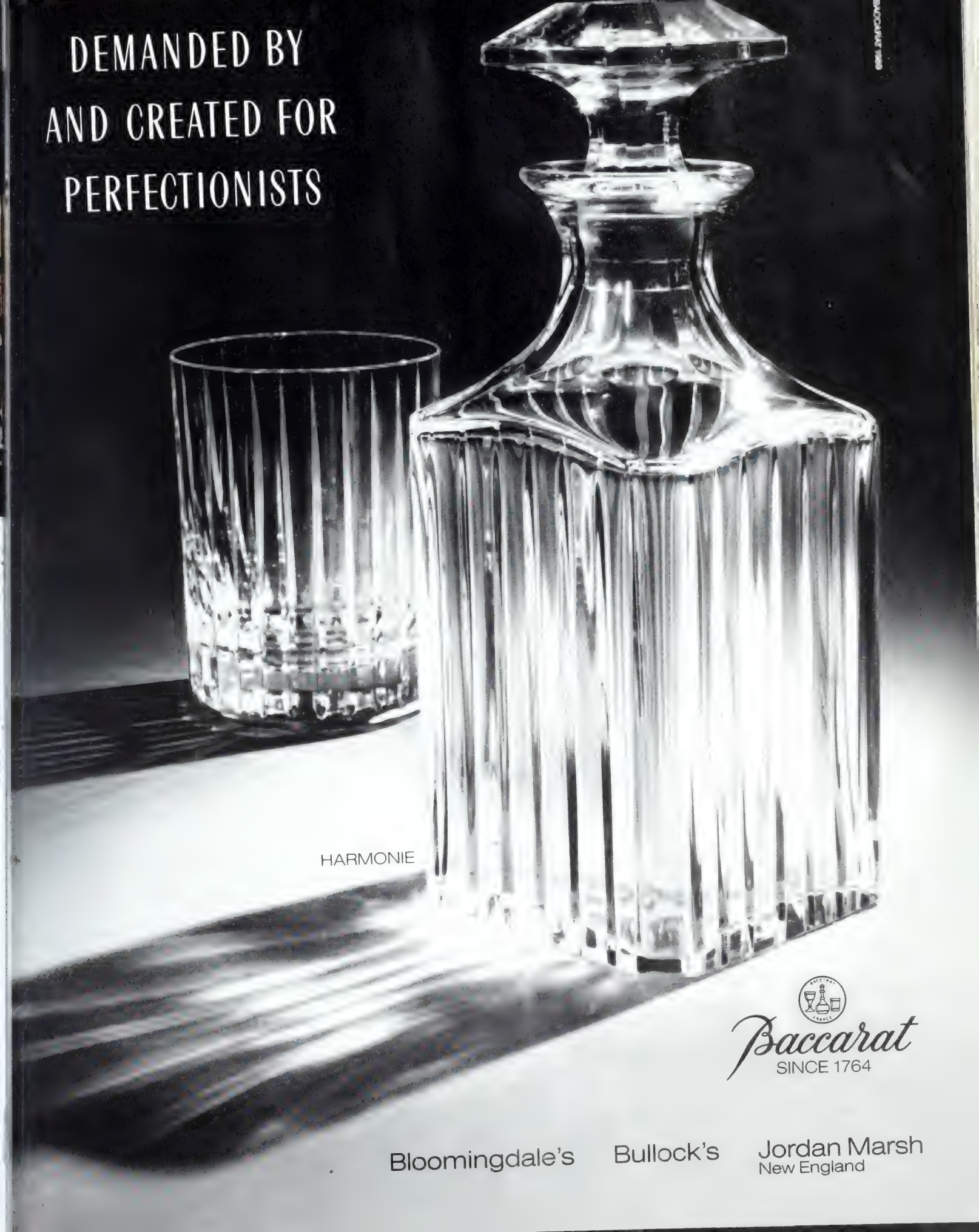
Oriental Lamp Shade



Gem Monogram

Lighting Center
1097 Second Ave.
New York, NY 10022
(212) 888-0571
As a distributor of 35 to 40 different types of lamps, the store is a resource decorators mention frequently. Bins of extension cords, plugs, timers, and dimmers hang on the wall in the front; many models of lamps are found in the room behind. Just around the corner, the Lighting Center has a to-the-trade-only showroom featuring top-of-the-line items.

R. B. Company
809 Broadway
New York, NY 10003
(212) 674-8855 By appointment
The setup here is something like a speakeasy during Prohibition: you walk into Blatt Billiards, ask for Roscoe, and then one of


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Aileron

the salespeople checks to see if you can descend into the basement where Roscoe works. In this cramped space Roscoe re-creates Victorian fixtures, repairs and rewires chandeliers, sconces, lamps, and bronzes, and, not surprisingly, makes light fixtures for pool tables. *Clients:* Howard Kaplan Antiques, Stephen Sills

LINEN

Anichini La Collezione
150 Fifth Ave.
New York, NY 10011
(212) 633-0788 By appointment
With a gift for elegant design and the cooperation of some of Italy's finest manufacturers, Patrizia Anichini and Susan Dollenmaier have developed a stunning collection of contemporary bed, bath, and table linens. Pale-colored towels are made to ripple like damask, dark-colored table linens take on the richness of velvet. *Clients:* Mark Hampton, Santo Loquasto

Ann Lawrence Antiques
250 West 39 St.
New York, NY 10018
(212) 302-4036 By appointment
With eight racks of over 10,000 pieces of linen, lace, and tulle from 1820 to 1930, Ann Lawrence—who also manages to have a successful career as an evening-wear designer—says she became hooked on the stuff years ago. Now she offers an extraordinary selection of sheets, pillowcases, tablecloths, napkins, hand towels, and textiles. She is expert at dyeing and adapting and will transform white linens to tea-colored ones, twin sheets to queen size. *Clients:* Robert Metzger, set designers for *Black and Blue* and *Tango Argentina*

Brook Hill Linens
698 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 688-1113
This small second-floor shop will make duvet covers, bed skirts, pillows, and shams to order in high-quality floral damask, satin stripes, and Italian embossed piqués. Among the most striking is Great Scot!, a black and white plaid on a linenlike cotton. Next year Brook Hill will get under the covers, expanding its line of sheets.

David Forster & Co.
35 West 57 St.
New York, NY 10019
(212) 753-9696 By appointment
Son of the owner of Léron, a not-so-secret source for linens, David Forster has stayed in the family business but taken on a more adventurous clientele of decorators and architects. Once they've chosen a scheme, Forster designs linens to match. He makes house calls—anywhere from the White House (he did the Reagans' linens) to your house. *Client:* Robert Metzger



Anichini La Collezione

N-K-A Fine Linens & Textiles
900 Broadway
New York, NY 10003
(212) 995-9050 To the trade only
Attention to detail is what distinguishes Nancy Koltes's custom sheets. Pleats are adorned with small pearl buttons, soutache embroidery graces damask, delicate lace dresses the ends of pillowcases. Her most recent achievement is a high-quality ready-made line just out in fine department stores and boutiques. *Clients:* Victoria Borus, Cullman & Kravis, Mary Dial Design

Françoise Nunnalle
105 West 55 St.
New York, NY 10019
(212) 246-4281 To the trade only
Decorators swear by Françoise Nunnalle. Her apartment, which doubles as a showroom, is all atmosphere and antique linens. Opera music plays in the background as sheets, pillowcases, textile pillows, and bedcovers spill out of cupboards, closets, and drawers. If you're looking for seventeenth-century Belgian lace or embroidered Victorian tablecloths, Nunnalle is the one who has them. *Clients:* Gary Crain, Peter Marino, Dennis W. Rolland

METALWORKING

Aileron
16 Powers St.
Brooklyn, NY 11211
(718) 963-1032 To the trade only
A walk-in steel birdcage for a client on Gramercy Park and a bridge that appears to be floating between two walls are representative of the range of Aileron's projects. The modern aesthetic of metalsmiths R. Carroll Todd and Katherine Biddinger can transform stove hoods and stair rails—objects that seem to be design-free—into sculptural statements. *Clients:* Anderson/Schwartz, Architects, Frank Lupo & Daniel Rowen, Architects



Françoise Nunnalle

Cooke Metalwork
55 Bethune St.
New York, NY 10014
(212) 691-1365 By appointment
Alvin Cooke's training in the fine arts is revealed in his metalwork. The spiral chairs he made for artist Elenora Trigaboff, for instance, function both as sculpture and seating. Architects and designers ask him to fabricate grills, tables, and railings, or to fix broken pieces. *Client:* Steven Holl, Architects


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Photographed by Sheila Metzner Agency Krishenbaum & Bond boussac of france

[illegible] Studio
153 Franklin St.
[illegible] York, NY 10013
(212) 431-8424 By appointment
More avant-garde than most, Garvey has created custom pieces for the past fifteen years. A set of table and chairs looks like a sorcerer's hat made out of a jungle gym. On the other hand, Garvey can be more restrained: recently he completed the dome for St. Michael's Church. He will act as design consultant for a variety of metalwork, including fire grates and tools, lamps, gates, stair rails, and mirror frames. *Client:* William Diamond Design

Tringali Ironworks
401 Greenwich St.
New York, NY 10013
(212) 925-2137 By appointment
If an indispensable part of your antique printing press is broken, this is the shop to fix it. Tringali, a business that has been in the same family since 1925, will also make anything that can be fabricated in iron, including gates, window guards, and tree guards. *Client:* Stephen Sills

Wainland's
351 East 61 St.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 838-3385 To the trade only
Don Wainland is one of the most established metal fabricators and repairmen. His work has earned him prized positions in Park Avenue apartments and museum collections—a table he made, designed by Ted Williams, is in a branch of the Whitney Museum of American Art. "One of my most interesting jobs," says Wainland, "was a shower that cost $60,000." *Clients:* Robert A. M. Stern, Peter Marino

S. Chapell





PASSEMENTERIE

Houlès
979 Third Ave.
New York, NY 10022
(212) 935-3900 To the trade only
This family-run company got its first big break when an early Houlès struck up a friendship with playwright Molière, whose father happened to be tapestry maker to Louis XIV. The family has since become known throughout the world for its quality craftsmanship in tassels and trims. In addition to 30 passementerie designs in at least 25 colors, Houlès offers hardware that would have been appropriate for the set of *Star Wars*—one finial looks like a satellite dish, another like nuts and bolts. *Clients:* David Easton, Jay Spectre

Tinsel Trading
47 West 38 St.
New York, NY 10018
(212) 730-1030
One bonus of being in business for over fifty years, as Tinsel Trading will attest, is that some of the overstock is bound to come back in fashion. It has a superb selection of original 1930s and '40s trim, cord, braid, and fringe that shimmer with metallic thread. Contemporary fringe, appliqué, tiebacks, and gimp are also in abundant supply at reasonable prices. *Clients:* Robert Currie, Peter Marino, Juan Montoya, John Saladino

Le Decor Français
1006 Lexington Ave.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 734-0032
Stocked with custom-made tassels, exclusive giltwood finials, curtain poles and fabrics, Le Décor Français gets much of its merchandise from Trade France, long a decorators-only source envied by those without appropriate credentials. French



Le Décor Français

decorators François Catroux and Henri Samuel adorn their projects with Trade France trimmings, and now so can all eager customers. The workroom of Le Décor Français can execute any design.

RUGS

Beyond the Bosphorus
79 Sullivan St.
New York, NY 10012
(212) 219-8257
Located in Greenwich Village, Beyond the Bosphorus requires a trip beyond the boundaries of the rug district, but decorators say it's worth it. Owner Ismail Basbagi brings back handmade antique and not-so-antique kilims from Turkey and has about 500 examples in the store. He will also shop for customers' specific requests when he's abroad. *Client:* Gillette-Shadley Designs

S. Chapell
1019 Lexington Ave.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 744-7872
"We have the best selection of needlepoint rugs anywhere in the world," says owner Sonia Chapell. Her rugs are made in Spain by a two-hundred-year-old factory that has an equally old pattern library from which alternate designs can be chosen. *Client:* John Robert Moore

Elizabeth Eakins
1053 Lexington Ave.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 628-1950
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Elizabeth Jackson

proclaim the many possibilities of handwoven rugs and the virtues of plump wool. Eakins's genius lies in her custom work for clients. She can copy colors from fabric swatches with stunning accuracy and will design patterns to match. *Clients:* Mark Hampton, Parish-Hadley, Robert A. M. Stern, Bunny Williams

Elizabeth Jackson
92 Horatio St.
New York, NY 10014
(212) 989-8734 By appointment
Possessed of a strong sculptural integrity, this artist's rugs are worthy of a new category: floor art. Jackson's brightly colored, anything-but-square imagery, ranging from boomerangs to winding roads, developed out of her experiments with painting cutouts. Much of her current work is commissioned by private clients.

STONE

Empire State Marble
207 East 110 St.
New York, NY 10029
(212) 534-2307
"Empire is very old-world," says James Huniford, an associate of decorator Stephen Sills. "It's a family shop and they still close for lunch." Two sons of the third generation are taking charge, making dresser tops, tabletops, kitchen counters, even marble saddles. *Client:* Stephen Sills

New York Marble Works
1399 Park Ave.
New York, NY 10029
(212) 534-2242
Another third-generation shop, New York Marble is known for its repair work. It also offers more than 350 kinds of marble. *Clients:* Christie's, Ann LeConey, Metropolitan Museum of Art, Sotheby's

Stone Source
135 Fifth Ave.
New York, NY
(212) 979-
An aggressive young firm, Stone Source tries to best the competition by stocking both common and exotic marbles. Black, which it reports is the color of the moment, is available in several subtle shades, from Georgian Jet Mist to Bronzino, a granite highlighted with specks of bronze. It works primarily with architects, but there is someone on staff who will advise on tile and cut-to-size work. *Clients:* Florence Perchuk & Associates, Michael de Santis

UPHOLSTERING

Devon Shops
111 East 27 St.
New York, NY 10016
(212) 686-1760
Known for reproductions of French styles, Devon Shops started out sixty years ago as an importer of furniture frames. But when the owners found themselves modifying pieces for clients, they decided to employ carvers in this country so that the company could make its own frames and then upholster them. Devon Shops also provides a service for clients without a decorator.

Mark Evan Design Collection
969 Third Ave.
New York, NY 10022
(212) 644-7007 To the trade only
"I'm one of the few who will make almost any classic—like the Syrie Maugham love seat or the Charles of London chair—and you don't need to reach for the smelling salts after the price is quoted," says the young proprietor, Mark Evan. He likes to work closely with his clients and asks an infinite number of questions before beginning a project. Customers might not leave his showroom with a sofa, but, he says, "they will leave knowing the difference between good and bad work." *Clients:* Carleton V, Zajac & Callahan

Mike Milillo Interiors
207 East 84 St.
New York, NY 10028
(212) 744-9139 To the trade only
This small workroom, run by Mike Milillo with the help of his wife, will execute any window treatment, fulfill any sofa dream. His customers, including prominent decorators, recommend Milillo's work for its price and quality.

Ronald Jonas Interiors



Ronald Jonas Interiors
44 West 18 St.
New York, NY 10011
(212) 691-2778 To the trade only
Specializing in a style it calls Fringlish (French and English), Jonas Interiors is revered for its overstuffed look—a typical armchair is stuffed with twenty pounds of horsehair and then wrapped in twelve pounds of pure down. Says Steven Jonas, grandson of the founder, "It's only a matter of time before my grandchildren will be re-covering the pieces my father first made." The sofas are meant to be passed down like heirlooms Jonas also has a curtain workshop, but for the moment it is not able to take on new clients. *Client:* Mark Hampton



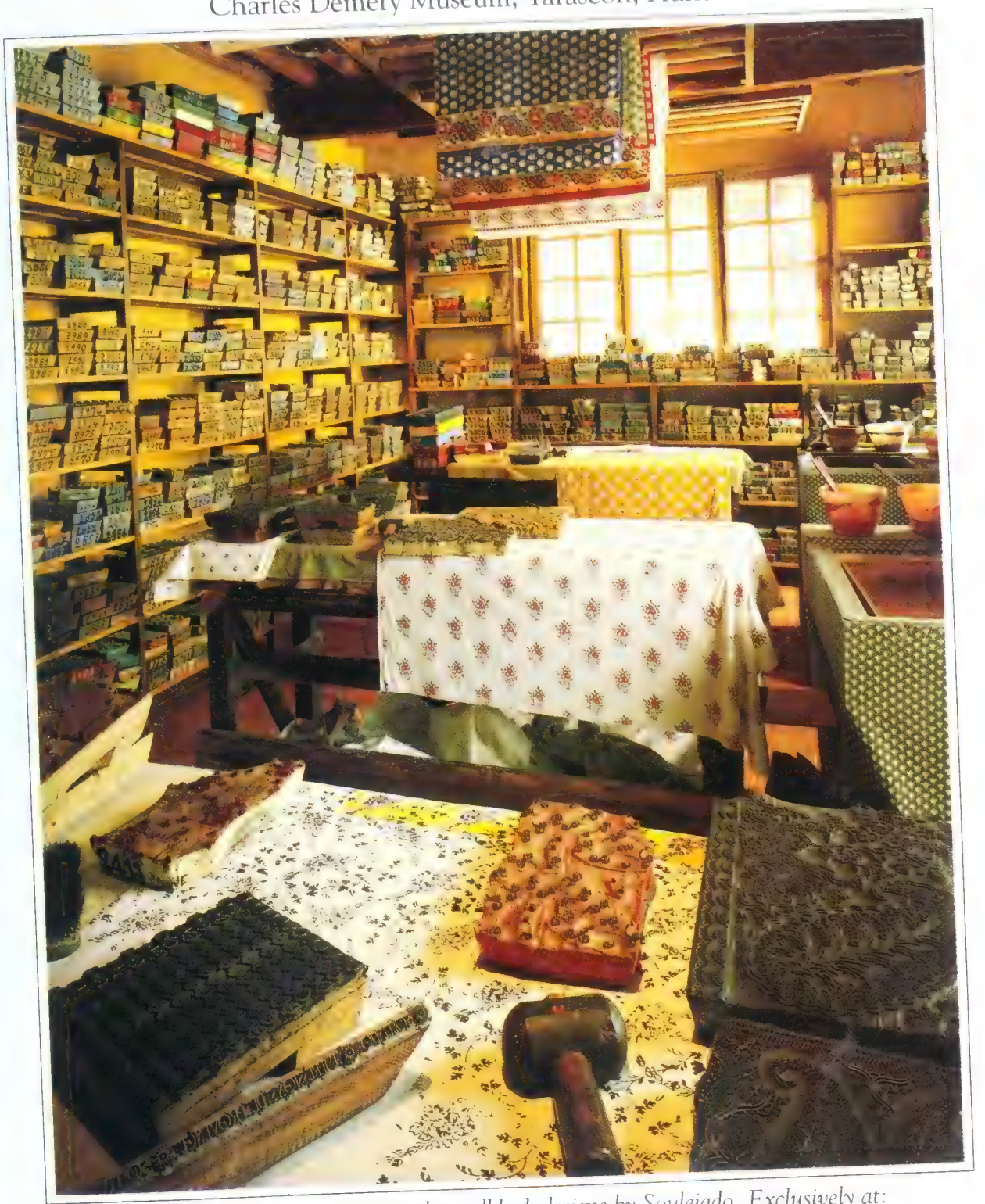
Ronald Jonas Interiors

Versailles Drapery & Upholstery
37 East 18 St.
New York, NY 10003
(212) 533-2059
"Upholstering is a very complex art," says Bernard Fischer, one of three brothers who run Versailles. Using techniques passed on from their family in France, the brothers and their associates meticulously restore, rebuild, and reupholster antique furniture, stripping each piece to its frame to assess the strength of the wood. They will custom-build pieces for clients who give them an original design.

Stylist: Anne Foxley

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ART CONSERVATION

Appelbaum & Himmelstein
444 Central Park West
New York, NY 10025
(212) 666-4630
With a specialty in ethnographic art—Precolumbian artifacts, African and Native American objects, and Oceanic art—co-owners Barbara Appelbaum and Paul Himmelstein sometimes end up with unusual commissions, such as the conservation of an Egyptian mummy. "We usually don't work on the mummy itself," Appelbaum says. "But even when you're restoring the case, it feels a bit strange."

New York Conservation Associates
By appointment
(212) 594-8862
Rustin Levenson and Harriet Irgang oversee a team of specialists who at any one time might be working on a Jasper Johns, a Fairfield Porter, and a Toulouse-Lautrec. In the case of a damaged piece by a living artist, New York Conservation often makes the structural repairs and then invites the artist to restore the work. They also accept on-site commissions. For example, conservators stayed in Lee Krasner and Jackson Pollock's house in East Hampton, New York, to remove the floor in Pollock's studio and restore the original paint-splattered one underneath. *Clients:* AT&T, Exxon, Whitney Museum

Charles von Nostitz
361 West 36 St.
New York, NY 10018
(212) 465-9837
This conservator has a contradictory reputation—some believe that he works only on old-master paintings, others that he works only on modern art. In fact, von Nostitz, who studied at New York University's conservation school and the Metropolitan Museum, is qualified to do both. Innumerable eighteenth-century canvases as well as paintings by Hans Hofmann have passed through his studio. He spends about a quarter of his time at auction houses with clients who solicit advice before bidding. *Clients:* Citibank Art Advisory Service, André Emmerich

Martina Yamin
By appointment
(212) 532-6957
A conservator of works of art on paper from any period, Yamin adheres to the stringent code of ethics subscribed to by professionals in the field: every step is photographed, from pretreatment to the finished piece, and every chemical enumerated. She is able to determine and describe to clients what the work will look like when completed—but not every problem can be solved. "The most exciting moment," she says, "is when you unglue something on an acidic backing and discover an equally interesting image on the other side. I once found a Klee on the back of another Klee."

FURNITURE RESTORATION

Joseph Biunno
129 West 29 St.
New York, NY 10001
(212) 629-5630
A superb third-generation craftsman, Biunno also has a talent for marketing. When he moved from his father's tiny shop three years ago to a larger space where he could

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reasoned. His expertise lies in French polishing, water gilding, and repairing; he also has a comprehensive selection of finials, curtain rings, and table legs, all of which are magnificently hand-carved. Yet another specialty is picking antique locks and making replacement keys. *Clients:* David Easton, Parish-Hadley

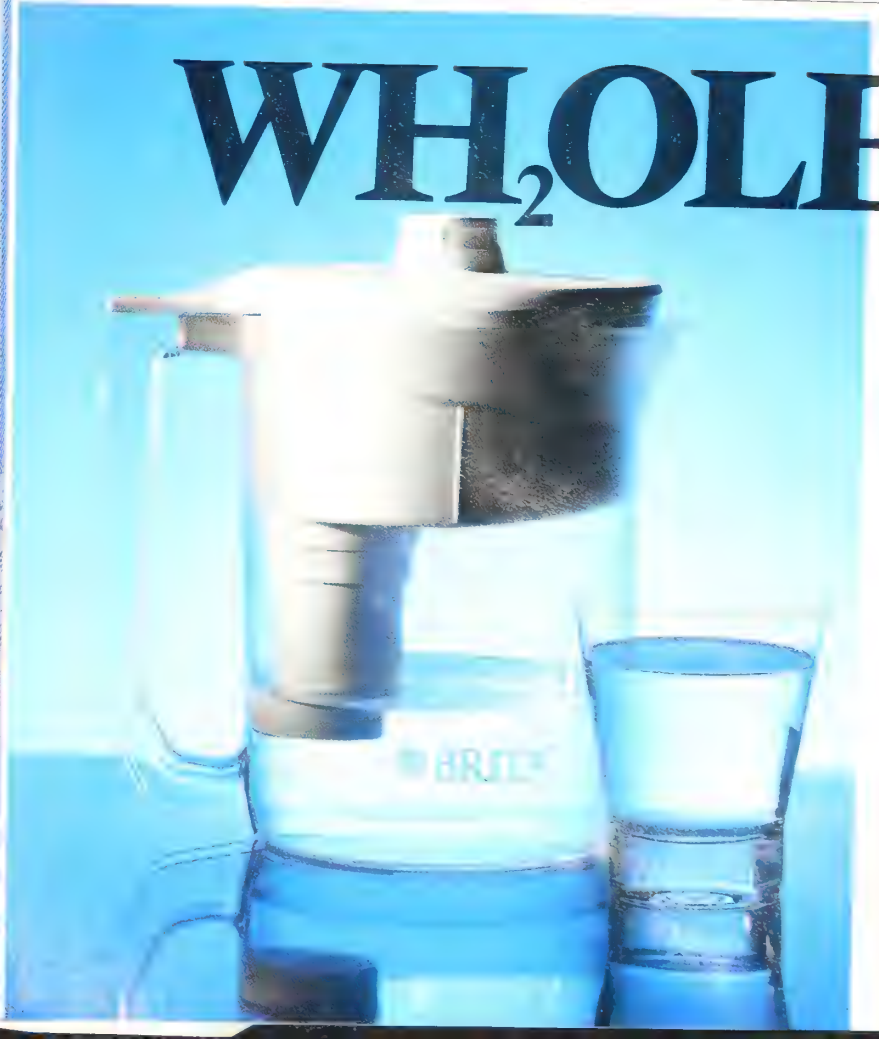
Richard Moller
RR 1, Box 92
Upper Shad Rd.
Pound Ridge, NY 10576
(914) 764-0121
If you speak to him during the day, Richard Moller is probably talking to you from his car phone. He makes house calls and spends much of his time shuttling between his shop in Westchester and his clients in New York. "Sometimes you can cause more damage by moving a piece," he says. After more than fifteen years' experience with Sotheby's Restoration, which he helped start, and Thorpe Brothers, Richard Moller set out on his own four years ago. He specializes in seventeenth- and eighteenth-century European furniture. *Clients:* Mark Hampton, John Saladino

Regency Restorations
220 West 19 St.
New York, NY 10011
(212) 989-0780
As its name suggests, this workshop excels in fine-tuning eighteenth-century English furniture. Experience at Oxford Restoration and Crown Restoration prepared owner Yoav Spicehandler for a wide range of tasks: gilding, cabinetmaking, veneering, carving, japanning, and brass work. And for out-of-town clients, the company provides trucking and shipping services. *Client:* J. Garvin Mecking Antiques

Timothy Riordan
423 West 55 St.
New York, NY 10019
(212) 581-3033
On Timothy Riordan's answering machine there is a message from time to time thanking callers for their interest and explaining that he won't be able to take on any new work for a few months. But satisfied customers and admiring competitors alike claim that he is a perfectionist and his work is worth the wait. Riordan restores, conserves, and French polishes period furniture. He will reconstruct a black lacquer bureau, a Louis XV marquetry commode or reassemble a Biedermeier cabinet that has fallen into disrepair. *Clients:* Donghia Associates, Noel Jeffrey

Eli C. Rios
515 West 29 St.
New York, NY 10001
(212) 643-0388
Conservation of antique finishes is the key to Eli Rios's success. A former student of the wood conservation program at the Smithsonian Institution, he still uses the museum's laboratories to analyze finishes of furniture he is working on. Rios is often entrusted with complicated jobs that involve making repairs and also preserving the original patina, which is essential to the value of the piece. In addition to a number of cabinetmakers, polishers, and a gilder, his staff includes a lacquerer, whom Rios insists is the best in New York. *Clients:* Leigh Keno, Florian Papp

Miguel Saco
536 East 11 St.
New York, NY 10009
(212) 995-0585
If the French Art Deco classics by Jacques-Émile Ruhlmann, Jean-Michel Frank, and Jean Dunand look particularly sumptuous at New York's DeLorenzo Gallery, it's thanks in part to Miguel Saco's expert touch. Saco, who trained in Spain and came to the United States eight years ago, is equally adept at restoring nineteenth-century American designs. *Clients:* DeLorenzo Gallery, Hirschl & Adler Galleries



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Pictured: The "Remembrance" oak (or cherry) triple chime curio grandfather clock.

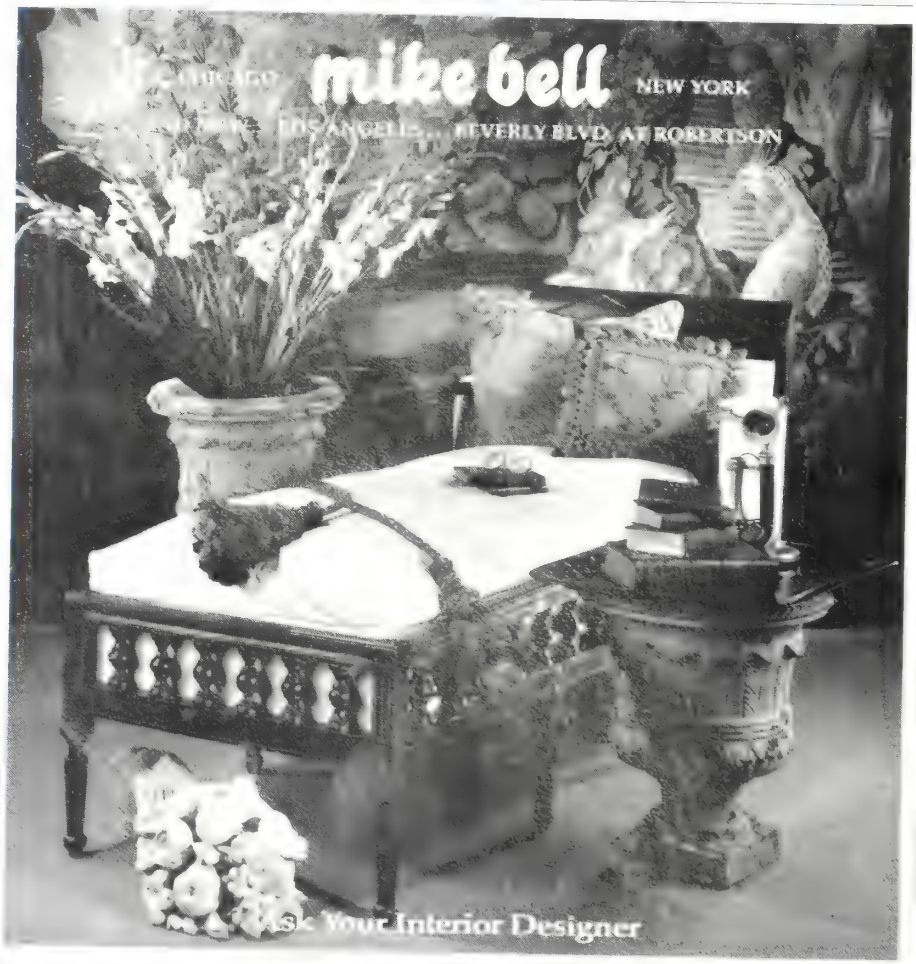
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GLASS RESTORATION

Art Cut Glass Studio
RD 1, Box 10, Fawn Drive
Matawan, NJ 07747
(201) 583-7648
Owner Antonin Jochec does glass repair with a creative flair. He is inundated with work from Steuben as well as from private clients whose Gallé vase or Tiffany lamp has been damaged. Jochec's own designs, which are similar in style to Steuben's, include bas-relief portraits—one client wanted a likeness of President Ford preserved in glass. *Clients:* Baccarat, Tiffany & Co.

Glass Restoration
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When Mark Hampton needed help restoring the rugs at Blair House, the White House's official guest residence, he turned to Phillip Costikyan, whose family has been in the rug conservation business for four generations. With an emphasis on one-on-one attention to customers, the firm will restore and repair priceless Orientals, kilims, tapestries, Aubussons, and Savonneries, among others. *Clients:* Ann LeConey, Rosecore

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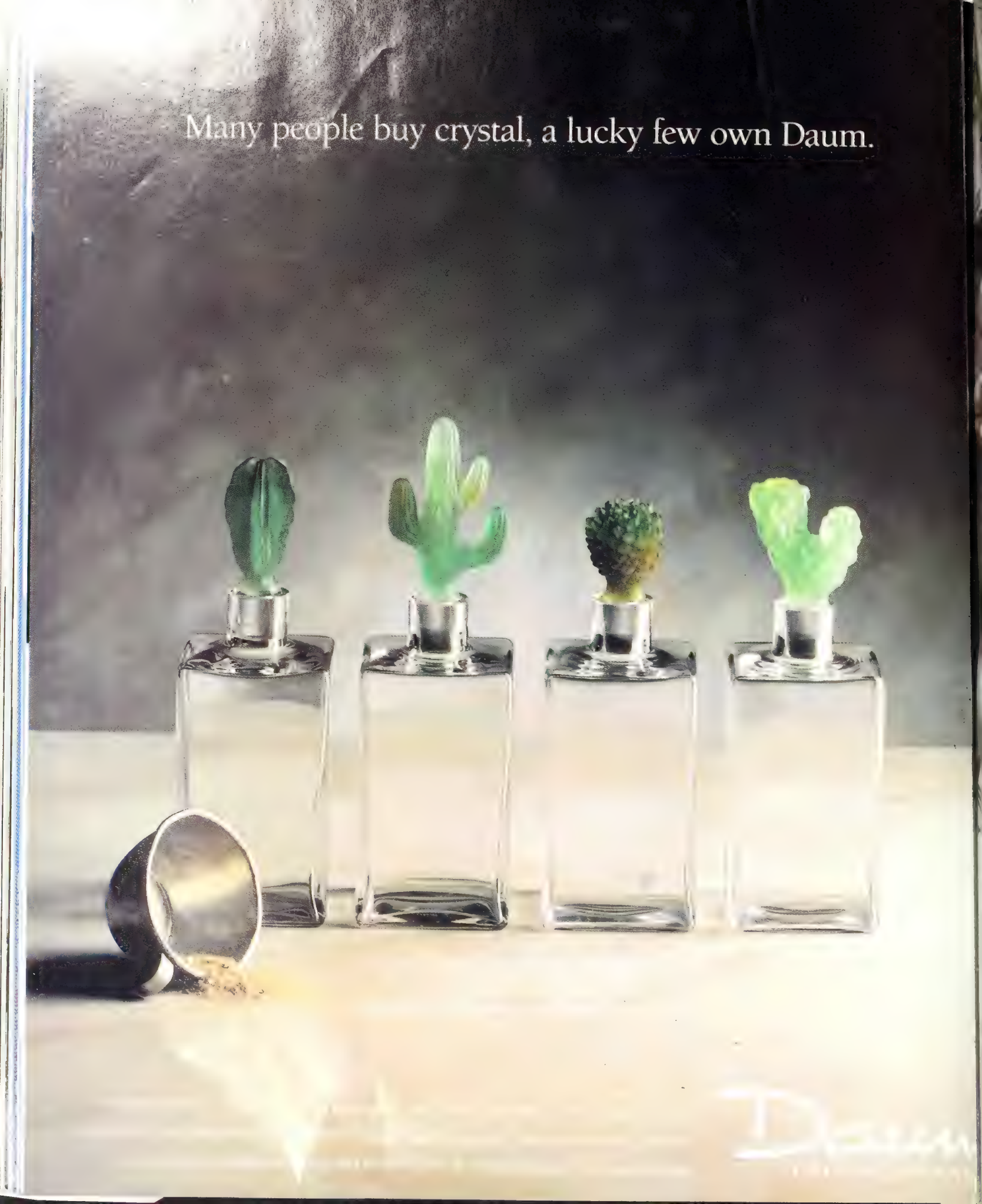


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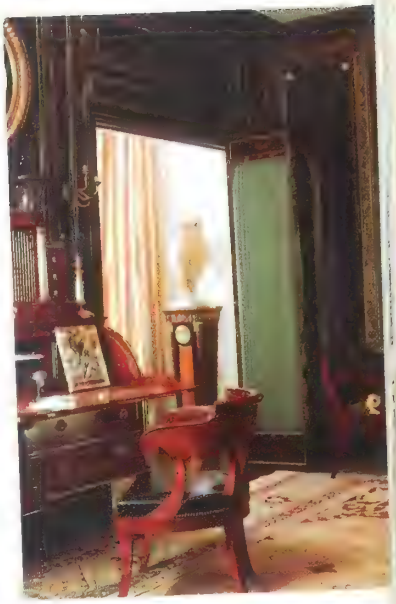
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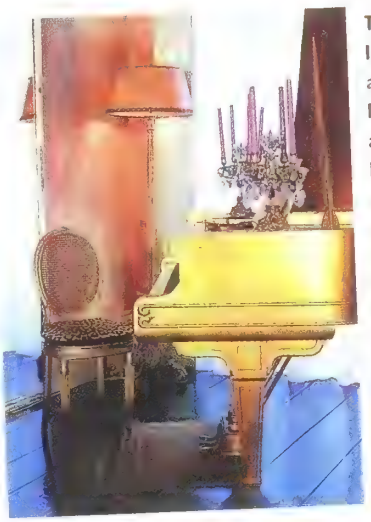
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EDITOR'S PAGE

OCTOBER 1989



Strolling along Madison Avenue in the 60s or on West Broadway in SoHo, it is easy to forget exactly where one is—London, Paris, or Rome. Diversity is at the very heart of New York and of HG's New York issue, which starts uptown with Sister Parish's distinctly American statement for a preeminent New Yorker possessed of Picassos, Matisses, and Monets and then heads downtown to a spectacular loft with a landmark collection of 1980s art. Energy, excitement, opportunity are buzzwords when it comes to describing New York, for these are the qualities that draw people like novelist Jay McInerney and writer Dominick Dunne, superagent Lynn Nesbit, and publishers Joni Evans of Random House and Nancy Evans of Doubleday. But there's another, more intimate side of the city—it's home to families like rock guitarist Mick Jones, his wife, Ann, and their five children as well as advertising wunderkind Peter Arnell, his wife, writer Sara Nolan, and two-month-old Lucy. And as our cover story so beautifully illustrates, there are apartments of such charm, allure, and comfort that they are every bit as much a retreat as a house deep in the woods. There could be no more fertile environment for decorators, such as the young and gifted Stephen Sills, Keith Irvine, Stephen Mallory, David Kleinberg of Parish-Hadley, Kevin McNamara, and celebrity architect-decorator Peter Marino, whose dizzying rise to the top is chronicled in an exclusive interview by HG executive editor Charles Gandee. Ingrid Sischy considers New York an inspiration and subject for art, while William Norwich traces New York's drolly personal effect on some of its celebrated constituents and Jane Kramer charts the upward climb of aspirants to New York society. We also offer roundups of hotels, florists, and decorators' best-kept-secret sources. This clash and clamor of stories is meant to convey the exhilaration of October in New York.



The grand library interior, above, of a Fifth Avenue apartment by Peter Marino and the inviting salon, left, of Michael O'Donoghue's West Side town house epitomize two of the many different styles found throughout New York.

Editor in Chief

A Very Private Collection

Sister Parish draws upon a friend's family treasures for a grand riverside apartment. By John Richardson Photographs by William Waldron

The owner of this apartment overlooking the East River prefers to remain anonymous, but the decorator's identity cannot be kept secret. No one else in America does a room with such patrician aplomb, such life-enhancing charm, such a lack of gimmickry or trendiness. No one but Sister Parish.

According to one of her many devoted clients, Sister is at her very best when working for (it might be more accurate to say with) a great friend—like the owner of this apartment. Sister knows exactly the impact that her friends want their rooms to make, the atmosphere they want to evoke. God forbid that the effect should ever be opulent or showy—what the French call *tape-à-l'oeil*. However, certain rooms have to be more intimate or formal, summery or wintry, classic or romantic than others. And Sister knows just how to achieve this. She knows where her clients will want to converse, nap, play cards, drink, or write letters and how subtly to define those areas. Remember, too, that Sister is a consummate hostess in her own right and a wit of formidable repute. Decorating is not something she ever had to learn. Like her other social graces, it is instinctive.

Her clients' way of life had better approximate Sister's. For when doing up a house for people who are not as yet friends, she can be daunting. She is even rumored to embark on a new job by wheeling a tea trolley through room after room and piling it with things that "won't do"—things she considers pretentious, mingy, or triste. Tycoons have been known to quail as the tea trolley comes remorselessly back again



On a terrace overlooking New York's East River, John Gregory's bronze *Philomela* [illegible] her wings between cast-iron [illegible] seats in the Rococo style.





...g room
...asso's
Tomato Plant in Front of a Window, a Redon flower painting above a Régence commode, a Corot landscape near a Gothick bookcase, and Braque's *Beach Scene* above Henri Edmond Cross's *Woman Embroidering*.







and again for their unlovely possessions. In the present case the problem was the reverse: too many treasures.

This apartment embodies all of Sister's qualities as a decorator. It also reflects in no uncertain way the character of the client rather than that of the decorator. "At least I hope it does," says Sister. It was done in a hurry, she explains. Subway construction nearby had driven the owners out of a much larger house. However, with such wonderful paintings, furniture, and objects to draw on—storerooms full of family things going back for generations—the job went quickly and smoothly. "Carpets were one of the few items we had to shop for."

Sister sees her old friend as a romantic. Whenever she works for her, as she has again and again over the past 25 years, she tries to stress this aspect. "Easy when someone is totally sure of her taste." She likes everything to be light in tone and spirit, Sister says. The living room is a fresh ivory, the dining room is lacquered a sunny yellow, and the library a no-nonsense red. The upholstery is pale and pristine. Sister has been sparing in her use of chintz. The high-backed settee in the dining room would have looked forbiddingly grand upholstered in velvet or brocade. Trust Sister to give it an invitingly informal look by covering it in a lightly patterned linen. Since the light streams into this apartment from every direction except north, the rooms have a marvelous luminosity that

Alfred Munnings's *Red Prince Mare* hangs above a high-backed Louis XVI settee in the dining room, above. Left: The table is set with family silver. Opposite: An 18th-century English chinoiserie cabinet below Monet's *Camille on the Beach, Trouville.*





cream-colored shades diffuse into a golden haze. All the better for enjoying the paintings, not least the mini masterpieces—the postcard-size Vuillard, the tiny Chassériau—perched on side tables or bookcases.

The Cubist Picassos are especially remarkable. I remember seeing them many years ago on the walls of Gertrude Stein's Paris apartment and thinking what a brilliant eye that wily old girl must have had to have picked them straight off the easel. There is also a memorable self-portrait by Picasso: smaller and earlier than the famous *Yo Picasso*, which was sold this past spring for a record price. But this one is more soul-searching, more revelatory. As for the little Monet *Camille on the Beach, Trouville*, it may be small, but no finer example of Impressionist painting is to be found in an American collection.

This apartment reveals the lady of the house to be a consummate *maîtresse de maison*. True, she can count on a number of skilled retainers, but it is she who masterminds every detail. Nothing is too good for her numerous family and friends, and in the name of hospitality her benevolent eye will take on an eagle glint if everything is not just as it should be. The food always reflects the hostess's thoughtfulness and imagination. Who else serves bite-size club sandwiches for tea? Cut with a laser beam, a clever child opined. As for the vegetables, Truman Capote must have had this household in mind when he declared tiny vegetables to be the acme of old-world luxe. Here they serve lima beans the size of seed pearls. But then the lady of this house is fortunate in owning an estate not too far from New York which is tended by some of the greenest-thumbed gardeners in the Western Hemisphere. Hence tiny vegetables; hence flowers free of the florist's taint; hence cachepots brimming with orchids of prize-winning rarity.

Before we leave this apartment, we should tear our eyes away from the walls and look out across the terrace to the panorama up and down and across the East River. Silhouetted in the foreground is John Gregory's bronze of Philomela, whom the gods changed into a nightingale or swallow (legends differ) as compensation for having her tongue cut out by a vengeful brother-in-law. Poor Philomela may have her back to the incomparable view, but at least she faces into one of New York's most civilized and romantic rooms. ▲ *Editor: Carolyn Sollis*

Rococo candelabras and an 18th-century English clock garnish the library's Louis XVI mantel, above. Vermilion walls set off a Fauve landscape by Vlaminck. The carpet is Bessarabian. Opposite: Porcelain pugs, a swan, and a hedgehog with ruby eyes inhabit a desk top scattered with patch boxes, snuffboxes, and other bibelots.





Near the pool table are a Richard Prince joke painting and Meyer Vaisman's *In the Vicinity of History*. Meg Webster's *Contained Pond Water* stands in the foreground. Openings into the dining room offer glimpses of Carroll Dunham's *Purple Shape*.

Playing for Keeps

The art of the eighties is the focus of a gallery-like loft.

By Jerry Saltz Photographs by Oberto Gili

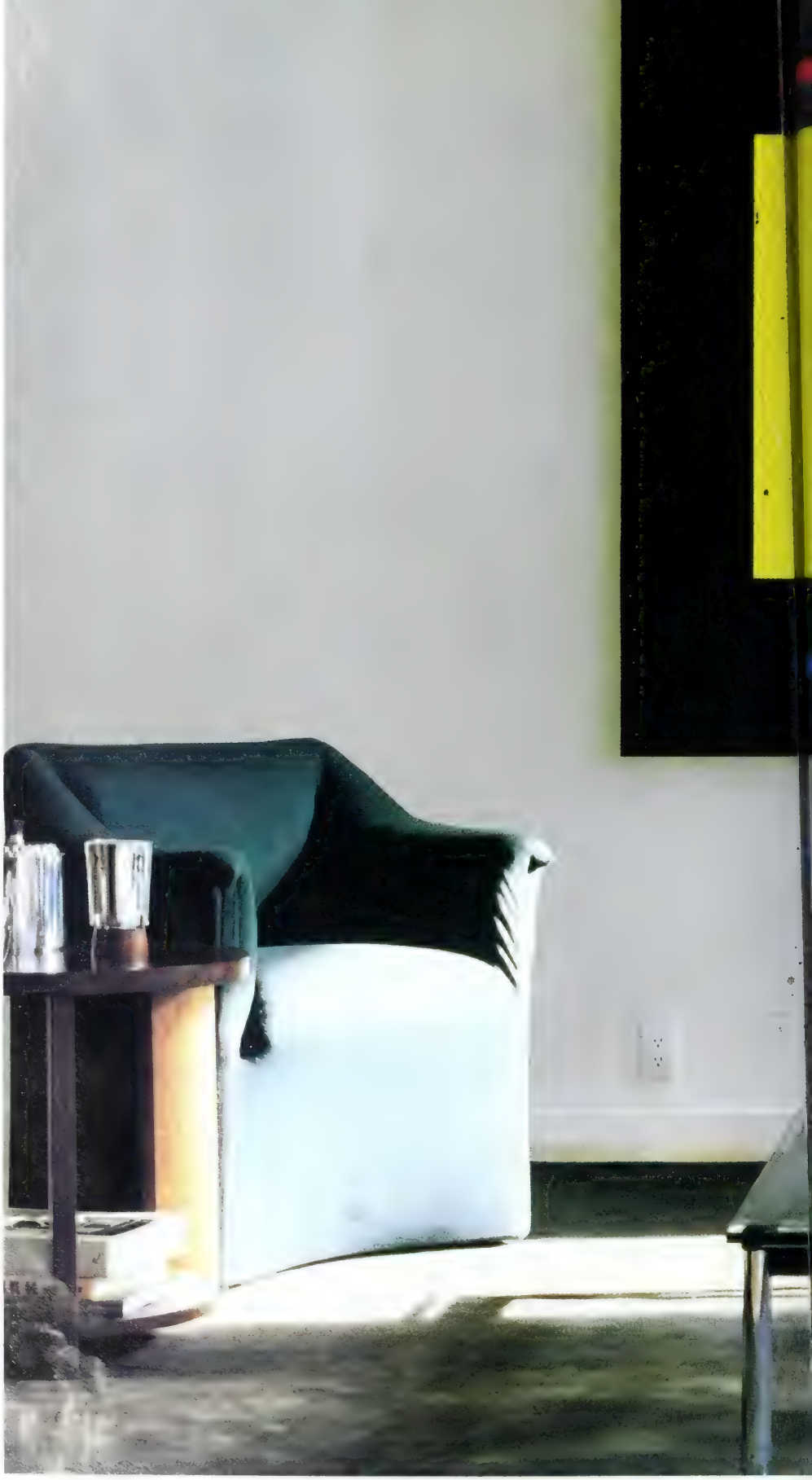




Michael and B. Z. Schwartz are young collectors who collect new art in an old-fashioned way: selectively and in depth. The New York City loft they live in has been built around this collection—nothing is here on the principle that "it will look great over the sofa." Every decision about every detail—lighting, the length and thickness of walls, paint color—revolved around the 1980s American art that has been assembled first by Michael on his own and then in concert with B.Z., the bank vice president he married in 1987. Michael works as a trader on Wall Street, but, as he puts it, "my occupation is not my life—it's only a thing I do to help support my habit, so to speak, and my habit is collecting art."

The son of Eugene and Barbara Schwartz, well-known collectors in their own right, Michael came by his habit naturally, growing up as he did around art and artists. After majoring in business at the University of Pennsylvania, he studied photography with Lisette Model at the New School in New York, embracing and then abandoning the idea of being a photographer himself. In 1980 he helped his parents assemble their collection of portrait photography, also buying some things for himself. As it turned out, the interest in photography provided Michael with basic training in the art of his own time, for the medium would have a profound effect upon—and would be profoundly affected by—artists who were emerging in the early eighties. Schwartz considers his collection to have started in 1982 when he purchased a black and white painting by Jack Goldstein which converts a routine news photograph of a city being firebombed into a dramatic large-scale image.

Although living in a tiny studio apart-



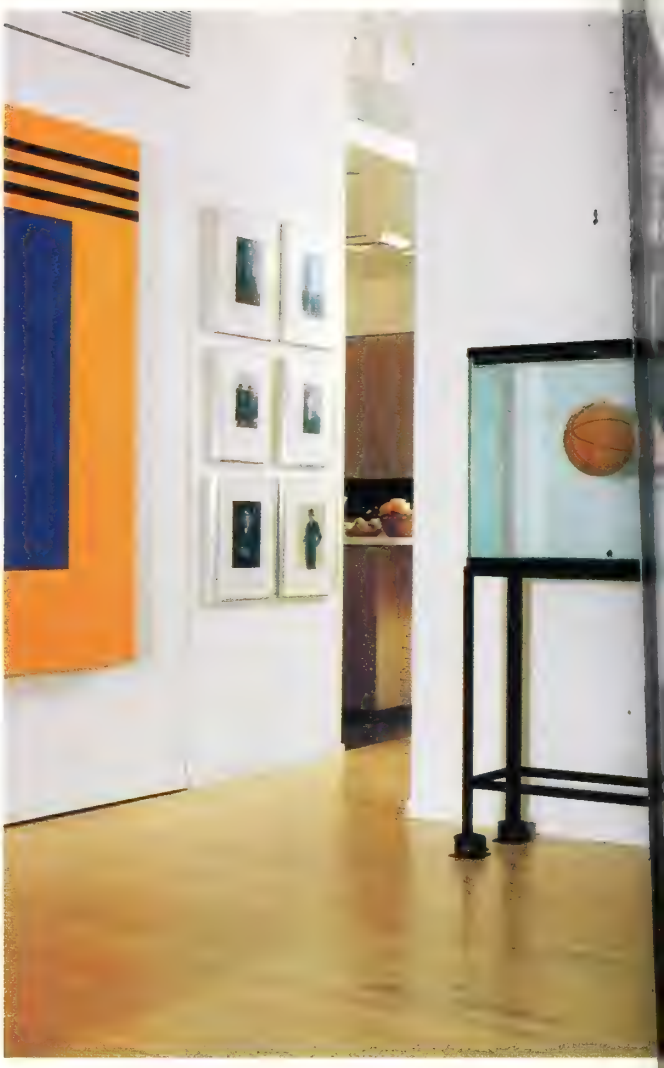


Peter Halley's *Two Cells with Circulating Conduit* hangs behind a Mario Bellini chair from Atelier International covered in Jack Lenor Larsen's Wool Luster. The Schwartzes display 1920s German silver on a glass-topped Le Corbusier table, also from A.I., and a pair of Art Deco wood stands. Carpet by V'Soske. Opposite: B. Z. and Michael Schwartz with an Ashley Bickerton wall piece, *We Be To Bobolobo*. Details see Resources.

Nothing is here on the principle that "it will look great over the sofa"







Key players, top, from left, are Ashley Bickerton, Ross Bleckner, B. Z. Schwartz, Meyer Vaisman, Meg Webster, Michael Schwartz, and Bobbi Tsumagari, executive director of the Kitchen arts center. Above: Just inside the entry, Otto Wagner chairs flank a Josef Hoffmann table. Beneath the four-part Bickerton wall piece is a Mies van der Rohe Barcelona daybed from Knoll International. Above right: Jeff Koons's *Single Equilibrium Tank* with August Sander photographs and a Peter Halley painting. Opposite: In the study, a Robert Longo above the television, a St. Clair Cemin sculpture, and a David Salle diptych.

ment, Schwartz began to buy the work of a virtually unknown group of young artists, members of a generation who, like Goldstein, were as inspired by the camera-conscious skepticism of Andy Warhol as by the idealizing grandeur of Abstract Expressionism and Minimalism. Clarissa Dalrymple, a partner in the now-defunct Cable Gallery, where several of these artists made their debuts, describes the "early" Michael Schwartz: "He was lean and hungry, roaring around, really scoping out and understanding this very kidlike work by artists such as Ashley Bickerton, Alan Belcher, and Jeff Koons—being pioneering and terribly adventurous. He smoked out his own generation."

From the start Schwartz had a clear idea about collecting. He would buy in depth the work of the best young artists, many of whom were soon to be grouped under the rubric of Neo-Geo or Simulationism. What he would not do was move peripatetically from artist to artist and trend to trend, ending up, as many collectors do, with a one-of-everything smorgasbord. Peter Halley, whose fluorescent stucco-surface abstract paintings Schwartz collected early on, comments on Michael's "ability to find the 'right one' out of a show. He doesn't simply buy whatever is being talked about and touted. He considers collecting a discipline."

In the fall of 1984, Schwartz bought a four-part wall piece by Ashley Bickerton, who was working as Goldstein's assistant at the time. Part of an installation of huge medallionlike gears made out of painted wood, it was the only work to sell from Bickerton's first solo show. "That wall piece defined me as a collector," Schwartz says. "I had no place to hang it, no space to store it, it had no value—other than to me. It was outrageous—too big, too heavy—



but I loved it.'' Today this work occupies a prominent (and large) place in the Schwartzes' living room.

Bickerton introduced Michael Schwartz to Meyer Vaisman, another young artist who was one of the founders of International with Monument, a small storefront gallery in New York's East Village. The taste at International, as it was called, ran counter to Neo-Expressionism. It showed the work of Halley and Koons as well as Sarah Charlesworth, Peter Nagy, and Richard Prince, all of whom based their efforts on photography. These artists along with Bickerton, Vaisman, Belcher, Cindy Sherman, Meg Webster, Annette Lemieux, Ross Bleckner, Carroll Dunham, and Gary Stephan came to form the core of the Schwartzes' collection, and many of them became the couple's close friends.

At a certain point, when the monthly bills for art storage were exceeding the rent for their apartment, the Schwartzes decided that it was time to set up house on a grander scale. Characteristically they had clear ideas about what they and their art needed. A freight elevator, high ceilings, open uncolumned spaces, and room for on-premise storage all took precedence over a doorman, a fashionable address, and convenient neighborhood shopping. After more than a year of looking, they settled on a big loft halfway between the 57th Street and SoHo gallery districts. Michael Schwartz characterizes the resulting gallerylike residence as a ''4,000-square-foot one-bedroom apartment''—which is true, although it also has a study, an exercise room, an office, and three bathrooms. Designed by Lauder John Bowden and Barbara Schwartz, Michael's mother, it provides a bold yet sympathetic setting for the art and is at once homey and formal—a bit older in its formality than the Schwartzes' years might lead you to expect.

It is also clearly a house designed for entertaining as well as for art. The dining room is equipped with two tables for eight. Almost as prominent as the two imposing Jeff Koons sculptures you encounter just off the elevator is the 1920s Brunswick Madison mahogany pool table that dominates the living room. Acquired from the father of a boyhood friend—Schwartz asked for the right of first refusal when he was twelve—the table indicates an activity pursued almost as passionately as collecting. Schwartz takes pool lessons from a National Women's Championship winner.

The loft is dotted with furniture by modern masters—Otto Wagner, Josef Hoffmann, Mies van der Rohe, George Nelson, Charles Eames—and on various surfaces throughout the main living areas the



A walk through the loft unfolds like a well-conceived gallery or museum tour



Schwartzes display a collection of silver from between the wars. Nonetheless, art takes pride of place and space. A walk through the loft unfolds like a well-conceived gallery or museum tour—lending weight to the notion that inside every serious collector there's a curator trying to get out. The Schwartzes have represented the different phases of each artist's development, and in several instances the works add up to a small retrospective. Illuminating juxtapositions underscore the unusual range of quality and style that characterizes eighties art. In the dining room the eccentric Pop-Automatism of Dunham's *Purple Shape* plays off the programmatic austerity of Halley's red and black *Untitled*, an abstraction cum apocalyptic diagram (black sky, red earth, underground conduit). Goldstein's tightly realistic image of lightning adds another level of artifice.

The Schwartzes are known for their obsessive care and feeding of the collection, no mean feat given the sleek industrially fabricated surfaces of many of the pieces they own. Consider, for example, the maintenance requirements of one of Koons's sculptures—a basketball floating miraculously at midpoint in an aquarium filled with water—which is already a classic of Pop-Minimal hybridity. Every nine weeks the tank must be completely drained, cleaned, and slowly refilled with an exactly balanced mixture of distilled water and sodium chloride, a process that takes two to three days.

Such hyperattention may sound finicky, but it is only a minor expression of the intensity and focus that permeates the collection of Michael and B. Z. Schwartz and makes it both unique and representative. Antonio Homem, director of the Sonnabend Gallery, where many of the artists collected by the Schwartzes now exhibit, compares their holdings to a legendary cache of sixties Pop art: "I really believe that their collection is for this period what the Sculls' collection was for theirs. It has that kind of symbolic value." But unlike the Scull collection, this one is still very much in formation. ▲

Editor: Beatrice Monti della Corte

Paintings in the bedroom are, at left, Ross Bleckner's *Friend of a Friend* and *Gate*, above a George Nelson desk and Saarinen chair. A Jonathan Borofsky sculpture on the steps.

SoHo Salon

Adman Peter Arnell and writer Sara Nolan make a montage of their lives. By Martin Filler
Photographs by Oberto Gili

When a couple with strong visual tastes marries, that can spell the beginning of the end of happiness. But for Sara Nolan and Peter Arnell, wed in May 1988, the honeymoon is still on and shows no signs of ever being over. He is the reigning boy wonder of advertising; at age thirty, he and his long-time partner, Ted Bickford, have turned New York's Arnell/Bickford Associates into one of the hottest agencies in the world. His wife, Sara Nolan, formerly with *Vanity Fair* and now a freelance writer, has recently given birth to their first child, a daughter named Lucy. The proud parents acknowledge that their compact object-crammed SoHo loft is likely to remain their home for only a short while longer because of the lack of space and the flagrantly unchildproof way in which it is arranged. Nonetheless, the owners see it both as a montage of their lives and a way station in their progress.

"I grew up in Brooklyn," Arnell explains, "and Sara grew up in Saugerties, New York, a little town her family has lived in since 1648. There's a lot neither of us had while growing up but learned about later and has since become a part of us. We have old family heirlooms, pictures of our grandparents, things we've bought together. Our house is a true representation of how small our world is in one sense but also of how big our life is at this moment."

That encompasses quite a bit. Arnell worked under the Princeton architect Michael Graves, who pioneered the taste for the Biedermeier style among architects a





In the living room of their loft, Sara Nolan and her husband, Peter Arnell, in a rare moment of repose before the birth of their daughter, Lucy, in August. Above Arnell's head is a *New Yorker* cover worked over by architect Aldo Rossi. Details see Resources.

The precious and the personal are mixed together with egalitarian ease

The loft is essentially one large room, above, with a raised sleeping area, right, at one end. To provide a soundproof but visible room for their new daughter, the owners have enclosed an alcove on one side in glass. A bust of Thomas Jefferson on the floor faces fruitwood Vogue Moderne settee. An anonymous oil portrait of a Dutch girl was found in Nolan's hometown of Saugerties, New York. Dense array of framed pictures range from 18th-century engravings to drawings by architects Frank Gehry, Michael Graves, and Aldo Rossi. Opposite above: A 19th-century English amboyna wood side table from Niall Smith Antiques, NYC. Opposite below: Architectural souvenirs crowded by a collection of 19th-century vases and urns.

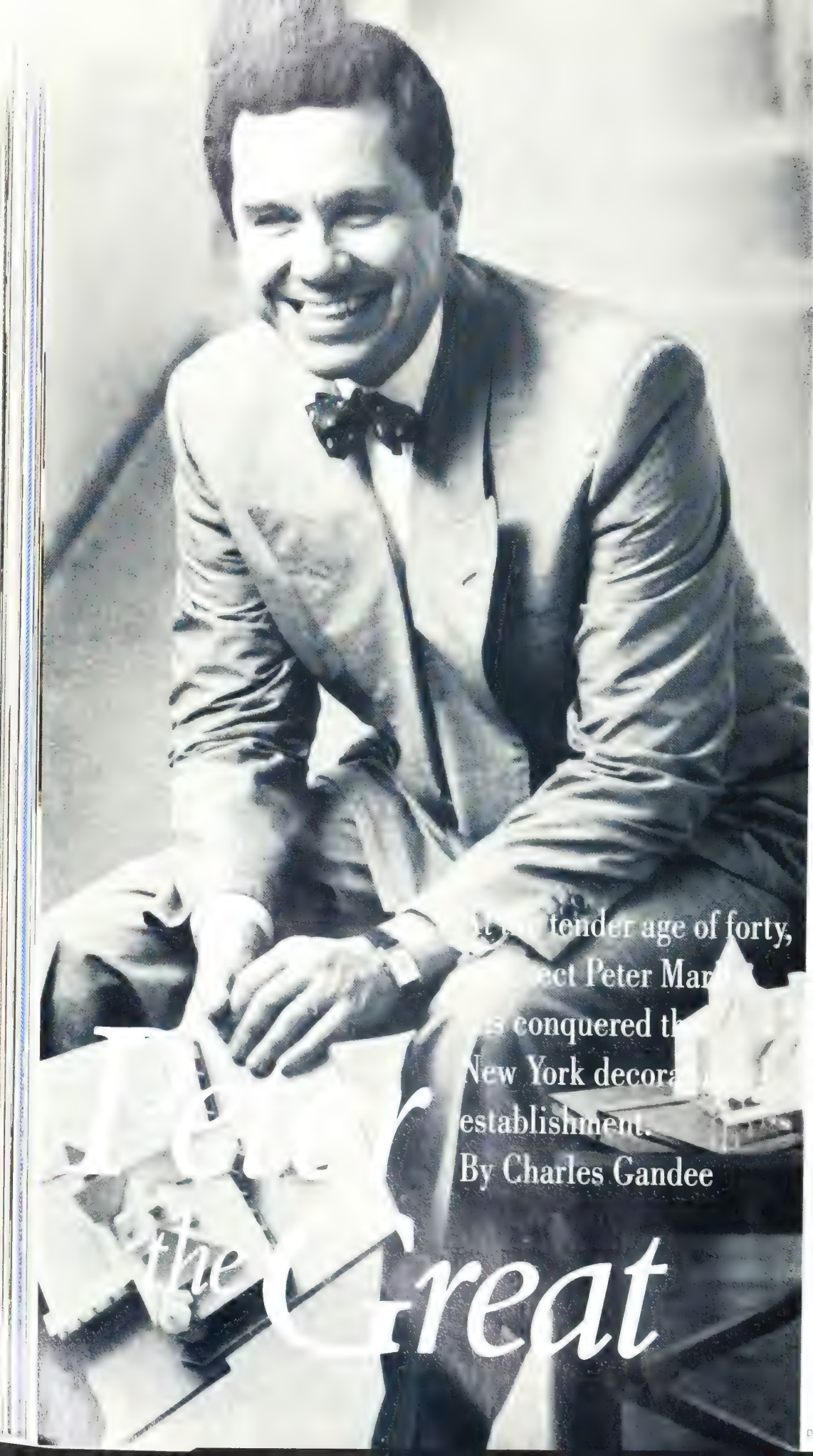




decade ago. The Arnells' superb collection of that Neoclassical furniture was bought from their friend, the New York dealer Niall Smith. There has been no attempt to create a period setting for these fine antiques, but the knowledgeable references to design history are so numerous that the space has more of the aura of a salon than a SoHo loft. For example, perched high on a wall of bookshelves are a pair of small Classical busts and between them a bracket supporting an early nineteenth century Russian glass urn, a configuration reminiscent of Sir John Soane's Museum in London. The two windows at the far end of the big room—where a raised platform creates a sleeping area and study—are curtained with Austrian shades in white canvas duck. Tabletops throughout the loft are forested with groupings of Classical figures, vases, urns, architectural models, and other reminders of the mania for antiquity that enthralled the design world during the centuries preceding our own.

There is an immediacy about this little universe not often encountered in the hermetic atmosphere of the incurable acquisitor. This has much to do with the unaffected pleasure husband and wife take in the material signs of their achievements. Those include not just exquisite rarities but also humble souvenirs and beloved reminders of their families, friends, colleagues, and collaborators—the kind of collecting impulse that transcends mere professional attainment. With baby Lucy now at home, her parents know that their days in this loft will be over before long. But they also know that they will soon take all the tangible and intangible components that make up their private environment and move them to another setting where they will have all the fun of reinventing themselves, as they have before. ▲





the Great

tender age of forty, ect Peter Mar conquered th New York decora establishment.

By Charles Gandee

My clients aren't those nouveau riche people worth fifty million dollars,'' said Peter Marino. ''My clients write checks for fifty million dollars.'' He made that unforgettable statement in the prim, precise, nonspecific European accent he acquired somewhere along the road from Bayside, Queens—where he grew up, the son of a Grumman engineer, in a three-bedroom suburban house—to Manhattan—where he has lived and worked since graduating from Cornell University in 1971. And then he laughed. Very loudly.

If it's true what they say about architects and decorators being only as good as their clients, then Peter Marino is among the best in the world. Since 1978, when he opened his East 58th Street Manhattan office, he has assembled an international roster of devoted consumers of his design talents that includes not only high-profile names familiar to readers of *W* and *Vanity Fair* but also low-profile names familiar to readers of *Forbes* and *Fortune*. Not surprisingly, many of Marino's clients tend to be publicity-shy—I was warned twice that the mere mention of this name or that would result in litigation. Instead of the usual doctors, lawyers, and run-of-the-mill six-figure business executives, Marino's clients are tycoons, financiers, and assorted heirs and heiresses. ''I didn't deliberately go out and say, 'I only want the world's richest people as clients,' '' he claims. ''The fact that they happened to come along was very lucky.''

Considering the economic eminence of his constituency, it is somewhat puzzling that Peter Marino is appreciably less well known than many of his colleagues in the New York decorating establishment. He and his 80-member staff may currently be at work on 25 projects scattered across six countries and three continents, but in terms of name recognition he's no match for Mario Buatta, Mark Hampton, or John Saladino. Why? ''Those are the New York boys,'' explains Marino. ''I don't even know them. They're not in my world and I'm not in theirs. I'm on a different track than the ready-to-wear boys who go out and pick ready-to-wear models and pick ready-to-wear fabrics and put a collection together. I don't do ready-to-wear. I haven't been to the D & D Building in years. Mine is very much a couture house. Everything is special, everything is cus-

DUANE MICHALS

MICHAEL MUR



Peter Marino, opposite, holding a model of one of the four projects he's currently working on for the controversial media mogul Christopher Whittle—a new house in Knoxville, Tennessee. Left: In a quiet corner of a Wall Streeter's luxe library, a custom banquette made in France is covered in Japanese silk patterned after a document screen border. The 18th-century mahogany desk, attributed to David Roentgen, is from Didier Aaron, London. Details see Resources.

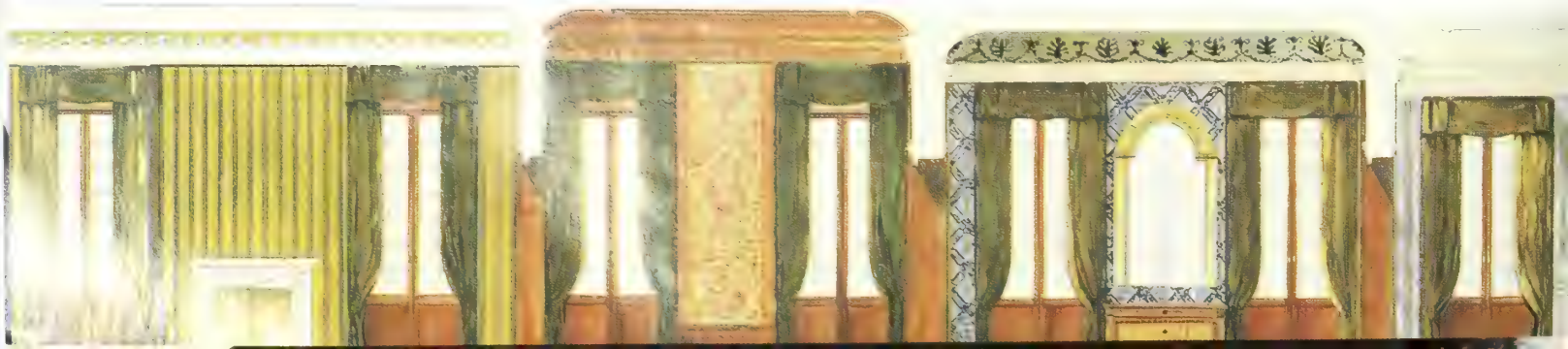
tom, everything is unique." Although Marino does have kind, if measured, words for New York decorators Jed Johnson and David Easton, he sees himself more in line with European talents—with David Mlinaric in London, Renzo Mongiardino in Milan, and Jacques Grange, Henri Samuel, and François Catroux in Paris.

Like so many of his clients, Marino prefers to maintain a relatively low public profile. You are more likely to run across him downstairs at the Metropolitan Museum of Art heading toward a lecture on "The Splendors of Saint Petersburg" than upstairs dancing at one of nouvelle society's black-tie fêtes. Yet he does, from time to time, show up on the New York social circuit. At the opening of the 1989 Winter Antiques Show, for example, he was conspicuous squiring around Claudia Cohen, wife of Revlon boss Ron Perelman, for whom he has designed a jet, a helicopter, a winter house in Palm Beach, a summer house in East Hampton, and a double-width five-story town house in Manhattan.

Multiple commissions are a Marino trademark. At this point, he reports, "repeats" constitute ninety percent of his work. "I keep all of my clients by making sure they're happy," he boasts. "Which gives me two very strong cards to play: one, I don't have to take any new clients, and two, most of my clients are growing and prospering and will continue doing projects as they move along in life." One example of a growing and prospering client is media mastermind Christopher Whittle, who has called upon Marino to design two apartments in the Dakota, an office in the Seagram Building, a house in East Hampton, a house in Knoxville, and a new $50 million corporate headquarters complex, also in Knoxville. Another not-



"I see myself in the league of the old-time architects, of Stanford White, who went with clients on the grand tour of Europe"



In the dining room of a Manhattan art dealer, left, a c. 1800 Neoclassical console inspired by Schinkel serves as a pedestal for a collection of 18th-century Nymphenburg porcelain and a pair of c. 1785 Sèvres urns with ormolu mounts. The early 19th century Russian cobalt glass chandelier is suspended over a Charles X mahogany table surrounded by American Empire chairs, c. 1830, upholstered in horsehair. To set off the owner's collection of drawings by Léger, Matisse, and de Kooning, Marino specified custom block-printed French wallpaper with a hand-painted border.

MICHAEL MUNDY

Three doors down from the Rialto Bridge in Venice, Marino is renovating an early 19th century palazzo for an American philanthropist. The seductive watercolor, left, shows interior elevations of the new bedroom, library, music room, and main salon. According to the architect, "every single fabric is custom-designed and manufactured in France and Italy." Right: The French porcelain dinnerware Marino designed for a New York client employs a decorative pattern that echoes the apartment's Russian Neoclassical theme.

MONICA STEVENSON

MONICA STEVENSON



The lady in John Crealock's 1912 *The Red Sofa* surveys her new home in a Fifth Avenue library by Peter Marino. The 18-kt gold-leaf stenciling adds an opulent spark to the custom-mixed "petroleum green" paint that washes the room, as does the antique Fortuny velvet framing the windows. With a few exceptions—the c. 1810 Irish mahogany bookcase from Ariane Dandois in Paris, among them—Marino designed the library furniture. His variation on the classic Chesterfield is upholstered in custom Tête de Nègre silk velour. His tufted library chair is in lambskin.





atypical client is Meshulam Riklis, who in addition to being the man behind Pia Zadora is the man behind Samsonite, McCrory, and Culligan. Riklis's ex-wife, Judy, introduced Marino—who had designed her apartment in New York's Hampshire House—to the Riklises' daughters, each of whom commissioned an apartment in New York and one of whom also commissioned a house in Southampton. Riklis was sufficiently impressed to present the architect the commission to renovate Pickfair, the Hollywood estate of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, as well as a town house in Manhattan. "You build a relationship with people," explains Marino. "In my profession there are very few old-fashioned family architects. Well, I am one of them."

Although the extent of his clients' design needs is as impressive as their loyalty, it is the magnitude of individual projects that reveals the staggering scale of Marino's practice. A single example should suffice. In an effort to deflate one of those bloated rumors you hear circulating around Manhattan dinner parties, I asked Marino—rather crassly, I'll admit—if there was "really $57 million worth of stuff" in the living room of one of the five apartments he had arranged for me to visit one memorable afternoon. He paused, calculated, and then said, without so much as blinking: "Only if you include that little library next door."

One clue that helps explain Marino's meteoric rise to the top lies in, of all places, *The Andy Warhol Diaries*. "I can't figure Peter out," wrote Warhol on September 29, 1977, "he's nutty. I told him how he owed his whole life and architecture career to us—how we gave him his first job—took him out of his business

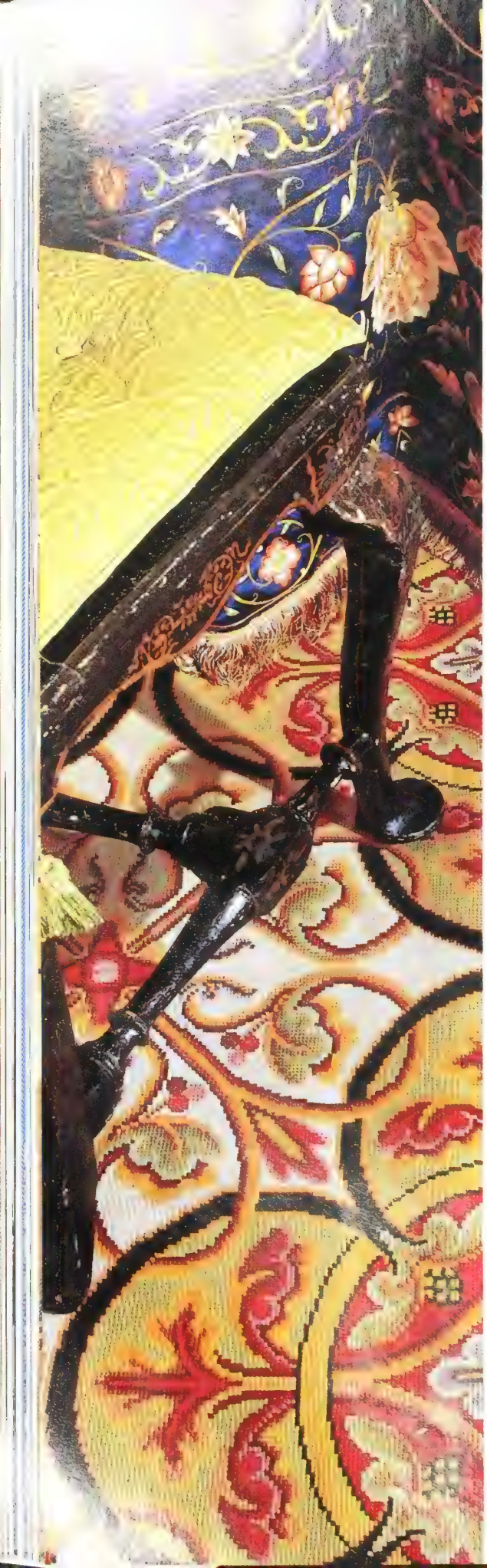
A czarina would feel at home in the opulent bathroom, left, that Marino installed in Barbara Hutton's former Fifth Avenue apartment. A 19th-century French alabaster chandelier illuminates Italian Neoclassical patterns embedded in a mosaic marble floor. The walls and barrel-vaulted ceiling are pearwood with lacquered birch inlays and a gilt bronze acanthus crown molding. The custom bathtub is antique marble. The burlwood side table is Marino's own design.

PETER V. TALE



When mega-tycoon Meshulam Riklis and his actress-singer-dancer-model wife, Pia Zadora, top right, bought Pickfair, the legendary home of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, left, they called Peter Marino for a Hollywood-style makeover. Judging by the architect's grand interiors, right, and elegant furniture designs, far right, for other clients, Pickfair: The Sequel, above, should be a blockbuster.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: CHARLES STEINER SYGMA; MONICA STEVENSON; MICHAEL MUNDY; CULVER PICTURES; TOM BONNER

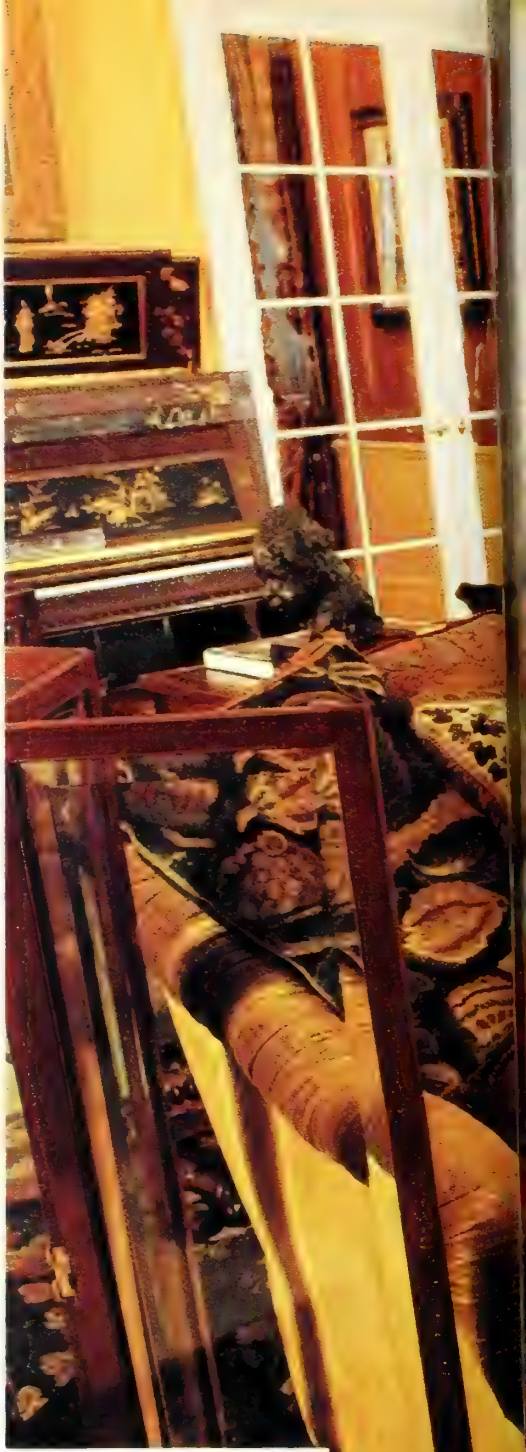


knickers and gave him his long pants and he said that well now he was in Armani suits and we sure didn't put him in those. He was funny (cab $4)." Marino does not disagree with his late friend's claim on his career. "Do you owe it all to Andy?" I asked. "In the chain of events in a person's life," he said, "yes, very much."

Although the details are a bit sketchy, the story goes something like this. It seems that back in 1969 Marino took a year off from Cornell for a little hands-on architectural experience in the New York office of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill and met the artist, who was then the most popular platinum blond in town. The twenty-year-old Marino soon became one of the bright-eyed young boys in the Warhol entourage who tripped the light fantastic at Max's Kansas City. Although Marino hints that there are dark tales to be told of those early days in Gotham, they are not to be found in the Warhol diaries—"Thank God, Pat Hackett [editor of the diaries] is a friend," he notes. Nonetheless, the bond between the artist and the architect-in-training was clearly a close one. Marino ended up with the commissions to renovate Warhol's town house and the Factory as well as the town house of Warhol associate Fred Hughes.

The Warhol entries in Marino's portfolio served as an imprimatur, of sorts. "In the late sixties and the early seventies, Andy was quite a good calling card," remembers Marino. "As times changed, however, and as clients became more social and at a certain economic level, it actually became rather a liability to say you had worked for Andy Warhol." But by then, of course, Marino was off and running, thanks to early commissions such as a New York pied-à-terre in the Pierre Hotel for Yves Saint Laurent and Pierre Bergé and a country house in New Jersey for Fiat heiress Margherita Agnelli, who introduced her friend the

(Text continued on page 248)





Although modest by Marino's standards, the Hirschfeld apartment in New York nonetheless reveals the architect's fascination with pattern, texture, color, fabric, art, and furniture. Above right: The living room. Right: The dining room. Left: The telling detail.

MICHAEL MUN

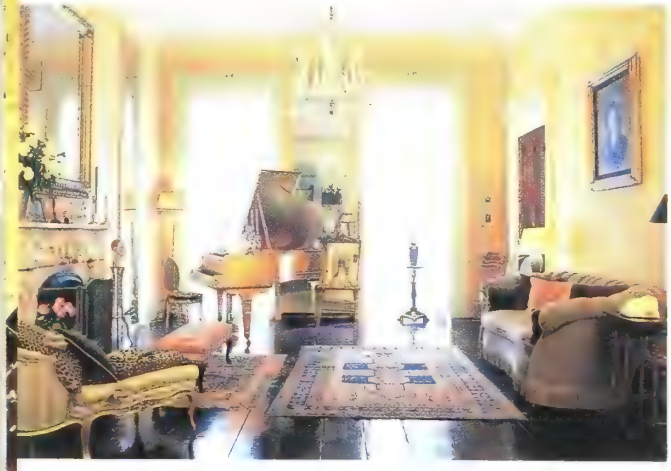


"I didn't deliberately go out and say, 'I only want the world's richest people as clients.' The fact that they happened to come along was very lucky"

Camping Out

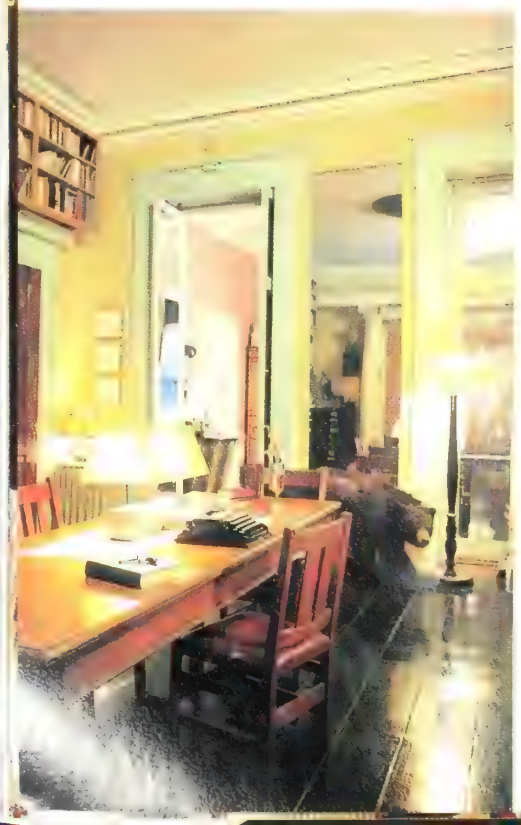
Screenwriter Michael O'Donoghue and musician Cheryl Hardwick take their sly humor to a West Side town house. By Quentin Crisp

Photographs by Jean Kallina



Michael O'Donoghue is rumored to have stated that even his darkest hours are lightened by remembering I once said he lives in splendor. He does. His apartment is the Versailles of Manhattan's West Side. This description should not be taken to mean that the rooms are huge but rather that there is a grandeur about them. The living room, which looks (with veiled condescension) onto 16th Street, is filled with a romantic, peachy light; it glitters with crystal and glows with gold. Even the piano is gilded.

The dining area is less another room than a change of mood. It must once have been separated from the living room by double doors but is now joined to it by a large aperture flanked by Corinthian pillars. Here it becomes apparent that eating is a more serious occupation than speaking or playing the piano. The space is filled almost entirely by a table long enough to seat eight gourmands or ten dieticians. At the back of the house is a bedroom, which in contrast to the rest of the apartment seems positively cozy. On the brass bed a collection of Hawaiian shirts, which Mr. O'Don-





Michael O'Donoghue and Cheryl Hardwick, far right, shake things up from behind their 1950s rumpus room bar. Right: In the living room the gilded piano is set with 19th-century Russian candelabras. The gilded easel becomes a marquee when the couple stage piano recitals with friends. Above: An eyeless portrait by McDermott and McGough hangs over the Victorian sofa. The atmospheric walls are the work of painter Rebecca Spivack. Left: Mission oak chairs surround a turn-of-the-century library table in the dining room.



[illegible] until they became too embarrassing, has been scrambled into a quilt. Looming next to the bed is a monstrous 1940s dressing-table chair from which Miss Joan Crawford once barked orders and applied pancake makeup.

Apart from these three main rooms, there is a tiny pink and black bathroom and a kitchen whose functionality is relieved by a skittish wallpaper with a musical theme, presumably in honor of Mrs. O'Donoghue. She is Cheryl Hardwick, a pianist and composer who is musical director of *Saturday Night Live*, the program on which she met her husband before he abandoned television for the big screen.

There is also a dressing room with Chinese wallpaper. Here hangs Mr. O'Donoghue's celebrated collection of paintings by mass murderers. (This is not to be confused with Mr. O'Donoghue's proliferation of paint-by-numbers, which blanket the front entry.)

A famous English photographer once turned on one of his victims with the words, "You *can't* go around with self-confessed interior decorators." In the O'Donoghue apartment there is little or no conventional evidence of the handiwork of those wicked people, but on the other hand, no one could claim that the visual effect was accidental. The furniture is capricious but comfortable; the decorations eccentric and occasionally unnerving.

For instance, in the salon on the wall opposite the ornate fireplace there hangs the portrait of an unknown man from which the eyes have been excised so that Mr. Lugosi and his descendants can covertly scrutinize the antics of the guests. Standing in different positions on different occasions is a large stuffed bear. Mr. O'Donoghue believes in bears so fervently that he has written, and even caused to be printed, verses about these wretched creatures, but I would not say that he is a bearologist—more like an ursamaniac.

Along one wall in the dining area are vast glass showcases removed from a jewelry store. One shelf exhibits a collection of bottles that contain the nastiest perfumes the world has ever sniffed. They have names such as Look Me Over and Kiss Me Again. What books the place contains are well out of anybody's reach less, I suspect, to avoid their being borrowed by friends than to demonstrate that their possessor knows that books are for writing—not for reading.





Because I was marrying a musician, I decided the kitchen should have festive, musical wallpaper," says O'Donoghue, who surprised Hardwick with a jazzy 1940s pattern, left, from Secondhand Rose, NYC. Above: The bar, strung with Mexican lights, occasionally doubles as O'Donoghue's desk. It was discovered at Off the Wall, L.A. Below: O'Donoghue's closet with a mannequin head, stacks of luggage, and one of his dozens of silk scarves. Details see Resources.





Selections from O'Donoghue's collection of paint-by-number paintings, above, line the walls in the front entry. Below: O'Donoghue writes screenplays by hand, but he uses a vintage Remington typewriter to knock out letters and inspired bits of poetry. Bottom: The star attraction in the bedroom is an oversize dressing-table chair that once belonged to Joan Crawford.





All of these objects have been assembled in accordance with a principle as deeply hidden as that which would explain the empire of the Aztecs. On it I can shed no light. I can only report that Mr. O'Donoghue is pale of countenance and urbane in manner. His permissiveness is extreme. He apparently cares about his surroundings so fanatically that he ransacked the corners of the earth for crystals appropriate to the chandelier that hangs in his living room, but he allowed a film crew to take the place over and we all know that moviemakers are wreckers. His hospitality is casual. (Teenagers, please note: this is not the same thing as being neglectful.) His generosity is lavish; he left an open bottle of Scotch whisky within easy reach of the film crew. We know, however, that all this gentility is a bit deceptive: he used to be the head writer for *Saturday Night Live*. This is a program I have never watched, having been warned that its humor was chiefly political. I do not believe in politics, thinking of them as the art of making the inevitable appear to be a matter of wise human choice. The wit manifested by this apartment appears to be benign and haphazard. We shall never know.

When, for the purpose of writing these words, I was permitted to do a bit more inspecting of Mr. and Mrs. O'Donoghue's domain, they were in Ireland. If your name begins with an O', you doubtless feel obliged to go there at some time in your life just as compulsively as Muslims must visit Mecca. A kind house sitter was in charge to guide my steps. He spoke glowingly of Mr. O'Donoghue's knack for organization: he files everything—even nails and screws.

Mr. O'Donoghue has said he insists on the fact that what he does is art. Even his *Saturday Night Live* producer took him seriously and has described him as "one of the ten comedy geniuses of our generation." This means that Mr. O'Donoghue is not merely a funny man; he is a satirist, which is far more frightening. Therefore, what greets the amazed and delighted eyes of guests when they arrive at his Versailles may not be their host's idea of a combination of the comfortable, the amusing, and the aesthetic. On the contrary, it may in fact be a scathing indictment of all who attempt such an improbable synthesis. ▲

Editors: Anne Foxley; Margot Guralnick

Climbing Mt

New money loses its shine in the rarefied atmosphere of New York's high society. By Jane Kramer

Everyone in New York talks about constituencies. The politicians here are always out looking for constituencies, and they have experts on the payroll who know all about "targeting constituencies" and whose job it is to get them to sound like bankers when they are raising money on upper Fifth Avenue and to look like the banker's butcher when they are across the bridge in Queens, working the street corners. But there are constituencies in New York that could probably turn the vote if anyone in politics had the wit to recognize them, let alone to court them with the same cynical wisdom of the people who sell them clothes and food and life styles and play styles and all the other styles of a manic New York identity. They are what could be called the constituencies of taste. You find them camped at Le Cirque (or Brunschwig or Sotheby's) as an Ellis Island, waiting to move out to confront the old, comfortable vulgarity of New York City, with its worn chintz and peeling radiators under the family Renoir. New Yorkers will try to buy into each other's lives, but style is sly here. It moves a couple of blocks away and changes wines and hemlines and upholstery, and then it closes ranks and restates itself and its claims on its own terms. It is up for imitation, but not incorporation. The myth in New York is that you can indeed pick your particular "New York" and buy it, and to a great extent, the city supports itself on that myth. In New York, as they say, buying is being. It is authenticity that is illusive.

The fact is that in a city like New York, where there is so much money coming in or getting made or simply going public, like a family company, the biggest constituency of taste is apt to be the people who are waiting to acquire some. New Yorkers today can order up taste, the way another generation wrote to England and ordered up coats of arms and family trees from expensive pedigree pushers, and the taste they buy is like those pedigrees in that it tends to be much purer than the real thing. Old taste is easy to market. It is there, it is static, it does not ask much in the way of invention. And it does not let on how very fine, and very subtle, the line between old taste and bad taste is, really—or that one does not acquire it easily for the price of a couple of Fair Isle sweaters or a faded blanket.

Edith Wharton described it best. There is nothing more poignant than one of those Wharton families, arriving from somewhere in the Midwest and trying to live right, look right, be right, on the right street of the right Manhattan neighborhood. Mrs. Wharton was an amateur decorator. She had her first success with a book called *The Decoration of Houses*, and her New York novels were really about the beginnings of decorating, about people trying to decorate their lives into something accurate and acceptable. They were about what Mother and the girls did all day to establish themselves socially while Father, crumpled and gauche and kindly, sat downtown in a couple of rented Wall Street rooms consolidating the new family fortune, and, as such, they are fascinating chronicles of New York taste at a time when the Great American Dream became the emperor's new clothes—and had to be done up right to be worth anything at all. The new American wealth that was laundering itself into "taste" in Mrs. Wharton's turn-of-the-century New York made all the old assumptions about taste, the European assumptions, irrelevant. And the most important of these assumptions had been that homes of great taste were a kind of natural extension of men of taste—Fouquet at Vaux-le-Vicomte, Jefferson at Monticello. Turn-of-the-century New York was full of people who were decidedly not men of taste, people who had nothing at all in common with the gentlemen who knew, instinctively, how to put together a room or plan a menu and who did these things with the same ease and pleasure with which they read Virgil or looked at paintings.

The new American man of wealth was almost pointedly taste-less. He was roughhewn and philistine and dismissive, and he left taste to the women who longed to achieve it—and thus made markets for the experts who appeared, en masse, to help them. The women on their own were hopeless. They were always choosing the wrong color for their bedrooms. They were fussy and drab at the same time. They arrived in the city uninstructed and rented huge, lugubrious flats on West End Avenue and wondered why nobody came visiting. They bought uptown to discover that old money was still on Washington Square or Gramercy Park.

THE SECRET of old New York taste—what makes it illusive and keeps it exclusive—is that no one "new" could possibly anticipate its lapses. A little fading is often, indeed, what keeps the objects of an old-taste life from being truly lurid. New money cannot afford to let that sort of object in the door. New money gets it wrong. People who come here and try to "achieve" some of the chipping, peeling, soiled garishness of real old money end up with gold faucets and fake cinquecento masters. They forget

Manhattan



about the mud boots in the hall and the card table with a jigsaw puzzle in the living room corner and the tarnish on the silver. They frequent reliners and recaners and dry cleaners and restorers. They call up Donald Kaufman to mix the paint while old money walks over to the local hardware store and squints at paint chips under the fluorescent light and comes home with something called Fiesta Velour Sunset for the library walls—and, if it turns out to be screaming peach instead of *terre cuite*, hangs up the pictures and thinks vaguely about changing back to yellow in four or five years. They go to Paris for their clothes while old money stays at home putting on its red nail polish and its lime green linen and its mothers' animal pins—the diamond poodles with sapphire eyes and ruby-chip tongues. They eat *en papillotte* and send their cooks to school to learn to skin peppers and slice sushi and roll pasta while old money relies on an Irish maid in a white apron to pass the sliced veal roast and the brown gravy and buttered boiled carrots at its dinner parties.

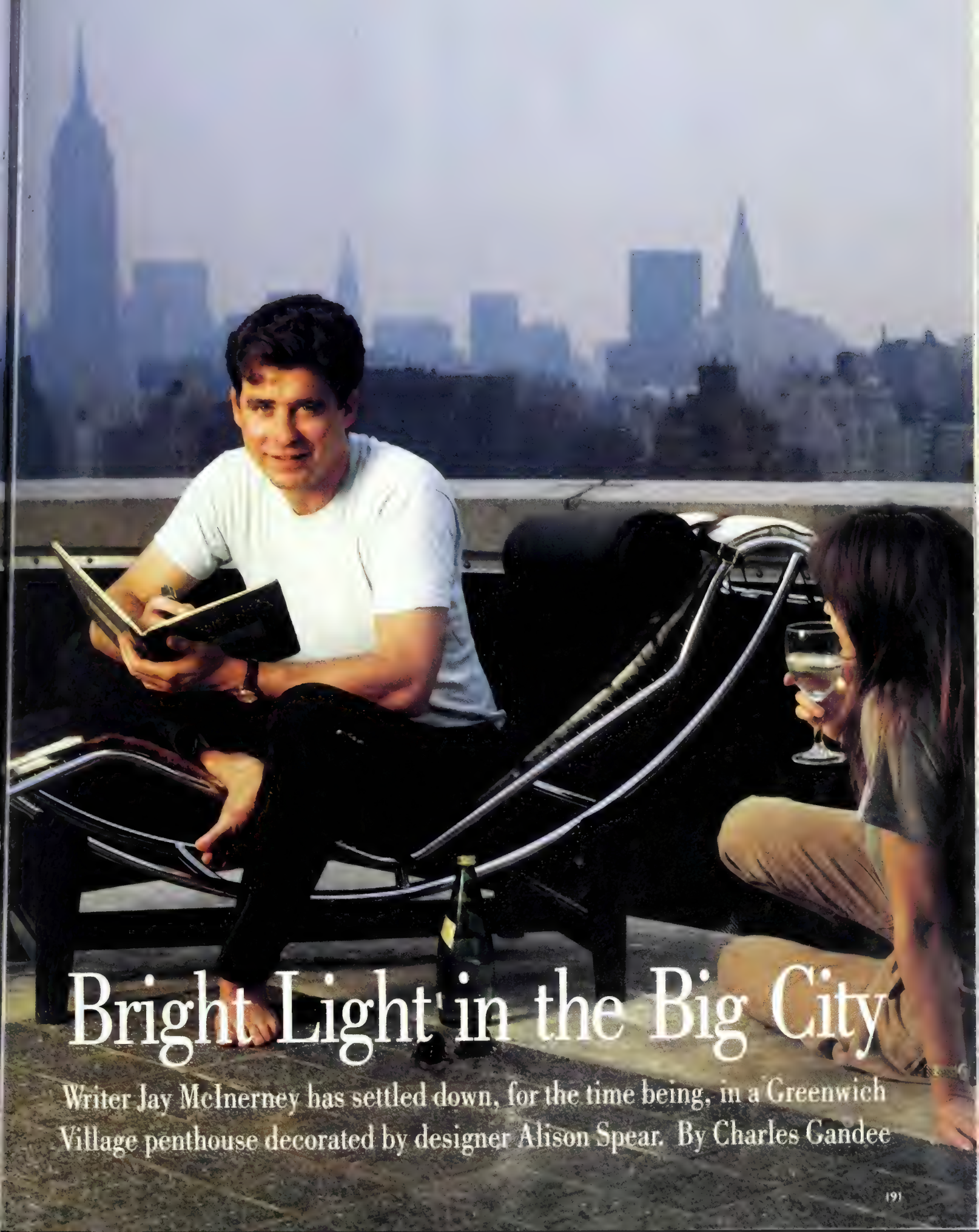
Last winter, in the course of making a film about class in Britain, my friend Helen Whitney visited Nigel Nicolson in what he likes to call "scruffy comfort" of his Sissinghurst castle, and Nicolson started talking about how Sissinghurst would look if new money were to take it over. "I would expect the rooms to be furnished much more . . . much more smartly," Nicolson said. "More shiny. The ornaments in the room would be . . . sort of gleaming and that sort of thing. And they would be, let me use the word, in poor taste." He could have been talking about New York.

The difference in New York is that everything here starts out gleaming. New York taste was never old. It was robber baron taste—arriviste and excessive. It was Vanderbilt and Morgan instead of Cabot and Adams. It did not evolve confidently and discreetly like the taste of those exemplary old Boston families. It did not read Virgil or march for women's suffrage or summer in simple gray clapboard houses. It did not take well to weathered shingles and climbing roses or to looking out at the sea across a dunes and eelgrass landscape. It preferred to look at the sea through the leaded windows of Newport cottages of almost Gothic grandiosity. Newport, in fact, was the farthest into New England it usually ventured. Its idea of a real cottage *(Text continued on page 248)*

AURICE VELLEKOOP



Above McInerney's raw-steel desk, vintage photographs of literary and erotic figures from the twenties serve as inspiration for the novelist, who considers William Faulkner and company his "patron saints." Designer Alison Spear specified orange for the Bank of England chair because "I'm from Florida and I wanted to go to Princeton." Right: A portrait of the artist as a young man on his Le Corbusier chaise longue—with a friend. Details see Resources.



Bright Light in the Big City

Writer Jay McInerney has settled down, for the time being, in a Greenwich Village penthouse decorated by designer Alison Spear. By Charles Gandee



"A lot of times I write sentences that move from Shakespeare
to the Rolling Stones—that was the idea I had for the apartment"





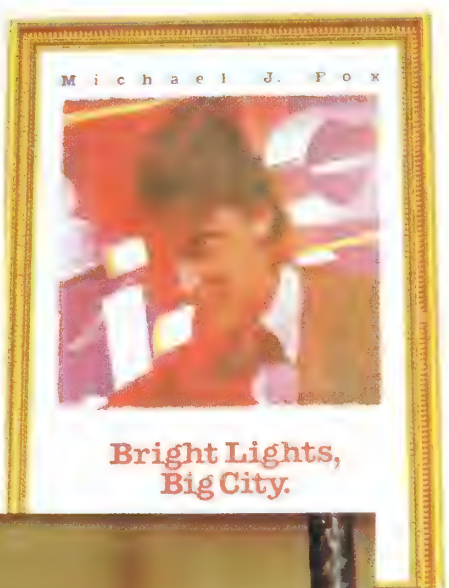
Although each of Jay McInerney's three novels is classified as fiction, there are those who believe that it isn't so. There are those, in fact, who believe that the only genuine fiction in the 34-year-old writer's books is their disclaimer: "All resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental."

The skepticism is understandable. After all, McInerney's tales of reckless driving in the urban fast lane do reveal an extraordinary grasp of his chosen themes, which, bluntly stated, are sex, drugs, and post-adolescent alienation. The creative mind alone just couldn't conjure up such accurate portraits of misspent youth—real-life, down-in-the-trenches experience is required. *Bright Lights, Big City* and *Story of My Life,* in particular, read like the annotated diaries of those world-weary wanderers, those lost and dissolute souls, those never-say-die denizens of downtown who prowl Manhattan after hours, searching for truth, beauty, and cheap thrills.

It could be inferred from the literary landscape that McInerney paints in such meticulous detail that his real-life domestic landscape is littered with such telltale detritus as ripped panty hose, stale pizzas, and felonious contraband, but such is not the case. At the end of a long night of field research, the hip scribe does not, as it turns out, shuck his Armani blazer and black 501 Levi's in anything even approaching urbane squalor. On the contrary. When McInerney decides to call it a night and catch a few Zs, as one of his characters might say, he heads home to a penthouse where he is greeted by uniformed doormen.

The upscale digs, however, are newly acquired. Until last March the young writer lived in a "claustrophobic" walk-up apartment on West 11th Street which he sublet from a friend. But membership in New York's literary brat pack has its privileges, just as the selling of *Bright Lights, Big City* to Hollywood has its rewards. So when one evening McInerney drove by a formerly derelict federal building in Greenwich Village which a developer had transformed into "luxury apartments," there was nothing to stop him from closing the lid on his word processor and moving up in the world, residentially speaking. (In

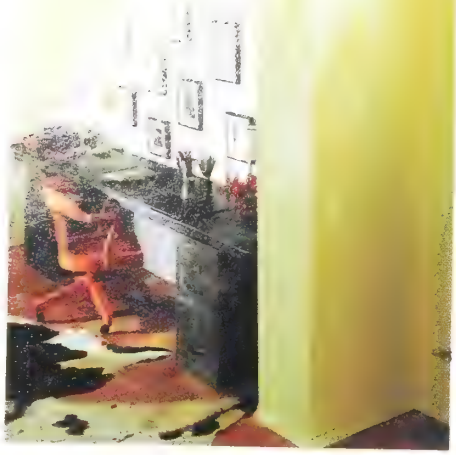






MICHAEL MUNDY

A hammered-steel bookshelf, opposite and left, with lethal-looking finials was designed by Spear for McInerney's living room. New York artist Jeff Carpenter provided the painting *Story of My Life,* which also adorns McInerney's novel of the same name. Above left: A gold-framed poster from Hollywood's 1988 rendition of McInerney's best-selling novel *Bright Lights, Big City.* Above: Spear supplied the mosaic coffee table, but McInerney receives design credit for insisting on green suede for the period sofa.



terms of Manhattan geography, McInerney was moving lower rather than higher, which is not surprising: "I went up to eat at Le Cirque once, but I definitely don't cover that beat. I like it downtown.")

Choosing thirty-year-old Alison Spear as his aesthetic escort also made sense. She and McInerney were friends, traveling in the same social circles, and what's more, they saw eye to eye on questions of style. "Alison may be in the Junior League," explains McInerney, "but you wouldn't be surprised to see her in a little black rubber dress. That was the sort of range I had in mind for the apartment." For her part, Spear, who denies owning any rubber clothes, was more than willing to play a part in this latest chapter of McInerney's personal history. Not only because "Jay is the greatest" but because Jay presented her with a blank slate—he owned nothing.

Although Spear holds a pair of architecture degrees, from Cornell and Columbia, no architectural modifications to the bilevel penthouse were possible. McInerney rents the apartment, and besides, he's not sure how long he'll be staying once interest rates and co-op prices stabilize. It was to be a decorating job, pure and simple, which



was fine with Spear, who rounded out her design education in the office of decorator Juan Pablo Molyneux. Fast and if not cheap then at least inexpensive were also priorities for McInerney, who gave Spear eight weeks to do what she had to do—and something less than the price of a new BMW 325i to do it with.

"It was a challenge," recalls Spear, who spent most of the time allotted her in a taxi racing from auction houses on the Upper East Side to junk shops on the Lower East Side assembling the range of disparate elements required for the "eclectic boho preppy" style McInerney had in mind for himself. On Fourth Avenue Spear scored, as the Alison in *Story of My Life* might say, a set of turn-of-the-century English Georgian-style dining chairs she spray-painted gold for a little tongue-in-cheek glamour; in SoHo she found a classic Le Corbusier chaise longue and a minimalist timber and glass table; and on a trip to William Doyle she stumbled across a period sofa that met





with her client's approval, once it had been reupholstered in green suede. When she couldn't find what she wanted, Spear turned to her drawing board where she produced designs such as the massive bookshelf with gladiator-style finials in the living room. Not everything Spear proposed met with success, however. The mosaic coffee table in the living room, for example, was scheduled to have a broken-mirror rather than ceramic-tile top, but McInerney demurred. "It looked like lines of cocaine all over the table," confesses Spear. "And Jay didn't think that was really appropriate." ▲ *Editor: Carolyn Sollis*





For a touch of kitsch, Spear spray-painted the dining chairs gold, above. Right: The tripartite painting is Jeff Carpenter's homage to Raymond Chandler. McInerney's desk chair, top left, has wheels for easy access to the nearby telephone, center left. Left: Upstairs in the bedroom a grouse that the writer killed and stuffed when he was seventeen hangs next to the wrought-iron headboard.

MICHAEL MUN



"I went up to eat at Le Cirque once, but I definitely don't cover that beat. I like it downtown"

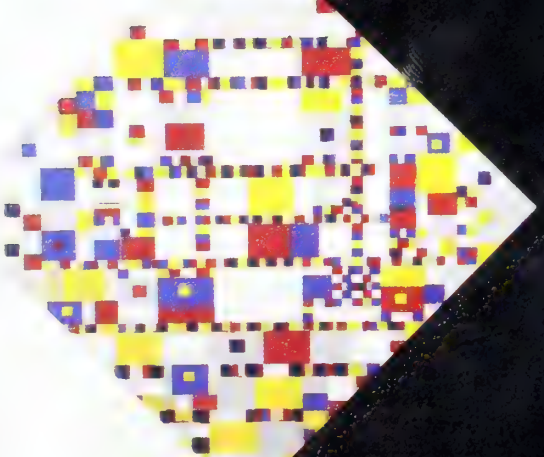


GEORGE LANGE

Four images of New York City from the century that has seen it become the world's art capital. Left: Pablo Picasso's costume for the Manager from New York in the ballet *Parade*, 1917. Right: *New York, N.Y.*, by Ellsworth Kelly, 1957, detail. Opposite inset left: *Eighteen Stories above Fifth Avenue*, detail of a vintage stereograph by Underwood & Underwood. Opposite [illegible] *Victory Boogie Woogie*, by Piet Mondrian, 1943–44.

It is hard to tell which has been greater—New York's impact on art or art's impact on New York, writes Ingrid Sischy







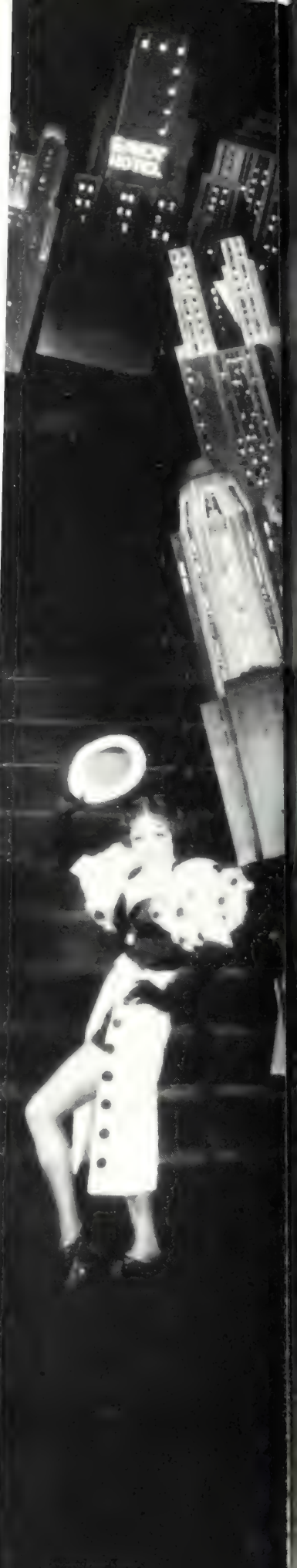
Like all potentially overwhelming subjects, New York is best gotten at through digestible-size bites. Maybe that's why they call it the Big Apple. The truest description that I have ever encountered regarding the mood and makeup of Gotham is E. B. White's *Here Is New York*, a book of fewer than fifty small pages written fifty years ago. White's choice of whom to describe first cuts right to the spirit of Manhattan: "Strangers who have pulled up stakes somewhere and come to town, seeking sanctuary or fulfillment or some greater or lesser grail." White's grail was writing, so his charge—what he called "excitation (nearness of giants)"—came from being on the same island as people like Dorothy Parker or Ring Lardner and from thoughts such as, "Somewhere in that building is the typewriter that archy the cockroach jumps on at night."

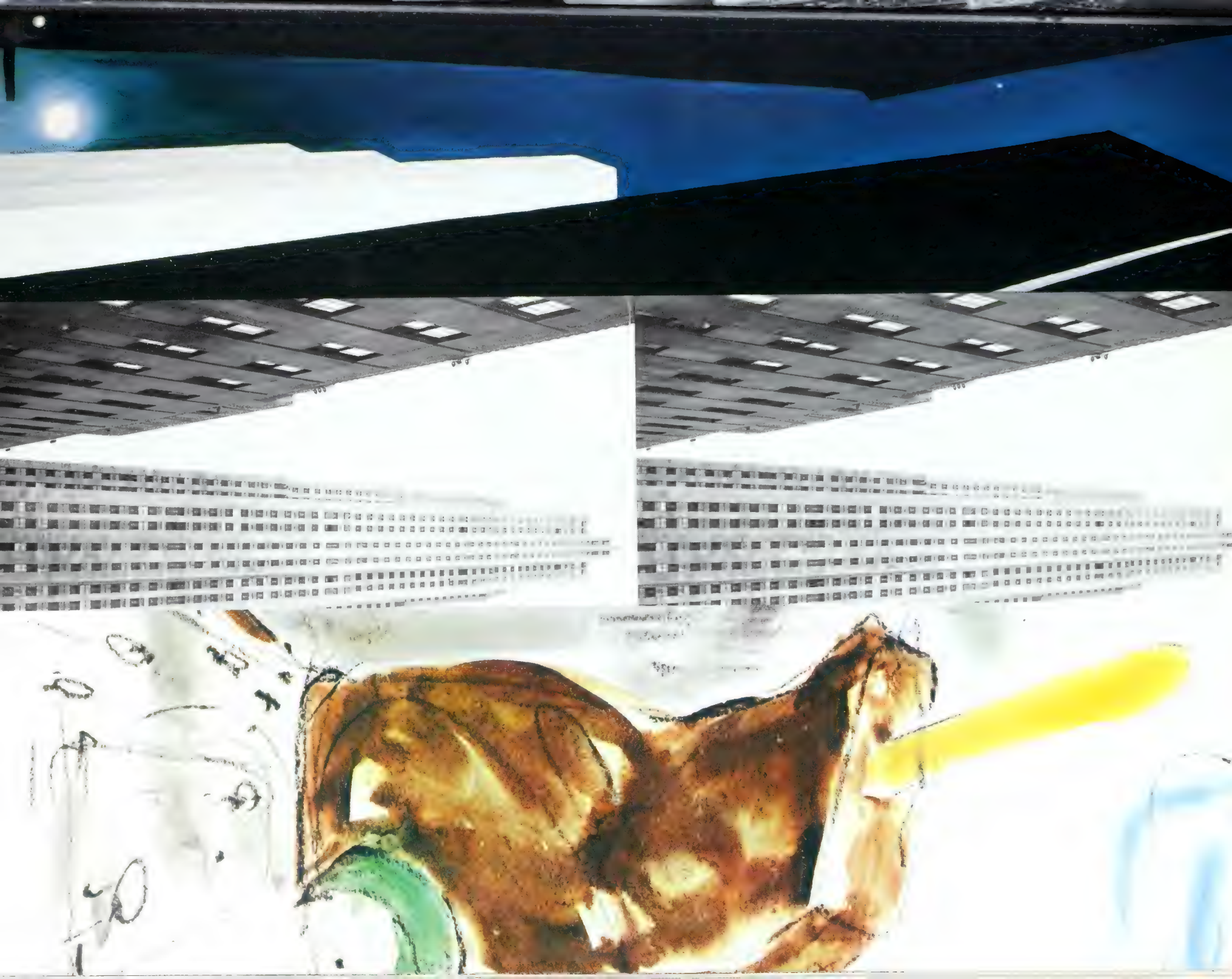
There are still plenty of cockroaches jumping on typewriters, though some prefer computers, but now the neighborhood where White had imagined Don Marquis imagining archy is called Tribeca, and it has million-dollar lofts. The real estate boom there and in SoHo has everything to do with art and the nearness of giants who created it. Visual artists have become good-luck charms for both the social and the business worlds of New York. At night artists are a magnet for diners and dancers who are out to paint the town red as well as for those who need to be seen. It is hard to tell which has been greater, New York's impact on art or art's on New York. Either way this is a relationship that makes Taylor and Burton's romance pale in terms of attraction, drama, broken hearts, and gems.

Emma Lazarus made an error of omission when she wrote the Statue of Liberty's lines. She should have added artists to the list of people Liberty invites to come on over. Artists have arrived in droves. And mostly they've chosen New York as the place to unpack. Sometimes what they've seen clashes with the image of New York as the metropolis of the new. To Willem de Kooning, coming from the neatness of Holland in 1926, Manhattan seemed Byzantine. When Giorgio de Chirico first saw the skyline—from the deck of the *Roma* in August 1935—he thought of Babylonia. Granted his ocean crossing had been a hideous nine-day ordeal, so he may have been hallucinating, but he stuck with his impression of the city as a visually confusing place. Chirico later wrote, "In the structures of New York you find the drama of all construction through the ages. There is a medieval tower and the English cottage, the Greek temple and the Byzantine church, the Roman arch and the chateau from the Loire valley, the Florentine and the Venetian palace." For Chirico, who stayed here about two years, New York was full of disjunctions, redolent with a sense of isolation, and eerily timeless—it had the qualities which, as Chirico expert Maurizio Fagiolo

(Text continued on page 251)

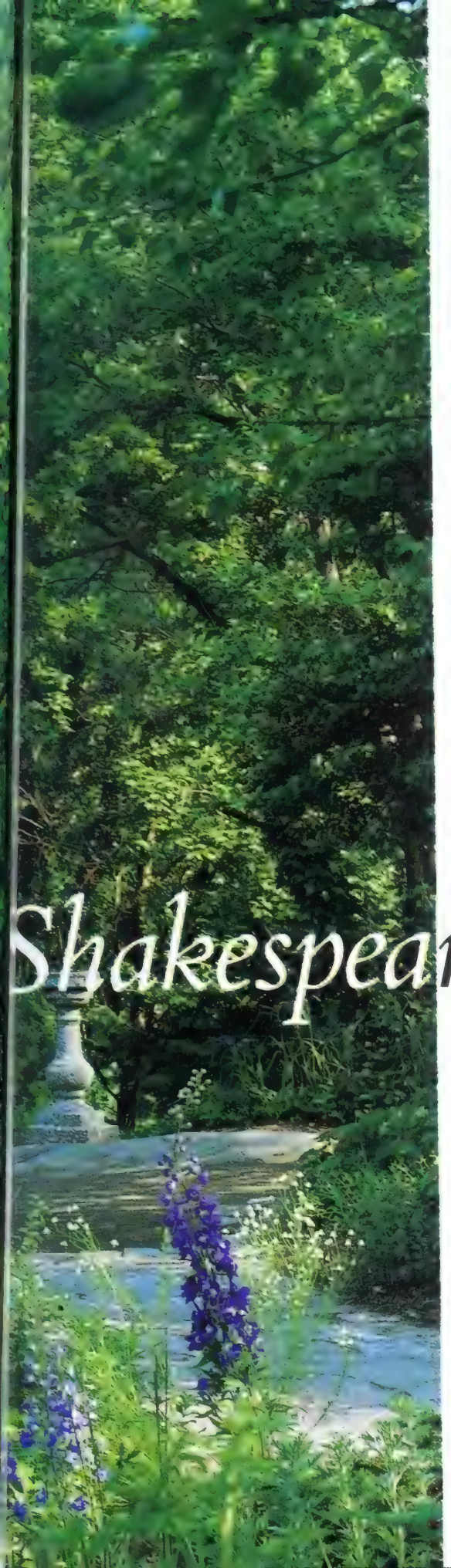
In all mediums—painting, film, photography, and sculpture—New York City has had a powerful effect on modern art. From left: Detail of *Trying to Get There, 1929*, by David McDermott and Peter McGough, 1988; Ruby Keeler in the movie *Forty-second Street*, Jack Okey, art director, 1933; *City Night*, by Georgia O'Keeffe, 1926, detail; *Untitled* [Rockefeller Center], by Andy Warhol, 1976–86, detail; *Proposed Colossal Monument for Park Avenue, NYC: Good Humor Bar*, by Claes Oldenburg, 1965, detail.







Central Park West towers just above the trees ringing the heart of the Shakespeare Garden. Pastel Elizabethan herbs (20th-century delphiniums) bloom near a rustic bench inspired by 19th-century park originals. Opposite, Yellow



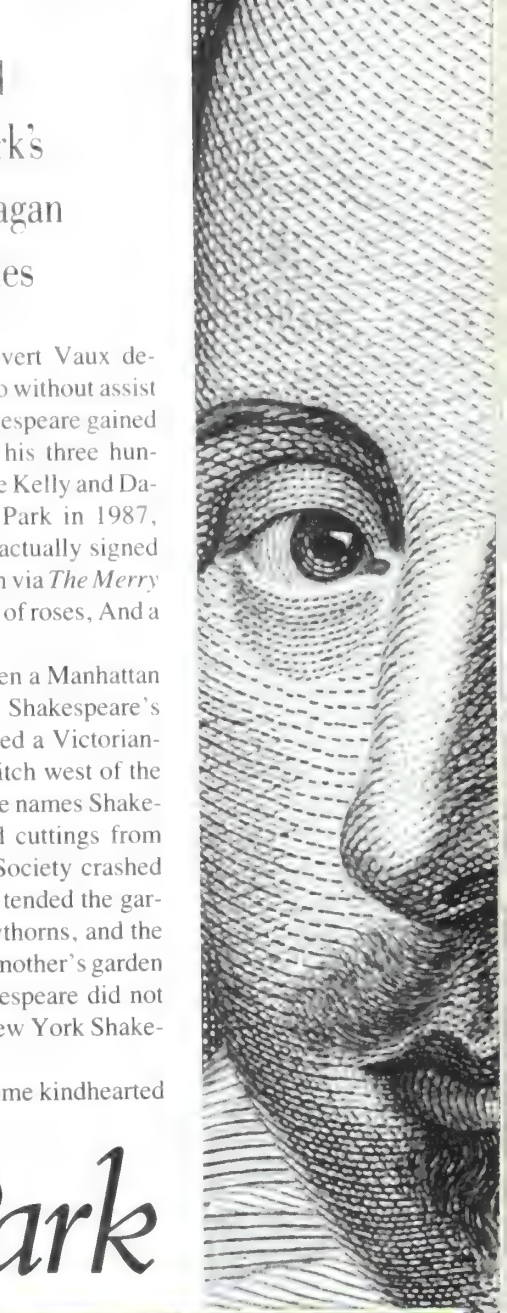
Shakespeare in the Park

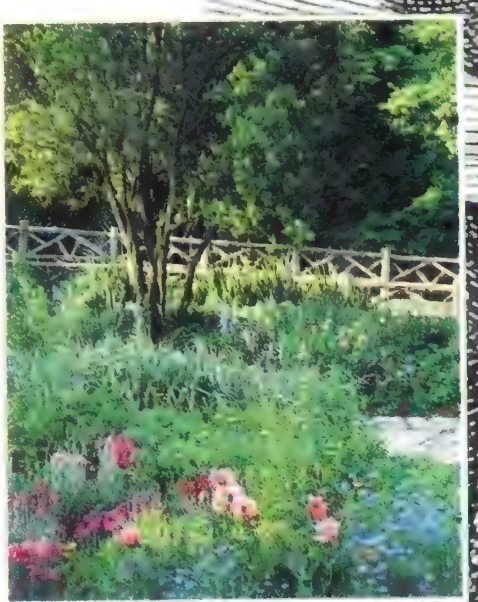
Plants cited by the Bard are the cast for Central Park's newest garden. By Patti Hagan
Photographs by Mick Hales

When Frederick Law Olmsted and Calvert Vaux designed Central Park in 1858, they did so without assist from William Shakespeare. Still, Shakespeare gained a statuary foothold there in 1864 on his three hundredth birthday. When landscape architects Bruce Kelly and David Varnell redesigned four acres of Central Park in 1987, Shakespeare was silent partner. The threesome actually signed off on the blueprints for their Shakespeare Garden via *The Merry Wives of Windsor:* "There will we make our peds of roses, And a thousand fragrant posies."

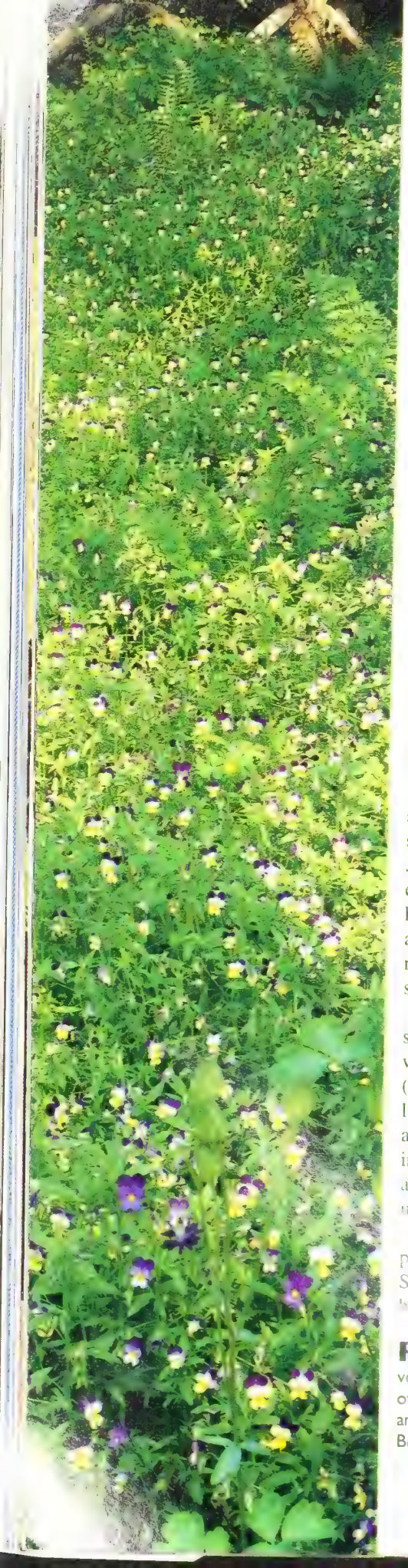
A Shakespeare Garden in Central Park has been a Manhattan idée fixe ever since 1916, the tricentennial of Shakespeare's death, when the local Shakespeare Society ousted a Victorian-style Garden of the Heart from the steep rock pitch west of the Belvedere Castle and planted it with plants whose names Shakespeare had dropped. (Included were seeds and cuttings from Stratford-upon-Avon.) Alas, the Shakespeare Society crashed in 1929. For a while, during the 1930s, the city tended the garden. However, by the 1960s all but apples, hawthorns, and the mulberry scion supposedly from Shakespeare's mother's garden had disappeared into the weedscape. But Shakespeare did not exit the park entirely—in 1956 Joseph Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival moved in.

The orphan garden was adopted in 1975 by some kindhearted volunteers, the Shakespeare Gardeners, who pitched in to tend the site with an eye to twentieth-century urban, rather than literary Elizabethan, reality. Many of their plants were colorful and relatively theft-resistant but had nothing to do with Shakespeare. In 1986 the Shakespeare Gardeners disbanded. But all's well that ends well, for by then Central Park was under the joint nurturance of the (private) Central Park Conservancy and the Parks Department, with its own administrator, Elizabeth Barlow Rogers, whose longtime dream had been to revive—and have endowed—the Shakespeare Garden. That year the Samuel and May Rudin Foundation gave funds through the Conservancy toward the resurrection of the garden. And as of June 1989 the chosen few acres of Central Park are again





GRANGER COLLECTION



garden-variety Shakespeare. In the interim, while David Varnell loosened up and rewound the straight and narrow paths into a relaxed set of swinging switchbacks, Kelly brushed up on Shakespeare, the plantsman.

Fortunately for Kelly, when Central Park was growing up in the 1870s, the Reverend Henry N. Ellacombe, an English vicar, was vetting Shakespeare in order to "note every tree, and plant, and flower that he has noted" and "quote every passage in which he names the plant or flower." *The Plant-Lore & Garden-Craft of Shakespeare* was published in 1878. "Here are two hundred names of plants in one writer," the cleric exclaimed, "and that writer not at all writing on horticulture." Kelly's job was to vet Ellacombe for those Shakespearean plants that might make it in a Manhattan public park—late twentieth century, U.S.D.A. Zone 7—in terms of aesthetics, plant larceny, and the law. For instance, when Shakespeare wrote "poppy," he meant opium poppy *Papaver somniferum*. So Kelly and Varnell put it on the master plant list. But horticultural authenticity had to be sacrificed to legality and innocuous poppy relatives—alpine, Oriental, 'Iceland', and 'Great Scarlet'—substituted.

For Bruce Kelly as landscape architect, "Shakespeare was the opportunity to pull that hillside together. The Belvedere Castle is the most important architectural feature in the park. We wanted to reunite the landscape with the castle." Reunion has been engineered, in part, by rambling rustic wood fences up to the castle steps and rambling hundreds of old roses (musk, gallica, Lancaster, York, cabbage, field, and sweetbrier, or eglantine) over them. As to how Shakespeare got it together through Kelly: "This is the only romantic Shakespeare garden in the world!" (And very likely the only Shakespeare garden anywhere with a resident woodchuck. Guy Johnson, the Central Park Conservancy's Shakespeare Gardener, points out the woodchuck's digs in a rock crack. "I named him Willie for William Shakespeare. He likes grass mostly—and violet leaves.") Kelly comments: "We're using perennials not in the traditional sense of a perennial border but in romantic sweeps. There's an unkempt, wild flavor to it."

This wild oxymoron, a secret garden in a great public park, is so subtly secluded on its steep slope, screened by mature trees, without signs, that you have the generic feeling of discovery. (Parks Commissioner Henry J. Stern calls it "a jump in time, a little treasure in Central Park which most people won't know about.") Since few people find it, you can expect to be charmed in privacy—save for roughhousing squirrels, birds, butterflies, and Willie. There is a miragelike unreality to a garden so seemingly natural and lovely in the midst of New York City.

The garden is refreshing, too, in its lack of servility to some presumed purist Shakespeare. Liberties have been taken—Yo! Shakespeare!—Bruce Kelly has made horticultural puns. He has, for instance, rendered

(Text continued on page 247)

Rocks and Johnny-jump-ups and ferns, left, climb a vertical meadow to a rambling fence. Right: Herbs and six kinds of ornamental grasses are planted among the flowers. "Wild and romantic is the main thing," says landscape architect Bruce Kelly about the garden he and David Varnell designed.





Reminiscences of other worlds pervade a singular domain.

By Robert Felner

Photographs by Thibault Jeanson

Imperial Standard

Clare Potter's
:hes, opposite,
:stle beneath a
Danish bronze
mantel clock,
150. Right: The
allpaper on the
air was copied
om an antique
Russian textile.
ws and French
th-century sofa
are from Juan
rtela Antiques,
NYC. Details
see Resources.





When Mrs. X met Lucretia Moroni for the first time in London in 1986, they had both recently returned from Russia. (Moroni had just left the design firm of Renzo Mongiardino.) Both women were drawn to the colors and splendid theatrical effects of Russian domestic decoration of the nineteenth century. When Mr. and Mrs. X put Moroni in overall charge of decorating their Manhattan apartment shortly thereafter, she was told they wanted the apartment to look like a "turn-of-the-century apartment in Budapest owned by an old stamp collector whose family had owned it for generations." Moroni's incredulous response was: "Do you mean you really want to go all the way?" It seems they did. What emerged is something from the Winter Palace in Saint Petersburg, circa 1904, full of Russian and Swedish Empire furniture from 1820 to 1860.

Mrs. X's scholarly interest in Russian and Crimean palaces as well as her deep love of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Swedish country houses gave her the inspiration to select the designs for the floors, wallpapers, carpets, and the overall color scheme of the three-story terraced apartment. In an age when people pay a considerable premium not to have their apartments look very different from everyone else's, this one stands alone. Mr. and Mrs. X made a conscious decision not to let their decorating be ruled by current standards of what is fashionable.

Lucretia Moroni brought in Andy Holland to work on painting designs for the floors, walls, and doors. According to Holland, the job was an "organic and evolving process, something worked over like a painting or a stage set. You would start, examine, rework, and not be afraid to redo until it's right." The Xs and Moroni selected Russian palace floor designs, and Holland reworked them on a scale to fit the apartment's considerably smaller dimensions. On several occasions Holland wanted to tone down the colors and patterns, but each time he was overruled. "The color scheme was so alarming but also very satisfying to me," he says. "There are sixteen to twenty colors on the second-floor doors and walls.





In the main salon, above, David Roos's Russian royal blue sofas and "under-full-sail" curtains. The south Caucasus carpet has a double border. Left: Foot of round mahogany Russian center table, c. 1840. Above left: A Venetian blackamoor.



What emerged is something from the Winter Palace in Saint Petersburg

Each door has three glazes. The owners had no hesitation about letting each room be different. There was no attempt to make a color-coordinated outfit out of the apartment." This is not a Nancy Lancaster cum Napoleon III faded knockoff look.

David Roos's story is similar to Andy Holland's. His training in theater and opera design combined with a love of 1930s Hollywood movies made him an excellent choice for this eccentric design team. Roos credits Mrs. X with "picking the right people and telling them to just get on with it—as the Duchess of Marlborough did with Blenheim Palace in the eighteenth century—just go fill it!" The Xs took David Roos out to dinner, gave him his brief, left him standing outside the restaurant with keys and directions on how to find the building, and then drove back to their country house. He spent two days memorizing the rooms and then returned to London. Working from a distance, he imagined the rooms and the owners' taste as he designed the curtains and sofas and chairs.

There is a wonderful play among the furniture, art, and decorative effects in these rooms. They are rooms made to be illuminated by smoggy diffused New York daylight and later in the evening by the glow of soft light through silk lampshades. According to Mrs. X, the paneled walls in the



The walls and daybed, right, from Valley House Antiques, Locust Valley, are covered with fabric from Braquenié of Paris, tea-dyed to give it a "moldier" look. Far right: The sofa near the stair is covered in an antique green velvet painted with gold leaf.



The floor in the dining room is Andy Holland's interpretation of the floor at Ostankino Palace. The dining table is Anglo-Indian Regency from Arne V. Schlesch & José Juárez Garza, NYC. The chairs are carved mahogany, c. 1830.

living room and library once resembled those of a cheap cigar box but were redone by Laszlo Sallay to a soft honey-colored glow, which Moroni then stenciled over. The effect is so harmonious that the furniture and decorations seem to be in conversation with each other. The dining room has cloudlike turquoise marbleized walls, wood and gilt dining chairs, and copies of Classical statues in niches. The effect is of the twilight of the Gustavian Age in Sweden.

The master bedroom's fantastic Russian chandelier, encrusted with semiprecious stones in shades of red, yellow, chartreuse, blue, and lavender, became not only the color key to the room but also the inspiration for a wallpaper designed by Moroni called Bidjar. The chandelier looks like some grand duchess's earring that might have fallen during a strenuous mazurka at a summer ball at Tsarkoye Selo in 1895.



David Roos made the headboard and valances in the bedroom, right, by piecing together old paisleys and brocades. Carpet from Braquenie. Above: A bronze Danish candelabra and gilded Russian mounted hussar.

The whole project drew on the family history and passions that surround this couple. Every room recalls the one before it, like a series of backdrops, layered and textured. The sofas look like nineteenth-century wagons-lits, big and determined and made for traveling long distances. Last summer the first set of upholstered furniture and curtains arrived. I paid a call on the Xs and found an extraordinary scene in the living room. There were heraldic striped banners hung over vast richly corded ultramarine cut-velvet sofas. Only minutes before, the sofas had been hoisted up the side of the building by a crane. Roos, the Xs, and a trusted local upholsterer were all engaged in a lively analysis about size, shape, and seatability.

Roos looked like a ballet master on holiday, William Marinese from the Edward Metje upholstery shop seemed nervous, Mrs. X appeared pensive in Chanel, and Mr. X was intensely animated. Clasping his panama hat in one hand, he inspected the upholstered regiments stationed about the room. The lively interplay between husband, wife, and artisans was as much fun to watch as a Noël Coward play.

So finally it's a bit of old Budapest, a bit of the Bosporus, a bit of Ostankino Palace, a bit of *Fanny and Alexander*, and quite a lot of fun to be in. These are not rooms that [illegible] gossip-column [illegible] standing about to be lively, entertaining, and important. ◆

Editor: Deborah Webster





When the painter wanted to tone down the colors and the patterns, he was overruled





In the kitchen, Palissy ware, with its characteristic creepy-crawlies, surrounds a painted wall panel, originally from a Swedish manor house, above a faux tile border. The daybed, 18th century Swedish, is covered with Italian striped cotton.

New Yorkers on New York

Some boldface names talk back to society chronicler William Norwich



William Norwich

What New Yorkers talk about when they talk about New York: Paris, Hollywood, Empire beds, love and hate, traffic jams, the future, and how lovely is Central Park really. Everyone sees the poverty on the New York-is-Bangladesh-with-tinsel streets, but no one knows what can be done. Meanwhile, Manhattan rooms are too small, downtown is uptown, and chintz is here to stay. Here is what some of the residing natives had to say recently about the Big Dream Apple.

JONATHAN AMES, *author of "I Pass Like Night":* "I hate New York by day. It's like a jackhammer. But at night, when the streets empty out, it's a sweet rush."

MARIO BUATTA, *interior decorator:* "What if a Martian landed in Manhattan? Well! I think he'd find it all very strange indeed, all these people living in a shoe box, one on top of another. He'd go crazy in my apartment and wouldn't know where to sit or stand. Clutter! Anyway, New York has changed dramatically in the past ten years, and we've gotten far away from anything that resembles the spare look desired in the past. We're repeating the opulence of the 1880s I suppose. And to think we all thought by the year 2000 we'd be living in geodesic domes, but I haven't seen any evidence of it. All I see are people reaching into the past to feather their nests."

PAT BUCKLEY, *civic fund-raiser and wife of political columnist William F. Buckley Jr.:* "You take the good with the bad, I suppose. I'll never forget two winters ago when [illegible] our mansonette burst and we were flooded. I had only just completed redoing three rooms, of course. I was in the country when I got the bad news. When I arrived in town, naturally our door was open to the street. Two superintendents, my friend Marilyn Evins, and her two maids were shoveling out. Bill and I were meant to leave for Switzerland, which we do each winter. Bill said, 'Oh, ducky, I'll delay the trip.' I said, 'Don't bother. All you can do is look down and say, My God, my God.' So I had a telephone installed in my Cadillac, and that is where I did all my work. My car is still my sanctuary. You see, it's getting increasingly hard to get things done in New York. The battle is people not showing up. Oh, it took months to repair the damage. The new dining room floor had to be put down three times. It kept ballooning up like a hippodrome."

BRET EASTON ELLIS, *novelist:* "What I find most frightening is the thought of going broke and not being able to live here."

MARK HAMPTON, *interior decorator:* "What you've got to be able to do in New York is catch your breath. For me it's a few minutes in the Frick or any of the back corners of the Metropolitan Museum. I suppose the most appalling part of New York life is the endless construction and filth. I guess that happens when you're middle-aged, garbage makes you crazy. But it's just stupefying to me that you can't walk on the sidewalks where the very ground under you isn't being torn up! At least some things haven't changed. My wife, Duane, and I can still go to Gino's and sit under the same zebra print and order pasta fagioli served by the very same wait-



Mark Kostabi with a friend



Bianca Jagger



Pat Buckley



Malcolm McLaren



Liz Smith by Norwich

er who first waited on us when we moved here 25 years ago."

GORDON HENDERSON, *fashion designer:* "What frightens me about New York? Forgetting that the rest of the world is not like this. When I travel I think, 'These people are weird.' They aren't. We are."

JENNY HOLZER, *artist:* "I live on the Lower East Side. The big window decoration is window grates."

LAUREN HUTTON, *actress:* "New York is a meeting of all the tribes. They come here to spy on each other and say how they find it. That's why I'm a New Yorker. I live downtown because I work uptown. Human scale: six stories tall. You never feel like you're walking through canyons. There are people on the streets downtown. I feel safe there, and at Jerry's I can use the portable phones and read the papers. The *Post*. The *Daily Planet*. Jerry's is like a daytime version of the old Max's Kansas City."

BIANCA JAGGER, *actress:* "I finally found an apartment on the Upper East Side, but all my furniture is in storage in England. I'm not sure I want to live here. There's no higher pursuit than money. One feels New York is not very spiritual. There must be a better word for it than spiritual."

ASHTON HAWKINS, *Metropolitan Museum of Art resident lawyer:* "How things change in New York! I always remember the old Fulton Street from when I was a young lawyer, and we'd all go there to these rather funny fish restaurants. I find the new South Street Seaport a poor substitute indeed. Now I prefer the Cloisters, going uptown when the weather is good. It's very peaceful in a stressful world. My notions about entertaining in New York? Well, it's all about getting the right mix of people who are curious to meet each other. I think some of the deadliest affairs are small dinners with old friends going over the same subjects. An exception is my reading group, which meets every other month. That's very special."

BRUCE KELLY, *landscape architect:* "I have a favorite rock on the north side of the lake in Central Park. With the view south of the small trees and a long expanse of water, you don't see the rough edges of the city. That's my favorite sanctuary."

MARK KOSTABI, *artist:* "What works in New York interiors is sixties furniture, air conditioning, large libraries, pianos, museum posters, Joseph Beuys's art, Kostabi ink drawings, as well as Le Corbusier, Mies van der Rohe, and Saarinen furniture. What doesn't work is the Loft Rat style: artists who have a lot of junk around. Also no air conditioning, airhead California art—no intellectual status but big with vapid boring colors—too many mirrors, pattern and decorative art, and Neo-Romanticism is an extreme yawn. I like to go to my round polka-dot bed in my round polka-dot bedroom, always air-conditioned,



Fran Lebowitz



Bret Easton Ellis



Mario Buatta

with MTV on the 24-inch screen, and one hand flipping through a pile of press and the other on the telephone. That's paradise."

FRAN LEBOWITZ, *author:* "To me, noise is the worst. I live in a nest of construction. A church nearby built a school, very slowly, three stories underground. Michael Graves came to my apartment one day and saw this. He said they haven't built anything that way since 1926. New York is plastic on top and rock on the bottom. Maybe we ought to switch it around. A library would be a great place to write if you could only smoke. Everyone knows the words are in the cigarettes.

"Lofts? No, I don't live in a loft. The idea of the grand loft is an oxymoron like Bankers Trust. I mostly liked them better when they were sweatshops. I think if you move into a loft, you can give up the Russian court furniture. I come from a furniture family, and I go to furniture sales. I'm interested in objects also because you don't have to meet the furniture makers. They are easily avoided. Not so with painters, even the dead ones, who seem to have groupies. But my financial position is mostly a spectator sport. Anyway, all this interest in fine furniture is just a half step up from knowing a lot about food. It's an ersatz way of giving the impression of being cultivated. It's much easier to discuss six kinds of chairs than it is to read a book."

MALCOLM MCLAREN, *multimedia artist:* "I shared a loft with my girlfriend Lauren Hutton for some years, but we got under each other's feet. I seem to be one of those dreadful male people who take over everything and think my phone calls are more important than hers. So I had to be dutiful and find my own establishment up the road. I wish I had decorated it. I bought the last person's furniture. She was some Danish sweetheart, I think, with typical bits of everything you can imagine that is most collapsible. Not the most soulful, but the view is wonderful at dawn when the sun rises over the Hudson."

SYLVIA MILES, *actress:* "New York is a safe hell, and practically everywhere is hell. Listen, I haven't been to California since 1980 even though I've worked nonstop. And when I bought that house up in Woodstock? I was frightened to death. I'm indigenous to New York—like, I hesitate to say, the Statue of Liberty."

ISAAC MIZRAHI, *fashion designer:* "I bought my favorite piece of furniture in Brooklyn for $50. It's a Royal Stuart tartan-covered winged chair. That's wing-ed. Old Victorian American Empire—and wing-ed. It flies. I feed it, and it's the only thing I really own in my comfortably underdecorated apartment in Chelsea."

GEORGETTE MOSBACHER, *owner and CEO of La Prairie cosmetics and wife of U.S. Secretary of Commerce Robert Mosbacher:* "What bothers me is the time wasted getting from point A to B. You know, fixing your phone or getting your clothes cleaned or getting to a meeting. I know it sounds corny, but I do love New York the most. To me it's like every day is an opening night. It's the flamboyance. The sophistication. And we've got the most beautiful women in the world."

ADAM MOSS, *editor of "7 Days":* "There are days when you see New York palpably disintegrating and you are tempted to flee, but you don't. You stay because New Yorkers are the most interesting people in the world, and that is because they are the most curious. I mean that in both senses of the word—the most peculiar and the most inquisitive."

LEE RADZIWILL, *Giorgio Armani executive and wife of film director Herbert Ross:* "My earliest urban memory is Central Park. We lived in a vast apartment where I learned to roller-skate in the living room in order to escape to freedom in the park. It still represents freedom to half the city, and I care about it more than ever. No city in the world has the same magnetism. I was born here, it's in my blood. But I miss the way it was on weekends. New York had an air of festivity—a certain glamour. You could walk into any movie, nothing was closed. People seemed to enjoy themselves more. Now they long to flee on Friday to restore themselves for the coming week!"

JOEL SCHUMACHER, *film director:* "I grew up on the streets. I was always riding my bike. I grew up in Long Island City, and I would get on my English racer and ride over the 59th Street Bridge to Radio City Music Hall. That was my Taj Mahal. My Hermitage. I knew every nook and cranny in the place. For instance, if you climbed to the top floor and shook the brocade curtains, it made a ripple that was thrilling to me. The ashtrays were like cylinder spaceships. When you sat in the orchestra and turned around, it looked like heaven. I think the first movie I saw there was *Easter Parade*. Of course, I wanted to be Fred Astaire. The times we live in are fascinating, but I miss the hope the city

"New York is a meeting of all the tribes. They come here to spy on each other and say how they find it."

—LEE HUTTON

ikie Smith





Donald Trump

used to have when poor people, like my mother and myself, could better educate themselves."

LIZ SMITH, *syndicated columnist and television personality:* "I have this toy that sort of personifies New York to me. It's a plastic replica of the Empire State Building with a windup King Kong climbing up the side. I keep it in my bedroom, which actually has a wonderful view of the Empire State Building. That's one of those things I look at and think: I should be more minimalistic and get rid of my junk!"

TOUKIE SMITH, *actress:* "There's nothing I like better than walking on the streets and seeing a big ugly pile of trash and then finding a fabulous piece of furniture and making it work in my apartment."

LINDA STEIN, *bicoastal real estate agent:* "If you have that slight feeling of pressure and tension, you know you're at home in a New York apartment."

HOLLAND TAYLOR, *actress:* "My apartment is like a log cabin in the woods, almost as if I was still at Bennington. It is on the third floor backing onto a handkerchief garden in SoHo. I have kept it decidedly humble, partly out of necessity and partly as an antidote to modern times. My tiny white bedroom has a fireplace and an old four-poster, and it gets the afternoon sun. "When I first moved there after college, the ficus trees in the park behind the house literally pressed against my bedroom window—a wall of green calling me to unwanted afternoon naps. Now, twenty years later, the trees have grown tremendously, and the wall has become a towering canopy flecked with pale late-afternoon sun and letting me see the world a bit more—making me feel even more protected and blessed when I steal the time to have a tree-gazing nap."

BLAINE TRUMP, *fund-raiser and wife of tycoon Robert Trump:* "Everybody has their bad days in New York. You can't escape them. My advice? Keep a good sense of humor and stay real close to home. You know, family and better friends."

DONALD TRUMP, *tycoon:* "I am having a love affair with New York City, and I like people who feel the same about the city. I began in my father's business, building



Jenny Holzer



Isaac Mizrahi by Norwich

> "What I find most frightening is the thought of going broke and not being able to live here."
>
> BRET EASTON ELLIS

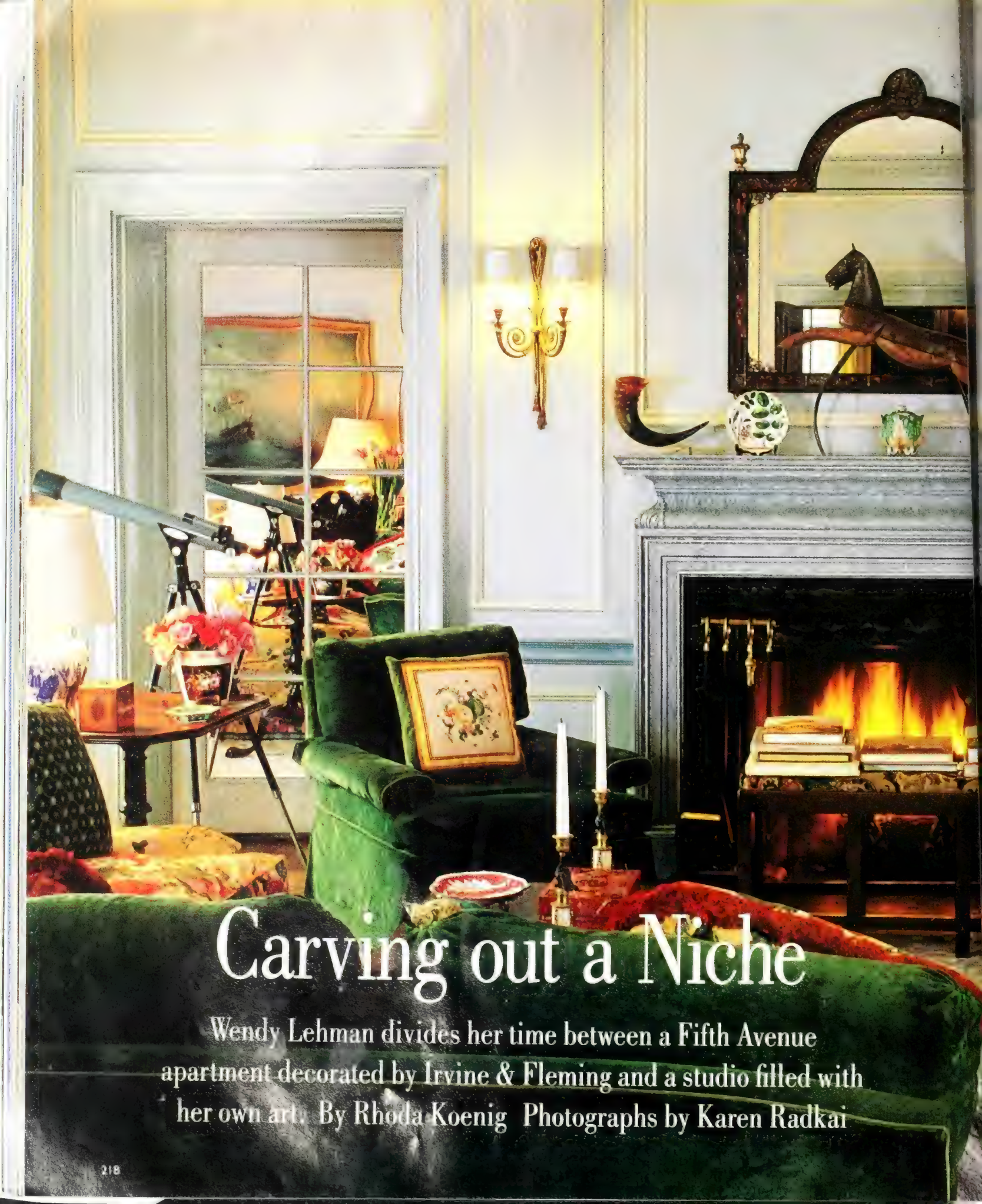
small apartment houses in Brooklyn and Queens. I'd be in Brooklyn and driving in my car when I'd look across and see Manhattan, and I guess it represented the Big Time, the ultimate glamorous symbol of what is beautiful. It's a combination of vibrance and sophistication. I moved into Manhattan in 1972, into a studio apartment with a view blotted by a water tank at Third Avenue and 75th Street. However, with what view I had left, I could see Central Park and the remaining portions of the skyline. You know you can have these visions of beauty, but that water tank always brought realism into the picture. I think that's good."

HEATHER WATTS, *New York City Ballet ballerina:* "I could never leave New York. I must remain near my critics."

YOLANA, *internationally known psychic:* "Things will become more simple in New York, because the future is a little rough. Yes, the economy is in for some trouble, but New York's a Gemini city. After the restoration, it will always be a winner." ♠



Mark Hampton



Carving out a Niche

Wendy Lehman divides her time between a Fifth Avenue apartment decorated by Irvine & Fleming and a studio filled with her own art. By Rhoda Koenig Photographs by Karen Radkai



Wendy Vanderbilt Lehman likes her apartment furnished in a more traditional style than the one she favors for her work as an artist. The porcelain plates and curved horns on the mantel, the sofa handsomely upholstered in Lee Jofa's Hollyhock and Ribbons, and the Stark carpet set a conservative tone. Right: Her sculpture Sky High has a completely different, free-form feeling. Details see Resources.





Living across the street from the Metropolitan Museum and a few blocks uptown from the Whitney, which was founded by her great-aunt Gertrude, Wendy Vanderbilt Lehman is well placed to view paintings and sculpture whenever she likes. Most days, however, she is in her East Side studio creating her own—brightly painted wooden forms in Pucci pinks and greens that recall the confusing but carefree sixties. "The sixties was my time," says Lehman, who remembers it as "a time to explore." Unlike the pioneers of inner growth, however, the lively, impish Lehman says that what she was exploring was "how many parties I could go to, how late I could stay up."

Lehman's father is the noted horse fancier Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, her mother Molly Manuela Hudson. (They divorced when Lehman was young.) Lehman's mother painted, and when Lehman imitated her, she was rewarded: "I was an extremely mischievous child—when I was making my art, I was quiet and not getting into trouble, so I was greatly praised for whatever I did." After going to a flossy school in Palm Beach—"the kind that gave you two and a half hours for lunch"—and Sarah Lawrence, Lehman "went out and painted and went out and painted. I did the usual thing—had a good time."

At the end of the hectic decade, she met Orin Lehman at a political dinner for her Vanderbilt cousin Carter Burden, then a New York City councilman. Orin Lehman, who has had a distinguished career in public service, working on parks, employment for the handicapped, and prison reform, was then having a spell as a theatrical producer—of the Pulitzer Prize–winning play *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds*.

In 1970 they married, and Wendy Lehman acquired a stepdaughter, Susan, and had two daughters of her own, Brooke and Sage. She also gave up painting. "I thought I'd take the next ten or fifteen years to do my children. So I spent most of that time in the playground." Lehman thinks she was fortunate in her timing. "I'm rather glad I missed the seventies."

While motherhood was her job, she didn't even have art for a hobby. "When I stopped, I stopped cold turkey," she says. "I didn't go to a museum, I didn't open a book. Then in 1978 I started fiddling around." She locked herself into a room, telling the household, "No one can come in here unless the house is on fire," and put a pillow over the telephone so she wouldn't even see the message light. She has had exhibitions in New York and Massachusetts and sold sculptures to producer Ray Stark and Francis Greenburger and to an office building in San Francisco.

The Lehman apartment, decorated with Keith Irvine of Irvine & Fleming, is a mixture of family antiques, friendly colors—turquoise, yellow, celadon, pink—serious art, and silly souvenirs. Some of the chinoiserie lamps, tables, and screens came from her mother—"Mummy was very much into porcelain and the nice things of life, while I was—ahem—a bohemian." The living room



The all-white studio, far left, is a backdrop for Lehman's exuberantly colored cutouts. Left: In the living room, decorated with Keith Irvine and Thomas Fleming of Irvine & Fleming, the Charles II settee is covered with antique silk damask. Curtains in Chantelle from Brunschwig & Fils. Sisal carpet from Stark.



In the raspberry-toned bedroom, above, the desk and coffee table were designed by 1930s decorator Ruby Ross Wood for Lehman's mother. Bedhangings and undercurtains from Decorator's Walk. Stark carpeting. Right: Clarence House's velvet on sofa and Scalamandré's silk on chair infuse the library with warmth. Opposite: Lehman in her studio.



holds some landscapes of the Hudson River school, a collection of heart-shaped stones, and a photograph of a small child in a short dress of the twenties: "That's Orin when he was a girl."

The dining room is a more dramatic affair—done in Chinese red, it's clearly a room for entertainment and amusement, with its monkey torchère and cat and mouse tic-tac-toe set. "I like animals that make me laugh," she says. A furry animal is also part of the Lehman household—Ajax, her daughters' seven-year-old rabbit, not her pet of choice. "I celebrate every birthday that rabbit has, if you know what I mean."

In Lehman's bedroom, the mood is cozier, more personal. She still has the stuffed dog she slept with as a child, as well as a box of watercolors inscribed "Suppliers to Her Majesty, Princess Victoria, and the Duke of Sussex." Along with her patchwork pillows and flower-painted porcelain coffee table, color is supplied by a Mediterranean landscape by Fulco di Verdura, the jewelry-designing duke popular with thirties socialites.

The Lehmans also have a house in upstate New York, a dairy farm that's "not chichi at all." It does, however, have a swimming pool, one that Lehman is gearing herself up to decorate. "I hope I have the nerve to repaint it à la Hockney."

Besides Hockney, Lehman's main inspirations are Stella, Kandinsky, Matisse, and Dubuffet. In her all-white loft recently, she was working on one of her vivacious curving pieces. "In artspeak," she says cheerfully, "they call this having a dialogue with the shape." Before and behind her, swirling sculptures stand, in amethyst, watermelon, and lime. Sayings by John Lennon and Flaubert are tacked up for inspiration. Wendy Vanderbilt Lehman's art means a great deal to her—"It's tangible proof that I can do something"—but among the mottoes and mementos is one piece of writing that may mean even more. "Wendy Lehman was born in New York several years ago, and has been making great art ever since," reads a testimonial from her daughter Sage. "She has also made a few great children in her spare time. The children are noisier than the sculptures, though." ▲

Editor: Carolyn Sollis

"Mummy was into porcelain while I was—ahem—a bohemian"





In the living room an intriguing collection of antiques, ranging from a bust of a blackamoor to a gilded rustic fire screen, line up against striped walls achieved by applying seven layers of paint. The armchair is upholstered in custom-colored Faded Roses from Bennison. Opposite: A 19th-century French gilt-bronze twig flourishes on a mahogany cylinder table designed by Stephen Sills. The sofa is upholstered in Cowtan & Tout's Bouclé White cotton with pillows of antique damask. Carpet from Rosecore. Details see Resources.



Earning His Stripes

Fast-track decorator Stephen Sills creates a Manhattan haven for a couple on the move. By James Reginato
Photographs by Michael Mundy





Jim and Pamela Lawrence, below, say Sills struck the perfect balance between his penchant for clean classics and her romantic leanings. Top: Louis Philippe dressing table is framed by curtains in Denim Tapestry from Decorators Walk. Above: Russian coach lanterns flank a 17th-century needlework. Completing the eclectic ensemble are Jacob chairs, a French garden table, and an Islamic drinks stand.

RICHARD DUNKLEY



So many things are going on here," observes Pamela Moffat Lawrence, surveying the Manhattan apartment she sometimes shares with her husband, Jim Lawrence. She's not referring strictly to the decor. "Originally, it was my house, then it became our house," she elaborates. "But he lives in a different town. So it's our taste *and* it's my taste." "It's ours, but it's more hers than mine," he adds. "We have one of those crazy commuter marriages."

As it happened, the couple—both high-powered advertising executives—didn't have to explain anything to decorator Stephen Sills, to whom they turned when the personal pronouns got mixed up, just after their wedding a few years ago. The Lawrences knew that Sills could sort through the semantics deftly as well as manage the larger, more material concern: the transformation of Pamela's smallish apartment into a place roomy enough for two during Jim's brief but frequent visits from his home base in Michigan where they both repair to most weekends.

The couple was confident, too, that Sills could handle an even more daunting demand of the project—coming up with a scheme that would please her taste and his taste, which are not, as all three of the principals will tell you right off, exactly alike. "Jim's more modern. He likes clean, spare, classic lines, while I like something warm and romantic," summarizes Pamela, who grew up—"mostly on a horse"—in an 1840s farmhouse outside Cooperstown, in upstate New York.

Her Houston-born husband, on the other hand, has lived in a succession of urbane spots, from Dallas and Los Angeles to Hong Kong and Singapore. Wherever he has hung his hat, however, he has always employed Stephen Sills, whom he has been friends with since their childhood days in Texas, long before the designer found himself in the forefront of Manhattan's decorating establishment.

In terms of taste the two also came of age together. First, there was "our Billy Baldwin phase," as Sills recalls, which manifested itself in Lawrence's first bachelor pad in Dallas's landmark Maple Terrace. Lots of sisal carpets and linen rugs with muted tones. Later came Lawrence's dark olive lacquered suite in Hong Kong's Peninsula Hotel, which Sills westernized with American prints. "Stephen's decorated every home *(Text continued on page 247)*



White nun's veiling from Henry Calvin cascades from a trellis above the bed covered in Pratesi linens and an antique paisley shawl. The vase is Victorian Bristol glass.



If the living room flirts with the romantic, the bedroom elopes with it

Janklow & Nesbit's Lynn Nesbit, right. Below left: Dining room chairs covered in Arthur Sanderson's Isfahan. Below right and far right: The salon walls, painted by Emma Temple and Nicholas Hardy, provide a dramatic backdrop for sofas covered with Brunschwig & Fils' Beaumont Woven Texture and blinds and pillows dressed in Tropical Lilies by Cowtan & Tout. Details see Resources.



The residences of three publishing executives speak volumes about their lives. By David Lida
Photographs by Karen Radkai







Well-Read Women



Paris is my favorite place in the world,'' says literary agent **Lynn Nesbit,** whose name is frequently mentioned in conjunction with the word ''power'' and who created a new partnership with Morton Janklow last year to form Janklow & Nesbit. ''I studied at the Sorbonne when I was in college. But this apartment has more of the feeling of London than Paris. It could be Kensington Gardens.''

Still, there's more than a little feeling of *À la Recherche du temps perdu* in Nesbit's salon with its gathered curtains, curved love seat, and chandelier. Annabel Bartlett, Nesbit's decorator, says, ''Lynn is a small dynamic woman in that huge, rather terrifying room. The main difficulty was to give it some warmth and not to have it look like a public space.''

Toward that end, the walls were painted a pink marbleized pattern, and spare, not overly formal furniture was chosen. ''There are lots of places for people to sit and talk,'' says Bartlett. The love seat with a ficus tree behind it ''is a good place for a gossip.''

Nesbit uses this room almost exclusively for entertaining. She has two or three large parties a year for as many as a hundred people and frequently entertains smaller groups. ''Publishing is a way of life,'' she says. ''Our professional and personal lives spill over.''

Nesbit, who numbers among her clients Nora Ephron, Robert A. Caro, Tom Wolfe, Ann Beattie, Anne Rice, John Gregory Dunne, and Toni Morrison, has raised her two teenage daughters after her divorce from Richard Gilman. ''I'm such a fast-paced high-energy person that just coming in here slows me down and calms me,'' she says.

Her apartment looks out onto the American Museum of Natural History. ''I love a park view, but it's more usual in New York. To look over the roof of the museum is completely enchanting—it's unique, it's private, I feel as if it's a work of art that belongs to me.''

When decorator Robert Denning saw the apartment that **Joni Evans** had chosen, he says, ''I knew we had to do something violent.'' He explains: ''I seldom face apartments in ultramodern buildings. They have thin walls, low ceilings, too much light, and too much view.'' But Evans, executive vice president and publisher of Random House, knew she wanted to live in the building, a luxury high rise in midtown Manhattan.

''I moved here at a very disruptive, divisive time,'' she says. ''I had just been divorced [from Richard Snyder, chairman of the board of Simon & Schuster], I saw the apartment, and I decided in 24 hours that I loved it. I just took it. I didn't even call my mother. But the next day I called Bob and said, 'You've got to help me—it's square. It's modern.' ''

Evans and Denning saw their task as trying to capture an old-fashioned feeling within the high-tech setting. Evans had chosen white marble floors and mirrors in the corner walls to reflect her dramatic view. To soften this, Denning's conception began with Art Nouveau murals, mounted on 21 screens, which had originally been designed by Joseph Urban for the Ziegfeld Theater. Then he envisioned four sofas and four chaise longues. ''They're récamiers,'' he says, ''the kind that the early psychiatrists used in Vienna.''



Denning chose a dark ground for the floral-patterned furniture because, he says, "there's so much light in that room you practically need sunglasses in the morning." Choosing a pattern for Evans presented no difficulty. "We'd had a chintz experience before, when I worked on her house in Cross River. Joni's rather fearless," continues Denning. "She has an unconventional mind. She had the courage to stick with the decisions of boldness and repetition."

Whether she's entertaining a dozen people to celebrate the publication of Michael Holroyd's biography of George Bernard Shaw or 75 in honor of agent Irving "Swifty" Lazar, Evans says she never has to rearrange a thing. And when she's by herself, she says, "it's soft. It's comfortable. It looks like a garden. When I come home, I feel like someone's putting their arms around me or giving me a hot bath."



She's also enamored of her view, which takes in the spires of St. Patrick's Cathedral, the roof gardens of Rockefeller Center, and gives her readings of the time and temperature from the tower of the Newsweek Building. "One awful summer day," says Evans, "I was on the phone with John Gregory Dunne, and I said, 'My God, it's a hundred degrees on top of the Newsweek Building.' And he said, 'Don't go up there.' "

Nancy Evans (no relation to Joni Evans) says that if she were sane, she would have bought an apartment. A stable structure in a building with a doorman, with basic amenities like a stove and a refrigerator in place. But Evans, the president and publisher of Doubleday, had her heart set on a town house. Romantic notions

Random House's Joni Evans, left. Above: The dark grounds for Clarence House's Les Vendages on the chairs and sofas and for Rose Cumming's Palm Leaf on the walls help absorb the morning light. Chinese needlepoint carpet by Stark. Below: A Joseph Urban screen-mounted Art Nouveau mural, originally designed for the Ziegfeld Theater.





Doubleday's Nancy Evans, below left. Left: In the living room, Cowtan & Tout's Winfield on sofa, chairs, and pouf supplies subtle counterpoint to the Portuguese needlepoint carpet by Stark.



HAIR AND MAKEUP BY DEBORAH ENGELSMAN

prompted her to choose this one on New York's Upper West Side. "All the great publishers had town houses," Evans says. She wanted to create an island of calm—an intimate place where writers could feel at home.

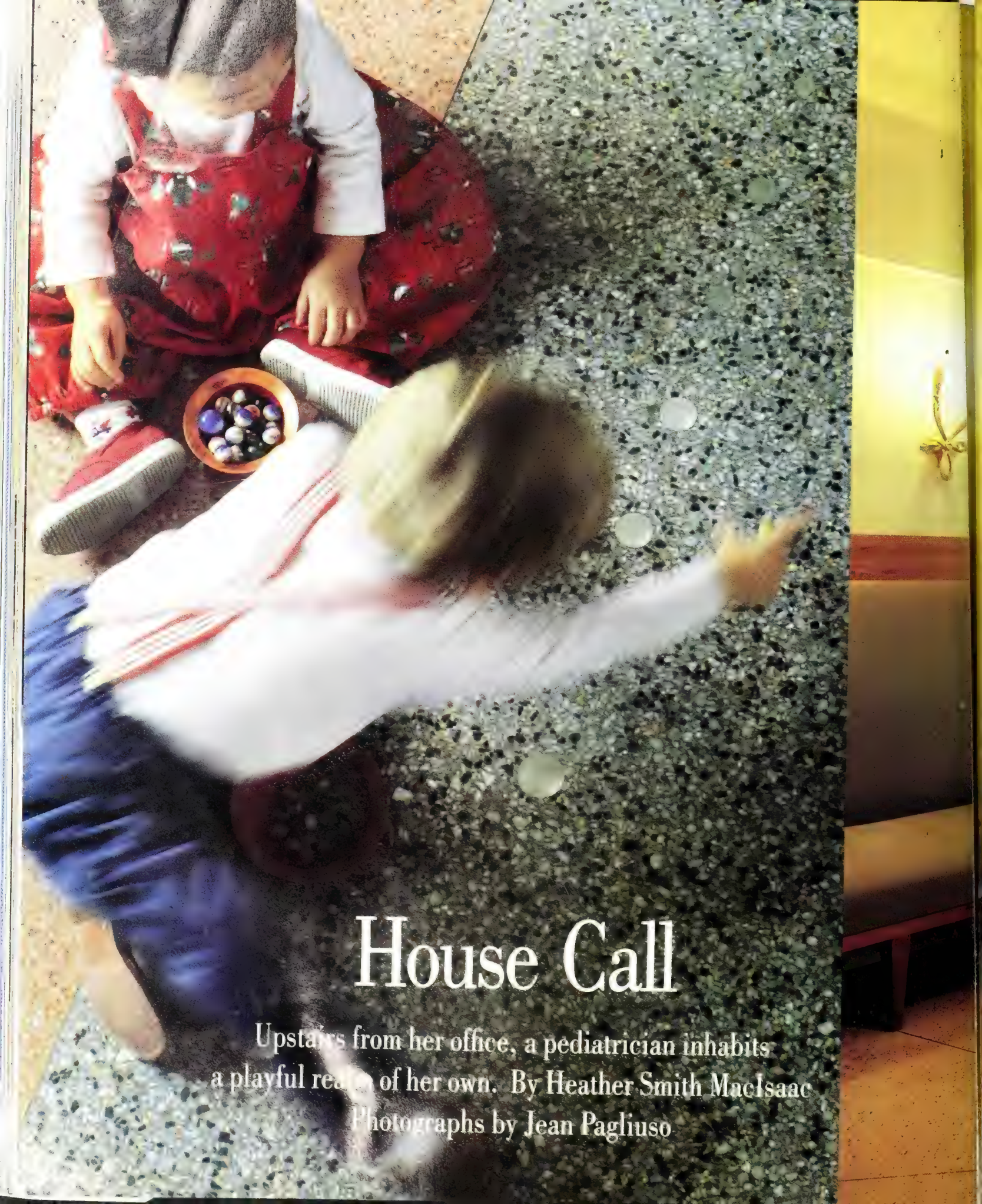
But it's no island of calm now. "The place was a disaster before we moved in," she says. "I'm so compulsive—I spent tons of money going back and forth to see how the workmen were doing when we bought it. So finally we moved in."

Few of the rooms are in as settled a state as the living room. How long does she think it will take her to get her house in order? "Decades," she replies. "My goal is to be able to give a Christmas party this year. I don't know if I'll be able to realize it. I did give a dinner last week, though, for 26 people. When the caterer saw the condition of the kitchen, he almost quit."

Fortunately, Evans's decorator, Alexandra Stoddard, is a friend. They share a remarkably symbiotic background in Fairfield County. "Our mothers were in the same garden club," says Stoddard. "We had the same horseback riding instructor and took the same dancing lessons."

They are able to communicate their design ideas in a kind of shorthand. "She and I click like sisters," says Stoddard. "I don't have to show her a hundred pieces of chintz; I can pick out the right one for her."

Evans, who has a reputation as a tireless workaholic, says she likes her interiors to reflect ease and comfort. Sitting on the sofa with her legs crossed Indian style, Evans explains: "Alexandra's biggest message is that you shouldn't decorate to impress others but to please yourself and your family." ▲



House Call

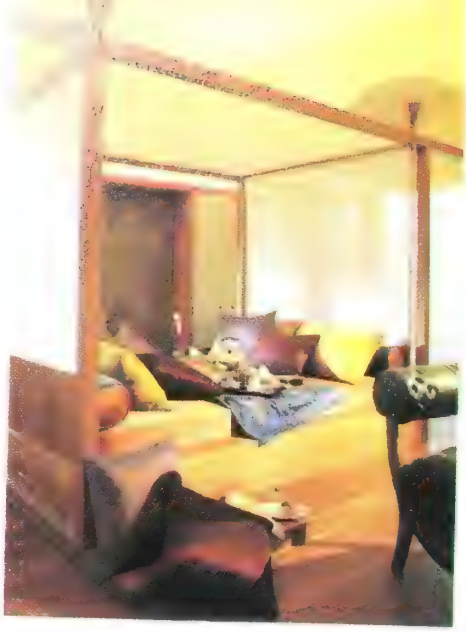
Upstairs from her office, a pediatrician inhabits a playful realm of her own. By Heather Smith MacIsaac

Photographs by Jean Pagliuso



In the living room, two of Dr. Tsao's young patients, opposite, shoot marbles across the smooth terrazzo floor. Above: "frozen curtains" of red velvet, an homage to Mantua, flank the fireplace in the former front parlor furnished with a banquette, chaise longue, and sunburst light fixture designed by the architects.

Renais
creates
room
canor, screens the bed
fr
Be
in a dress by her brother made of the same silk satin used in the house. Bottom: Bedroom fireplace is framed by gilded steel set into a textured wall by Anne Philippe.



At working day's end Dr. Tsao wished to walk upstairs into a world that was "magical, a bit quirky"





Tufted green satin transforms a cockfight chair, right, found in a New Orleans bordello, into a dressing-table chair. Far right: A Tang goddess of mercy watches over the cherrywood meditation room.

Mary Ann Tsao is a child's dream come true of a pediatrician. She favors colorful dresses instead of lab coats. She is imaginative: for a tuberculosis test, which involves a four-pronged prick of the forearm, she offers a colored marker to her patients and proposes, "Let's make a face—I'll do the eyes and you draw the smile." And best of all, the face anxious children look up to is one of grace and beauty.

Much as Dr. Tsao loves her work with little ones, playfulness is in reality only a small part of her job. "Being a doctor leaves little room for whim." With her office a floor below her living space in a landmark New York town house, she wished at working day's end to walk upstairs into a world that was "magical, a bit quirky, with room for body and mind to roam and be refreshed. I also wanted private hideaway kinds of spaces—the sort children love to discover."

There was no question that the architects of choice for the renovation would be the New York firm of Tsao & McKown, Mary Ann's brother Calvin and his partner, Zack, respectively. "I trust them as two people with exquisite taste, though one of them may focus more on function, the other on the atmosphere they are trying to convey." The partners looked beyond Mary Ann's professional role and picked up on her sensual and soulful side, which they felt called for "architecture as sonnet." The poetic images they presented to her were drawn from memories of early childhood in Hong Kong, from a love of fairy tales and medieval pageantry, and from the trio's affinity for various periods in art history—especially the early Renaissance and postwar Surrealism.

Dr. Tsao's transition from on- to off-duty begins in a meditation room the size of a walk-in closet, paneled in cherrywood and presided over by a Tang statuette of a goddess. This chamber is secreted behind one of a series of false-perspective doors. Another door leads to a bathroom where soft colors and golden light, a deep soaking tub, and a hemispherical bronze basin under a pyramidal ceiling bring serenity and sensuality to a daily ritual.

Renaissance Annunciation paintings were the inspiration in the bedroom for a





neutral palette set off by jewel tones—garnet, amethyst, topaz, citrine—and for a bed that functions as a room within a room. Elevated on a low platform, dressed in rich deep silks, and draped with a long panel of fine sheer cotton that recalls the mosquito netting Dr. Tsao slept under as a child, the bed transforms the bedroom into a boudoir. A turn-of-the-century cockfight chair from a New Orleans bordello, tufted and buttoned in emerald green satin, is the only movable piece of furniture.

"I wanted private hideaway spaces, the sort children love to discover"

If the bedroom is a boudoir, the living room is a grand salon. Here Dr. Tsao plays Bach inventions on a handmade harpsichord. From time to time she welcomes guests to cocktail parties, but more often she pirouettes solo across the terrazzo, savoring the "feeling of space swishing by," or reads on a chaise longue near the front windows "where I can be private yet still in contact with the world."

The decoration is at once restrained and inventive. The pattern for the terrazzo grows out of the geometry of the room. The only embellishments to the walls are two paintings by New York artist Trish McKinney and a pair of 1950s French sconces. Movable furniture is again kept to a minimum: two chairs, Louis XV and XVI voyeuses upholstered in dull gold satin, on which one can sit forward or backward.

Tsao and McKown saw the need to "save a room done up in fine materials from becoming too predictably grand." They opened up a two-story shaft above the fireplace and then framed the hearth with "frozen curtains" of red velvet, "an homage to Magritte." A mirror seemingly fastened to the wall by two miniature headlights soars above the fireplace through a steel grating that bridges the slot. A gold-painted spiral stair, reflected in the mirror, leads to a second-floor study, which is a hideaway any child or child-minded adult would love.

In her garden-level office, Mary Ann Tsao's feet are firmly planted on the ground, but on the floors above, architects Tsao and McKown have given her a space where her head and heart can be in the clouds. "I wear this place like an old familiar shawl," she says, "and yet I am always discovering details anew. It's like receiving presents every day." ▲





Zack McKown, Calvin Tsao, and Mary Ann Tsao, opposite, in her kitchen. Left: Gilded stair winds from living room up to study. Above: A plastic ball serves as the stopper in a bronze sink by Bruce Tomb in the master bath. Above: The Roman spa–style soaking tub. Below: Twigs nestled on 19th-century American andirons.



Stephen Mallory, opposite below. Right: The mantel displays a Henry Moore drawing of a buffalo, a bronze torso by Gordon Locke, rosemary topiaries, and vases filled with Japanese garden stones. Opposite above: Damasks give an air of traditional luxury to contemporary pieces of furniture—sofa cushions in Colette from Scalamandré, ottoman in Damask Rafael from Fonthill. The curtains are Italian wool challis from Scalamandré. Details see Resources.

Model Rooms

HG takes a look at three designs from the 1989 Kips Bay Decorator Show House. By Glenn Harrell Photographs by Michael Mundy



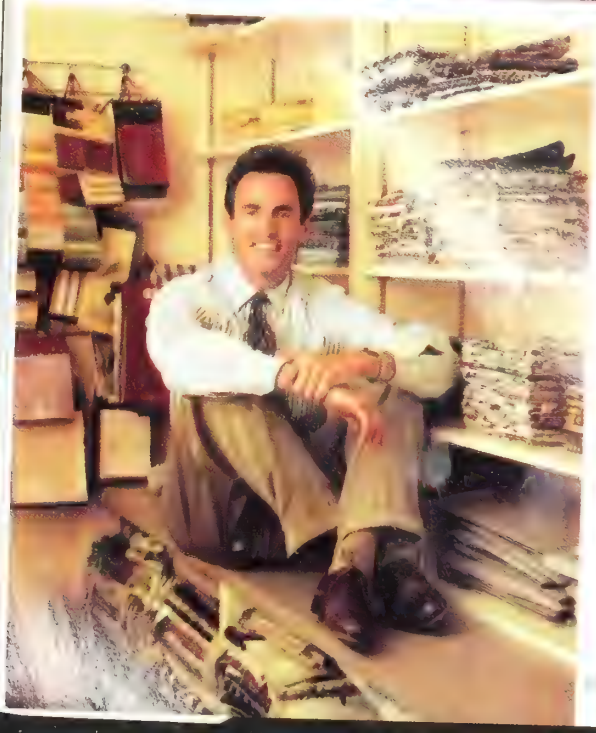


GEORGE LANGE

We gave the room a freshness, a purity that both respected its history and made it very livable and contemporary," says Stephen Mallory of his and associate Kyle Wells's design for a parlor. To set the key for a brilliant palette, the walls—adorned with moldings original to the 1906 Federal Revival town house—were glazed a vibrant lemon yellow that glows in the reflected light of tilted mirrors hung from silk cords. A raspberry lacquer-topped tea table adds another note of dazzling color amid sleek damask-covered sofas and somber black leather armchairs. Equally dramatic is a faux leopard silk-screened leather rug pieced together to suggest one mammoth pelt. And there is the startling play on scale between a slender mahogany étagère and a squat rubber, steel, and glass table by Patrick Naggar. "I could easily have done Louis the something, but I don't do ladylike rooms," proclaims Mallory. "I like to mix things up. It's who I am as a designer."







I wanted to make people aware that Parish-Hadley is about more than just beautiful chintz and fine upholstery," remarks David Kleinberg. The bathroom he designed is a room unto itself—complete with a fireplace, television, and telephone—which just happens to have a tub in it. Muted copper and gold tones, warm burgundy accents, and dark wood combine to create a masculine ambience. The encaustic-painted walls and iridescent ceiling—reminiscent of medieval mosaics and the canvases of Gustav Klimt—compose a luminous setting for an alabaster lamp and star-studded faucets. The decorator also played with geometry: an overscale checkerboard Moroccan rug over a striped sisal, a pattern of gold-edged squares on 18th-century French armchairs, and a folding screen of individually painted squares of silver and gold-leaf papers. "It's very urban, very 1990s," says Kleinberg. "A bathroom like this is the ultimate luxury for a Manhattan apartment."

David Kleinberg, opposite below. Opposite above: The zigzag table, custom-made for Parish-Hadley, echoes the jagged silhouettes of Indonesian bronze figures and the shapes in a 1957 Ralston Crawford gouache. Above: An early 19th century English terra-cotta lioness—atop an 18th-century French marquetry cabinet—glowers at two paintings by Al Held. A linen robe from Polo by Ralph Lauren is tossed over the back of an 1840s French armchair upholstered in Parish-Hadley's Camera. Striped sisal is from Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges. Right: On the marble basin table—modeled after a Chippendale library table—a black and white enamel candlestick lamp anchors an arrangement of objects which includes a red lacquer box the decorator found in China.





With a wealth of antique and reproduction furniture and hefty bolts of solid and striped silks, Kevin McNamara created what he describes as a traditional French pied-à-terre. "My design was an attempt to return to classical interior decoration," professes McNamara. "Too many recent design trends show a lack of discipline and proportion." He sheathed the room in celery green silk, crowned it with a Vitruvian scroll border, and laid down a Gothick-style carpet. At center stage is a daybed draped with silk that cascades from a Louis XVI gilded coronet. Antique textiles, such as the eighteenth-century damasks and old gold tape on pillows, imply a venerable lineage and, like the dark green velvet upholstery, break up the monochromatic scheme. The decorator also balanced dark versus light: two giltwood Louis XV–style armchairs opposite a Louis XV pair painted white and a mahogany *bureau plat* across from a pale painted Italian commode. Scallop-edged swags atop voluminous curtains and a pair of sconces bedecked with Mardi Gras–style beads reveal how a classical approach to period styles can still express a contemporary taste for extravagance and fantasy. ▲ *Editor: Carolyn Englefield*

Kevin McNamara, above. Below: The decorator dressed the daybed in silk trimmed with fragments of an 18th-century embroidered dress. Opposite: To achieve the effect of box pleating, strips of fabric were cut, seamed, and applied to the walls. The salmon table skirt is 18th-century Italian brocade. Right: A scroll-pediment Venetian mirror above the Louis XVI marble mantel is flanked by reproduction beaded sconces from Nesle. Below right: Between the curtains—based on a plate from Ackermann's *Repository of Arts*—are 17th-century Continental studies for ceilings and tables from Stubbs Books & Prints, NYC. The crown molding was painted by Maer-Murphy. All new fabrics are silk from Christopher Norman









From Soup to Sèvres

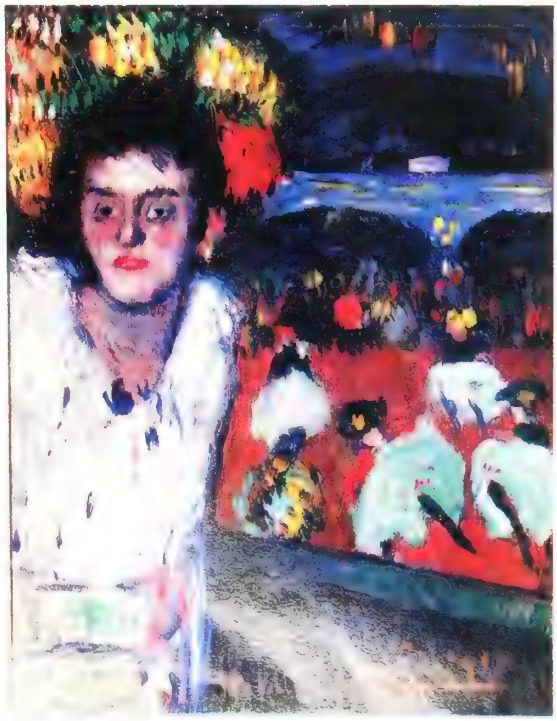
The collections of Campbell Soup chairman Jack Dorrance are served up at auction

By Stuart Greenspan



Meissen monteith, left, one of a pair, c. 1750 ($15,000–$25,000). Below: 1771 Sèvres wine cooler, one of a pair ($12,000–$18,000); Italian silver-gilt soup ladle, c. 1800 ($6,000–$8,000); Tang equestrian figure ($35,000–$45,000).





The [illegible] at Sotheby's [illegible] Picasso's *Au Moulin Rouge*, above (estimate $6–$8 million). Top: Chelsea 1757 Hans Sloane plate ($800–$1,200); Chelsea 1755 asparagus tureen ($3,000–$5,000)

Great art collections come on the market sometimes by circuitous routes, and so it is with the immense $100 million-plus collection belonging to the late John T. Dorrance Jr., which Sotheby's is offering in a series of sales taking place October 18–21 in New York.

In the early 1960s when Andy Warhol, then at the beginning of his career, started to make his Campbell's Soup can paintings, Dorrance, who was Campbell's chairman and the son of its founder, might have tried to buy them up as a sort of corporate icon. Instead he refused to have anything to do with the artist or the art. It was not that Dorrance had anything against contemporary art per se, although he certainly did not favor it. For him it was an issue of morality: he did not want his company's reputation to be sullied by the Warhol mystique. Years later, in response to constant inquiries from visitors to Campbell's Camden, New Jersey, headquarters, the company finally commissioned from Warhol a painting of a Campbell's Soup box. But by then the controversy was long past, and after a few years with the painting gathering dust, Campbell sold its only Andy.

According to people who knew this shy and modest man, morality was high on the list of ingredients of Jack Dorrance's life, so much so that in recent years, when it appeared that the company ought to close down some of its far-flung factories, he could not bring himself to put loyal employees out of work. Morality had everything to do with the way he wished to dispose of his $1.5 billion fortune, too.

A longtime trustee of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, Dorrance bolstered its Landmark Renewal Fund with $5 million, the museum's largest cash gift. He also left instructions in his will for the establishment of a charitable trust that would have provided the museum with an enormous amount of money: forty percent of the annual interest from his estate for 25 years.

When Dorrance died suddenly last April at the age of seventy, however, it was revealed that he had changed his will and revoked nearly all its provisions. Responding with crotchety conviction to the 1986 Tax Reform Act, which eliminated the substan-



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Macy's

tial tax breaks offered to charitable annuity trusts, he specified that his fortune be broken up and divided among his six grandchildren. All that the Philadelphia Museum got was a pair of Meissen goats, an unidentified French painting, and a small parcel of land. Generosity has its limits.

The museum may have expected to be left a significant portion of the art collection. But Philadelphia's loss turned out to be Sotheby's gain and, to be fair, a boon for the entire world of collecting, which has too few opportunities like this one. Within a month of his death, the auction house announced that it would sell nearly a thousand lots of Impressionist, modern, and old-master paintings, porcelain, silver, furniture, and Chinese and Russian works of art.

The backdrop for all this magnificence was the Dorrance estate in Gladwyne on Philadelphia's Main Line. Surrounding this palatial Tudor manor house were acres of gardens and greenhouses, as horticulture was Dorrance's passion. He even helped develop a deep purple carnation, which was named for him. At home he delighted in serving homegrown exotic and out-of-season fruit and vegetables offset by startlingly lifelike porcelain imitations of his bounty.

Although ceramics—including the soup tureens that complement those in the Campbell Museum in Camden, which Dorrance founded in 1966—form the largest and most varied part of the collection, 95 percent of the overall value of the collection resides in the Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, and modern paintings, almost all of which were purchased from the Acquavella Galleries in New York. Fully 38 of the paintings are valued at $1 million or more, and given the way the art market is behaving nowadays, they could fetch a great deal more.

There is considerable speculation as to which will be the sale's top lot. My own choice is a very early Picasso, *Au Moulin Rouge*, a brilliant expressionistic view of the famed dance hall painted during the artist's first trip to Paris. Estimated to sell for $6–$8 million, it dates from the same period as *Yo Picasso*, the great self-portrait recently sold at auction for $47.85 million. An unusual figure study by Van Gogh, *L'Homme est en mer*, is not the sort of picture one necessarily looks for by that artist. Still, this moving painting of a mother with her child awaiting her husband's return from the sea is expected to sell for $10–$15 million. Of the eight Monets, *Meules, effet de neige, le matin*—from his *Haystacks* series—is outstanding, as is an early Courbet-like still life with fruit. All the major Impressionists are represented, and so are a small group of old-master paintings, including a magnificent intimate still life of flowers, fruit, and shells by the seventeenth-century Dutch master Balthasar van der Ast and an important, somewhat atypical, Canaletto, *View of the Church of Il Redentore*, a head-on closeup of the Venetian building.

The real mystery about the Dorrance collection—whose sets of slipcased sales catalogues, selling for $100, will become collectors items in their own right—is how little known it is, considering the owner's prominence in business and museum circles. "Given his background," explains Ralph Collier, president of the Campbell Museum (which was left a single tureen to add to the 330 acquired during Dorrance's lifetime), "it was sometimes difficult for him to mix with the unwashed masses." No doubt, it will be the great unwashed who will be shopping at Sotheby's. ▲



Earning His Stripes

(Continued from page 226) I've ever had. I would never think of doing anything without him. He's light-years ahead of me design-wise," says Lawrence.

So when it came time to do this apartment, even though Jim wanted something on the formal side and Pamela was leaning toward country, it was simple. "I decided to create the look I wanted, which I knew they should have," Sills states magisterially. With that in mind, the decorator and his associate, James Huniford, selected a variety of contrasting finishes and furnishings after completely gutting and restructuring the apartment.

Throughout, bulky scrubbed-oak doors and shutters—copied from a late nineteenth century house in Florence and hand-carved by Polish craftsmen—provide a framework just rustic enough. In the living room the walls, striped in faded washed-out colors —white and a delicate Florentine pink—at once "obliterate the bad architecture," as Huniford says, and introduce a Tuscan or Provençal mood. The long seven-application process employed to achieve this painterly effect was witnessed firsthand by Pamela Lawrence, who relayed nightly reports to Detroit: "I'd get home and call him every evening. 'Jim, you'll never believe what's going on. Today it's hot pink and white.' Then the next day, 'It's brown and pale pink!' "

But if the shell of the apartment is earthy, its contents are considerably more polished, from the Louis XV red lacquer desk and Louis XVI side chairs to the English false-front Regency book cabinet. Sills's influence is also evident in the couple's inspired array of antique objects and art, which includes a French Gothic spire, a pair of Russian coach lanterns, a blackamoor bust from Vienna, and a pair of nineteenth-century marble bas-reliefs of angels with babes in their arms. Then there's the rustic fire screen, which Sills found in a Texas junk shop. It's not so humble anymore, now that its twisted twigs have been painted gold and frame an exquisite piece of eighteenth-century Moroccan silk.

If the living room flirts with the romantic, the bedroom elopes with it. Violet walls and an extraordinary confection of a bed—white nun's veiling cascades down at all four corners from an overhead trellis—send the room's occupants on a trip through the clouds. "It's my idea of heaven," says Pamela. "I shut the door and eat Chinese food."

"It's a wonderfully serene tree house," says Sills, who confesses that he began his career as a minimalist. "I admired Mies, Le Corbusier, Gropius." Then he went to Europe, where he focused not on the Bauhaus but on a number of lush interiors, notably those designed by Renzo Mongiardino. "I was overwhelmed by the sheer sense of beauty, which was achieved with such confidence. And I saw that the Europeans see decorating as a great art—a serious medium. It changed my whole concept."

Jim Lawrence is just as passionate on the subject: "Decorating is one of the ultimate art forms. You use colors, textures, shadows, but unlike a painting, it's three-dimensional. It's real. Not only do you combine all the arts, but then you get to live in it."

Not surprisingly, now that their New York base is outfitted, the couple has dispatched Sills to their house in the Michigan woods, which includes a basement bigger than their entire New York apartment.

They delight in the contrast. "I prefer living in several places," says Jim. "I like to go back and forth and not have to carry a suitcase." "Yes, the commute's no problem," Pamela confirms. "I hop on a plane and I'm there while most people are still stuck on the Long Island Expressway." Who said these commuter marriages are crazy? ▲

Editor: Carolyn Sollis

Shakespeare

(Continued from page 202) Shakespeare's hemlock (the all-parts-deadly umbelliferous *Conium maculatum*, by Ellacombe's lights "one of the most poisonous of a suspicious family") by the North American evergreen hemlock tree, *Tsuga canadensis*. "American hemlock is *not* a Shakespearean plant, which is cheating," says Kelly. "But we need that for screening purposes." Likewise, Shakespeare's quince was the fruiting West Asian native *Cydonia oblonga*, whereas Kelly's is the Japanese flowering *Chaenomeles speciosa*. Pressed, Kelly fesses up. "Japanese flowering quince is the wrong quince," but the name carries it and strategic defense demands it. "Wherever I've noticed a path forming, I put in quince." Well, what of all the barberry? "I like barberry!" Kelly announces. "It's background. I view it almost as lawn. Shakespeare would not have known this plant, but we can put it in the category of briers—to keep people from making shortcuts through the beds." The spiderwort most likely stays on courtesy of Falstaff (*Merry Wives*): "Good worts! good cabbage." (Kelly has planted three dozen good cabbage.) Even if all the plants aren't kosher Shakespeare, they're in his playful spirit.

As if to repent so much poetic licensing, Kelly is quick to point out that "we do have English yews and English boxes and English hawthorn." (Never mind Shakespeare's many disparaging references to the "dismal yew.") But mandrake, which makes cameo appearances in *Antony and Cleopatra, Othello, Henry IV* and *Henry VI*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, doesn't show up once. Ellacombe states, "There is certainly no plant round which so much superstition has gathered, all of which is more or less silly and foolish, and a great deal that is worse than silly." Even if Kelly couldn't get a green card for the European mandragora—our own mayapple (*Podophyllum peltatum*) is called mandrake and could have got in under Kelly's cheating quota. Ellacombe reports that "Lark's heels is one of the many names of the Garden Delphinium, otherwise called Larkspur, Larksclaw, Larkstoes." In the Shakespeare Garden 83 larksfeet bloom.

In 1986, Kelly and Varnell had ambitious plans for two hundred "Anodized aluminum signs with stands set in concrete...permanent [and] 'vandal proof' " to identify the plants and their place in Shakespeare. Now no more than a dozen quotes will stand up to the huns. To accompany the many rose "briers" there is Rosalind (*As You Like It*): "O, how full of briers is this working-day world!" And as for the 105 plants of the "herb of grace"—rue—why not quote the Clown in *All's Well:* "Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or, rather the herb of grace."

Between acts of *Twelfth Night* and *Titus Andronicus* this past summer, I drifted over from Free Shakespeare in the Park to free Shakespeare Garden in the park, Ellacombe under arm, and keyed-out many in the supporting plant cast: violets, flax, apple, peas, roses, yew, and box (*Twelfth Night*) and lilies, briers, grass, honey-stalks (clover), and the "dismal yew" (*Titus Andronicus*).

Imagine, in mid Manhattan there grows a lyrical flowering hillside composed in Shakespeare's familiar blank verse, planted out in wild sweeps of unrhymed iambic pentameter: 1,897 quarts of mint, 1,551 pots of pansies, 1,316 pots of primroses, etc. All this and a castle, too. Says Shakespeare Gardener Johnson: "Working here, I forget I'm in New York sometimes." Walking there, I forget the same thing. ▲

Editor: Leslie Horn

Mt. Manhattan

(Continued from page 189) ran to gingerbread mansions off the boardwalk at Watch Hill or to Adirondack lodges where dinner was black tie and stays. The *old* old New York taste belonged to a couple of Dutch families who hid in their clubs in town or in their Hudson River houses and occasionally—when the blood got thin—came out to breed. Knickerbocker taste was never the standard here. It was so covert that very few people got to see it, let alone attempt it themselves or sell it to anybody else. This produced a kind of democracy. It meant that this year's standard was last year's potlatch. Money talked in New York—anybody's money—the way money never talked in Boston, with its impenetrable aesthetic of intellect and family, or, for that matter, in Charleston, where plantation life and French connections had nurtured a hothouse aristocracy, or in Philadelphia, where the established taste had sprung from such a subtle and perverse mix of blunt mercantilism and Quaker decorum that you had to be born to the ironies to understand them at all. The real divide in Henry James was never Europe and America, it was New York and Boston—or, rather, New York and everywhere else. Isabel Archer went off to Florence and married Gilbert Osmond with much less hesitation than Verena Tarrant left Massachusetts for a life with Basil Ransom in New York.

IN PROVIDENCE, where I grew up, the most renegade thing a girl could do was marry a New Yorker. New York was interesting, but you did not marry there. It was too flamboyant. It meant questionable taste and faithless men and everyone's most exciting and unstable relatives. It meant, in my case, my aunt Beatrice, who was a painter and had drunk absinthe at the Dôme and had one mysterious affair and never married. It meant my indiscreetly rich uncle Fred, who collected Picabia and Moholy-Nagy and had an emerald green rug on the living room floor that made my mother shudder—and did something referred to delicately around my house as "trading." There were smart people in New York, but they were not serious, like smart people in Providence. They enjoyed themselves too much. They had too much money.

I became a New Yorker, faute de mieux, without really noticing. It was a question of small, perceptual changes. Over the years, New York started looking normal to me, and then started looking good, and Providence started looking a little spare. I became a New Yorker when I found myself talking about a "typical" Providence house or Boston party the way I had once talked with condescension about "typical" New Yorkers and what they looked like and how they lived.

The charm and, of course, the great attraction of New York is that, with a little help and a couple of generations, everyone here becomes a New Yorker—the way no one ever really becomes a Bostonian or a Charlestonian or a Philadelphian. New York is accommodating. There is a greedy, enthusiastic innocence about the city that keeps it lively. People "arrive" here—in fact or on the wings of cash—and chances are that they would rather lunch at Mortimer's than the Cosmopolitan Club, that they would rather marry in the Temple of Dendur than St. Bartholomew's. But they share this with the people who preceded them: they are conventional in their excess. They conform. They do not take chances. You find them up and down Park Avenue, but you do not find them in the Dakota, sharing the laundry room with Yoko Ono and Lauren Bacall. Their idea of an intellectual is a dress designer you can bring to dinner with Henry Kissinger, and this is enough to qualify them as the next generation's old money. They sit on the board of Sloan-Kettering and send their girls to Chapin and "volunteer" in ways that old New Yorkers associate with their mothers and grandmothers and the salad days of the Junior League—and they study the women who preceded them. They court those women with better parties and often with better company. They entertain. They do not necessarily expect to be entertained in return, but they expect to be instructed. They are indeed shinier, but they learn to tarnish. ♠

Peter the Great

(Continued from page 182) young architect to her parents, Gianni and Marella Agnelli, who remembered him years later when they needed a designer for their palatial Park Avenue apartment.

But if Andy Warhol started Marino out on the road to glory, the extraordinary distance the architect has traveled is to no one's credit but his own. Marino likes to chalk up his success in the penthouses and palazzos of the world to his "very integrated approach" to design, to the fact that he is both an architect and a decorator. "My philosophy, if anything, is Beaux-Arts," he reports. Which means that he is without built-in professional limitations—that he is equipped to design not only the house, but also the interior, the furniture, the fabrics, the light fixtures, and even, for some clients, the dinner plates. It's one-stop shopping.

Another boon to Marino's career, of course, has been his lack of stylistic bias. "Everyone is longing to say Peter Marino does X type of work," he notes. "They're longing to. But I believe in freedom of stylistic expression. I cannot believe that so many architects and decorators honestly think there is one best design style for a problem. Any problem can be solved in at least three completely different ways. I think less of firms who have an identifiable style or stamp because really the well runs dry very quickly. To think one aesthetic solution is applicable to everything in life is beyond naive. It approaches some whole other level of stupidity. What I do is much more difficult."

Marino's open stylistic mind enables him to appeal to such diverse sensibilities as Carla Fendi, for whom he has designed a New York apartment; Valentino, for whom he has designed a yacht interior and a Manhattan apartment; Giorgio Armani, for whom he has designed an apartment in Milan; and Calvin Klein, for whom he has designed retail shops in Dallas and London. Two additional projects underscore his aesthetic elasticity: for Philip Niarchos, a "very simple modern" apartment in Manhattan, and for an American philanthropist, a Gothic suite of rooms in a Venetian palazzo.

Regardless of what style or period he employs, however, Marino likes to introduce a twist to reveal the contemporary vintage of his rooms. "Contrary to what people think, I don't do period decor—I don't," he protests. "The challenge is to take a terribly important desk by Charles Cressent, a stand by André Charles Boulle, and the most incredible clock in the world and put those things together in a young person's apartment with new pieces so that it looks fresh—not like his grandfather's apartment."

His Ivy League design education notwithstanding, Marino did not learn to meet such challenges at school. (For one thing, in the sixties, Cornell was a temple of classic Modernism.) Nor did he learn how during his various apprenticeships in the New York offices of SOM, George Nelson, I. M. Pei, and Araldo Cossutta. Instead, Marino traces his versatile hand and gimlet eye back to Queens, where he got off to a slow start in life. At an age when other boys were out at the playground, he would lie in his room

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Peter the Great

dreaming Proustian daydreams, taking in every detail of his surroundings. With a precocious sophistication like that, Marino recalls, "you start to think, 'How could this room be improved?' When I was four, I used to have hour-long conversations with my mother about the curtains. And the next day I would talk about the same thing. That produces a rather peculiar sensitivity in a child." Years later in high school young Marino cultivated that sensitivity by visiting Manhattan, where he spent Saturdays studying painting at the High School of Music and Art and Sundays studying the decorative arts at the city's museums. He enrolled in Cornell because its architecture program incorporated fine arts. But he was an unremarkable student: "Lucky for me, Cornell was pass-fail in those days."

It is unlikely that any of Peter Marino's chums in the class of '71 had even a hint way back then that he has always seen himself "in the league of the old-time architects, of Stanford White, who went with clients on the grand tour of Europe." Nowadays, of course, the tours are briefer, and Paris, Stockholm, and London are the preferred destinations, but these trips are still essentially shopping sprees—expeditions in search of major antiques. "Every important room needs at least one important piece of furniture," explains Marino. Succumbing to temptation, I asked what was the most "important" piece of furniture he had ever purchased for a client? "A Renaissance cabinet—for $1.3 million," he replied, anticipating the next question.

Marino attributes at least fifty percent of his success to meticulous organization. "One of the reasons wealthy people hire you is because they want to get things done," he claims. "No wealthy person wants to screw around—they want it *done*." To help them, Marino has set up satellite offices in East Hampton, Philadelphia, and Paris, which are manned, like his home base in Manhattan, not only with architects but also with experts in related fields. His staff includes former curators from the Getty and the Metropolitan museums as well as specialists in paintings, textiles, and furniture. "Because of the level of my clients, they have to be doubly and triply protected," he adds. "Everything is expertized, everything is vetted. We're very serious." To help ensure that fact, Marino requires staff members to read Peter Thornton's 1978 classic, *Seventeenth-Century Interior Decoration in England, France, and Holland*. "It's my Bible," reports Marino.

Although Marino is now by all but his clients' standards very rich, he owns neither a car nor a country house. And except for signature Hermès bow ties and Charvet candy-stripe shirts, he limits his sartorial splendor to off-the-rack suits picked up at Barneys New York, the Seventh Avenue fashion emporium where he has been a loyal customer for over a decade. And why not? He met the owners, Phyllis and Fred Pressman, when he was a junior draftsman working on the Barneys account with his former employers George Nelson and Gordon Chadwick. When Chadwick died in 1980, Marino offered up his services and the Pressmans gave him a chance with a commission to design a two-by-four-foot glass display case for Li-Lac chocolates. His current work for the Pressmans ranges from a house in Larchmont for son Gene to a Barneys outpost in Manhattan's financial district and a Barneys in Beverly Hills and Tokyo.

Such large-scale commissions enabled Marino to treat himself and his wife, *Kate & Allie* costume designer Jane Trapnell, to a 5,500-square-foot co-op on East 57th Street last March. His "fantasy" is to stage seventeenth-century masques in the thirty-by-sixty-foot "salon" as soon as he has the time to renovate the apartment and move in. But that probably won't happen anytime soon. Marino's office is currently inundated with so much work that newcomers are routinely turned away at the door. On those rare occasions when he does deign to consider a new client, certain criteria must be met. "Unless it's Buckingham Palace and they just need a redo, we only take important projects with budgets that include both architecture and decorating," he explains—although "budget" hardly seems like the right word. "The architecture part is always a few million," Marino confesses. "Whether it's $2 million or $4 million, it's probably not going to be $12 million. Well, a couple are going to be $12 million. But you can't avoid it. You spend what you have to spend."

And who spends such money? "You have the old rich and you have the new rich. I often say, 'I don't care as long as they're rich.' But come on, who do you think hires architects? The old rich already have their homes; all they need is to re-cover two chairs. I am not for those families. That doesn't interest me. I am interested in making large important statements about aesthetic sensibilities in the time in which I live. I don't really decorate, I create works of art." ♠

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New York

(Continued from page 198) dell'Arco has pointed out, the painter was pursuing in his art. This is what happens to so many artists: the city seems to mirror them.

In Salvador Dali's case, his first image of Manhattan in 1934 became, of course, fodder for more Surrealism and narcissism. His boat ride was without nausea and with a lot of champagne. During much of the trip he seems to have been preoccupied with how to handle his publicity when he docked, but even he took a moment off from career planning when he saw the clump of buildings from the *Champlain*. "It rose before me, verdigris, pink and creamy-white," he said. "It looked like an immense Gothic Roquefort cheese. I love Roquefort, and I exclaimed, 'New York salutes me!' "

Not everyone who came from Europe was such a party animal as Dali or was propelled here by PR concerns. Dali shuttled back and forth; others arrived running for their lives. Pogroms, invasions, famines, and class systems pressed people out of their countries even before the Second World War influx of European artists who came to America because of Hitler's barbarisms. From all that, we got individuals who would turn out to be emblematic New York artists. For example, Arshile Gorky, who so amazingly brought out the psychological aspects of American abstraction, fled Armenia and the Turkish invasion of 1919 after his mother had died of starvation. By the twenties Gorky was an omnipresent figure at the 57th Street galleries, and by the forties his art, his interests, and his friendships made him a vital bridge between America and Europe. Harold Rosenberg got it right when he called Gorky an artist in exile, a person who, having lost his country, found in the art world a place where he belonged and a tribe of people who cared about the same things.

Still, Gorky killed himself, as did Mark Rothko—yet another Eastern European immigrant whose work is synonymous with the heights of New York art—so it would not be accurate to suggest that life in this art world has solved problems of isolation or other forms of mental pain. There are those who say that the pressures of this town are the root of what drives artists—even when they move to its periphery—over the edge: the all-American Jackson Pollock and his crash into a couple of trees when he was taking his Hamptons joyride being a case in point. But I'm not sure that Van Gogh would have cut off his ear if he lived in Manhattan. He wouldn't have had to depend on Gauguin as his only comrade, and I bet he would have sold some paintings. If nothing could have stopped him from this surgical act, he might have become the first performance artist because in New York you know he would have had an audience. And if he'd lived later, he probably would have found among the many galleries a dealer ready to exhibit the flap.

Someone to speak to and an audience that wants to look are the first reasons artists offer for being here. Often the results have been art that wouldn't have happened without all the stimulation. New York is the belly of art action. That's why artists put up with the toughness of being here, whether they're from Boise or Bulgaria, whether they're working now or were around at the turn of the century. Of course, New York doesn't have the patent on art, yet all century it has been a vital port of call, as a city through which art that might otherwise have remained provincial gets internationalized. For instance, it was at Stieglitz's "291" Gallery on Fifth Avenue that the work of so many Europeans were first exhibited in America, and it was also there that so many American moderns found out that what they were doing belonged to a larger movement. (The 1913 Armory Show, which happened in the middle of all this, put the match to the modern art fireworks in America.)

Stieglitz's own photographs have represented the city in such an essential way that when one looks at, say, the Flatiron Building, one sees it through his eyes. Even with a structure that's not really very tall he caught the verticality one instantly thinks of when the words "New York" and "art" are married. Today Robert Moskowitz's paintings of the Twin Towers of the World Trade Center are a good equivalent. It makes sense that Stieglitz, whose medium was the machine of light, would be such a force in the American city of lights. The lights one usually notices here are artificial. And sexy. Stieglitz's most erotic subject, Georgia O'Keeffe, tuned in to this light and also to New York's natural light in a way that seems just right. She painted the shock of luminescence that happens when the sky breaks through the buildings. She painted the white and brightly colored lights that make the night streets so electrifying. Her words about her work, in the book *Georgia O'Keeffe* (1976), are worth repeating: "I had never lived up so high before and was so excited that I began talking about trying to paint New York. Of course, I was told that it was an impossible idea—even the men hadn't done too well with it. From my teens on I had been told that I had crazy notions so I was accustomed to disagreement and went on with my idea of painting New York. . . .

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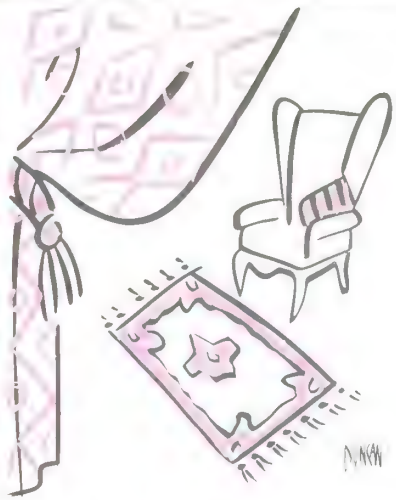
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New York

There was a painting of Lexington Avenue as I saw it out the window at night. Lexington Avenue looked, in the night, like a very tall thin bottle with colored things going up and down inside it."

It is both the grids of light in the buildings and the grid plan of the streets that one finds in the New York pictures of the greatest grid artist of the century, the Dutch painter Piet Mondrian. New York, where Mondrian moved in 1940, is the place where his famous lines and blocks of color get switched on. The clearest examples of this jazziness are *Broadway Boogie Woogie*, and his last picture, *Victory Boogie Woogie*. Put Mondrian's paintings beside Sol LeWitt's grid works from the past 25 years, add Peter Halley's very eighties images of lines that function as energy conduits, and you've got a gradation from exhilaration and movement to containment and immobility.

Social immobility is of course yet another reality of life for many in New York, and one often sees the damage it does in the parts of the city that have the brightest lights. These sections are in a way the warmest in town because every awning and every building is aglow. The lights replace the hearth. And the presence of other people is tonic. A stop in for a drink or a cup of coffee can make the difference between feeling all alone or belonging. Not always, though. Sometimes isolation is an unbreakable, albeit invisible wall—and it's most palpable in situations where people meet but really don't. No one has visualized urban loneliness in a way that speaks to so many people as Edward Hopper. His paintings of the lonesome in cafeterias, movie theaters, and diners aren't all situated in New York City, but, as with so many other artists, here's where he could find his subject multiplied times thousands.

The number of artists, institutions, styles, and movements summoned by the phrase "New York art" could fill a phone book—just flip through the A's: Abstract Expressionism, Art Students League, Josef Albers, Diane Arbus, Armory Show, Ashcan School. The list encompasses all media as well as all takes on the town, from its entrances and exits—which have inspired some of the most magnificent bridge paintings and harbor views ever made—to the romantic and also the violent. Perhaps the piece that ties together the whole mess and miracle that New York is, including what Weegee saw in the streets when his camera flashed on accidents and crimes as well as what Mondrian suggested in the restless rhythm of his patterns—is a work by Claes Oldenburg, *Proposed Colossal Monument for Park Avenue, NYC: Bowling Balls, 1967*. His *Bowling Balls* never actually happened; it exists as a drawing and as something to imagine. Oldenburg's idea was to turn Park Avenue into a bowling alley. The balls would start at Park Avenue and 96th Street and then roll all the way down to Grand Central, returning back uptown via the railroad tracks.

When I asked Oldenburg about this work, he explained, "It would make Park Avenue more dangerous and help make New Yorkers even sharper in their reactions." Oldenburg's understanding of the city is unromantic and wry. He should be mayor he's had so many terrific plans. Another one is his drawing of the Pan Am Building (plus the complex that surrounds it) as a Good Humor bar with a bite taken out that's meant to correspond to the passage between Park Avenue and Park Avenue South. Oldenburg, a Swede, settled in New York in 1956 after spending time in Chicago, New Orleans, San Francisco, Seattle, and Los Angeles. "I was going to join the Hans Hofmann school," he told me. "I got there and found a sign that said CLOSED. New York is like that. It's a carousel. It is really wonderful, and at the same time it is horrible. The scale can be frightening, but it can also be elevating. As a thing seen from a distance, it makes me emotional—that such a thing could be created. At the same time it's so cruel. It's like the pyramids—all these people died creating it."

So is it crazy to stay? Here's one view, and it comes from a contemporary artist, David McDermott, who with Peter McGough is known for his marvelous reinventions of the past: "I first saw New York from a cemetery in Clifton, New Jersey. I used to sing popular songs from the 1920s to the graves. I thought that when I went to New York, all these dead people would help me. From there the skyline looked like something out of the 1920s. It was like a promised land. I knew that my future lay in that city. When Andy Warhol died, I thought, 'Why does anyone want to live here?' Artists lived here because he lived here. But now I thought I could choose my city. I could live in Paris, Rome, Cologne. The answer to why I stay is that my friends live here. Being in the company of other artists keeps me here. Like Julian Schnabel. He thinks so big! If it wasn't for that type of thinking, I'd still be sewing buttons."

Whether the artists who keep us here think in gigantic terms or in small steps or are dead or alive or famous or not, McDermott's view that it is people who make this place a mecca gets to the core of the city. ♠

Resources

NOTES

Page 53 Pavlova viscose/cotton, 51" wide, $180 yd, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Geometric wrought-iron chair, by Marina McDonald, for Jazz, $395, at Jazz Furniture & Lighting, NYC, Los Angeles, call (213) 652-2015. Façade cotton, 54" wide, $64 yd, to the trade at Schumacher, call (800) 423-5881. Art Deco lacquer/metal console, 7' long, $18,000, to the trade at the Fran Laufer Collection, NYC (212) 686-7373. Fantasia rayon/cotton, 51" wide, $172 yd, to the trade at André Bon, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Leonard B. Hecker & Assocs., Boston; Nicholas P. Karas, Chicago; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Shears & Window, Laguna Niguel; Hinson & Co., Los Angeles; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; Thomas Griffith, San Francisco; Mattoon, Seattle; Rist Corp., Washington, D.C. Puiforcat silver-plate creamer, $625, sugar bowl, $625, coffeepot, $950, tray, $800, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC (212) 753-7300. Abstraction cotton/rayon, 56" wide, $129 yd, Hyland Rope around pillow, $31 yd, down pillow (as shown) $280, to the trade at Christopher Hyland, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Bander & Daniel, Dallas; Bill Nessen, Dania; George Wallach Antiques (retail), Los Angeles; Trade Winds, Washington, D.C. Ontos Tapestry cotton/polyester, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C.

ARCHITECTURE

Page 64 Mies van der Rohe Barcelona chrome/leather couch, $11,949, to the trade through Knoll-Studio at Knoll International NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, Phoenix, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C. Le Corbusier glass/steel tubing dining table (#LC/6), $5,030, to the trade at Atelier International, call (800) 232-4144.

PLAYING FOR KEEPS

Pages 164–65 Mario Bellini club chairs (#685.20), $2,405 ea COM, couch (#685.22), $5,110 COM, Le Corbusier glass table with chrome legs (#LC/10-P/3), $3,010, to the trade at Atelier International, call (800) 232-4144. Wool Luster, 56" wide, $80 yd, to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Holly Hunt, Minneapolis; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle; Zeising, Troy. Art Deco wood side tables, from a collection at Sapho Gallery, NYC (212) 308-0880. Custom-made wool carpet, to the trade to order at V'Soske, NYC, or call (800) 847-4277. **166** Mies van der Rohe Barcelona couch, (see above for pg 64). **168–69** Saarinen fiberglass/leather executive/conference armless chair, $1,630, to the trade through Knoll-Studio (see above for pg 64).

SOHO SALON

Pages 170–71 Regency fruitwood armchair, Neoclassical tripod table, Neoclassical bronze figures, from a collection at Niall Smith Antiques, NYC (212) 255-0660. **172** Vogue Moderne fruitwood settee, 19th-century terra-cotta bust of dauphin, Art Moderne silver-plate vase, Biedermeier birchwood circular table, English Neoclassical wine jugs, from a collection at Niall Smith Antiques, NYC (212) 255-0660. Handmade leath-



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er rhino in bedroom, $625, at T. Anthony, NYC, Washington, D.C. Neoclassical bronzed athéniennes, 19th-century French lamps, American Empire mahogany stools, 19th-century English candlestick lamp on bed table, from a collection at Niall Smith Antiques, NYC (212) 255-0660. Oxford cotton tailored duvet, $445 queen, from the Ralph Lauren Home Collection at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Beverly Hills, Denver, Palm Beach. **173** 19th-century English amboyna wood side table, 19th-century wooden vases, 19th-century English shell dish, Biedermeier boxes, 19th-century cloisonné vase, 19th-century lacquered country chairs with rush seats, 18th-century watercolor portrait in oval frame, 19th-century terra-cotta warrior, 19th-century marble fragment, 19th-century bronze, Old Paris and Napoleon III porcelain and silver-plate vases and urns, from a collection at Niall Smith Antiques, NYC (212) 255-0660.

PETER THE GREAT

Page 175 18th-century mahogany desk, from a collection at Didier Aaron, NYC (212) 988-5248. Early 19th century French mahogany desk chair, from a collection at Garrick C. Stephenson, NYC (212) 753-2570. Horsehair upholstery on chair, 25" wide, $307 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 53). **178–79** Library chair, Handkerchief table, ebonized mahogany with brass insets, to the trade to order through Peter Marino, NYC (212) 752-5444. Irish mahogany bookcase, from a collection at Ariane Dandois, Paris 42-22-14-43. **180** Burlwood side table, to the trade to order through Peter Marino, NYC (212) 752-5444. Ninon Taffetas silk as balloon shades, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 53). **181** Russian satinwood table with brass insets/leather insert, to the trade to order through Peter Marino, NYC (212) 752-5444. **182** Mason's ironstone dinner plates, from a collection at James II Galleries, NYC (212) 355-7040. Handcrafted Buccellati sterling silver centerpiece, at Buccellati, NYC, Beverly Hills. **183** Victoria cotton on love seat, 54" wide, $125 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 53). Venetian Silk Plaid as curtains, to the trade at Lee Jofa, NYC, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Curran & Assoc., Atlanta, High Point; Fortune, Boston; Howard Mathew, Denver; Kress/Tennant, Detroit; Fibre Gallery, Honolulu; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; James Goldman & Assocs., Seattle. Brass étagère with amboyna top and shelf, from a collection at Gene Tyson Antiques, NYC (212) 744-5785. Faux tortoise stacking tables, to the trade to order at Peter Marino, NYC (212) 752-5444.

CAMPING OUT

Pages 184–85 Decorative painted finishes, by Rebecca Spivack, NYC (212) 989-1816. **186** Vintage wallpapers, from Secondhand Rose, NYC (212) 431-7673. **187** Bar, from a collection at Off the Wall, Los Angeles (213) 930-1185.

BRIGHT LIGHT IN THE BIG CITY

Pages 190–91 Le Corbusier chrome chaise longue with ponyskin, $750, at Meldrom, NYC (212) 219-0013. **192–93** Leather chair, from a collection at Cobweb, NYC (212) 505-1558. Wrought-iron bench, c. 1900, $2,500, from a collection at Dawn Gallery, NYC (212) 420-8610. Silk cut moss fringe, $23 yd, to the trade at Standard Trimming, call (212) 755-3034. Brass candlesticks, from a collection at Cobweb, NYC (212) 505-1558. Custom-made mosaic coffee table, to order through Spear Platt Architects, NYC (212) 529-4375. Forest velvet suede on sofa, at SoHo Leather, NYC (212) 966-0080. **194–95** Bank of England wood swivel chair, $145, at Dawn Gallery, NYC (212) 420-8610. Cowhide, to order through Spear Platt Architects, NYC (212) 529-4375. Raw steel Giulio table, $390, at Meldrom, NYC (212) 219-0013. Art Deco rosewood bureau with inlaid chrome handles, Georgian-style chairs, from a collection at Dawn Gallery, NYC (212) 420-8610. Glass/steel Savereze dining table, $1,800, at Meldrom, NYC (212) 219-0013.

IMPERIAL STANDARD

Page 205 Yagada wallpaper (custom colors), to order from Lucretia Moroni, Mocart, NYC (212) 629-3975. 19th-century French corner sofa, from a collection at Juan Portela Antiques, NYC (212) 650-0085. **208–09** Les Grenades cotton, by Braquenié, 46" wide, $75, to the trade at André Bon (see above for pg 53). Daybed, Russian quilt, some of pillows on bed, from a collection at Valley House Antiques, Locust Valley (516) 671-2847. Other pillows on bed, from a collection at John Rosselli International, NYC (212) 772-2137. Stencilling on floors, executed by Andy Holland Decorative Painting & Stencilling, NYC (212) 505-9176. Anglo-Indian Regency dining table, from a collection at Arne V. Schlesch & José Juárez Garza, NYC (212) 838-3923. **210–11** Braquenié carpet—available as Czarina, to the trade at Stark Carpet, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Gregory Alonso, Cleveland; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco; Dean-Warren, Phoenix; Designers Showroom, Seattle; available as Le Grand Paisley, to the trade at Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges, NYC, Chicago; Designer Carpets, Atlanta; Vivian Watson, Dallas; Hi-Craft, Dania; Regency House, Denver, San Francisco; Denton Jones, Houston; Decorative Carpets, Los Angeles; Delk & Morrison, New Orleans; Darr-Luck, Philadelphia; Thomas & Co., Phoenix; James Goldman & Assocs., Seattle; Trade Winds, Washington, D.C.; Mark B. Meyer, West Palm Beach. Bidjar wallpaper on borders (custom colors), to order from Lucretia Moroni, Mocart, NYC (212) 629-3975. French rosewood-framed armchairs, c. 1860, from a collection at Juan Portela Antiques, NYC (212) 650-0085. **212** Linen Moiré Stripe rayon/cotton/linen, by Rubelli, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 53).

CARVING OUT A NICHE

Pages 218–19 Hollyhock and Ribbon chintz, to the trade at Lee Jofa (see above for pg 183). Daripal Linen carpet, to the trade at Stark (see above for pgs 210–11). **220** Handpainted pillows, by Judy Lichtenstein, from Incorporated Gallery, NYC (212) 831-4466. **221** Chantelle Silk Taffetas, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 53). Haitian Sisal Squares carpet, to the trade at Stark (see above for pgs 210–11). **222** Embroidered Batiste polyester/cotton (#HC 70352), 44" wide, $28 yd, to the trade at Decorators Walk, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. New Rustica Sisal, $66 sq yd, to the trade at Stark (see above for pgs 210–11). Antique Bessarabian rug, from Vojtech Blau, NYC (212) 249-4525. Bristol Check rayon/linen on slipper chair, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 53).Velours de Lin linen/cotton on library sofa, 51" wide, $158 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 53). Grandeur silk on chair, to the trade at Scalamandré, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; JEH/Denver, Denver; Fee-McClaran, Honolulu; Gene Smiley, Minneapolis; S. C. Smith, Phoenix; James Goldman & Assocs., Seattle.

EARNING HIS STRIPES

Page 224 Faded Roses (custom colors) linen/cotton on chair, 122.5 cm wide, £42 m, at Bennison Fabrics, London 1-730-8076. **225** Boucle cotton, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Troy; Rozmallin at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Cleveland, Minneapolis; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Croce, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle. Français wool blend carpet, to the trade at Rosecore Carpet, NYC, Dania, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; George & Frances Davison, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Richard Guillen, Laguna Niguel; Decorative Carpets and Wood Floors, Los Angeles; Wroolie & Lo-Presti, San Francisco; Collins-Draheim, Seattle; Wade Carter, Tempe; Ghiordes Knot, Troy. **226** Denim Tapestry cotton, 52" wide, $45 yd, Regency Stripe cotton on undercurtains, 54" wide, $37 yd, to the trade at Decorators Walk (see above for pg 222). Petite Rayure Royale silk on slipper chair, 46" wide, $108 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 53). Alba Ottoman cotton/acrylic on banquette, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above). **227** Cotton fabric (#2441), to the trade at Henry Calvin Fabrics, NYC, San Francisco; Bob Collins, Atlanta, Miami, Philadelphia; Devon Services, Boston; Designers Choice, Chicago; Jim Barrett, Dallas; Fibre Gallery, Honolulu; Keith H. McCoy & Assoc., Los Angeles; Stephen E. Earls, Portland, Seattle. Pratesi linens, similar ones with chain link and scalloped edges in cotton, top sheet, $400 queen, bottom sheet, $230 queen, pillowcases $170 ea standard, at Pratesi, NYC, Bal Harbour, Beverly Hills, Palm Beach. Flower Petal wool carpet, to the trade at Rosecore (see above).

WELL-READ WOMEN

Pages 228–29 Audubon Strié viscose/acrylic on love seat, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 53). Isfahan linen/cotton/nylon, 54" wide, $54 yd, to the trade at Arthur Sanderson & Sons, NYC; Marion Kent, Atlanta, High Point, Washington, D.C.; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Gerald Hargett, Dallas; Shears & Window, Denver, San Francisco; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Decorative painting, by Nicholas Hardy, NYC (212) 873-6399, and by Emma Temple, NYC (212) 838-3248. Beaumont Woven Texture acrylic, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 53). Tropical Lilies cotton, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pg 225). Late 19th century Kashmiri coffee tables, from a collection at Valerie Wade, London 1-225-1414. **230** Les Vendages cotton, 54" wide, $109 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 53). Palm Leaf cotton, 57" wide, $78 yd, to the trade at Rose Cumming, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Devon Services, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Turner-Greenberg, Dania; Keith McCoy, Los Angeles; Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Minneapolis; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Sloan-Miyasato, San Francisco. Chinese needlepoint carpet (#12815), $7,100 10′ × 14′ approx size, from Stark (see above for pgs 210–11). **231** Winfield chintz, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pg 225). Portuguese petit point carpet (#30548), $8,800 10′ × 15′ approx size, to the trade at Stark (see above for pgs 210–11). Hansen brass halogen torchère, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, call (212) 838-6420. Needlepoint pillows (completely finished or as kits), from Erica Wilson Needle Works, NYC (212) 832-7290.

HOUSE CALL

Page 233 Embassy Satin wool, 54" wide, $98 yd, on banquette, chaise longue, to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen (see above for pgs 164–65). **234**

Siam cotton on canopy, to the trade at China Seas, call (212) 420-1170. Decorative painting, by Anne Philippe, NYC (212) 570-7384. **235** Satin La Tour cotton/silk on chair, 50" wide, $186 yd, to the trade at Old World Weavers, NYC; Walls Unlimited, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Gerald Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Shears & Window, Denver, San Francisco; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; McQuiston-Riggs, Seattle; Trade Wings, Washington, D.C. **236** Polished chrome faucets (#20.712.360) (finish not available from them), by Dorn Bracht, $439 set, to the trade at Davis & Warshow, NYC (212) 688-5990. **237** Bruce Tomb white bronze basin, $1,100, to order from Interim Office of Architecture, San Francisco (415) 864-7226; Clodagh, NYC (212) 505-1774. Polished chrome wall-mounted faucet tub set (#29.801.360) (finish not available from them), by Dorn Bracht, $729 set; polished chrome wall-mounted tub and shower faucet set, (#29.401.360) (finish not available from them), by Dorn Bracht, $1,168 set, to the trade at Davis & Warshow, NYC (212) 688-5990. Ceramic mosaic tile, by American Olean Tile Co., call (215) 855-1111 ext. 2705.

MODEL ROOMS

Page 239 Colette silk damask on cushions both sofas, Italian wool challis, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above for pg 222). Sofa, at left, Turgot horsehair/hemp/cotton on frame, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 53). Damask Rafael cotton/viscose on ottoman and pillow, 50" wide, $81 yd, to the trade at Fonthill, NYC; Marion Kent, Atlanta, Washington, D.C.; Devon Services, Boston; Nicholas P. Karas, Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Donghia Showrooms, Dania; Reynolds-Howard, High Point; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles; Shears & Window, San Francisco; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Drappo leather-slipcovered armchairs, to the trade at Niedermaier, NYC, Chicago, Pacific Design Center, Los Angeles. Tea table, satin lacquer on wood top with tubular stainless-steel base, to order from Stephen Mallory Associates, NYC (212) 826-6350. Tilting mirrors, from Bibicoff Mirrors, Brooklyn (718) 941-9100. Folies d'Orsay viscose/silk on sofa pillows at right, 51" wide, $135 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 53). Sofa at right, Ontos Tapestry on frame (see above for pg 53). Faux snow leopardskin carpet with black leather trim, $12.35 sq ft, to the trade at Edelman Leather, NYC, call (203) 426-3611. Stainless-steel/glass/rubber Cylinder table by Patrick Naggar, $4,770, at Arc International, NYC, call (212) 727-3340. Decorative painting and glazing, by Steven Konsuvo, NYC (212) 421-8731. **240–41** Tea for Two enameled cast-iron bath whirlpool, $1,798, by Kohler, at fine plumbing supply stores nationwide. Mirror installation, by Seguin Mirror & Brass, NYC (212) 628-1460. Sisal striped carpet, 13'1" wide, $50 yd, to the trade at Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges (see above for pgs 210–11). Decorative paint finishes, by EverGreene Studios, NYC (212) 727-9500. Nigerian mask, soap dish, from Gordon Foster, NYC (212) 744-4922. English Regency mahogany wine cabinet, $5,700, to the trade at Yale Burge Antiques, NYC (212) 838-4005. English giltwood urn, $4,900 pr, tortoiseshell box, $850, from H. M. Luther, NYC (212) 505-1485. *Windows*, 1957, by Ralston Crawford, $15,000, from Robert Miller Gallery, NYC (212) 980-5454. French antique rosewood armchairs, $10,000 pr, from Juan Portela Antiques, NYC (212) 650-0085. Early 19th century English terra-cotta lioness, $3,750, from a collection at David Allan Antiques, NYC (212) 598-9030. 18th-century French parquetry cabinet, rosewood/ivory/ebonized wood, $72,000, at Garrick C. Stephenson, NYC (212) 753-2570. English Wedgwood urns, c. 1780, $5,000 pr, at Bardith, NYC (212) 737-3775. Warfield glen plaid bath towels, $24 ea, at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Dallas, Denver, Beverly Hills; Bloomingdale's, Neiman Marcus, Nordstrom nationwide. Early 20th century checkerboard-design Moroccan rug, from a collection at Doris Leslie Blau, NYC (212) 759-3715. *Untitled*, two 1959 Al Held paintings, $12,000 ea, from Robert Miller Gallery, NYC (212) 980-5454. Early 18th century gold-decorated Japanese hira maki-e lacquer basin with handles, c. 1825 black-stained fruitwood Viennese rack clock, from Didier Aaron, NYC (212) 988-5248. Alabaster hanging dish light fixture, $5,700, from a collection at Marvin Alexander, NYC (212) 838-2320. **242–43** Quatrefoil wool carpet, to the trade at Misha Carpet Corporation, NYC (212) 688-5912. Lacquered Régence tea table, $9,000, to the trade at Christopher Norman, NYC (212) 879-6559. Louis XVI painted armchairs, $38,000 pr, from Ingrao, NYC (212) 758-2770. Rock crystal lamps, $16,950 ea, from Charles Winston, NYC (212) 753-3612. 19th-century Viennese flower prints, by Joseph Nigg, $8,500 pr, from Philippe Farley, NYC (212) 472-1622. Reproduction bronze beaded sconces, from Nesle, NYC (212) 755-0515. Louise XIV Venetian mirror, $70,000, Louis XV bronze andirons, $65,000 pr, from Ingrao, NYC (212) 758-2770. Chinese lacquer table, $4,800, from Christopher Norman, NYC (212) 879-6559. Tufted love seat in Bronzino strié taffeta, 47" wide, $117 yd, silk taffeta on walls and curtains, 39" wide, $69 yd, striped silk taffeta on daybed, 39" wide, $72 yd, from Christopher Norman, NYC (212) 879-6559. Louis XVI mahogany *bureau plat*, from Bernard Steinitz et Fils, NYC (212) 832-3711. Prints, approx $100 unframed, from Stubbs Books & Prints, NYC (212) 772-3120. Velvet upholstered Louis XVI stools, by Jacob, $19,500 pr, 18th-century Directoire double portrait, $46,000, from L'Antiquaire & the Connoisseur, NYC (212) 517-9176. Louis XV–style gilt armchairs, $10,500 ea, from Christopher Norman, NYC (212) 879-6559. 18th-century French console tables, $125,000 pr, from Ingrao, NYC (212) 758-2770. Blue/white Chinese Kang Hsi jar with gilt bronze mount, $12,800 pr, *Flowers in a Glass Vase*, by Simon Peeterz Verelst, $68,000, Roman bust of woman, $32,000, from L'Antiquaire & the Connoisseur, NYC (212) 517-9176. Antique fabrics and pillows, from Cora Ginsburg, NYC (212) 744-1352. Decorative finishes, by Maer-Murphy, NYC (212) 265-3460.

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HOUSE & GARDEN
NOVEMBER 1989
Volume 161, Number 11



COVER *In the muted mauve sitting room of a Connecticut estate, a c. 1750 Venetian sofa sits behind a Swedish Louis XVI–period table. Page 120. Photograph by Oberto Gili.*



Nancy Lancaster and John Fowler collaborated on the decoration of the Yellow Room in Lancaster's London apartment, above. Page 188. Photograph by Derry Moore. Below: Bougainvillea and honeysuckle mix with other flowers to cover the coral stone entrance walls of a Bermuda garden. Page 144. Photograph by Langdon Clay.

Greenwich Time With playfulness and a refined sense of color, decorators Scott Brown and Ralph Jones restore an 1825 farmhouse in Connecticut. By Penelope Green **120**

Belle Époque Weekends An editor and an advertising executive share an Art Nouveau retreat. By Annette Tapert **128**

International Style Decorator Anthony Hail creates a study in serenity in a house near San Francisco. By Rhoda Koenig **138**

Bermuda in Bloom A subtropical Italian garden flourishes on a family's private island. By Senga Mortimer **144**

Forging Ahead French furniture designer André Dubreuil lives and works in a London garage. By Charles Maclean **150**

A Grand Surprise Devotees of Victorian majolica are drawn to its exuberantly fantastic naturalism. By Leo Lerman **156**

Revisionist History Architects Diana Agrest and Mario Gandelsonas add another dimension to a spacious Manhattan apartment. By Pilar Viladas **162**

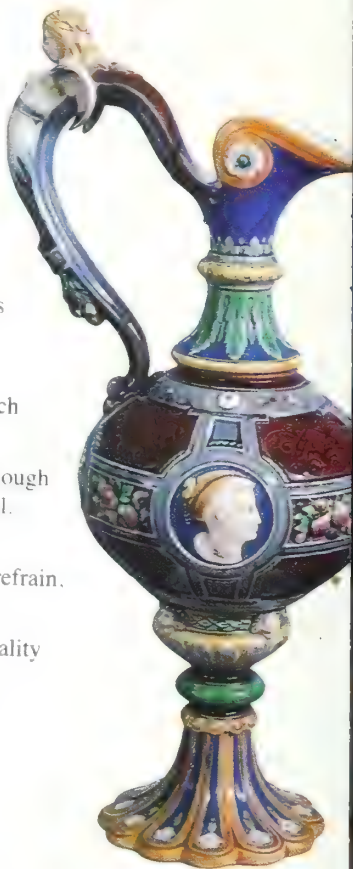
Scented Rooms The Manhattan apartment of Barbara and Mel Ohrbach is redolent of personal history. By Joyce Seymore **170**

Old Light in a New World Artists David McDermott and Peter McGough photograph their house in the Hudson River valley where time stands still. By Carl Black **176**

Carly Simon's Vineyard Retreats to the island have been a lifelong refrain, inspiring songs and now a children's book. By Jacob Brackman **182**

The House of Lancaster Virginian Nancy Lancaster brought new vitality to England's redoubtable Colefax & Fowler. By Chester Jones **188**

Pride of Placesetting Tables dressed in holiday finery have distinct personalities all their own, from Roman restraint to golden glamour and sylvan bliss **196**



A 19th-century ewer, above, exemplifies the intricately detailed majolica pieces of the Victorian era. Page 156. Photograph by Evelyn Hofer. Below: Singer Carly Simon relaxes on the lawn outside her Martha's Vineyard house. Page 182. Photograph by Oberto Gili.



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Artist Édouard Vuillard's Mother and Sister of the Artist, *c. 1892, left, depicts the private world of the family workroom, a motif frequently found in his paintings. Page 50. Photograph Courtesy Museum of Fine Arts, Houston*



Sweet peas combine with a floral-border wall mural to create a garden effect in the bathroom, above, of a carriage house in Bedford, New York. Page 128. Photograph by Lizzie Himmel.





The gilt bronze mantel clock, above, by Edward F. Caldwell & Co. features an etched-ivory face. Page 96. Photograph by Andrew Garn

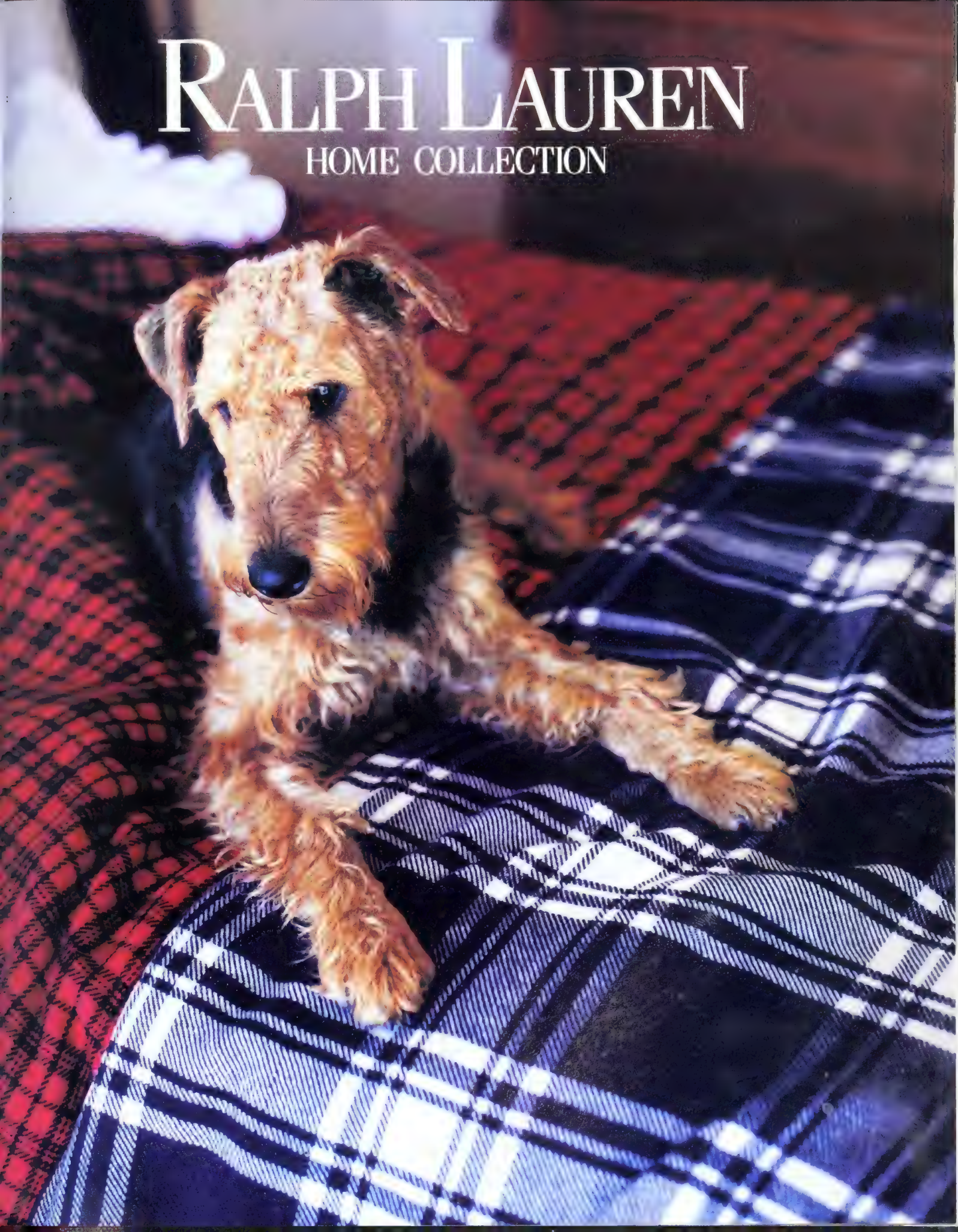


An elliptical cutout in the upper floor of a New York duplex by architects Diana Agrest and Mario Gandelsonas, above left, reflects light upon a Rietveld chair from Barry Friedman, NYC. Page 162. Photograph by Michael Mundy.



Brendan Gill examines the privileged world of the Vanderbilt family, including author-designer Gloria Vanderbilt, right, and describes the history of their house Biltmore. Page 72. Photograph Keystone Collection.

Mannerist-inspired grotesques support the standard of a patinated-bronze lamp, above, another example of the metalwork of Caldwell & Co. Page 96. Photograph by Andrew Garn.


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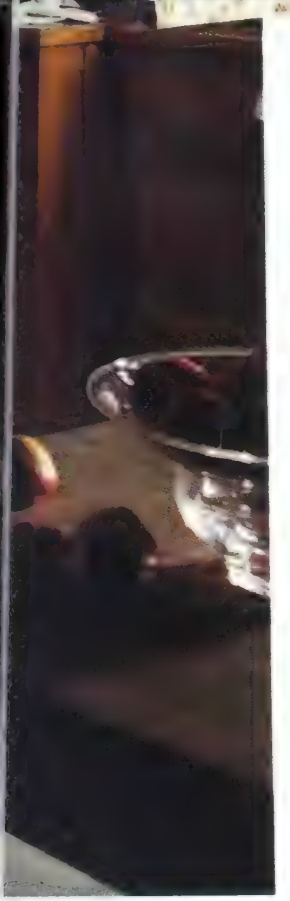
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CONTRIBUTORS NOTES



Leo Lerman, editorial adviser to the Condé Nast Publications, has covered arts and letters for more than fifty years as a prolific writer and as features editor for *Mademoiselle* and *Vogue* and editor in chief of *Vanity Fair*. His books include lives of Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo and *Museum: One Hundred Years of the Metropolitan Museum of Art*. A self-described "scribbler" who says he learned early that if you aren't beautiful you have to be funny, he is currently at work on his memoirs, *Call It Friendship, Call It Love*, to be published by Random House. A collector of some seven hundred pieces of Victorian majolica, Lerman professes his passion for these colorfully glazed and naturalistic ceramics in this issue of HG.

Penelope Green follows fashion, food, and design as the deputy life editor of the New York weekly *7 Days*. Fascinated by the peculiar relationships people have with their things, she says, "I'm a voyeur at heart. I love to peek into others' lives. Houses, wardrobes, libraries—they all speak for themselves." This month Green visits designers Scott Brown and Ralph Jones at their Neoclassical house in Greenwich, Connecticut.





George T. M. Shackelford reports on the exhibition "The Intimate Interiors of Edouard Vuillard," at the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, where he is curator of European painting and sculpture. "I think everybody who loves nineteenth-century art eventually lands on Vuillard," says Shackelford. "His enjoyment of the act of painting is so clear."

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CONTRIBUTORS NOTES



Gene Hovis, a food consultant, cookbook author, and spokesman for the Catfish Institute, considers cooking a performing art. "It's closely related to painting—one is always thinking of color and texture." In the "Food" column, he shares his Thanksgiving menu with HG readers. "My family was made up of real food fiends," says Hovis. "We'd talk about food before, during, and after meals. For me Thanksgiving is very nostalgic. My way of celebrating it owes much to my memories of the way my grandmother and mother did it."



CHRISTOPHER MAKOS

Eric Berthold, an assistant editor at HG, shopped for the finest in china, crystal, and silver for this month's table settings feature and tracked down dog-motif fabrics for "Samples." "Fabrics, like tableware, can change the mood of a room in an instant," he says. "I look for things with quality, things that are worth treasuring." A collector of miniature model ships, Berthold loves the "chic of ocean liners from the 1930s, the days when traveling meant steamer trunks and staterooms."

The door opened without warning.



The light from the hall chandelier, accented his finely-tailored suit.

"Pardon me," his blue eyes were set deep in a chiselled face, "but we seem to have been given the same hotel suite." He held out a room key in his open palm.

"Unfortunately," his expression recovered into a warm smile, "I'm afraid it's a mistake."



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NOTES

HG reports on the new and the noteworthy.

Edited by Heather Smith MacIsaac

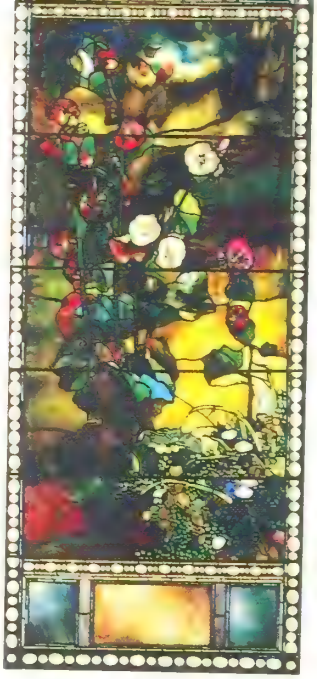


CLASSICAL FANCY
At Hodsoll McKenzie Cloths on London's Pimlico Road, fabrics spill out of an antique cartonnière (*top right*) and rest folded on the shelves of an antique display case (*above left*), while busts, sculptures, friezes, and paintings adorn alcoves, niches, and walls (*top left, center,* and *above right*). Inspired by Sir John Soane's London house, the interior of the shop, by Pennoyer Turino Architects, NYC, takes an enlightened approach to presenting fabric by trading ordinary sample racks for fine furniture in a residential setting. Drawn from late 18th and early 19th century European designs, the Hodsoll McKenzie printed cotton collection is now available at Clarence House. Details see Resources.

NOTES

FEAST OF FABRIC

For the ultimate in traditionally patterned textiles and handcrafted upholstered furniture from England, stop by the new George Smith Sofas & Chairs/Bennison Fabrics shop at 73 Spring Street, NYC (212) 226-4747. Bennison achieves its trademark faded look, as in Rose Vine (left), *$150 a yard, by silk-screening rich but muted colors on beige linen or cotton.*



SAINT LOUIS NEWS

After a fourteen-year renovation, the Saint Louis Art Museum has reopened its period rooms and decorative arts collections, which include such treasures as a John La Farge stained-glass window (left), *c. 1885.*



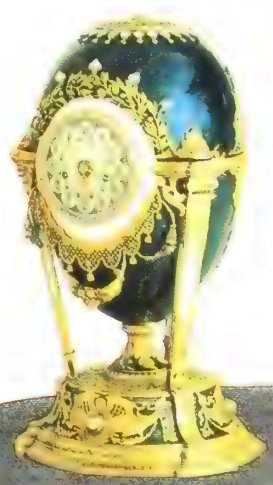


AUTUMN BOUQUET

Flower drawings and paintings by French artists, including the canvas by Elise Puyroche Wagner (above), *can be seen (Nov. 2–22) at Didier Aaron, 32 East 67th Street, NYC*

RUSSIANS IN THE SUN

Glasnost prevails in San Diego with "Treasures of the Soviet Union" (Oct. 21–Nov. 11), a festival of culture and art that includes an exhibition of Fabergé imperial eggs. On view, the Cuckoo Egg (below) *from the Forbes Magazine Collection—as well as eight eggs from the Kremlin Armory Museum in Moscow, never before seen in the U.S. Call (800) 245-FEST.*





INDUSTRIOUS AGE

"Modernism: A Century of Style and Design," a show at the Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 67th St., NYC (Nov. 9–12), heralds innovative works of the past hundred years, such as Marcel Breuer's chaise longue (left), *c. 1936, $5,500, from Fifty-50 Gallery, NYC.*

BE SEATED

Contemporary simplicity and English Regency style find mutual expression in Todd Granzow's limited-edition bench (right), *$1,975. Legs inlaid with white holly support a seat veneered in African anigre. Available at Karl Mann in NYC (212) 688-7141 and Chicago (312) 670-3640.*



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: MONICA STEVENSON; SAINT LOUIS ART MUSEUM; ROBERT RECK; MICHAEL NORGART; LARRY STEIN; THE FORBES MAGAZINE COLLECTION; COURTESY DIDIER AARON

AMPING IN

nkets woven in the early 1900s by Beacon lls and Pendleton move from camp cot chaise longue (below), *$2,200, at ngerson Wunderlich Gallery in Chicago ere furniture is upholstered with the ttage blankets in a variety of colors and tterns. Call (312) 943-2354.*





MASTERPIECE GALLERY *A/D Gallery offers utilitarian objects* (above) *designed and produced by renowned artists such as Sol LeWitt's* Untitled *screen, Meret Oppenheim's* Table aux pieds d'oiseau, *Robert Wilson's* Sofa Parsival, *Robert Rauschenberg's* Tire Lamp, *and Wilson's drawing from a production of* Alcestis, *all part of last May's inaugural exhibition. Next on the agenda, a "Books by Artists" show, at 560 Broadway, NYC.*





BIG RING ON THE PRAIRIE

spired by the architecture of Louis Sullivan, Frank Lloyd Wright, and the Chicago School is The Commemorative Ground Ring, *by artist Sheila Klein. The 14-foot-high portable aluminum monument* (above) *is on view through t. 27 as part of "Sculpture Chicago '89." Cityfront Center, hind the Tribune Tower. For information (312) 951-0094.*



PICK OF THE CRAFT *Fishing for a one-of-a-kind something? Catch Mara Superior's trout-motif ceramic slab vase* (above) *at the 13th Annual Philadelphia Craft Show in the Philadelphia Civic Center (Nov. 2–5). Call (215) 787-5448.*

CASA COMPENDIUM

Author-photographer Tim Street-Porter, in collaboration with HG editor Marie-Pierre Colle, captures the enchanting houses of Mexico in Casa Mexicana, *published by Stewart, Tabori & Chang, $45* (below).



LEAVES AND VOLUMES

Mrs. Paul Mellon's longtime fascination with gardens has culminated in an impressive collection of rare books, manuscripts, and drawings at her Oak Spring Garden Library in Virginia. Botanical drawings and watercolors, including one by Maria Sibylla Merian, c. 1690 (above), *are on exhibit (Oct. 13–Dec. 31) in the Milberg Gallery, Princeton University's Firestone Library, (609) 452-3197.*

CLOCKWISE FROM BOTTOM LEFT: TIM STREET-PORTER; KARIN KRASSNER; MICHAEL TROPEA; KEN SCHLES; COURTESY OAK SPRING GARDEN LIBRARY; KARIN KRASSNER

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ART

Behind Closed Doors

Édouard Vuillard's intimate interiors portray a world of secrets

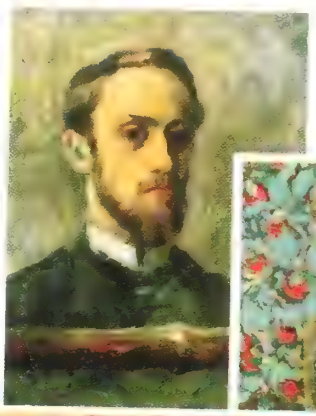
By George T. M. Shackelford

In an old apartment building on a quiet street in Paris, up a winding staircase, steep and dimly lit, we enter a private world. There, in a passageway off a landing paved in white and black tiles, a woman dressed in black is caught in the murky shadow between two yellow shafts of light. The passage leads to the apartment door of a certain Marie Justine Vuillard, a modestly successful corsetière.

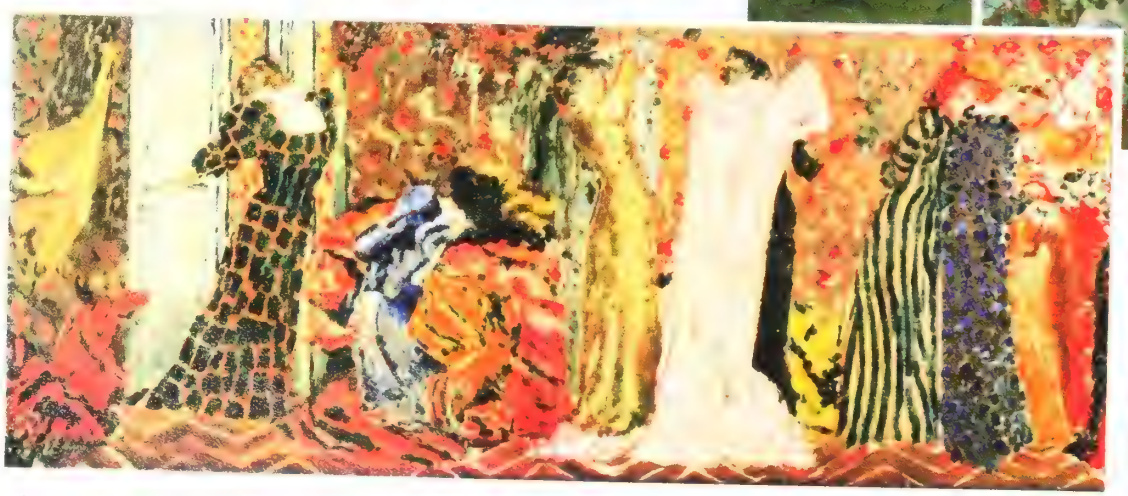
Madame Vuillard might never have occupied a place in history—certainly her apartment and its doorway would be unknown to us—had her youngest child not decided, a little more than a hundred years ago, to become a painter. In the mid 1880s her son had just left the lycée and under normal circumstances would have followed his father and older brother in taking up a military career. But the boy had befriended at school a group of intense mystical youths no doubt strange to the corsetière—an odd assortment of aspiring poets, playwrights, and painters. Her son's artistic ambitions had been fired, and he spent long hours away from their apartment standing before old paintings in the Louvre and writing about his reactions to them in his diary. He took classes at official and independent art academies, then set up an easel and tried to paint like Chardin, whose simple still lifes and humble scenes of eighteenth-century life appealed to his sensibility and imagination. Graced with a natural talent, he soon began to paint very well.

Meanwhile, Marie Justine Vuillard changed her residence often, renting apartments in the neighborhoods near the commercial centers of the *grands boulevards* and the Opéra. As she moved she took her business with her, a home workshop for the manufacture of corsets, staffed by her daughter, Marie, and a small flock of young women skilled at patterning, cutting, fitting, stitching, and trimming the stays of the last century's Parisiennes. It was a world of woman's work in which the young man found himself, for he, too, moved with his mother from lodging to lodging. "I have never lived anywhere except with women," he wrote in his journal, "in places where I found my subjects."

Through the nineties, Édouard Vuillard (for that was the name of the seamstress's son) painted dozens of pictures of the rooms he shared with his mother and sister. Strangely enough, by the end of the decade he had become almost famous, a critical and financial success—painter, printmaker, illustrator, and decorator. His group of artist friends—Maurice Denis, Ker Xavier Roussel, and Pierre Bonnard among them—had been noticed at exhibitions of Symbolist painting throughout the decade, though their mystical union under the name Nabis had given way, by 1900, to widely diverging avenues of exploration. Vuillard, for instance, had never practiced the religious and overtly symbolic style of Denis, preferring to find the pattern of his Symbolism in the fabric of everyday experience. He was nicknamed an Intimist because of the qualities of physical and psychological closeness that the public found in his works, densely patterned images of bourgeois life in fin de siècle Paris.







Vuillard's close-up view of domestic life includes the private realm of the mirror, as in *Self-Portrait*, c. 1891, above left. *The Atelier*, 1892, left, and *Seamstress (Interior)*, 1892–95, above, depict scenes in his mother's workshop.

This month an international loan exhibition of nearly seventy of Vuillard's finest interiors opens to the public. "The Intimate Interiors of Édouard Vuillard," organized by the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, where it will be on view November 19–January 29, 1990, is the first exhibition to concentrate exclusively on the painter's pre-

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private worlds—the mirror that reflected [illegible], his mother's workroom, where family dramas were played out, and the salon of his beloved friend Misia Natanson, the gifted pianist whose husband published the magazine *La Revue Blanche*. In putting together the show, guest curator Elizabeth Easton selected groups of closely related compositions—several views of the Natansons' yellow-flowered drawing room on the rue Saint-Florentin, for example. Now those of us who love Vuillard's art can more fully comprehend the painter's repeated themes and motifs by



getting to know the interiors he painted so obsessively. "We've always found Vuillard's paintings hard to interpret," Easton says, "but seeing them together in this way makes their forms—the painter's vocabulary—easier to understand. It's as if we could eavesdrop on Vuillard's private conversation and discover that the paintings share a common language and common themes."

Visitors to the exhibition in Houston (or, later, at the Phillips Collection in Washington and the Brooklyn Museum) can explore in the paintings the rooms where Vuillard lived and worked in the nineties. Their walls are covered with patterned papers, brown and yellow, blue and red, modestly scaled to the rented quarters of the *moyenne bourgeoisie*. Tables are spread with common plush cloths or piles of patterned fabrics spilling over onto old-fashioned Louis Philippe side chairs. Bulky mahogany chiffoniers stand laden with oil lamps, their paper shades askew.

We sense everywhere that Vuillard loved *things*. He once lay in bed examining, listing, and comparing the contents of his room: "The molding of the woodwork, of the window, their proportions, the *curtains*, the chair in front of them with its back of carved wood, the paper on the wall, the knobs of the open door, glass and copper, the wood of the bed, the wood of the screen, the hinges, my clothes at the foot of the bed; the four elegant green leaves in a pot, the inkwell, the books, the curtains of the other window, the walls of the court through it. . . ." Recognizing that his possessions were "what one calls in bad taste," he wrote that "if they were not familiar to me they might be unbearable."

But as the exhibition makes clear, Vuillard also recognized the power of inanimate objects to evoke feelings in the viewer—private feelings or memories that we share with the painter. He thought that he could best achieve something modern and significant by concentrating on what he called "vulgar" things, by embracing the ordinary rather than the exotic. So in his paintings, through open doors and around corners, we see the activity of his mother's workshop: a seamstress bent over her sewing; women carrying fabrics or stacks of clothing, turning to look at the painter who records their work; the silhouette of a seamstress's hand as she pulls a thread.

The pictures, most of them small in format, are painted in Vuillard's radical new style, which balances simple, almost childlike drawing of shape, pattern, and perspective with sophisticated paint textures and color harmonies. Sometimes the wealth of pattern and the artist's abrupt shifts in perspective and scale make the paintings hard to read—like poems filled with sensuously beautiful words and phrases skewed by brilliant and unintelligible shifts in tense and meter. Vuillard took delight in his paintings' matte and unvarnished surfaces, layering cardboard with pigments that suggest the thick flat inks of nineteenth-century *papiers peints*.

Vuillard consistently preferred simple subjects taken from everyday life, but his point of view is seldom direct. He paints the quiet moments of his household, the table set



In interiors such as *The Newspaper*, c. 1895, far left, views through windows appear as dense and solid as the enclosing walls. Left: Layered patterns and shifts of scale in *Interior (L'Atelier)*, 1893.

for breakfast or dinner with his mother and sister seated in silence (or so we imagine) in the makeshift atelier. As he transcribes what he sees he seems to refrain from explaining or elaborating his subject matter. In spite of this we can read a range of moods and relationships in the figures, from excitement and resignation to psychological dominance and submission.

Vuillard's rooms absorb their inhabitants, as the patterns of the wallpaper merge with the printed fabrics of the women's dresses. Or perhaps it's that his rooms are extensions of the people in them, not just backgrounds for the action of his quiet little scenes. Light falling through a window or from a lamp, across a table littered with cloth, evokes in us a tender melancholy, and we do not need to see the face of a figure to sense, from her pose or from Vuillard's light and color, that she is brooding—the room is brooding, too.

We probably will never know why. Filled with pathos or humor, drab or brilliantly colored, Vuillard's intimate interiors contain not only the people and things that were dear to him but secrets he kept close to his heart. "The outer world, for Vuillard, is always a pretext, an adjustable means of expression," as André Gide wrote. "And above all it's because M. Vuillard speaks almost in a whisper—as is only right, when confidences are being exchanged." ▲

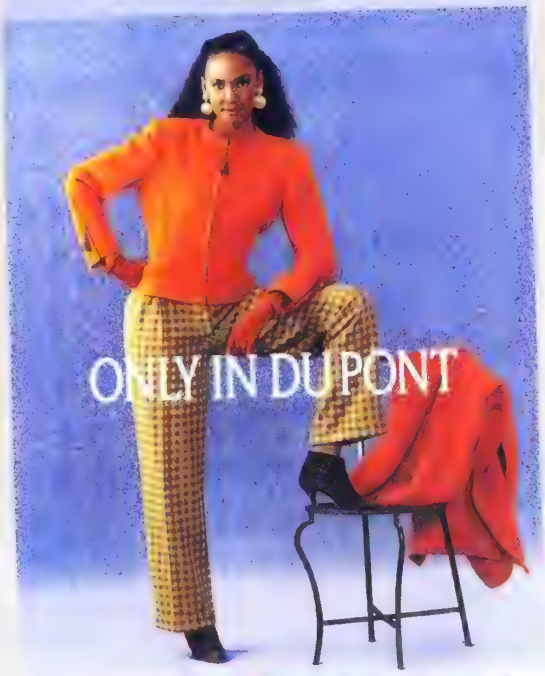
LEFT: PHILLIPS COLLECTION, WASHINGTON, D.C. COURTESY MUSEUM OF FINE

















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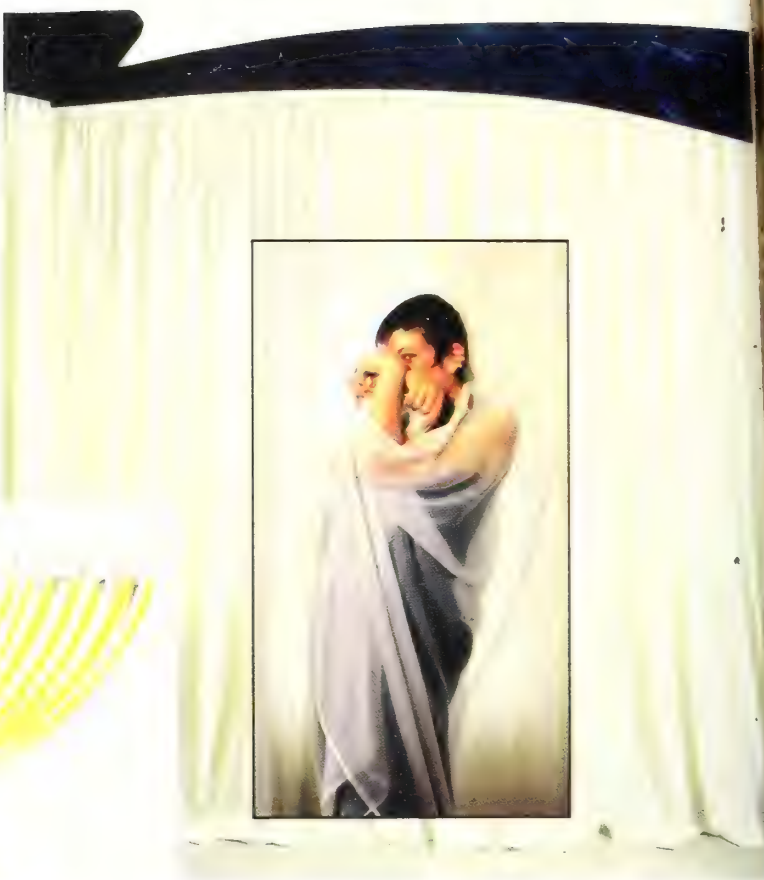

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DESIGN

Curtain Call

Designer Mary Bright elevates window dressing to haute couture

By Heather Smith MacIsaac



One day in 1984, Mary Bright was making hats. The next, she was sewing more than 500 yards of cotton voile for a curtain to hang in actress Ellen Barkin's loft. Bright still makes hats; in fact, inspired concoctions like a miniature stacked coolie hat and a leather pillbox hat with a swag of silk chiffon serve as the portfolio she shows to those interested in applying her talents to their windows. "I'm trying to use the same language, to treat things—whether it's hats, costumes, or curtains—respectfully but alter them. The number one thing is a good idea, close behind it is quality"—two priorities this native of Scotland attributes in part to having spent her formative years in a convent boarding school. "On the one hand, my Catholic upbringing propels me to rebel and break all the rules. On the other, knowing right from wrong ensures that what I produce is first-rate in quality. To do something modern that's beautiful and works is a real challenge."



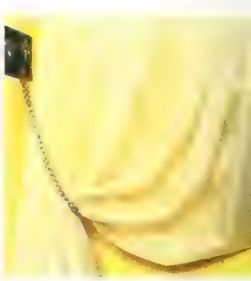
A challenge, one might add, that Mary Bright approaches with nothing less than artistry, imagination, and self-taught expertise. For lighting consultant Clark Johnson, whose loft features a view of the Empire State Building, she preserved the vista by dropping a curtain on eleven-inch-long thin metal rods, mostly of brass "with an occasional aluminum one tossed in." A brass chain, ending in a magnet lured to the wall by a steel plate, acts as a tieback.

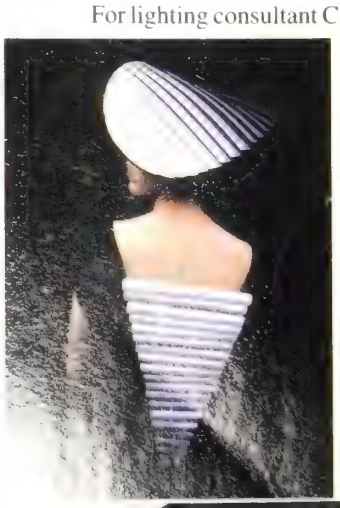
A tasseled curtain, above, for a club in Japan. Above right: Two curtains for the Swersky apartment—one hung behind a custom valance, the other wrapped around Mary Bright.

For Sekitei Plaza, a club and restaurant in Nagoya, Japan, designed by Lembo Bohn Design Associates, Bright was faced with a thirty-foot-wide window, "complete limitations," and great expectations. Her solution was a double-sided curtain of taffeta—sky blue facing the street, honey gold on the interior—hung as a grand sweep and finished with a dressmaker's care for detailing. Pewter-colored glass tassels on the blue side and antique metal tassels on the gold adorn the tieback as if "somebody had sneezed tassels onto it."



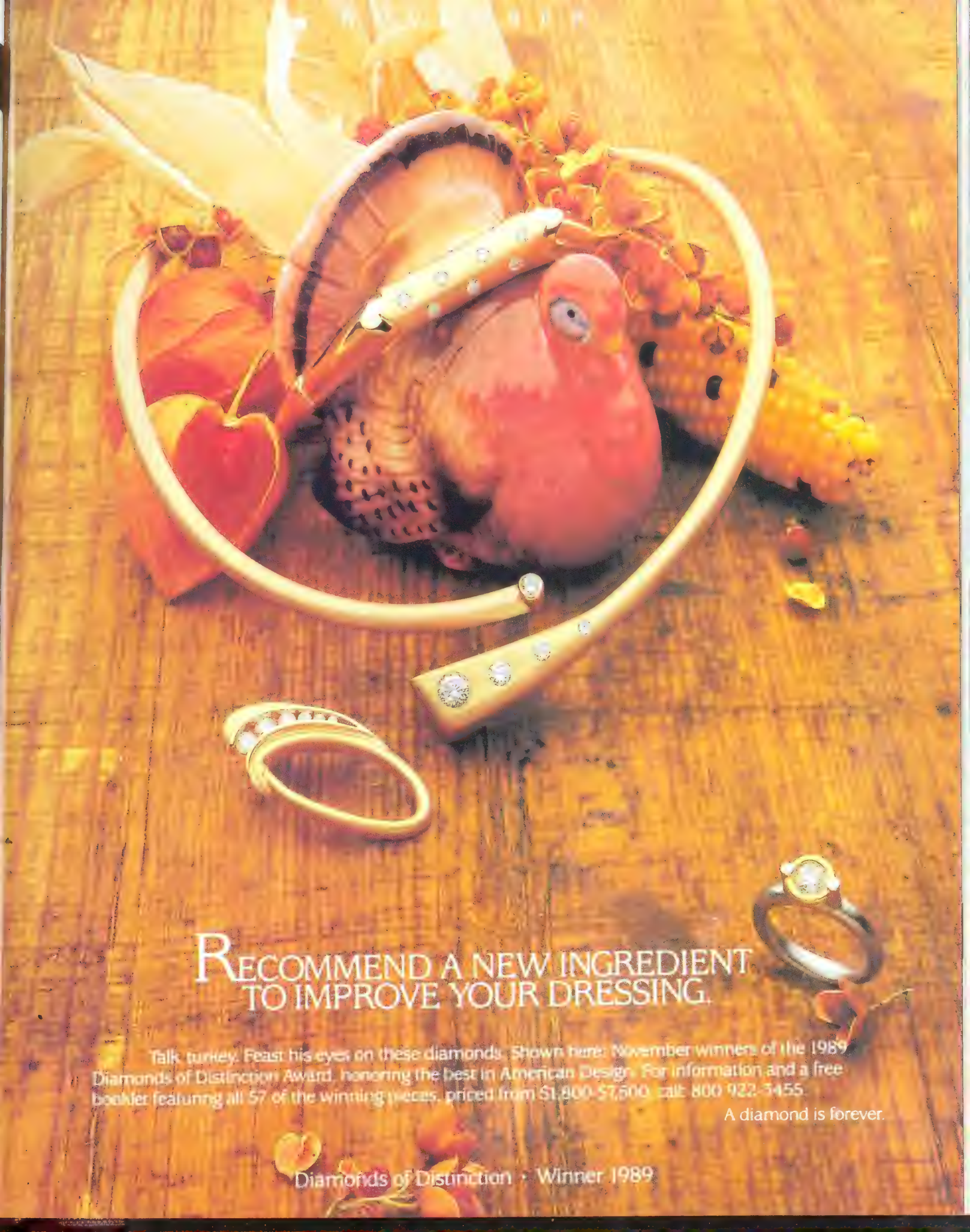
The windows of lawyer David M. Swersky's apartment prove that Bright's talents are as broad as they are brilliant. An overscale Roman shade of buttery-soft black leather darkens the study. In one of the bathrooms a shower curtain of nylon shimmers like falling water. One continuous ballooning course of pleated silk masks the dining room's mediocre view. In the bedroom, silk chiffon backed by puckered silk falls from an undulating track by the window, and three layers of silk finished at the top in negligee-like straps of silk charmeuse screen off the dressing area. White taffeta hung behind burnished steel valances spatially unites a living room with mismatched windows and a drop in ceiling height.





Mary Bright, left, in her Levolor outfit. Above left: An elaborate curtain in the Dennis apartment. Above right: A curtain screens off the dressing area in the Swersky apartment. Right: A steel and magnet tieback.

CLOCKWISE FROM BOTTOM LEFT: RON MILKE; MICHAEL MUNDY

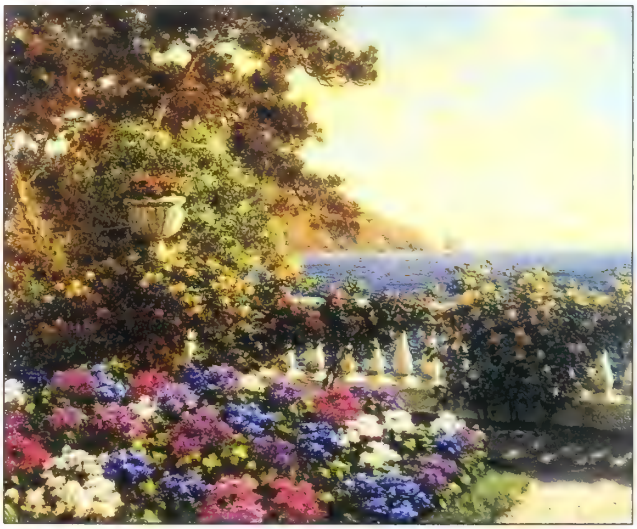

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NOTES

For Allan and Pat Dennis's apartment, designed by the late Alan Buchsbaum, Mary Bright knew that she "had to have something punchy" to complement not only the inventiveness of the architect but also the adventuresome spirit of the clients. "I thought Pat deserved to have a party going on in her windows." A diaphanous curtain of clear nylon over crinkled polyester, suspend-

Chiffon banded in charmeuse, below left, fronting an opaque layer of silk, cascades from an undulating track. Below right: A stationary valance and movable curtain of pleated silk appear as one sweeping curtain draped over a bronze-patinated brass pole.



ed from a sandblasted copper rod by hand-rolled stainless-steel rings, billows across the dining room window.

The most extraordinary of her creations thus far hangs in the doorway leading to the terrace from the Dennises' bedroom. Under a cascade of mauve pleated silk, Bright fashioned a lining of four layers—one of Chinese silk, one of bridal netting, and two of chiffon—to give the curtain fullness and a finished look from the outside. She inserted sections of dyed-to-match wrinkled chiffon toward the bottom so that it tumbles casually over the few steps leading to the terrace. A labor of love? Absolutely. But the best description of this curtain or any of Mary Bright's originals comes from the maker herself: "Total couture." (Mary Bright Originals, 263 East 10 St., New York, NY 10009; 212-677-1970 By appointment) ▲

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PEOPLE

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Offbeat antiques meet flea market finds in designer Joseph Holtzman's apartment

By Pilar Viladas



Joseph Holtzman, left, with three miniature chairs. Below: The living room houses a pair of George II side chairs, tables by Holtzman, paintings by Dubuffet and Kandinsky, and a French mechanical cow. Bottom: Objects ranging from an Oriental miniature table to a Modernist lamp are carefully arranged on the cocktail table.



A desk by Donald Judd and a library ladder by Holtzman, above. Below right: A leather ball sits on a tiny bed in a bookcase.

"I aim to be idiosyncratic and polite at the same time, and the more of each the better," says Joseph Holtzman of his design philosophy. But it is the idiosyncratic that enchants the visitor to the 32-year-old furniture designer's New York pied-à-terre. Tiny spheres play along a molding in the living room, and they are echoed in surprising places, such as the ivory ball clutched in the jaws of a lion carved in the leg of a 1921 Steinway grand piano. A broken lamp column has been resurrected by the addition of large wooden beads and an impromptu handmade paper shade. A garish rubber toy monster perches incongruously, yet appropriately, on the frame of a Goya *Capricho*. What appears at first to be a modest, comfortable apartment soon reveals itself to be a sort of live-in laboratory for its occupant's aesthetic experiments.

When Holtzman, a Baltimore native, found his home away from home, he was happy simply to have snared that most elusive of Manhattan treasures: a spacious one-bedroom rental in a prewar building. However, for someone whose domestic ideal is William Kent's eighteenth-century marble room at Houghton in Norfolk, this bland and featureless 1930s apartment wasn't exactly a dream come true. In a quest to give the living room more spatial integrity, as Holtzman puts it, he installed a chair rail and cornice molding, with the aforementioned spheres (which are repeated above the windows). The bedroom's proportions were improved by building out the walls with, on one side, a "neo-Chinese Chippendale" bookcase, and, on the other, cabinets with a pattern of perforations that an art historian friend of Holtzman's calls "Mackintosh on drugs." The foyer got a "wainscoting" of bookcases, and the rather amorphous opening between foyer and living room became a proper doorway with the addition of a wooden fretwork frame. Thus having made these rooms more roomlike, Holtzman set about decorating them as he saw fit.

Just how Holtzman sees is a mysterious and fascinating thing. In person, he is soft-spoken, extremely reserved, and somewhat otherworldly, as if much of what he takes in is foreign to him—which, in fact, it must be. He grew up in what he calls the "black, white, and beige world of track lighting" that illuminated the mostly contemporary art his parents collected. (Holtzman's own apartment is now filled with works ranging from a Rembrandt etching to a 1957 de Kooning.) He also became a self-described furni-



MICHAEL MUNDY

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



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An ostrich egg rests on a metal doll's bed next to the bedroom window.

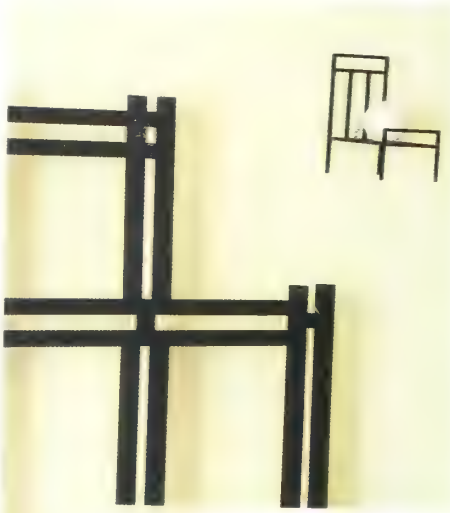
ture freak at an early age. "Though I am unable to remember a face from one moment to the next," he admits, "I never ever forget a piece of furniture." His first major purchase was a pair of George II walnut side chairs at Stair & Co. in New York when he was nineteen. Auctions became his "blood sport" and catalogues his "correspondence course" in the history of furniture. Having singled out early eighteenth century English walnut furniture for its formal purity, and because this wood "encouraged a certain robustness and sobriety, which well express the real English temperament," he added a 1710 wing chair and a 1725 card table to his collection. "In my world view," he explains, "the appearance in England of the cabriole leg looms larger than the contemporary doings of the Duke of Marlborough."

"Though I am unable to remember a face from one moment to the next, I never ever forget a piece of furniture"

Joseph Holtzman's taste for the exquisite, however, never dimmed his fascination with the banal. He is a longtime flea market and junk shop addict. According to fellow treasure hunter Brenda Richardson, deputy director for art and curator of painting and sculpture at the Baltimore Museum of Art, "Joey has a radarlike eye for the most wonderful thing there." He searches for those odd objects or parts of objects—dolls' heads, lamp bases, or miniature furniture pieces that play off the real furniture in the scale shifts Holtzman loves—that can be "assimilated into my personal world by remaking them." Thus a nineteenth-century bronze lamp standard acquires a Chinese doll's head for a finial, red and white checkers pieces form a footpath around a model of a southern plantation house, an antique child's swing becomes a display shelf for fifteenth-century winged iron dogs, and the five-and-dime rubber monster alights on the precious Goya. After all, he argues, "no matter how tasteful, an object fully obedient to conventions cannot be interesting."

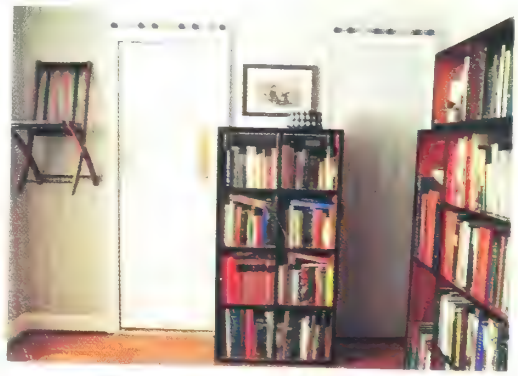
Even his antique pieces are slightly "off"—the George II side chairs with somewhat anachronistic seat shapes, and the card table Holtzman suspects was altered by the addition of a decorative scallop. "All my 'children' have something peculiar about them," he says. Still, as Holtzman's friend Carl Skoggard, an editor and translator, points out, "He wants the results to be formally elegant, even though the objects are made from disparate elements."

Holtzman's own furniture designs put a minimalist spin on traditional prototypes, as in the demilune table in the living room or the black steel bed. Having worked primarily in steel for a decade, he is now designing in wood. His next project is the apartment he has bought in a fifty-year-old building in Baltimore. Here he is working with the architecture, not just finishes and furnishings, turning the 37-foot-long living room into a hall that will open onto other rooms. "It's a great opportunity," he says, and knowing what we do about the way Holtzman's mind works, we can't wait to see it. ▲ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*





In the bedroom, below, a Holtzman-designed bed, detail left, is echoed by a miniature version, to the right, which he created for a stage set. The wing chair and walnut table are English. On the wall is Rembrandt's etching *Descent from the Cross.*



The foyer, left, has a "wainscoting" of bookcases. Above the African beaded hat is a Goya print. Hanging on the wall is a flea market chair.

MICHAEL MUNDY



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What's in a Name?

The Vanderbilt birthright
is privileged notoriety
By Brendan Gill

There are certain family names—Medici, Rothschild, Vanderbilt—that have elbowed their way into history and in the course of doing so have ceased to be merely family names. They impose themselves upon us first of all as symbols of great wealth and then as symbols of something beyond and above wealth—an unchallengeably high place in the world, which we grant to them as if it were their due, which it is not. Why do we tend to stand in awe of these names? Or if we do not stand in awe of them—if in certain circumstances we sneer at them or pretend to sneer at them—what is the curious power they possess which prompts us to recognize them, whether favorably or unfavorably, over many generations?

So universally recognized is the name of Rothschild, for example, that for a couple of hundred years now people have made the sour joke, "It must be terrible to be a Rothschild and *not* be rich," and it is true that there are indeed poor Rothschilds, as there are poor Vanderbilts as well. Among others, the writer Dorothy Parker was born a comparatively poor Rothschild—at any rate, no relation to the rich Rothschilds—and it may have been in part to free herself from the burden of that irritating false connection that she continued to be Mrs. Parker long after there was no Mr. Parker in sight.

Similarly, a good many years ago an editor on the staff of *The New Yorker* named Sanderson Vanderbilt felt obliged on meeting anyone for the first time to explain that he wasn't one of those Fifth Avenue Vanderbilts—in a bar, nobody need expect him to be conversant about yachting or four-in-hand coaching, much less to treat every barfly in the room to a drink. In his case the problem was multiplied by the aura of distinction that, for the rest of us on the staff of the magazine, seemed to shine out of the formidable double dactyls of his name; surely anybody named both Sanderson and Vanderbilt must be the genuine well-heeled article.

What I perceive the Rothschilds and the Vanderbilts to have had in common and what may be one of several reasons for their enduring fame is a shameless capacity for incessantly tooting their own horns. To them the old saying "Money talks" was an insufficient boast; they were eager to demonstrate that money shouts and that the louder it shouts the more attention it receives. Moreover, they appear to have sensed that the lowly factor of attention may sooner or later transform itself into respect. In any event, the more money the nineteenth-century Rothschilds and Vanderbilts accumulated, the more ostentatious they became. In their day they were every bit as vulgar in their self-aggrandizement as the most pushing parvenu out of contemporary Texas, Australia, or the Middle East, and if at present the names Rothschild and Vanderbilt are thought to strike a pa-





In his twenties, George W. Vanderbilt, left, decided to build a country seat in the North Carolina mountains. Below: Of Biltmore's 250 rooms, his favorite was the library.





A winter view of the west façade of Biltmore, left. Above left: Seymour Guy's 1873 portrait of the William H. Vanderbilt family at home on Fifth Avenue.

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with distance that time softens sharp edges and purifies reputations as effectively as money does.

Nor is this transformation as inauthentic as cynics might suppose. Looking back, we often find more good in the past than the past was aware of laying up for us. Those great châteaus and country houses the Rothschilds built for themselves in France and England and those equally great châteaus the Vanderbilts put up on Fifth Avenue and in Newport and even in the remote Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina no longer seem the selfish follies that many commentators condemned them for being at the time. True that the occasion for the building of a folly may have been repugnant—often enough among the Vanderbilts it was a case of near-incestuous envy, with one Vanderbilt wife striving to outspend another and a hapless Vanderbilt husband footing the bills—but a hundred years later the occasion is forgotten and the splendid architectural work remains.

Even when a particular great house has been demolished (a fate that has befallen nearly all of the many Fifth Avenue Vanderbilt houses), we have a voluminous pictorial record of its presence on the avenue and of the innumerable parties held within its walls, for the Vanderbilts were never exactly camera-shy. (Attesting to this fact is a handsome new picture book on the family, *The Vanderbilts*, published this month by Harry N. Abrams, which contains an instructive and amusing text by Jerry E. Patterson.) As for the grand structures that have escaped destruction, they rise before us today like romantic apparitions out of Cloud-Cuckooland. No wonder that, however much we may deplore the wanton extravagance of the lives they bear silent witness to, they end up making us happy—happier, it may be, than many of the fiercely ascendant, fiercely competitive Vanderbilts who first dwelt in them.

From the beginning, wise old Henry James had his doubts about the degree of public display the Vanderbilt family as a whole appeared bent on pursuing. James himself was a grandson of one of the richest men in the country—an Irish Presbyterian immigrant who, when it came to ostentation, was the very opposite of the Vanderbilts. He hid his wealth as if it were an unspeakable disease, and great was the astonishment of his neighbors in Albany, New York, when upon his death his estate turned out to be one of the largest ever probated in the United States—second in size only to that of the first John Jacob Astor. Henry James, like his close friend and fellow native of New York City Edith Wharton, believed that old money should practice a seemly discretion financially as well as socially. Returning to America at the age of sixty, after an absence of twenty years, James traveled about the country, and in *The American Scene* set down an account of his visit that remains for many readers precisely what he confided to his publisher he intended it to be—"the best book (of social and pictorial and, as it were, human observation) ever devoted to this country."

In New York City and its environs he noted the presence of "gold dust in the air," and on his way south he was invited to stay at Biltmore, George Vanderbilt's new country place outside Asheville, North Carolina. Falling victim to an attack of gout, James spent more time at Biltmore than he had planned, and although he described it in his book as a "castle of enchantment," he wrote privately to Edmund Gosse: "I lately spent a week at the high-perched Biltmore, in North Carolina, the extraordinary colossal French château of George Vanderbilt in the said N.C. mountains—the house 2500 feet in air, and a thing in the high Rothschild manner, but of a size to contain two or three Mentmores and a Waddesdon, the *gageure* of an imperfectly aesthetic young billionaire."

James's view of Biltmore is less admiring than mine. As a friend of members of the family, I have often visited Biltmore over the past half century, and the story of its origins as I was told it in my youth amounts to a classic tale of the architect as spellbinder. A bachelor in his twenties, George Vanderbilt spent a brief holiday in Asheville in the 1880s and, being much taken with the scenery of the fashionable little resort, thought to build a shingled cottage in the adjacent wilderness. He turned to the family architect, Richard Morris Hunt, with his modest proposal, and after a few sessions of what we would call today "consciousness raising," Vanderbilt consented to undertake the construction of the largest country house ever built in America—a limestone château, with 250 rooms and a façade extending 375 feet, set in a demesne that covered over 100,000 acres. (In



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Vanderbilt's widow gave much of the land to the federal government for the founding of what has become the Pisgah National Forest.) The park around the château was laid out by Frederick Law Olmsted, who also established an arboretum on the estate, directed by Gifford Pinchot, later the first head of the Federal Bureau of Forestry.

Contrary to James's assumption, George wasn't a billionaire, only a comparatively minor Vanderbilt millionaire, and the cost of his castle of enchantment—$10 million, which would be more than $150 million in today's money—consumed all of his inheritance. Even by the extravagant Trump-ery standards of 1989, it is an incomparably conspicuous display of wealth, which upset James because of its contrast with the poverty of the mountain people among whom this handsome peacock from New York had unaccountably come to roost. George married in his thirties and had one child, Cornelia Vanderbilt. He died in his early fifties, after an appendectomy; his widow subsequently married Peter Goelet Gerry, a United States senator from Rhode Island, and for many years maintained a dower house on the estate. Cornelia in turn married John Amherst Cecil, a cadet member of that great British family whose head is the Duke of Devonshire.

After a few years of marriage and the birth of two sons, the Cecils separated. In a reversal of roles worthy of one of Henry James's international novels, Jack Cecil chose to go on living in western North Carolina, while Cornelia preferred living in England. I became a friend of Jack's in the mid 1930s; he was a gentle, soft-spoken, sad-eyed man, who occupied bachelor's quarters in a wing of the vast house. After a dinner party served in a conventionally small dining room in the wing, he would lead his guests into the grand flower-filled winter garden off the main house for coffee and brandy. Knowing of my interest in architecture, he consented to take me on long perambulations through the seemingly endless subterranean chambers that make up the foundations of the château; sometimes we would walk out upon its acres of roofs, where among the immense chimneys and towers over forty years of summer heat and winter cold had failed to dislodge a single slate or chimney pot.

Much of Biltmore was opened to the public in the thirties, to help lessen the cost of maintaining the estate. In recent years tourists have flocked to the house and its dairy, gardens, and recently planted vineyards (an experiment of the present lord of the castle, George Vanderbilt's grandson William A. V. Cecil). If Henry James in private correspondence described Biltmore as a bad practical joke, in our time it has become, like the Vanderbilt houses in Newport, an indispensable part of our national architectural heritage. Looking back, we perceive that George Vanderbilt was less imperfectly aesthetic than James supposed him to be—selecting a Hunt to design one's house, an Olmsted to lay out one's estate, and a Sargent to paint the two men's portraits as souvenirs of their joint undertaking and in the course of years accumulating a library of 20,000 volumes for one's personal use is not to proclaim oneself an unthinking barbarian.

Although it is commonly asserted that George was the family intellectual, there have been other Vanderbilts with first-rate minds (Harold Vanderbilt, for example, who invented contract bridge) and with first-rate talents (Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, a pioneering American sculptor), to say nothing of Gertrude's niece, Gloria Vanderbilt, who in our time has been a highly successful designer and author. To the question posed at the beginning of this essay—why should we ordinary members of the public stand in awe of the Vanderbilt name?—one answer may be that the family has earned our awe by pursuing an unselfconscious grandeur of style over many generations. Like the rascally old Commodore, his descendants have lived their lives in whatever fashion happened to give them pleasure; they have seen no need to consult with the dour Mrs. Grundys of this world when choosing their women or their yachts or their racehorses.

One of the Commodore's sons, pressed by a reporter to say whether in connection with a certain harsh business transaction he was keeping the public's interest in mind, burst out, "The public be damned!" This superbly tactless response immediately entered history, as it deserved to do. Like the Vanderbilts, the Medici and the Rothschilds would have no difficulty in adopting those words as a family motto. The rest of us merely shake our heads in silence, affecting to disapprove what we dare not be seen to admire. ▲

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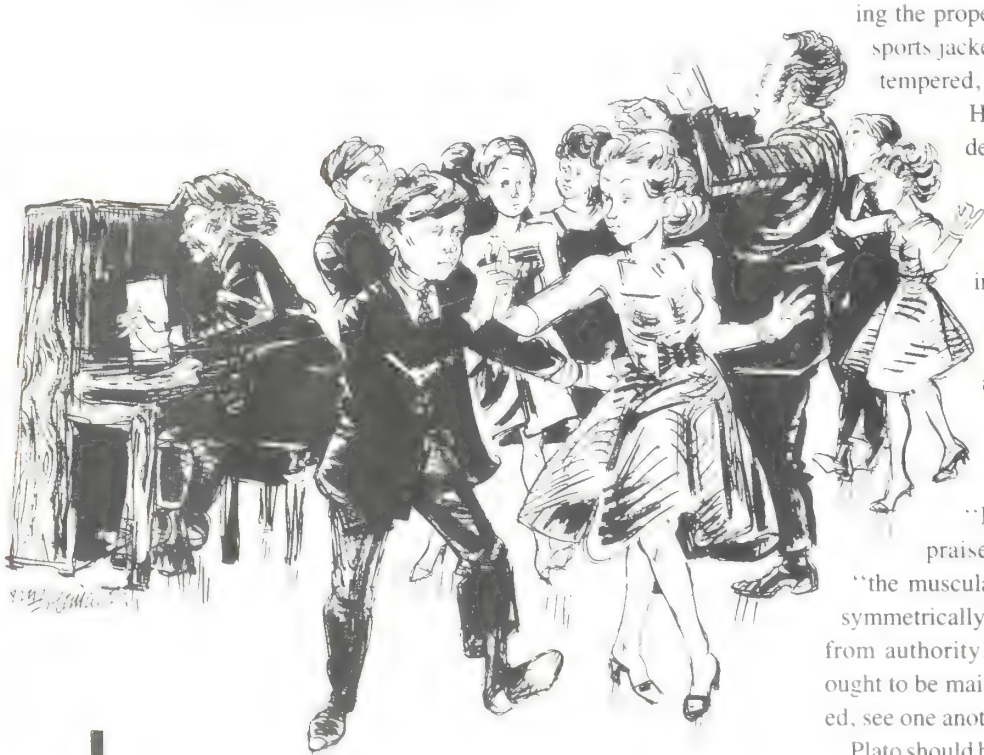
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Beyond the Box Step

Dancing school is an invitation to adulthood for the white-glove and patent-leather set

By William Bryant Logan



It was 1965, a rainy winter in San Francisco. The Colonial Room of the St. Francis Hotel was full of thirteen-year-olds. I had on a new worsted-wool gray suit and no idea what "worsted" meant, only that the punctilious salesman at Young Man's Fancy—whom I regarded with fear and embarrassment equal to what I felt for the orthodontist—had so described the itchy thing to my mother, while the two of them had conspired to fit me for it several days before. Nor had I much idea what the word "cotillion" really meant, though I was smack in the middle of one.

We arrived in a line of car pools, dressed as parodies of our parents

I had been standing near the punch bowl for longer than was reasonably permissible; the girl of my dreams, Susan Roberts, was twenty paces across the room, studiedly looking at the red curtains. By hugging the walls, I came near to where she was. How long I stood beside her without uttering a word, my heart in my throat and my worsted suit acting as a steam bath, I don't remember. At last, I said, carefully choosing my words, "Would you mind if I held your hand?" Instantaneously, the little white glove—the sort that gave all the girls rabbit paws—was off her hand. Why then did she say, "No!"? I was frozen to the spot, confused, unable to speak or run away. How to move? In what direction? What speed? And which foot first? Until at last, she mercifully and with good grace seized my hand in hers and held it tight, smiled at me, then looked straight ahead across the room. It finally occurred to me that she had meant, "No, I do not mind at all."

Did I dance that night? I don't know. But Mr. Kitchens would have been upset if I had not, considering the two years he'd wasted on me and several dozen of my peers, drilling us in the box step, fox-trot, waltz, tango, swing, rumba, and cha-cha and demonstrating the proper bow and curtsy and which button to fasten on a sports jacket (the lower one). Wide, red, and permanently ill-tempered, Mr. Kitchens was the master of our dancing school.

His profession has a long and honorable tradition, indeed, almost a changeless one, spread through all the cities and better suburbs of the nation. Just yesterday the young student of a prominent dancing school in New York confirmed for me the invarying crankiness that accompanies the job: "He gets mad at us," she said, "even before we've done anything." But, likewise, dancing masters share a high sense of purpose. Edward Ferrero, in his 1859 *Art of Dancing*, recommended its study on three grounds, defending dance from the strictures of stuffy clerics. First, he adduced physics: "Motion is the eternal law of nature." Second, he praised bilateral symmetry, noting how in the dance "the muscular masses of the hips, the thighs and the legs are symmetrically displayed." Finally, and most tellingly, he argued from authority, citing Plato, who "urges that dancing schools ought to be maintained, 'that young folk might meet, be acquainted, see one another, and be seen.' "

Plato should have seen us arriving in a line of car pools in the early December dark, dressed as parodies of our parents. One always knew one had arrived by the crunch of thick gravel under car tires, an aural boundary line that initiated dance time. Everything about the place—the town racquet club—was other: a plane tree, looking foreign, shed its ostentatious leaves on the gravel drive, and we emerged from the station wagons to face a perfect, scaled-down, wedding-cake-white copy of the Petit Trianon, once a polo club, whose ballroom served our class.

We ought to have shown respect, as would any good Athenian on the verge of initiation. As it was, we filled our pockets with gravel or berries from the pittosporum hedge, flinging them at one another as we waited to be admitted. The word would go around that someone had brought BBs to roll across the dance floor or that so-and-so had sworn to wear a Beatle wig. (He did, and Mr. Kitchens, modulating from red to purple, ejected him before he'd passed the vestibule.)

In the ballroom we sat boy-girl-boy-girl around the edge of the vast space, the short white gloves of the girls alternating with

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the dark sports jackets of the boys. We were still small enough that, had we ever remained still in that great formal cavern, someone might have mistaken us for decorative wainscoting. Mr. Kitchens clapped; we rose, held our partners gingerly (''Was that a bra strap?''), and stepped through the moves that he called out, while a silent adult couple demonstrated the dance to the accompaniment of a fish-faced pianist.

To end each class, Mr. Kitchens tried to indulge us: he might allow the twist on occasion, but mainly it was the bunny hop, a simple line dance that goes left foot out, left foot back, right foot out, right foot back, hop forward, hop back, hop three times forward. Knowing what I know now, I should perhaps have been insulted that we did none of the true figures of the cotillion, steps with enticing names like Mysterious Sheet, Gentlemen Cajoled, Ladies Deluded, Cabalistic Hat, Winding Alley, Undulations, Endless Rounds, and Labyrinth. Really, though, the impression I kept longest from the bunny hop was the struggle to keep my hands on the shoulders of the girl in front of me and to help the girl behind me keep her whited hands on my shoulders; I remember the sound of cotton rubbing on wool.

The school seemed to spawn parties: predeb parties, deb parties, and the debutante balls. Allegedly, we might here practice our dancing skills, but I recall best arriving at the door of an old friend's house—a boy with whom not two years earlier I'd ranged through the basement with cans of spray paint, chasing mice—to be greeted by a white-jacketed adult who took my coat and another who asked what I would have to drink. The correct answer that year was gin and tonic. I was seized with fear that someone had mistaken me for a grown-up.

Drinking was an approved part of this initiation rite, as was staying up till dawn. My old friend David Gilpin remembers the grandest deb party of the era: at the immense Filoli Estate in Woodside, with two bands in separate ballrooms. When the party was about to break up after three o'clock, the hostess appeared to announce that breakfast would soon be served. Wherever we went, however, there was a shortage of ballroom dancing. Even the formal dance bands went for the twist and the frug and the swim, whatever the youth were most interested in. Arriving for a party at the posh Circus Club in Atherton, we were confronted with an entryway plastered with Fillmore and Avalon Ballroom posters, featuring in bulging liquid calligraphy Big Brother & the Holding Company, Commander Cody & His Lost Planet Airmen, the Grateful Dead, and Jefferson Airplane.

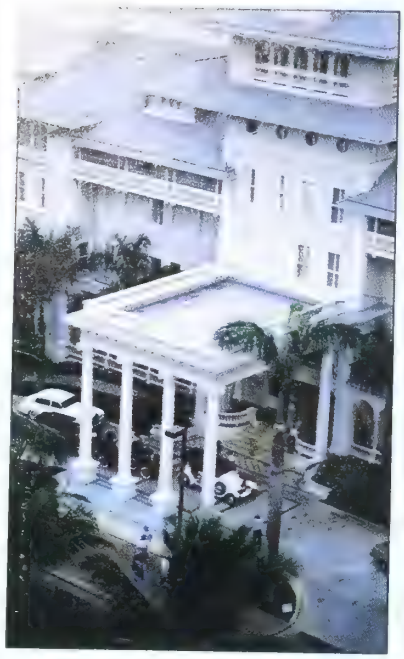
What good were those two years of awkward box steps anyway? Some say dancing school was supposed to be a marriage market, but most of us went elsewhere to college, so it didn't work. Some say it was to teach us social ease, though to all appearances the contrary was the result. Still, to me dancing school was a kind of initiation into touch. How strange it was to learn that a girl's body might turn with mine at a slight pressure of the hand. Often, of course, it was the girl's hand doing the pressing. My current thirteen-



To me dancing school was a kind of initiation into touch

year-old correspondent put it to me frankly: ''Girls are better dancers than boys.''

It wasn't until fifteen years later that I finally experienced that clean yet sexy touch that the whole initiation may have been designed to produce. I was at a New York party with a band from Texas, playing *música norteña*, to which no one had any idea how to dance. But a cross between fox-trotting and square dancing proved serviceable. I was spinning with a friend, a much finer dancer than I, leaning outward with one hand on her shoulder and the other holding her just above her hip. A sensation of cloth, skin, and circling motion made me shiver with a special pleasure that only couple-dancing brings. And I think it was big red wide Mr. Kitchens whom I must thank for it. ♠



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Autumn Jambalaya

Fall is the time to savor the cultural diversity of New Orleans
By Mimi Read

Unless you were born in New Orleans and, for instance, made Mardi Gras floats out of shoe boxes in kindergarten, there's probably no way to understand just how deeply the local culture lives in its natives. New Orleanians learn early on how to revel in the surrealism of masking, the pleasures of drawn-out meals, and the sound of music brewed in backstreet neighborhoods. They know that jazz funerals call for a kind of loose-limbed dignity with a shot of joy. For the most part they like only old architecture, furniture, and art—things softened and disfigured by time. After hilarity, their second-favorite emotion is poignancy. Also they are eccentric and provincial. They are blessed and cursed with a powerful, abiding sense of place, and this makes it all but impossible for them to join in with the rest of the country's freewheeling spirit of mobility.



A visitor to New Orleans could do nothing but contemplate its historic buildings. Right: One of the oldest plantation houses in the Delta. Below left and below center: Scenes in the Garden District. Below right: Another pastime beloved of natives is the consumption of caffeine, particularly at Café Du Monde.

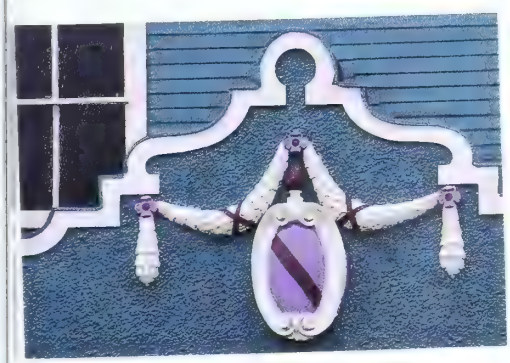
Travelers who are careful not to look at too many New Orleans tourist brochures—full of glossy images of paddle-wheel steamboats, sanitized Storyville prostitutes, grinning Bourbon Street tap dancers, and belles in hoop skirts—have the best chance of seeing the unpackaged city, the version that its natives live in and love. These sections, swaths, and fragments haven't yet been denatured, simplified, and cheapened by progress or marketing, and they hold in them a certain mystique.

Dancing to hot soul music, savoring feather-light loaves of French bread fresh from the oven, leaving the bar with one for the road in a plastic cup—these are the things all natives live to do. And autumn is the ideal time to visit New Orleans for a long weekend to discover the pleasures the locals already know. In October, November, and December, the light turns clear gold, the sky electric blue, and the air crisp. Shopkeepers throw their doors open. Cooling breezes tumble off the Mississippi River. The natives emerge from their long summer stupor and begin hosting formal parties and charity balls. The streets are not exactly bustling—New Orleans never bustles—but they are lively in their sultry way.

For lodgings with local charm, New Orleans's guesthouses are in a class by themselves. In the heart of the French Quarter, the **Hotel Maison de Ville** (727 Toulouse St.; 800-634-1600 or 504-561-5858) is splendid and small. It consists of a main hotel with fourteen antique-filled rooms, a restored double town house located a few paces back from the Bourbon Street racket, and, on a quieter street two blocks away, the Audubon Cottages. All are situated so that guests can explore the French Quarter on foot and slip back into their rooms without a care.

Another appealing place to stay is the **Josephine Guest House** (1450 Josephine St.; 504-524-6361), an 1870s Italianate mansion on the fringe of the Garden District, just off St. Charles Avenue and the streetcar line. Run by Mary Ann Weilbaecher with help from her husband, Dan Fuselier, the facility has only six rooms, decorated in a blend of Louisiana and French antiques—carved armoires, rosewood sofas, marquetry daybeds, Rococo gilt mirrors, and moiré taffeta drapes—that Weilbaecher whimsically calls Creole Baroque. Mornings the guests are served café au lait, fresh orange juice, and homemade biscuits on Wedgwood china and silver trays.

As for restaurants, if you're in town for only a few days you can't









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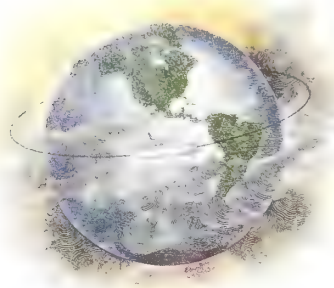
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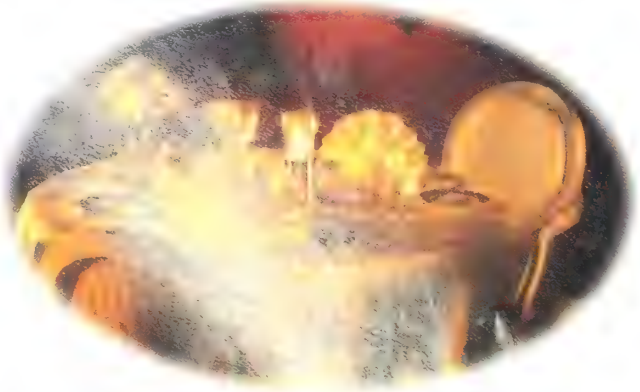
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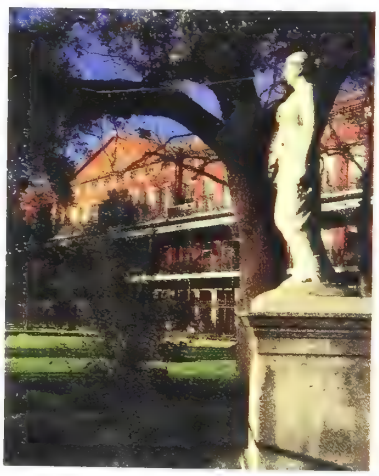
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begin to cover all the important places, but there are certain ones you must not miss. **Galatoire's** (209 Bourbon St.; 504-525-2021) should be high on your list. Its brightly lit dining room has mirrors on all sides so the natives can watch one another and gossip. The menu is as long as a best-seller, and you should ignore it completely. Start with oysters Bienville or Rockefeller, shrimp or crabmeat rémoulade, or the oysters en brochette. The restaurant doesn't take reservations, and if you want to avoid the long lines that routinely form outside its doors from eleven thirty in the morning until one thirty in the afternoon, do as certain natives do—waltz in at two or three.

A couple of years ago, a young chef named Frank Brigtsen (pronounced *Bright*-son), who was once an apprentice to Paul Prudhomme, opened his own restaurant in Uptown New Orleans: **Brigtsen's** (723 Dante St.; 504-861-7610). In a series of cozy dining rooms, the sweetest waitresses in New Orleans serve up the most inventive "modern Louisiana city food."

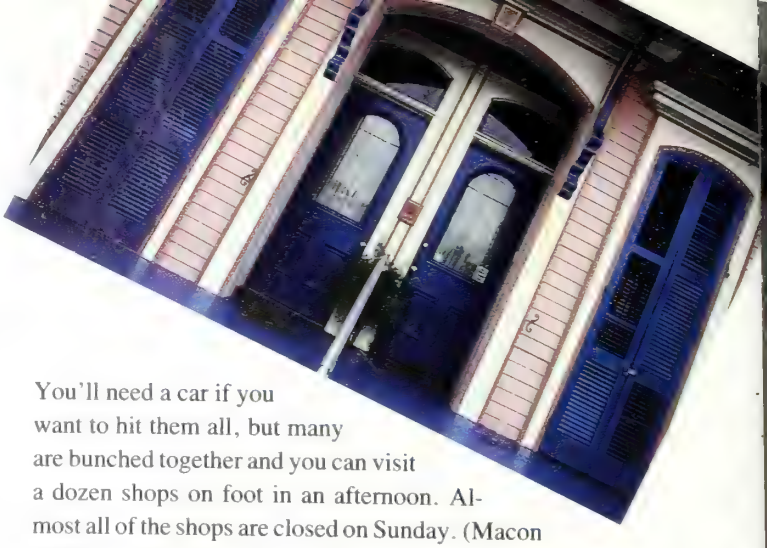


Commander's Palace (1403 Washington Ave.; 504-899-8221), the famous haute Creole restaurant, hasn't slipped a millimeter and is definitely worth a trip for dinner. Housed in a renovated mansion, this elegant establishment remains the embodiment of New Orleans graciousness. The best entrées are the veal chop Tchoupitoulas and trout with roasted pecans.

In the past few years, New Orleans has blossomed into an international antiques center. Locals, tourists, and dealers from all over the world now scavenge in its shops and auction houses, looking for rare pieces and smart buys. Magazine Street, the thoroughfare that links Uptown and Downtown, has enough antiques stores to fill a week's shopping.



Along Magazine Street, top right, a characteristic New Orleans–style façade. Top left: A young jazz musician. Above: Jackson Square. Below: One of the many antiques-shopping options.



You'll need a car if you want to hit them all, but many are bunched together and you can visit a dozen shops on foot in an afternoon. Almost all of the shops are closed on Sunday. (Macon Riddle, a local antiques expert, offers custom scouting tours of Magazine and Royal streets by car or van; 504-899-3027.)

Here's a handful of the best places on Magazine—the ones frequented not only by tourists but by thrifty, eagle-eyed locals as well. Starting Uptown, begin at **Wirth More Antiques** (5723 Magazine; 504-897-9727), where there's always a beautiful collection of the finest country French furniture and accessories. Heading Downtown, the next stop is **Sixpence** (4904 Magazine; 504-895-1267), where you'll find a large collection of French and English furniture and bric-a-brac arranged in a Victorian cottage. Down the street is **Jacqueline Vance Oriental Rugs** (3944 Magazine; 504-891-3304). Vance, a former anthropology student, is passionate about rugs and talks about them in the most interesting way.

If you're searching for snowy antique linens and laces, old quilts, and silver dresser jars at good prices, stop by **Collector Antiques** (3123 Magazine; 504-897-0904). For fun, try **George Herget—Books** (3109 Magazine; 504-891-5595). Herget stocks over 20,000 used and old books, including a separate Civil War section, and he also sells postcards, records, and sheet music. Finally, you should stop by **Bep's Antiques** (2051 Magazine; 504-525-7726) for English and American furniture and an extensive selection of china, brass, old bottles, crockery, and glassware.

The French Quarter is the other hub of antiques emporiums, and many of the best ones are concentrated on Royal Street in the four or five blocks nearest Canal Street. For the most part, these stores are filled with impeccably restored high-end French and English furniture and accessories. The one you should not miss is called **Waldhorn Co.** (343 Royal; 504-581-6379). Founded in 1881, it's the oldest antiques store in the city and still housed in its original building. Its three floors are filled with understated eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English furniture and graceful antique jewelry.

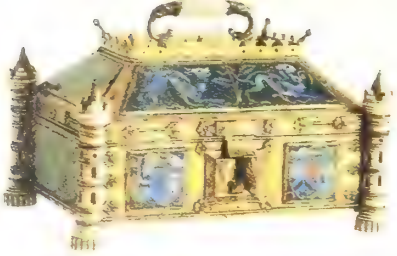
Final advice: take walks and drives everywhere you can. Audubon and City parks are full of lagoons and oak trees draped with Spanish moss. There's Esplanade Avenue, lined with faded dowager mansions. The Carrollton levee looks down upon a drowsy Mississippi River scene. The Garden District is a picture book of stately homes. The Uptown side streets are lined with sweet wooden cottages. The Downtown residential sections look, in places, like sets from a Tennessee Williams play. Tattered Tchoupitoulas Street is lined with wharves, warehouses, and light industry. And then there's the French Quarter—but you knew about that. ▲


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Luster of the Past

Edward F. Caldwell & Co. set the standard in America's gilded age of metalwork

By Margaret B. Caldwell



Miniature castle towers project from a medieval-style jewel case inlaid with polychrome champlevé enamel.

Walking around Edward F. Caldwell & Co.'s New York showroom in the mid 1920s seemed to my father, who was then a young boy, like wandering through an Aladdin's cave filled with innumerable wonders. Actually there were eight showrooms, each one leading into the next and each decorated in a different style, such as early Renaissance, eighteenth-century French, and even Art Deco. These rooms were stocked with crystal and gilt-bronze chandeliers and lamps, clocks set with semiprecious stones, enameled desk sets, and other exquisitely crafted objects the company designed, manufactured, and sold to the wealthiest clientele of the day. The firm was founded in 1894 by my great-grandfather Edward F. Caldwell and Victor F. Von Lossberg. They believed that the advent of electric lighting offered enormous new flexibility for fixture design and decided they would work with the most eminent architects, many of whom they already knew, to create custom fixtures that would be aesthetically compatible with each architect's building plans.



Gilt-bronze figures support the etched ivory face of a mantel clock, left and below. Right: One of eight gold- and silver-plated bronze Art Deco urns made for the Waldorf-Astoria lobby in 1932.

Apparently Caldwell & Co. was an almost instant success. In 1895 they supplied the French Renaissance–style fixtures for Biltmore, George W. Vanderbilt's château in North Carolina, which was designed by Richard Morris Hunt. Stanford White was another early client. When McKim, Mead & White renovated the White House for Theodore Roosevelt in 1902, Beaux-Arts fixtures designed by Caldwell & Co. were installed, as they were in Andrew Carnegie's Manhattan mansion (now the Cooper-Hewitt Museum), designed by Babb, Cook & Willard. Architectural plans would be brought in and drawings and sometimes models prepared. Even the lampshades were individually designed and made to order. It was each client's prerogative to require that the designs prepared for him not be repeated for anyone else, although the drawings and molds were preserved for his own possible future use.

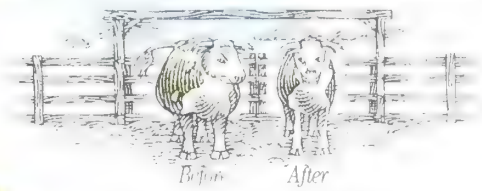
The firm soon expanded beyond the manufacture of lighting into the production of a wide range of metalwork such as clocks, desk sets, and other objects of vertu. For design sources they often looked to the French and Italian Renaissance pieces then so fashionable. They traveled frequently to Europe, bringing back antiques whose forms they adapted to modern uses. The filigree metalwork on a sixteenth-century book cover might inspire the ornamentation of a desk blotter; a Renaissance reliquary might be transformed into a humidor or cigarette box.

By the 1920s the firm was securely established as the premier source of quality lighting in America. According to Albert Nesle, the distinguished 57th Street lighting dealer who began his career at Caldwell & Co. as a teenager in the 1920s, "In those days, if you were a major architect doing any major work, you came to Caldwell for the fixtures, whether the building was on Fifth Avenue or in Grosse Pointe or Palm Beach." In addition to its achievements in design, the firm had mastered the difficult technique of applying enamel decoration to metalwork, as well as casting and gilding intricately detailed bronze, a field traditionally dominated by the French. "In many cases they were better than the French foundries," Nesle asserts.

Much of Caldwell & Co.'s output was unmarked and today can be identified only by someone per-

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MEANWHILE BACK AT THE RANCH.
We haven't exactly been staring at the sagebrush while the rest of the world ran to aerobics class. Leaner breeding, skinnier feeding and closer trimming are making things definitely okay at the corral.



MODERATION IN ALL THINGS.
Beef, chicken or fish, the suggested serving size is 3-ounces, cooked. Raw, just think of a quarter pound of lean beef per person. Then think teriyaki, fajitas, kabobs, satays....



OF CALORIES AND CRAVINGS.
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SKINNY BEEF SALAD.
For a salad you won't wish was something else, toss in a few strips of tender sirloin along with the green stuff. P.S. It also works with leftovers.



BEEF

Figures are for 3-ounce servings, cooked and trimmed.

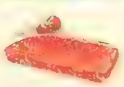
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ROUND TIP
*6.4 gms total fat**
(2.3 gms sat. fat)
162 calories



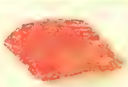
TOP LOIN
*7.6 gms total fat**
(3.0 gms sat. fat)
172 calories



TOP ROUND
*5.3 gms total fat**
(1.8 gms sat. fat)
162 calories

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Source: U.S.D.A. Handbook No. 8-13



EYE OF ROUND
*5.5 gms total fat**
(2.1 gms sat. fat)
155 calories



TENDERLOIN
*7.9 gms total fat**
(3.1 gms sat. fat)
174 calories



SIRLOIN
*7.4 gms total fat**
(3.0 gms sat. fat)
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Shown actual size

sonally familiar with their work. Exact copies were sometimes made of pieces in museum collections. The copies were so accurate, says Nesle, that he occasionally sees them today at antiques shows or even in museum collections misattributed as authentic period pieces. Among the few exceptions to the firm's policy of custom work were the bronze lamp bases designed and made in multiples for Tiffany Studios. Albert Nesle believes that most of the Tiffany lamp bases in the antique bronze style were manufactured by Caldwell & Co.: "Tiffany Studios would put shades on the bases and then put their own stamp on them. Tiffany didn't have a foundry, they farmed the work out."

Eventually the company occupied five adjacent buildings on West 15th Street. The showrooms, executive offices, design, and manufacturing areas were all under one roof, and there were more than a thousand employees. When clients such as Mrs. Henry Ford or Thelma Chrysler Foy drove up to the huge front doors in limousines, a red carpet would be rolled across the sidewalk. Twice each year another client sailed down from Newport, docked her yacht in the Hudson River, and came to the company's showrooms where she would buy several pieces before sailing back to Newport.

Victor Von Lossberg, who succeeded Edward F. Caldwell as president after his death in 1914, personally inspected each important piece as it was finished and insisted that those not done to his satisfaction be reworked until his standards were met. On one occasion he felt that the expression on the face of a metal figure of a saint to be installed in New York's St. Patrick's Cathedral wasn't quite right, so he ordered it redone. "Can you imagine?" the designer of the statue told my father years later. "It was meant to go in a shadowed niche sixty feet up. How could anyone even see the figure, let alone his expression? He could just as well have had his tongue sticking out."

By the end of World War II the toll of the Great Depression and changes in taste forced the company out of business. The metal molds were sold for scrap, and the watercolor renderings, drawings, and photographs were discarded, most of them to be lost forever. However, much of the firm's work survives and eventually will be appreciated for its place in a brief but wonderful period of American culture. ♠



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MARIO BUATTA



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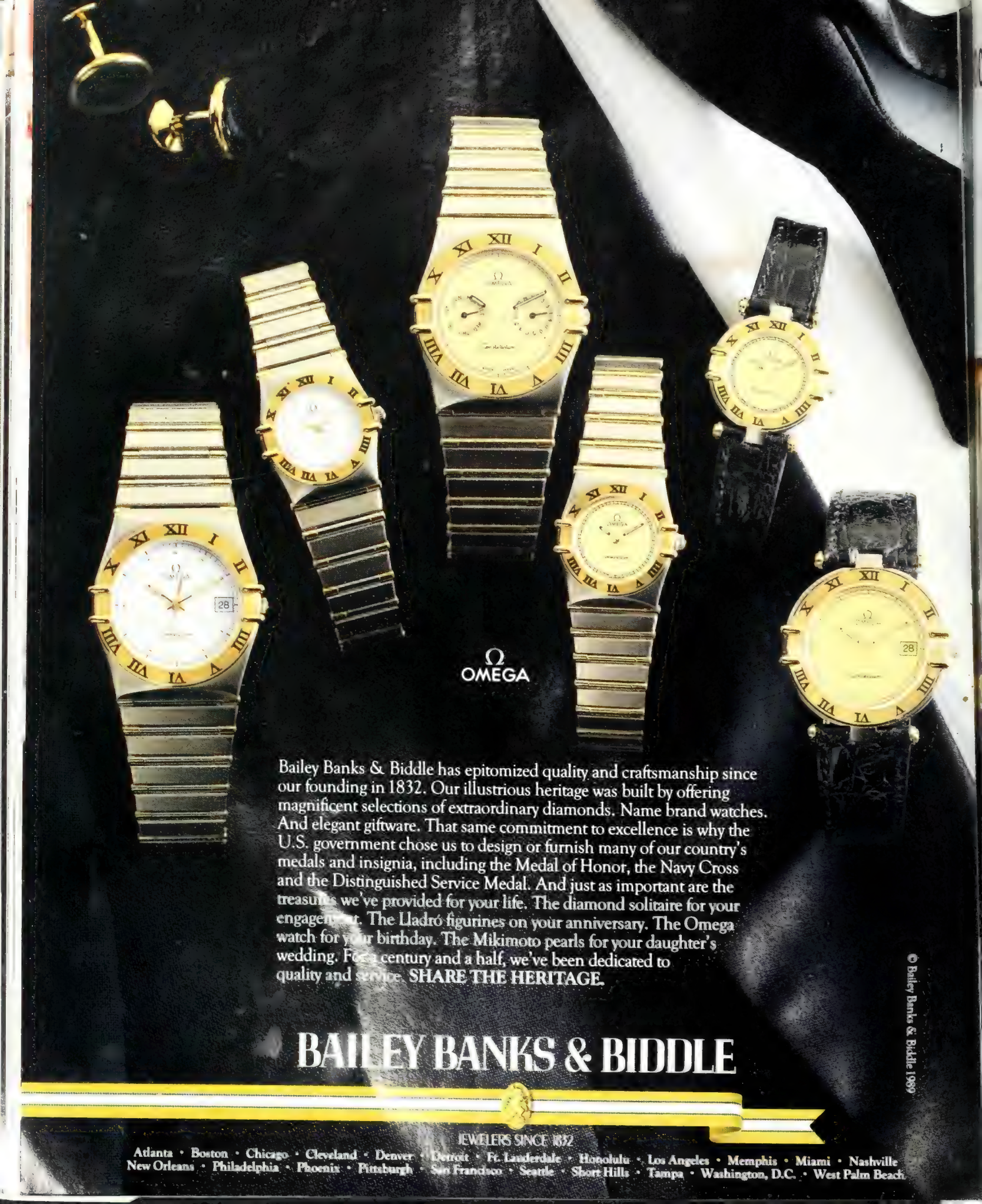




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Talking Turkey

Every family has its own recipe for setting a traditional Thanksgiving table

By Gene Hovis





My Thanksgiving traditions came in a neat package from my maternal grandmother, Granny Dameron. Her modus operandi was centered around a huge woodburning stove in a kitchen in North Carolina. Granny prepared the turkey with the care and precision of a laboratory technician. First she cleaned the bird thoroughly, scrubbed it inside and out with coarse salt, and then poured four cups of boiling water through the cavity.

"Why the hot water?" I asked. "Won't that cook the bird?"

"The important thing," she said, "is if anything's living, it's dead now." This from someone who I'm sure was unfamiliar with microbiological hazards and salmonella.

Granny was not of the bird-stuffing school. "It's dry enough and the stuffing would only absorb the juices," she would maintain as she crammed the cavity of the bird with aromatics such as carrots, celery, lots of chopped onions, parsley, and garlic. Next she dried the bird and covered it with a double layer of cheesecloth that had been soaked in a mixture of olive oil and melted butter, followed by a sprinkle of coarse salt and pepper.

Granny never measured anything. A dash of this, a sprinkle of that—a big pinch meant a third of a cup; two handfuls meant one cup. Her hands and instincts were all the measuring devices she needed. Then she tucked the bird neatly into a baking pan and surrounded it with more aromatics—onions, celery, carrots, and a few cloves of garlic. She cooked the necks and gizzards separately to make a stock for the dressing and gravy. The dressing consisted of day-old bread cubes scented with sage, onions, green and red peppers, celery, parsley, and melted butter, all moistened with turkey stock and baked in a separate pan until brown. Squares of the crisp stuffing bordered the bird on the serving platter.

Granny always managed to include a few surprises in the menu. Along with the bird, she might have a fresh ham, rubbed with coriander, coarse salt, and freshly ground black pepper, slowly baked to a golden brown and served with glazed apple slices.

There were usually 20 to 25 guests at Granny's Thanksgiving dinners—friends, relatives, and neighbors—everyone dressed in the best Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes. And hearty trenchermen they were. They needed to be, if only to deal with the succession of side dishes: string beans cut on the diagonal and sprinkled with fresh corn kernels; candied yams sautéed with orange, ginger, and honey; mountains of mashed potatoes for sopping up the gravy; collards, kale, and mustard greens flecked with diced smoked meat and garnished with green and red peppers; pickles and relishes; corn sticks and hot rolls with fresh churned butter; and, in case there was still someone with room for more, a casserole of macaroni and cheese.

I always looked forward to the next procedure, clearing the table. Taking the platters into the kitchen gave me the opportunity to sample every-

Gene Hovis's roast turkey, above, with an array of side dishes, such as avocado-lemon aspic with seafood, apple cornbread stuffing, and angel biscuits, pays homage to the tradition established by his grandmother Dameron. Top: For dessert, the requisite pumpkin pie with whipped cream. Details see Resources.

thing a second time. The platters were left out on the kitchen worktable, covered with a thin netting, for the benefit of guests who might want to return later for another go-round. Many did.

Then came the desserts. There were pies, lemon meringue, the requisite pumpkin, pecan; apple cobbler; homemade vanilla ice cream; chocolate fudge cake; enough tea and lemonade to float a small ship; and, for the adults, hot coffee.

At family gatherings we children were generally relegated to our own table, but on Thanksgiving and Christmas we were seated with the adults. That was an exciting place to be because it gave us a firsthand peek into some of the drama and intrigue of the grown-up world. For example, where did sister Belle get the nerve to take Communion last Sunday when she had set off a noisy family quarrel just before church services began? Each child was obliged to recite a verse from the Bible before the meal began. I had a favorite verse that I never abandoned: "Jesus wept." That was the beginning and the end, and for years it stood me in good stead.

The men talked mainly about business. And everyone had a favorite maxim or old wives' tale that was trotted out for the occasion: "If you whistle first thing in the morning, bad luck will follow you all day." And one should never do a wrong because "every dog has his day, every cat his night, and every pup his hour." Not overlooked was a pointed message for the children: that we should be always proud of who we are and never forget where we came from because

Granny was not of the bird-stuffing school

"the bird can fly high but he *always* has to come down for a drink."

Granny and my mother were martinets where our behavior was concerned. I recall sitting next to my mother when the celery and olive tray was passed. "I don't eat celery," I said. With a substantial poke from my mother, I slid under the table, and when I emerged, a rib of celery was on my plate. Making eye contact with me, my mother said, "You *do* eat celery." I have been eating celery ever since. I like it—I think.

Granny Dameron left an indelible impression on our household, and after she died, I found myself patterning many of my cooking and entertaining habits after hers. When I reached sixteen, I wanted to take over the Thanksgiving dinner. I had had years of apprenticeship with Granny—a stern taskmaster if ever there was one—and I felt qualified. My mother was agreeable to my planning and cooking with her assistance.

I spent hours with recipe books and magazines in the school library, analyzing, reasoning, seasoning, and tasting—in my head, of course. This was to be my culinary debut, and I couldn't afford a flop. There would be twelve guests, among them three of Granny's closest friends, Miss Dulcina, Miss Elmina, and Miss Oresta. I was sure they would be my severest critics.

My mother and I shopped early in the week and started chopping, dicing, slicing, and stirring; this was before food processors and electric blenders and beaters came into our lives. I armed myself with measuring cups

ORREFORS. HUMBLED ONLY BY THE TEMPTATION



Designed by Lars Hellsten for Orrefors. © 1989 Orrefors USA, Inc.

and spoons since I couldn't hope to duplicate Granny's freehand style.

The menu I finally selected began with tomato aspic and continued with herb-roasted turkey with giblet gravy, green peas and pearl onions, mixed greens, orange cups filled with fluffy mashed sweet potatoes and raisins and topped with marshmallows, cranberry molds with lemon zest and chopped apples, hot rolls, and pepper jelly. Everything went along nicely until I got to the gravy. With a sinking heart I watched it turn into a lumpy mess. But in a moment my mother took on the grandeur of Joan of Arc leading her troops to do battle with the English. Without missing a beat, she forced the gluey glop through a strainer, beat in fresh roux, and lo, a shiny rich lumpless gravy appeared. For dessert we had pies—mince, pumpkin, and my mother's upside-down apple pie—vanilla ice cream, and miniature cheesecakes.

Following a wave of approval for the dinner I had orchestrated, I announced that I hoped to cook professionally. This was greeted with a few sighs and one or two quiet moans. "Anybody can cook," said Miss Oresta in the middle of a second helping of pumpkin pie. "You should be a doctor, lawyer, teacher, or social worker."

Maybe Miss Oresta was right, but I would have missed a lot of fun.

These days I have 20 to 25 guests for a sit-down buffet. Trying to deal with the knife-and-fork Thanksgiving dinner on one's lap is an awkward business, so I set places at various tables in the dining and living rooms and the guests serve themselves.

I do as much ordering as possible in advance—the fresh-killed bird, the wines and liquors, cooking ingredients, fruits and vegetables. I start collecting ice cubes early in the week and store them in plastic bags in the freezer (it's quite risky to try to borrow ice cubes from your neighbors on Thanksgiving). I start marinating the turkey on the Tuesday before the holiday and take care of as much of the baking and cooking as is feasible. Since many of the same people come every year (if I neglect to ask them, they simply invite themselves), I always try to vary the menu a bit.

Here are recipes from one of my favorite Thanksgiving menus.

MENU

SERVES 10 TO 12

**Avocado-Lemon Aspic with Seafood*

**Marinated Roast Turkey*

**Apple Cornbread Stuffing*

Creamed Onions

Steamed Brussels Sprouts with Dill

Baked Turnips with Cheese and Bread Topping

Candied Yams with Bourbon

Cranberry Chutney

**Angel Biscuits*

Upside-Down Apple Pie

**Pumpkin Pie*

**Orange Slices in Champagne-Ginger Sauce*

Chocolate Madeleines

**Recipes for starred dishes follow*

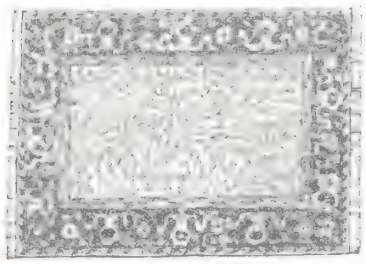
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AVOCADO-LEMON ASPIC WITH SEAFOOD

6 cups chicken broth, fresh or canned
6 tablespoons lemon juice
¼ cup dry white wine
5 envelopes unflavored gelatin
¼ teaspoon white pepper
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
2 ripe avocados

Seafood Salad
½ pound lump crabmeat
1 pound medium shrimp, cooked, cleaned, and cut in half
½ pound cooked lobster meat
½ cup finely chopped celery
1 tablespoon fresh chopped parsley
Watercress for garnish

Dressing
½ cup mayonnaise
½ cup sour cream
2 tablespoons lemon juice

Lightly oil a 6-cup ring mold. In a small bowl combine ½ cup chicken broth with 4 tablespoons lemon juice and the white wine. Sprinkle gelatin over and let stand for a few minutes until softened. Add the remaining chicken broth, pour into medium-size saucepan, and stir over moderate heat until the granules dissolve. Stir in pepper and grated lemon rind. Pour two thirds of the mixture into the ring mold and refrigerate. Reserve balance.

Cut avocados vertically into halves and peel. Cut each half vertically into four slices. Sprinkle slices with remaining lemon juice. When gelatin thickens to the consistency of thick egg white, remove from refrigerator and arrange the 16 avocado slices on the bottom of the mold with the green side facing down and the yellow side up, like spokes on a wheel. Cover with plastic wrap and return to refrigerator. Spoon the remaining one third of the gelatin mixture into the mold (if the mixture has thickened, beat it a few strokes with a wire whisk first). Cover with plastic wrap and refrigerate at least 6 hours.

In a medium-size bowl, combine the seafood and celery. In another bowl, combine dressing ingredients. Toss the dressing with seafood, using just enough to moisten.

To unmold aspic, run a thin-bladed knife between the aspic and the mold to break the seal. Place a round platter over the aspic and invert. Cover mold with a hot wet cloth and repeat a few times. Remove mold. Fill center with seafood and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Garnish with watercress.

MARINATED ROAST TURKEY

Turkey (15–18 pounds)
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons peanut oil
3 tablespoons olive oil

Marinade
2 cups soy sauce
2 bay leaves, crumbled
1 tablespoon dried rosemary
1 cup sherry wine vinegar
1 cup dry white wine
1 cup honey
6 juniper berries, crushed
Freshly ground pepper
1 tablespoon poultry seasoning
1 large onion, coarsely chopped
3 cloves garlic, crushed

Combine all marinade ingredients in a large saucepan. Boil for 5 minutes. Cool completely. Place turkey in a heavy-duty plastic bag. Add the marinade. Close bag tightly, securing well. Place bag on a platter as a precaution against an unexpected leak and refrigerate for 24 hours, turning the bag a few times so that all parts of the bird will be awash in the marinade. Remove turkey from marinade a few hours before roasting and let it come to room temperature.

Preheat oven to 350 degrees Fahrenheit. Pat bird dry with paper towels. Rub with butter and a mixture of the peanut and olive oils. Place turkey on a rack in a roasting pan, breast side down. Roast for 15 minutes to the pound, 3–4 hours. For the last 45 minutes, turn the bird breast side up. To test for doneness, cut a deep slit between the leg and the body. If the juices run clear, the bird is done. Throughout the baking, baste with the marinade every 20 minutes or so. If the skin gets too dark, cover with aluminum foil, continuing to baste. Let the bird rest at least 30 minutes after being removed from the oven, before carving.

APPLE CORNBREAD STUFFING

1 pound loose pork sausage meat
2 cups finely chopped onions
2 cups finely chopped celery
½ cup finely chopped green bell pepper
½ cup finely chopped red bell pepper
4 cups crumbled cornbread
4 cups fresh white breadcrumbs (8–10 slices)
2 tablespoons sage
1 tablespoon dried thyme
¼ cup finely chopped parsley
2 Granny Smith apples, peeled, cored, and coarsely chopped
¼ pound (1 stick) melted butter
1 cup chicken broth
½ cup dry vermouth
Salt and freshly ground pepper

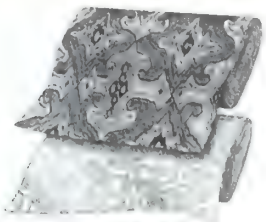
Place sausage meat in a large skillet and cook until it loses its raw look. Add onions, celery, and green and red peppers and cook until vegetables are limp. Do not drain. In a large bowl, combine crumbled cornbread, breadcrumbs, sage, thyme, parsley, and apples. Add melted butter and mix. Add sausage mixture, chicken broth, and vermouth. Toss. Add salt and pepper to taste. Add more chicken broth if the mixture seems too dry. Place the dressing in a buttered casserole, cover, and bake with the bird in a 350-degree oven for the last 45–50 minutes.

ANGEL BISCUITS

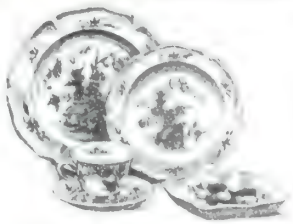
2½ cups all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder



Brass Candelabrum



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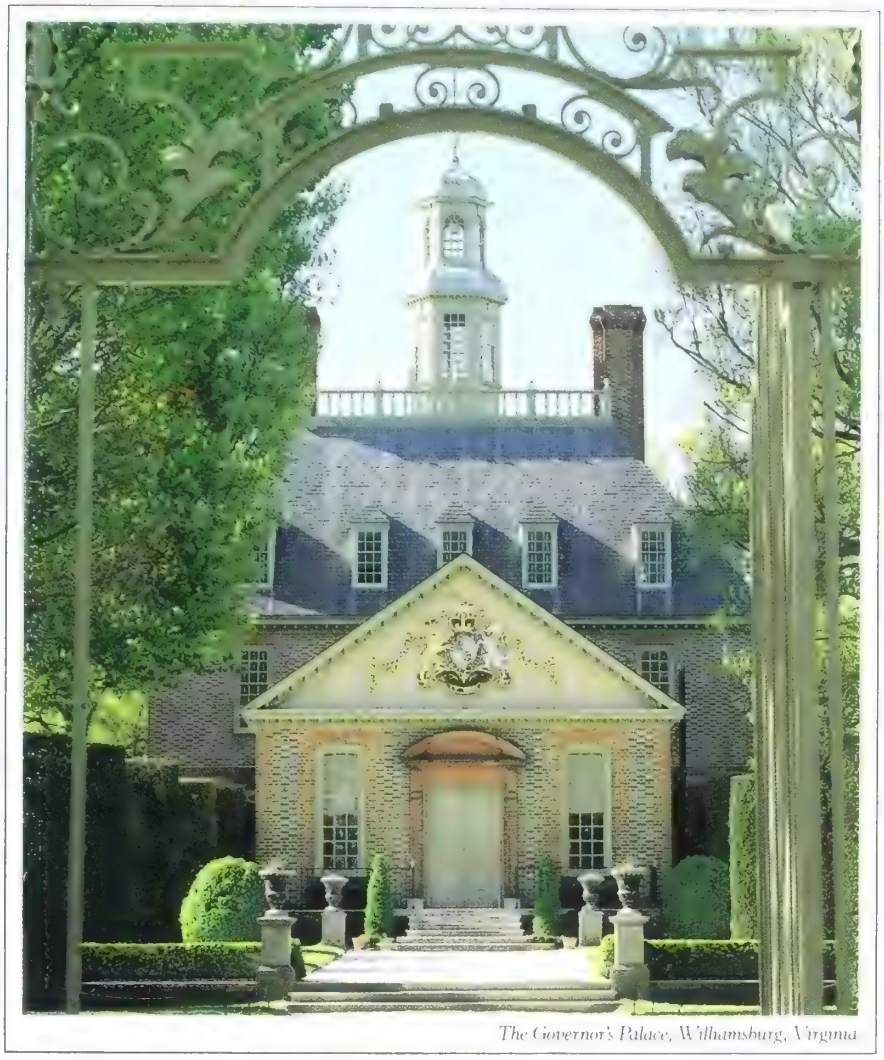
"Potpourri" Dinnerware



Pewter Coffeepot



Pewter Heart Box



The Governor's Palace, Williamsburg, Virginia



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½ teaspoon baking soda
2 tablespoons sugar
½ cup butter (1 stick) at room temperature
1 cup sour cream
1 package dry yeast
2 tablespoons warm water

Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Grease two large baking sheets. Sift together the first five dry ingredients into a large bowl. Cut in butter in small pieces and combine lightly until the mixture resembles coarse meal. Mix in sour cream. In a small bowl, mix the yeast and warm water and let stand until dissolved, about 5 minutes. Stir yeast into the flour mixture. Mix well and knead lightly, using the heel of your hand just to incorporate all the ingredients.

Roll out on a floured board to ¼-inch thickness. Cut into rounds with a 2-inch biscuit cutter. Transfer to baking sheet and bake 10–12 minutes. Serve warm. Makes approx. 50 biscuits.

PUMPKIN PIE

Pie shell (9 inch)
1 cup light brown sugar
1 whole egg
1 egg yolk
1 teaspoon flour
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
½ teaspoon salt
1½ cups cooked or canned pumpkin, mashed or puréed (unseasoned)
1 cup half-and-half
¼ cup melted butter
½ cup grated coconut

Preheat oven to 450 degrees. Bake the pie shell for 10 minutes. Remove from oven and reduce heat to 350 degrees. (Baking the shell briefly before filling will help avoid a soggy crust.) Cool crust before filling. Combine all the remaining ingredients and beat until smooth. Transfer to cooled pie shell and bake for about 1 hour or until the filling is firm.

ORANGE SLICES IN CHAMPAGNE-GINGER SAUCE

10 large navel oranges
1 cup ginger marmalade
1 cup stem ginger in syrup
½ cup superfine sugar
2½ cups dry champagne
½ cup slivered almonds, toasted

Peel oranges with a sharp knife, removing all of the white pith. Slice oranges into ¼-inch rounds. Place in a glass bowl. In a blender or food processor with the steel blade in place, combine ginger marmalade, stem ginger, sugar, and champagne. Process until completely smooth. Taste to see if you need more sugar.

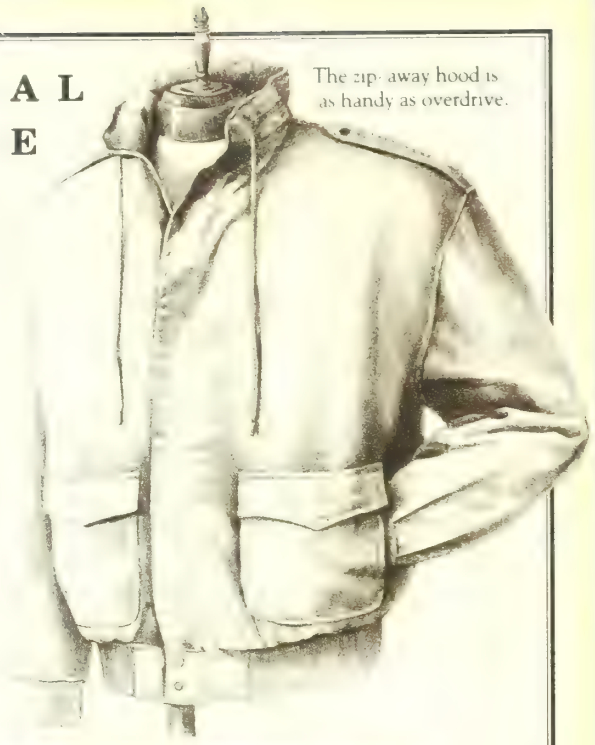
Pour over oranges, cover bowl with plastic wrap, and refrigerate overnight. Turn the oranges occasionally. Before serving, toast the almonds lightly. This may be done either in a 350-degree oven or on top of the stove with a scant teaspoon of oil, shaking the pan often. Sprinkle over orange slices. ▲

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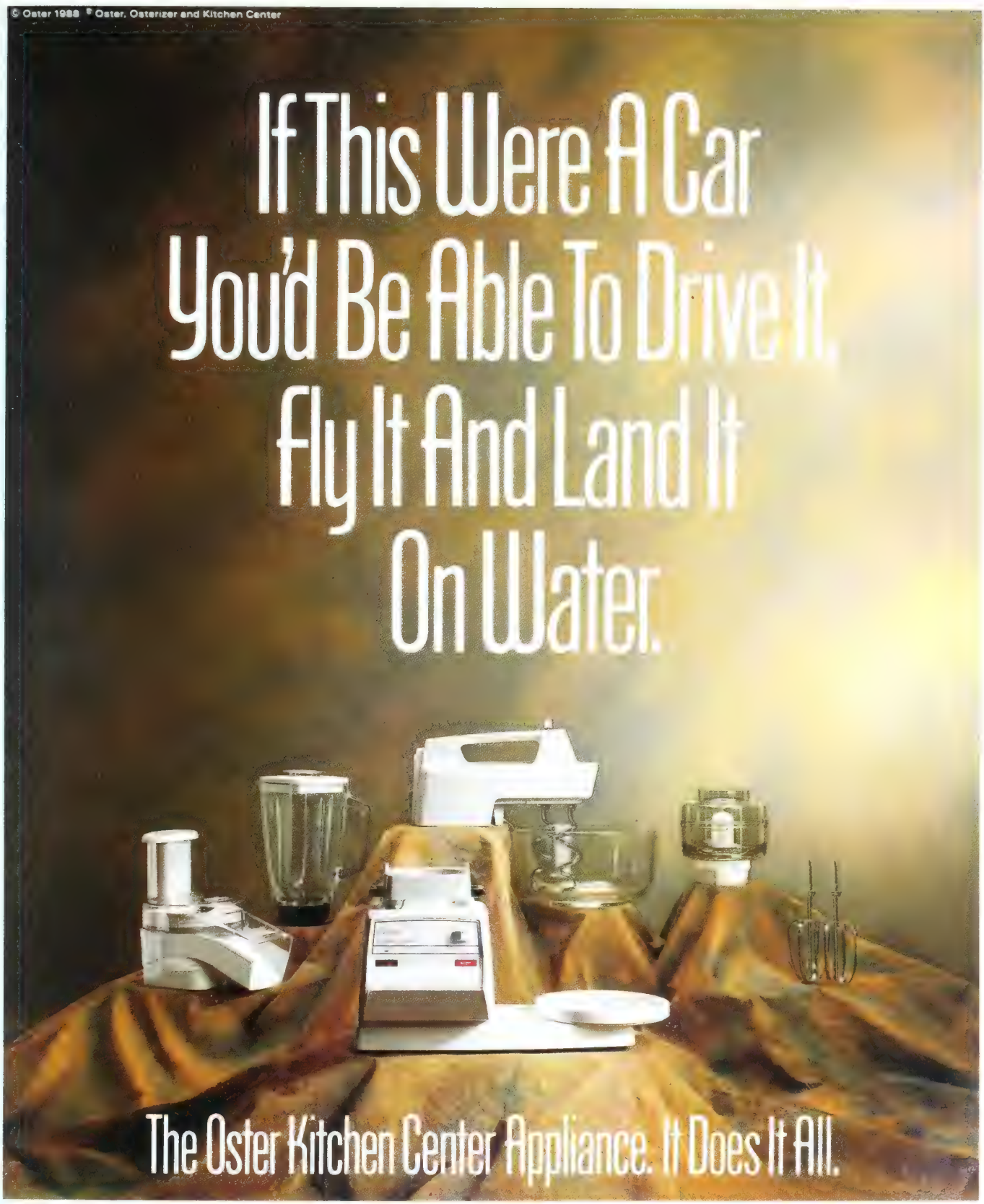
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Green Secrets of Venice

A new book reveals hidden landscapes beyond the canals

By Douglas Brenner

A whiff of oleander through a wrought-iron gate, a glimpse of palmetto fronds reflected in a canal, a brush against ivy spilling over a mossy wall are all that many visitors to Venice ever know of the city's wealth of hidden gardens. Even when seen from the air, the patches of greenery that dot the lagoon appear tantalizingly remote—the secret perquisites of inaccessible courtyards, balconies, and rooftops. *The Gardens of Venice,* published this month by Rizzoli International, offers a rare opportunity to observe these secluded domains—most of them indeed private, some surprisingly public—from intimate vantage points. As author Mary Jane Pool, a former editor in chief of House & Garden, points out in her text, the familiar desire for a retreat into nature takes on a romantic poignancy in this man-made terrain beset by the elements. With photographer Alessandro Albrizzi—whose family's palazzo in San Polo, off the Grand Canal, includes a green oasis recently restored by American landscape architect Bruce Kelly—Pool has explored the Venetian islands for living vestiges of six centuries of garden tradition.

Their search led them from the cypress-lined cloisters of San Giorgio Maggiore, where Renaissance doges took their ease, to the vineyards of La Giudecca, a favorite haunt of Casanova; from the "wild, rough tangle, [the] sweet, characteristic Venetian shabbiness" of ruinous parterres, like those at the Palazzo Soranzo, as Henry James described them, to the orderly luxuriance of the Casetta Rossa rose garden, where Gabriele D'Annunzio recovered from war wounds and planted a pomegranate tree that still thrives. In a historical introduction accompanied by period drawings and engravings, Professor Ileana Chiappini di Sorio of the University of Venice serves as scholarly cicerone—not only to sites visited by Pool and Albrizzi but also to lost gardens destroyed as the city grew and fashion changed. Happily, the present cultural climate favors meticulous conservation. Readers who want to see the results in person can consult the book's map, which locates 33 gardens and helpfully explains which you can view from a boat or a bridge and which your friend the contessa will have to show you through. ▲





The 19th-century plantings at Palazzo Malipiero Barnabo, left. Below: A print of the 17th-century Palazzo Soranzo records lost parterres. Below left: Casetta Rossa. Below right: The green garden of Palazzo Giustiniani Brandolini.



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EDITOR'S PAGE

NOVEMBER 1989

This month we celebrate that most domestic of American holidays, Thanksgiving, a tradition that honors the origins of the American home. At first a rough and makeshift event, Thanksgiving has evolved over time into an occasion for family and friends decked out in Sunday best to gather round a well-dressed table over turkey, stuffing, and sweet potatoes. (HG's own tantalizing variation on the Thanksgiving meal is offered by Gene Hovis.) A different perspective on how the past tends to be idealized and codified as tradition is served up in our piece on Nancy Lancaster, the Virginian-born tastemaker whose work on the other side of the Atlantic helped shape the English country-house style as we know it and broadened the influence of the quintessential London decorating firm of Colefax & Fowler. Now frozen in the canons of style for many Americans and their decorators, the English country look was actually born out of a willingness to experiment with unconventional combinations of pieces and, that archenemy of pretension, a desire for comfort. Rooms could be quirky and filled with furniture and objects—no need to banish the threadbare or chipped—and still achieve an exquisite level of beauty and sophistication. As we near the end of the 1980s, it is interesting to speculate about which design styles will undergo this transformation from the maverick to the eternal. Who knows? The hand-forged metal chairs of avant-garde French furniture maker André Dubreuil, whose London house and workshop we visit with writer Charles Maclean, may one day take their place beside that English country-house staple, the chintz-covered armchair. However, a more likely contender for the pantheon of late twentieth century decorating is the Neoclassical style being rediscovered by so many of our contemporaries. In Scott Brown and Ralph Jones's Connecticut farmhouse we find a particularly American take on Neoclassicism. Like countless other transplants from the old world to the new, this style has gained a fresh identity—and perhaps it offers hints of interiors where future Thanksgivings will be celebrated.

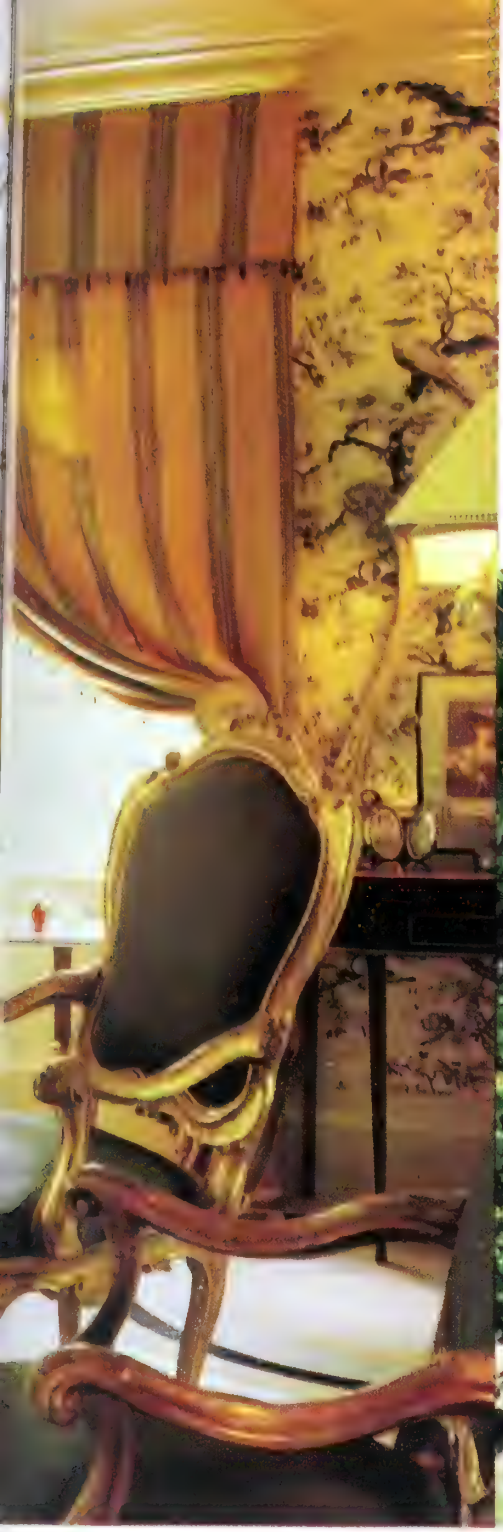


A collection of 18th- and 19th-century objects sets the Neoclassical style of the living room in decorators Ralph Jones and Scott Brown's Connecticut farmhouse.

Editor in Chief



Greenwich Time



In the upstairs sitting room, left, mauve wisteria climbs up the walls on wallpaper called Chintz by Zoffany, and a suite of Venetian furniture, c. 1750, with silk/satin upholstery, floats upon the graphic floor painted by Brown and Jones. An 18th-century Italian bust on a Swedish Louis XVI period table. Below: The backyard is the scene of many lazy country lunches. The balcony railing was inspired by the pillars on the front façade of the house. Details see Resources.



With playfulness and a refined sense of color, decorators Scott Brown and Ralph Jones restore an 1825 farmhouse in Connecticut

By Penelope Green Photographs by Oberto Gili





Brown and Jones gave the small living room, above, a sense of grandeur with rich coloration, gilt details, and dramatic pieces from their collection of 18th- and 19th-century furniture. The overdoors and chimney breast were painted to match the English panels that cover three of the four walls. The delicate Scottish Arts and Crafts table displays a deep amethyst Russian bowl from S&G Intertrus Antiques, NYC, and Austrian gilded figurines of Aphrodite and Apollo. Left: The entry hall's walls complement the silver and blue finish on the Venetian chest of drawers. The 19th-century Aubusson from F. J. Hakimian, NYC. Opposite: Adorning one wall of the breakfast room are prerevolutionary Russian tole trays, the only pieces of folk art in the house.



Deep in the manicured wilderness of Greenwich, Connecticut, is a house of light and shadow, of subtle segues of color into shape. It makes no bones about its affinity for all that is Classical, being a painterly moderate sort of place, lacking that visceral whomp that says: THIS HOUSE WAS JUST DECORATED AND IT SHOWS! To some, the suites of delicate period pieces, gilded consoles, and Venetian-style glass panels have an off-putting, rather formidable mien. Ralph Jones tells of the day the Greenwich historical society wandered through, when one woman, shaken by the lack of recognizable bric-a-brac and comfy Archie Bunker–like chairs, cried out plaintively: "Where do you sit in this house? Where's your microwave, your television set?"

Jones was genuinely amused. "I mean, there are only about 35 chairs in here," he says. "And who needs a microwave? We've got a Garland stove."

The absence of a television is perhaps the key to understanding the ethos at work here, for the visible detritus of the twentieth century is kept firmly at bay. The house, originally built in 1825, is more than an intelligent restoration job; it's an abstraction of an American country house, effected by the careful orchestration of a collection of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century antiques. The mix is shaken up a bit with the occasional odd touch: a delicate table from the Arts and Crafts movement, a third century B.C. amphora, a small mirrored Art Deco chest of drawers, and the aforementioned Garland.

"Period rooms can be very boring, so we always put something in to break the spell," says Jones. "And it's usually something bizarre. People either get it or they don't. There's no in-between."

Ralph Jones, a trained architect, migrated to New York City five years ago from Dallas. In a parallel universe, Scott Brown, a neurosurgeon, had begun a private practice in Southport, Connecticut. The two met at a party in Manhattan, and the design partnership of Brown-Jones was born. There they were, two amiable souls who loved all that is Classical, mired in the decidedly unclassical world of Manhattan. "We had to get out," says Jones. "I found myself becoming reactionary, which is a terrible thing to discover within yourself." Brown was experiencing a similar dissatisfaction with the medical world. They started house hunting in Connecticut.





The house is more than an intelligent restoration; it's an abstractio

an American country house

"It had to be Neoclassical, within striking distance of New York, and manageable in size," says Brown. "We were ready to just give up and buy a condo." And then there was this Perfect Moment: "We walked up to the porch and felt this tug," says Jones. "I'm at that age when you relate back to your grandmother, so it was as if we were walking up to Grandma's house. We bought it." And Brown closed down his practice.

The thing about these old farmhouses is that all the rooms are square, creating a marvelous sense of balance," says Brown. "You never get a skewed feeling in a square room. They are the most beautiful rooms in the world." Early on, the job necessitated an almost Euclidean logic: to match the scale of the small rooms—average 20 by 20 feet—with a selection of antique objects and furniture, and integrate such elements of the late twentieth century as were deemed necessary.

It is this kind of obsession with detail that gives the house what Mario Praz, in *An Illustrated History of Interior Decoration,* calls *Stimmung,* that sense of intimacy created by a room that has to do with the way it

The yellow walls and the painted black and white floor give the dining room, left, a Scandinavian feel. A French bleached mahogany table, c. 1930, with Swedish gilded chairs. Crystal vases standing on a Regency cabinet and glass centerpiece, c. 1820, from Baccarat. Below: The distressed mirrored panes on the doors reflect flickering candlelight. Grisaille putti over the doors by Brown and Jones.





conveys the character of its owner, the way it mirrors the soul. Take the Pompeii-inspired English painted panels in the living room. They were not part of the original plan. The woodwork began all in white, but the glossy finish seemed too harsh for the pieces that had been assembled. Then Brown remembered the panels: they'd been restored and left on consignment with an antiques dealer in the city. "I had this funny feeling about them," he says. "We went and got their measurements. Then we measured the living room. And by God, they fit perfectly, all nine panels [including one tiny, oddly shaped one], all bought eleven years ago in London." Like so much in the house, the panels seemed destined to end up here. In the upstairs sitting room the windows are hung with a striped French fabric bought in Paris; again, it fit perfectly, with nothing left over and nothing missing.

Brown and Jones selected colors with the same exactingness. Although each room in the house has its own aesthetic, there is a flow of color from one to the next that effects a gentle change from, say, the muted purples of the sitting room to the light-infused greens of the entry hall—transitions that are the result of excruciatingly hard labor. "We mixed all the paint right here in the house, beginning with an earthy palette to match the tones in the entry hall and the living room," says Brown. "Then we took those same colors—the golds, browns, and greens—throughout the house and remixed each color for each room on the basis of the lighting and the furniture we'd chosen. There we were at two in the morning dragging at least thirty cans of paint around the house."

The canine element of the household is Lucy the poodle, who disappears into shadow at the suggestion of a photographer. Lucy has the run of the entire house. She mumbles and yawns and follows her charges around the place, punctuating her perambulations with extremely thorough naps. Although she seems quite appreciative of her environment, Jones bewails the fact that she can't grasp the whole picture. "If only she could see in color," he says mournfully. ♠

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

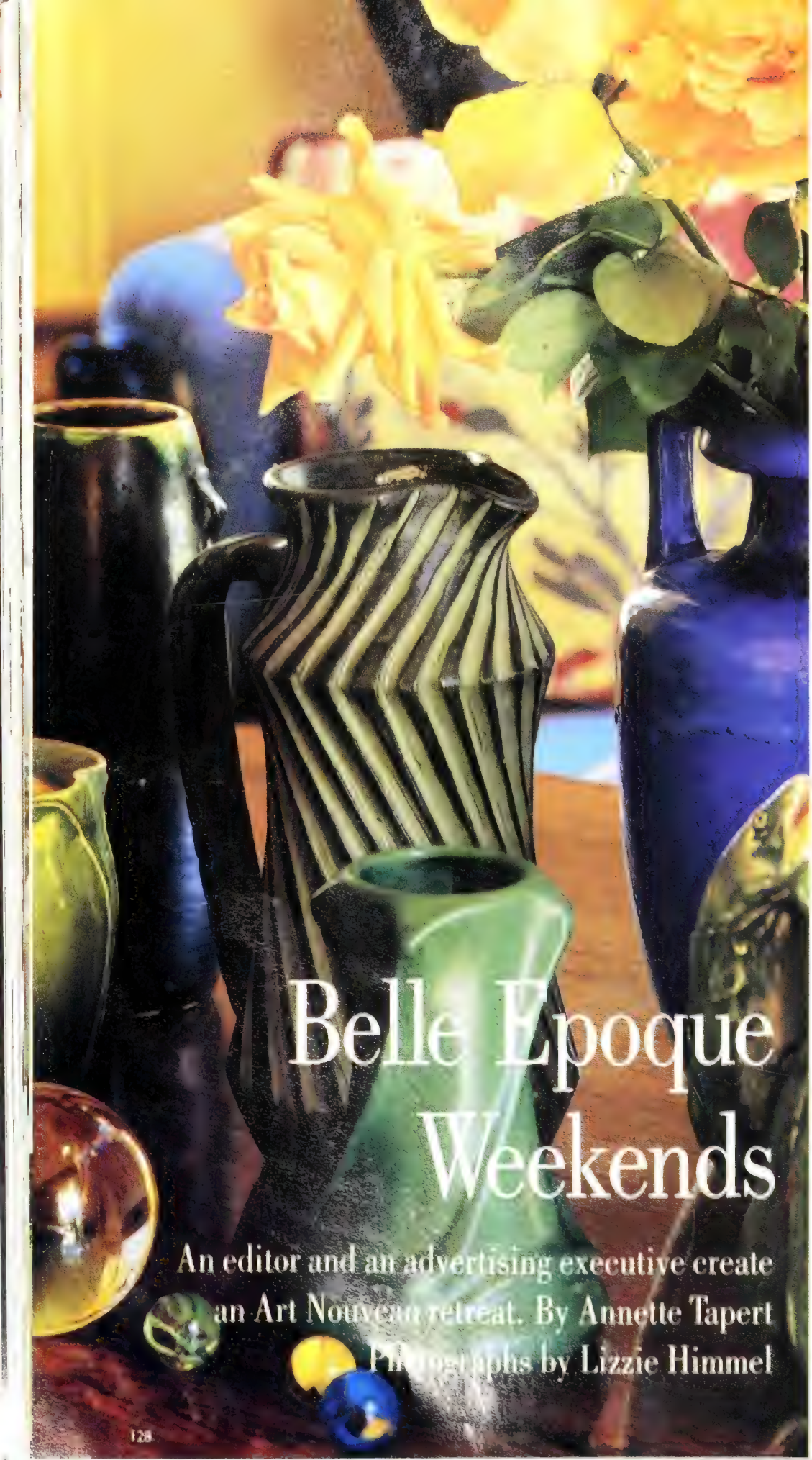


The guest bedroom, above, is dominated by a French pearwood bed. Oak Garland wallpaper by Zoffany. Below left: A pair of 18th-century Italian marble jardinières and early 20th century French garden chairs extend the garden into the breakfast room. Below: The Art Deco–inspired bathroom features black and white marble tiles, an early 20th century American iron and marble table, and a Japanese vase.





The massive Spanish bed with turned walnut posts in the master bedroom is canopied in amber silk velvet from Clarence House. The diminutive 18th-century Russian chair is Louis XVI style.



Belle Epoque Weekends

An editor and an advertising executive create an Art Nouveau retreat. By Annette Tapert
Photographs by Lizzie Himmel

The book editor wanted a house where she could read manuscripts and give informal dinners. The chief executive officer of a New York advertising agency wanted a home for the Art Nouveau furniture he'd been collecting for fifteen years. In the summer of 1983, shortly after their wedding, they agreed on one thing—when they went to see houses in Bedford, New York, they were "just looking." Then the agent stopped in front of a stone carriage house set on 22 rolling acres. The house, along with the guesthouse behind it, needed work. The garden had gone to seed. Not that it mattered. "We had both spent a great deal of time in France, and the two stone buildings had the feeling of places we'd seen in Provence," says the advertising executive. "The minute we saw the house we knew, this was what we wanted."

What they bought, in part, were someone else's unrealized fantasies. The carriage house and guesthouse had been built in 1918 in the expectation that a main residence would soon follow, but later owners let the plans for a great house molder and remained in the carriage house, adding a living room, master bedroom, and bathroom. By the time the current owners took possession, the house needed everything from a new roof to a new heating system to new plumbing. "The bathrooms still had tin showers," the editor recalls, "but we knew the house had good bones."

The couple took Monet's Giverny and their favorite period, the Belle Époque, as their inspiration. Instead of hiring an architect or designer, however, they turned to Jean-Paul Beaujard, who was then primarily an antiques dealer. A few years earlier Beaujard had helped the owners select furniture from his Manhattan shop for their city apartment, which he decorated with Sezession and Art Deco pieces. "It may have seemed curious, but Jean-Paul was the logical choice to redesign the country house," says the advertising executive. "He didn't have to struggle to understand our tastes. An architect would probably have had to intellectualize what I felt Jean-Paul knew in his heart."

Beaujard and the owners began a two-year renovation in late 1983 without a set of architectural plans. Fortunately, they engaged a contractor who had enough architectural experience to execute the structural changes they wanted. "My aim was to give the house more volume by knock-



The living room's deep sofas, designed by the couple's decorator, Manhattan antiques dealer Jean-Paul Beaujard, are embellished with antique tapestry pillows and throws. Opposite: Clustered vases and pitchers are from the book editor's collection of American Arts and Crafts pottery—a passion that her husband, a devotee of Art Nouveau, has encouraged. Details see Resources.

Beaujard traveled to Paris with the owners in search of pieces for their living room. The trio found the boldly hued 19th-century needlepoint rug in a textile repair shop and discovered the 19th-century faux bois and etched-glass doors and the somber portrait by an unknown artist at the Marché aux Puces. The French armoire, also 19th century, is embellished with marquetry flowers.





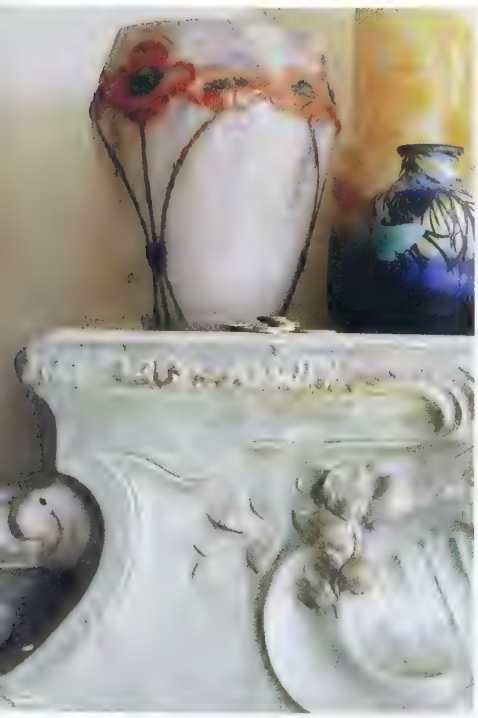


ing out walls, putting in more windows, enlarging existing ones, opening arches that had been covered up with clapboard, and raising the height of all the doorways," explains Beaujard. "As a result, the rooms are now square and simple but at the same time luxurious."

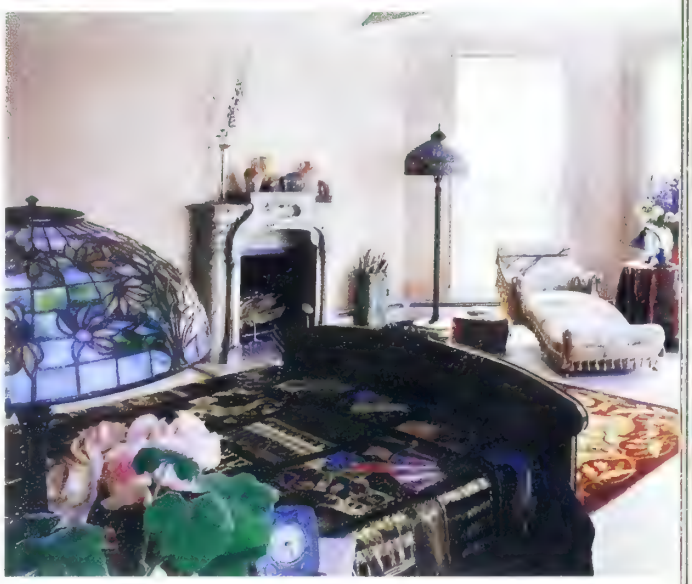
For the owners, who are experienced in changing the direction of a manuscript or an advertising campaign in mid-project, it was bracing to improvise the new design with Beaujard. "Whenever we opened up a wall, we found there was something we could do that was different from what we'd planned," the editor says. "Because our plans were loose, we could alter our original ideas to accommodate the possessions we collected over the years."

Long before the editor met her husband, he had begun to collect vases and lamps. He bought what he liked; it wasn't until after he had made his first purchases that he discovered the vases were designed by Gallé and the lamps were Tiffany. He soon graduated to the New York shop owned by Lillian Nassau, the doyenne of Art Nouveau in America. He and Nassau became friends, and she invited him to rummage around her Nouveau-filled basement and gallery. These forays were a far cry from the first shopping expedition he had with the editor, who was then living alone in a six-room apartment with nothing but a bed, a red crushed-velvet Art Deco reading chair, and two Abyssinian cats for company. "We went to B. Altman's to buy a sofa so that he'd have someplace to sit in my apartment," she recalls. Future excursions in search of more important furniture were less successful, so he changed tactics. "He decided that if this relationship was going to last, we'd better look for something that would be fun for me to have. That turned out to be American folk furniture. He spent weekends dragging me to antiques shows to accumulate pieces destined to





Roses, hydrangeas, and clematis, above, bloom alongside herbaceous borders in the walled English garden and terraces the owners inserted between the carriage house and the guest-house in the distance. A 19th-century English urn is filled with begonias. Right: In the master bedroom, Tiffany lampshades and an antique American patchwork quilt. Left: The bedroom's Art Nouveau mantel displays a multicolored Gallé vase and a larger pâte de verre vase by Argy-Rousseau. Opposite: A gaping grotesque mask on a 19th-century terra-cotta garden seat.





Bergère upholstered in Second Empire chaise longue with an antique Chinese silk robe and constructed the ottoman from Aubusson remnants. Right: An early 20th century nude by American artist Mary Foote is a dramatic backdrop for a grouping of candlesticks and crystal flasks. Far right: French muralists Irène Groudensky and Agnès Ducos painted a romantic floral border on the bathroom walls. A faux bamboo stool and chair are pulled up to a marble-topped cabinet of bird's-eye maple the decorator had fitted with a brass basin.





The house s[illegible] images of wood smoke and
[illegible]repose [illegible]ould not be out of place in a story by Colette



Naturalistic forms abound in the dining room, above. French wall fabric with a chestnut leaf pattern sets off a pair of tole sconces, a Belle Époque ceramic mantel by Müller, and a 19th-century painting by Edmond Debon. The Louis Majorelle dining table and chairs came from Lillian Nassau, NYC.

be used – finally—in the guesthouse."

The editor still tells her husband that he has never bought a chair strictly for comfort. Yet, she admits, by the time she started to work with Beaujard, she realized that she could have beautiful things such as Second Empire sofas and Aubusson-covered ottomans and still satisfy her need for comfort. But the discipline she had learned from her husband restrained her newfound enthusiasm. "The secret of Art Nouveau," he likes to say, "is not to use too much of it." Beaujard couldn't have been more comfortable with that dictum. "My aim for this house was to make an eclectic mix," he explains. "My definition of a successful house is that if you locked it up and reopened it twenty years later, it would not look out of fashion."

To achieve that look, the couple accompanied Beaujard on a buying trip to Paris. In a textile repair shop they happened upon a needlepoint rug in unusually bold colors; at the Marché aux Puces they bought faux bois and etched-glass doors, antique fireplace mantels, and a nineteenth-century painting. These treasures helped provide the backdrop to the scene they wanted to create—a place of beauty and comfort with a touch of clutter. These elements were also what the owners wanted outside the house. Because the advertising executive is an avid gardener, the property has two rock gardens, a cutting garden, and a vegetable patch. His wife's taste in landscape runs more to the romantic, so they added a slightly wild, unkempt walled English garden. From this 60-by-15-foot paradise it is only a few steps to the spacious kitchen. Here, he usually prepares the meals while she beavers away on manuscripts in the study. With only a few luncheon and dinner guests for punctuation, it's a quiet self-contained life, very different from the one they live in New York.

"We had a romantic dream when we bought the house," the editor says, summoning up images of wood smoke and repose that would not be out of place in a story by Colette. "It was like a child that grew out of a love for a certain period in time. We guided the house to feel the way it does so that when we arrived on Friday evening with our books and balance sheets, we could dump our briefcases, put our feet up, have a glass of wine, and then look at each other and say, 'This is heaven.' " ♠ *Editor: Carolyn Sollis*



An American art pottery jardinière, above, and a ceramic clock by Henri Sauvage and Alexandre Bigot. Below: A 19th-century English iron trellis.



The sconce, below, is one of four made from an Art Nouveau chandelier. The sculpture is by Raoul Larche.



International Style



Decorator Anthony Hail creates a study in serenity in a house near San Francisco. By Rhoda Koenig Photographs by Oberto Gili



I have done so many changes in my life," says Lucero Meyer. The grammar isn't perfect English, but the idea certainly is. Like many self-created Americans, Meyer didn't start out on these shores. Born in Mexico City to parents of Austrian, French, and Spanish descent, she was educated in California and Switzerland, traveled throughout Europe, and ended up as Mrs. William A. Meyer in Hillsborough, a suburb of San Francisco, in a French-style house built and furnished to her own design. Her petite pale blond looks are northern European, her soft voice Spanish-accented, and she says, "I don't think I am American," but when she is astonished, the exclamation that springs from her lips is "Gee!"

A prominent American nestles in Lucero Meyer's family tree, though—Winnaretta Singer of Yonkers, New York, who became the princesse Edmond de Polignac in 1893 and presided over one of the most important salons in Paris, was a patron of Stravinsky and Weill and a friend to Verlaine and Proust. The princess's daughter married the uncle of Meyer's mother.

Meyer's family made the switch from the Old World to the New World in 1864 when her father's grandfather arrived in Mexico from Austria as part of the court of the unlucky emperor Maximilian. One of her mother's grandfathers, Baron Heinrich Wiechers, also immigrated to Mexico from Austria and was a close friend of the emperor. Her mother's grandfather, Nicolás de Teresa, was a founder of the Banco Nacional de Mexico. The relative Meyer speaks of with most enthusiasm, however, is Guillermo de Teresa, her mother's father, an art collector whose house was "like a museum. It was not to touch, only to see. The love and appreciation that I have for antiques come from him."

After studying at the Sacred Heart Academy in Menlo Park and the Château Mont Choisy in Lausanne, where she earned a B.A. in art history, Meyer soaked up culture in Europe. She had considered the United States a place to visit for "parties or

The hillside view of William and Lucero Meyer's California estate, opposite above, landscaped by Walter Guthrie, overlooks their swimming pool, all-white garden, and slate-roofed house. Opposite below: A pair of 17th-century bronze whippets and white orchids greet visitors at the entrance to the house. Above: Two silver Buccellati pheasants, topiaries, and a 17th-century Flemish tapestry are reflected in the dining room mirror. Stylist: Jacques Dehornois. Details see Resources.



A patent-leather [illegible] grand piano hints at livelier evenings
when [illegible] join a pianist to entertain the Meyers' guests



shopping,'' but in 1977 that changed when she made a shopping trip to San Francisco with her sister, who was preparing for her marriage to the nephew of President López Portillo. At a lunch party, Meyer met her ''fabulous, fabulous husband,'' investment banker William A. Meyer, the former head of Swensen's. The attraction was instantaneous and the result immediate. ''I never dated, basically, or lived with my husband—I met him, I married him.'' Meyer's mother counseled caution but to no avail. ''She said, 'You don't know him.' I said, 'Who cares?' ''

The Meyers were married at their present address but, as one can see from their wedding pictures, not in their present house. William Meyer lived on the site in a ''very unsophisticated ranch-style house with sliding windows and eight-foot ceilings. I said, 'Let's tear this down and build what we want.' ''

One feels the first person plural may have been liberally interpreted by Lucero Meyer; one cannot, however, deny that her stucco slate-roof version of a French country house is an impressive setting for this worldly couple. Architect Gerald C. Taylor helped Meyer realize her ideas for a house with twelve- and fourteen-foot ceilings that would ''not jump out of the land but be part of it'' in a valley between hills of redwood and oak. Two bronze whippets guard the front door of the house, which combines French graciousness with Oriental serenity, and an early Ming buddha bordered with white orchids meditates opposite. All of Meyer's flowers are white—besides the orchids, her garden contains geraniums, rhododendrons, daisies, and jasmine.

For the inside Meyer sought the assistance of decorator Anthony Hail and antiques dealer Robert Garcia of Therien & Co. but emphasizes that the taste expressed is strictly her own. ''I have been in so many houses where the only thing that didn't fit was the lady of the house. I wanted a place that didn't belong to anyone except my husband and me.'' Besides Meyer and her ''fabulous, fabulous husband,'' the household includes their son and daughter, a toy Maltese named Fendi, and a golden re-

The Meyers, with help from Anthony Hail and Robert Garcia of Therien & Co., achieved a tranquil Oriental California look in the living room by combining French, Chinese, and Swedish pieces.

The marble tabletop in the dining room, right, is supported by a travertine base. Chairs are upholstered in silk from Lisio, Rome. The Baccarat chandelier is 19th century, the mirror 18th century French. Far right: In the bedroom a Swedish Neoclassical parcel-gilt daybed, c. 1790, sits next to an English Regency penwork table, c. 1800, with a silver lamp, c. 1820. Below: Plates depicting scenes from Napoleon's battles are displayed in a cabinet that belonged to Nancy Lancaster.















The 18th-century Swedish and English chairs and daybed in the bedroom, above, surround the bench and bed in silk from Decour, Paris. Left: Next to a Gustav III armchair, c. 1790, a collection of ivory boxes and crystal balls on a Danish Rococo side table. Far left: Porcelain birds flank a picture of Lucero Meyer on a late 18th century Swedish chinoiserie bureau bookcase.

triever, Lord Desmond, the "grandson of Liberty, President Ford's dog."

The palette Meyer chose was one of pale porcelain colors—peach, powder blue, white, beige, the pink of her tinted Indian ivory boxes and rose quartz lamps, and the gray green of the celadon porcelain of the Song dynasty, some examples of which gleam in the living room. She has combined European and Chinese pieces of the eighteenth century—Chinese silk panels painted with birds and butterflies, a pair of Swedish commodes flanking her modern white sofa, a Russian *bouillotte* table, and a lamp on which the beards of three grotesque masks curl up to support candlesticks—for a tranquil Oriental California look. A patent-leather-black grand piano hints at livelier evenings when violinists join a pianist to entertain the Meyers' guests. "My husband and I do business entertaining in restaurants," Meyer says. "We bring only friends to our home."

The friends are fed in a dining room that has strong imperial influences, despite the glossy white walls and floor. A cobalt blue seventeenth-century Flemish tapestry of Roman soldiers—"It used to belong to a castle"—hangs before a table topped with a Napoleon III chandelier with gilt angels hoisting urns amid the cascades of Baccarat. Meyer's most splendid imperial souvenir, however, is the early nineteenth century dinner service depicting scenes from the life of Napoleon which she daringly displays on open shelves. "I am crazy to have them like that, but so far I have crossed my fingers and we have done well." The plates showing Napoleon crowning Josephine or fighting at Jena sit in cabinets from the Nancy Lancaster collection.

The color scheme of the hall originated in the hues of Helen Frankenthaler's *Years Later*. "It was 1974 when she started to paint in this new way," Meyer says. "She got all the colors into the skin." The exploding pink on pink is echoed in the rosy silk on the eighteenth-century Swedish chairs and something of its liveliness in the pair of Thai dragons underneath.

Like Lucero Meyer, her house expresses a sense of history lightly worn and a quiet strength of purpose, the reflection of a lady who so triumphantly changed continents. "I think," she says, "that you conquer more by being serene." ▲

Editor: Dorothea Walker



On the back patio, Fendi, a toy Maltese, and Lord Desmond, a golden retriever, resting under a cast-stone table and cast-iron chairs.



Bermuda in Bloom

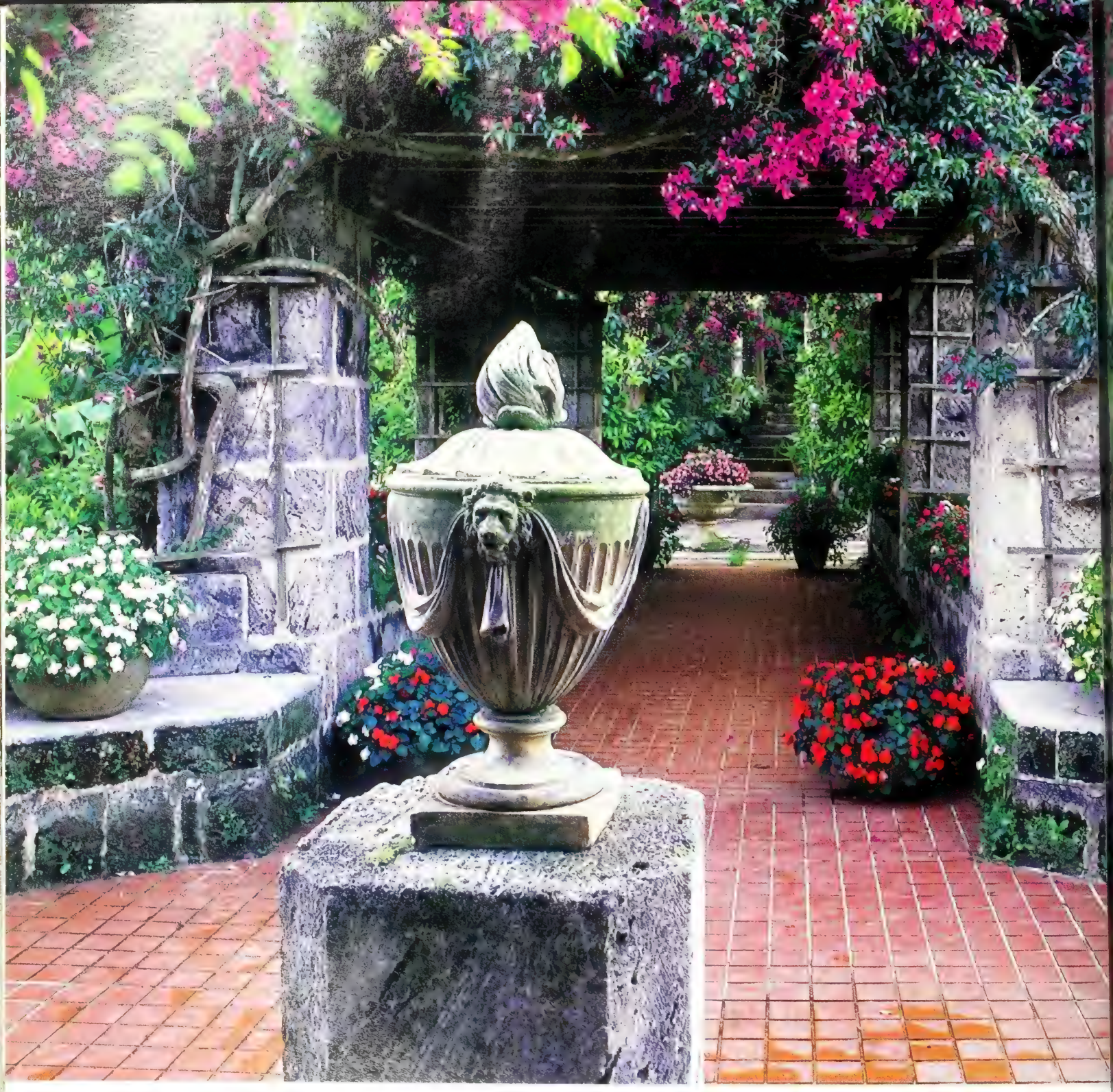
A subtropical Italian garden flourishes on a family's private island

By Senga Mortimer

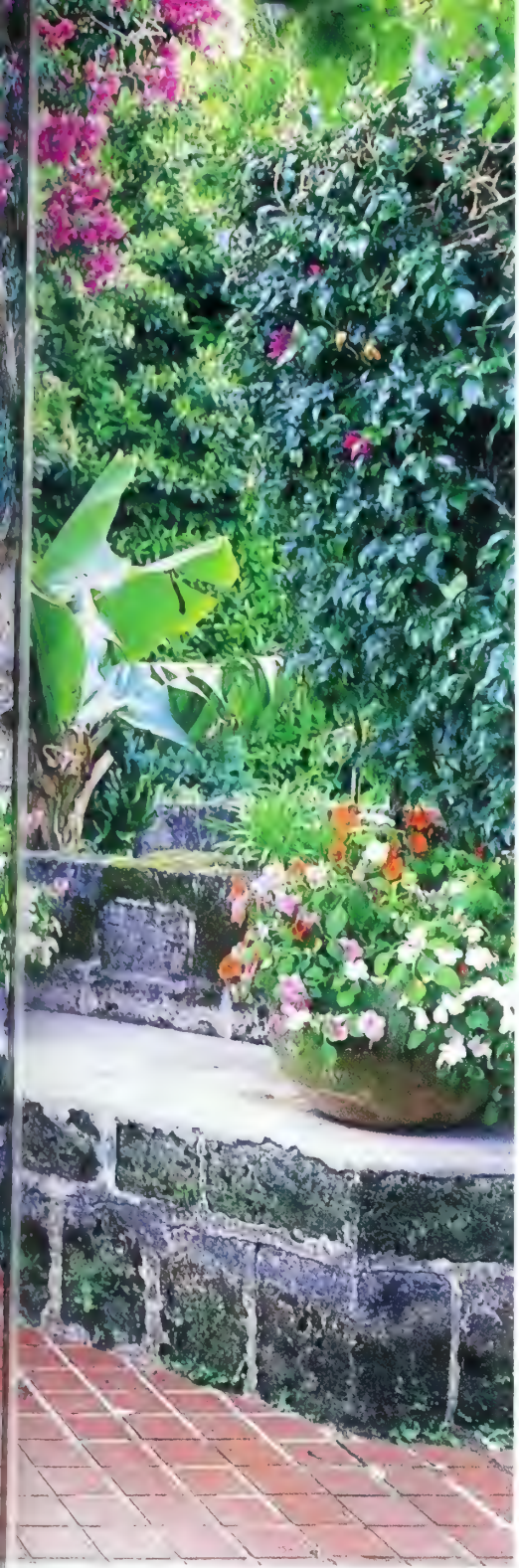
Photographs by Langdon Clay



Passionflowers, bougainvillea, ipomoea, honeysuckle, and sweet-scented stephanotis festoon pillars of Bermuda coral stone along the garden's main avenue. A lone palmetto outside the wrought-iron gate stands on axis with a 19th-century urn. Opposite: Oleander beyond an orangery window.



The marvel of this garden is that it brings Mediterranean
abbondanza to a dry windswept mid-Atlantic island







Bougainvillea climbs a pergola spanning the central walkway, above. Shallow basins are planted with red, pink, and white impatiens keyed to the colors of nearby perennials. Above right: Marigolds interject a deliberately contrasting hue. Right: Easter lilies and agapanthus alongside the subtropical orchard.

As my hosts' launch approached their private island in Bermuda, the tangle of subtropical vegetation along the shore presented the same wild and exotic sight that greeted the English admiral Sir George Somers when he landed there in 1609, after abandoning his wrecked ship. My purpose in coming, however, was not to explore the wilderness but to see a garden I had heard described as a model of civilized charm. I had been to Bermuda often and so, quite naturally, had seen many other gardens. After all, gardens have existed in the British colony since it was founded.

It is recorded that Somers himself, during his sojourn as one of the island's first European visitors, grew herbs and vegetables from seeds intended for the settlement at Jamestown, Virginia. Bermuda was a mandatory port of call throughout the grand era of botanical discovery, and the temperate climate of the islands made them a natural repository for horticultural specimens from all over the world. As J. H. Lefroy wrote in *The Natural History of Bermuda,* in 1884, "Almost everything cultivated in Bermuda is, and apparently always has been, grown from imported seed—seed from England, from America, from Madeira and the West Indies—necessarily disseminating also weeds and chance species, which naturalise themselves with great facility."

Nevertheless, wind, drought, and a shallow covering of topsoil containing too little humus and too much limestone have tended to limit both the ambitions and the accomplishments of generations of amateur island gardeners. Bermudians have typically kept smallish English cottage gardens enclosed by white walls or hedges of colorful hibiscus and carpeted with coarse dry grass. Understandably, most houses are sited for their view of the water not the land.

Neither my previous visits to Bermuda nor my research into local lore prepared me for what I found on my hosts' island. After disembarking from the launch, I made a substantial climb up a meandering woodland path bordered by blue agapanthus and Easter lilies (the lilies were originally imported from Japan and later used for commercial cultivation but now grow wild). Then several flights of winding steps led up to the entrance to the garden.

An enormous pair of ornate wrought-iron gates *(Text continued on page 202)*

Three of the family's dogs pause in front of the orangery, above, whose far windows overlook the ocean. Florentine terra-cotta pots and an oval urn overflowing with geraniums punctuate the symmetrical garden plan. Opposite: Another Classical urn holds begonias at the foot of stone steps flanked by indigenous plants. The stairs lead to a slatted shelter for less hardy specimens such as orchids. Right: In a bed of cannas, isolated yellow blooms set off the dominant red. Pale Bermuda Easter lilies echo the orangery's white walls and roof.







André Dubreuil surrounded by works in progress, including his Paris chair, minus spots, and curving Spine chair. Right: In the kitchen, which doubles as an office, a massive 18th-century armoire from Burgundy strikes an improbable balance with Dubreuil's table and Ram chairs. Colored glass halts cluster on a stand he made from an operating-room lamp. The star-shaped wall lights are by Tom Dixon. Details see Resources



Forging Ahead

French furniture designer André Dubreuil lives and works in a London garage. By Charles Maclean

Photographs by James Mortimer



From the outside, the house on Beethoven Street has a poky abandoned look. A chic young woman in black overalls answers the door, introducing herself as André Dubreuil's assistant. Blowtorch in hand, she leads the way into a surprisingly extensive metalsmith's workshop, an arcane world of fierce heat and relentless din. Grimy figures wearing masks stand around a forge beating red-hot iron into tortuous shapes. As we step between parabolic showers of sparks, my guide points out the various stages of a furniture production line: from the raw-metal sheets and rods piled in dusty corners to the embryonic arms, legs, and spines of Dubreuil's zoomorphic creations to the few finished pieces waiting to be shipped, shrouded in bubble-wrap.

We climb the stairs through a central light shaft to the second floor where an equivalent space has been converted into a series of simple rooms with aquamarine walls and green chessboard linoleum floors, which serve as office and living quarters. Dubreuil, a small man who shaves his head, comes forward to greet us with an anodyne Buddha-like smile. "It's really not a very nice looking house, I'm afraid," he apologizes. "I would like the ceilings to be higher, with cornices and moldings and everything—I love high ceilings. But at least I have a good workshop."

André Dubreuil made his first piece of furniture four years ago in the front room of his London flat using an electric welder, a grinder, and a small vise. He twisted and hammered steel rods into a billowing skeletal frame that echoed classic eighteenth-century forms and produced a chair that, to his surprise, everyone wanted to own. Paying homage to the past but with a challenging contemporary wit, sculptural yet more practical than most of the current crop of art furniture, Dubreuil's metal constructions were soon in such demand that lack of work space and the rumbling complaints of his neighbors forced him to move. He gave up his light high-ceilinged flat in Notting Hill for the no-man's-land behind London's notoriously seedy Harrow Road, where he now works and lives in what he cheerfully describes as a "rustic garage."

In the absence of any redeeming architectural features, the simplicity of Beethoven Street has allowed Dubreuil to spread his wings. It goes further than decorating or making something out of nothing. With an artist's eye, he has put together an in-

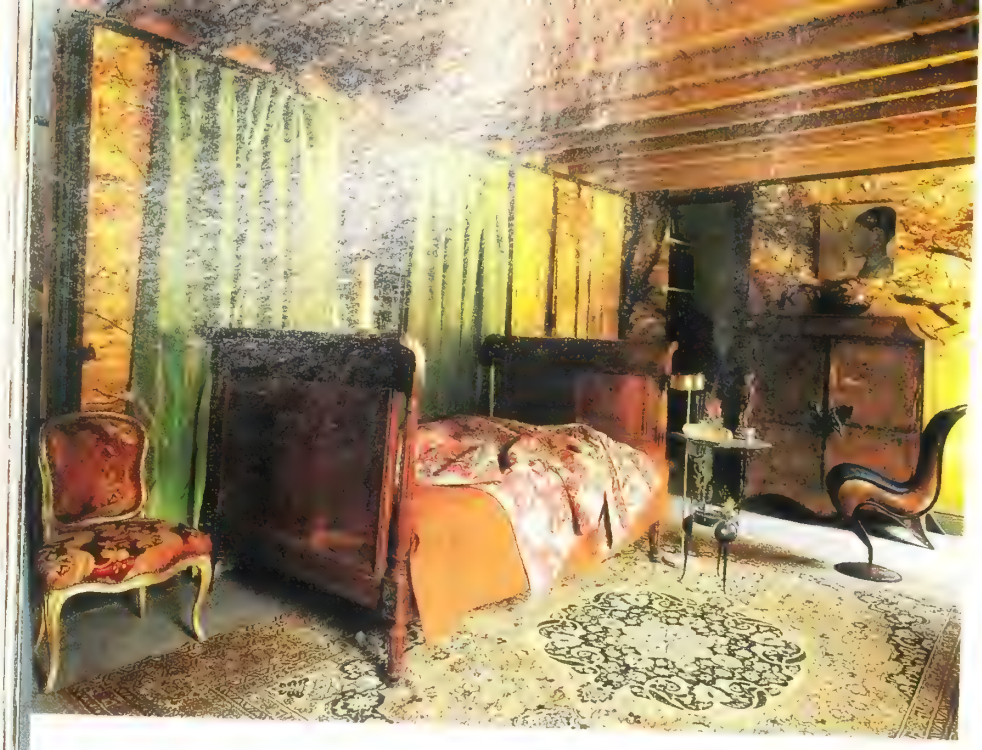




Dubreuil's lensed candelabra, above, dominates his spotted Paris table and chairs. The Belgian carpet is a London street-market find. Dubreuil painted the circular cityscape over the fireplace.



In the living area, left, Dubreuil's designs mix with antiques, many saved from his days as a dealer. His Trevise chairs are offset by a French Regence sofa upholstered in 1930s crewelwork curtain fabric from London's Savoy hotel. Dubreuil lanterns with Indian glass beads flank a 1940s English mirror. His bronze desk, with leatherwork by Bill Amberg, is joined by a Louis XV side chair and a painting by Marc Pevsner. Above: A French bronze sculpture, c. 1940, and a collection of glass on a 1950s Ricardo Parizi table.





In the bedroom, top, a Louis XV chair, Directoire bed, and lime green Indian silk curtains gracefully coexist with the rough timber ceiling and wraparound forest glade photo-mural. Opposite: Dubreuil's Trevise dining chair confronts a Victorian cast-iron claw-foot tub in the bathroom. Above: A Dubreuil clock incorporating car parts and 18th-century Breguet movements stands out on a Louis XIV mahogany chest from Bordeaux.

formed jumble of styles, periods, colors, and textures—the juxtaposition, for instance, of dark green forties glass with rich mahogany is a reference to an eighteenth-century English tradition of complementary colors—and performed a rare kind of alchemy on an unpromising space. "As long as it works visually," he offers with a Gallic shrug, "nothing else matters very much."

A 38-year-old Frenchman who has lived in London since the late sixties, Dubreuil belongs to a large Lyons family of doctors and scientists. He shares with his father, a medical biologist, the meticulous stubborn disposition which he says has made him an insatiable perfectionist. Having worked for an interior design firm and run an antiques shop in Fulham for a number of years, Dubreuil tried his hand at trompe l'oeil. His painting business was just getting off the ground when his friend furniture maker Tom Dixon taught him how to weld and helped him discover a talent to rival his own. With a third friend, Mark Brazier Jones, they rose quickly to the forefront of what became known as the art furniture movement in Britain (ironically none of them was born there), which for [illegible] made London a world [illegible] furniture design.

Although his craft and the way he lives reveal an impressive grounding in the his[illegible] Dubreuil insists [illegible] edge comes to him through his eyes. Nor does he make [illegible] in metal from [illegible] by eye, rarely using a tape measure. "People always ask why I do a thing this way or that. They intellectualize too much. There's no message or theory behind it. I simply make something to look right."

Asked to name influences on his work, he takes his time before slyly deferring to his dog, an Airedale terrier named Ruhlmann after the great French furniture maker of the 1920s. "He was the best. I only wish I could be half as good," Dubreuil says wistfully, patting his hero's woolly namesake. Jacques-Émile Ruhlmann, who saw himself as the direct descendant of the eighteenth-century *maîtres ébénistes*, took pride in making the most expensive exclusive furniture of his day. If the fashion for Dubreuil endures (Karl Lagerfeld, who owns several pieces, is a good barometer), he could well emerge as Ruhlmann's heir. Christopher Wilk, curator of twentieth-century furniture at the Victoria and Albert Museum, recognizes in Dubreuil's work a "similar sense of style and elegance, a love of attenuated proportions and an overriding emphasis on quality."

Another influence can be traced to a dog of more doubtful pedigree. As a companion for Ruhlmann, the terrier, Dubreuil took in a mongrel off the street and named him Conran—"because he represents the other extreme, the mediocre." It's a joke his friend Sebastian Conran has grown a little tired of hearing, but it has not dimmed his appreciation of Dubreuil's talent. "The first chair André ever made has pride of place in my bedroom," Conran says. "Of course, the anthropometrics are all wrong—it pushes you where you shouldn't be pushed—but it's a very beautiful object. I consider it on a par with having a Louis XV chair or a Bugatti throne."

In his apartment on Beethoven Street, Dubreuil's own Dubreuils look as if they belong. His early tables and chairs with their Classical lines have begun to acquire a patina with use. "I'm sure things attract and keep something from people," says Dubreuil, who has always made furniture for himself first. His more recent work—the hammered copper cupboard in the bedroom, for instance, or the blue-leather and bronze *bureau plat* and hanging beaded lanterns in the living area—shows a greater concern for surface decoration. Using enamel, crystals, and other rarefied materials and [illegible]

(Text continued on page 202)


SOTHEBY'S
L'ÉPOQUE ET SON STYLE
The Palaces of Leningrad



Evoking past splendors: an 1860s Minton-made Renaissance Revival wine jug and Palissy-inspired ewer. Opposite: A pensive cupid-on-dolphin sweetmeat dish. George Jones made it in 1870; collector-author Marilyn Karmason found it under an antiques stall table in the mid 1980s.

A Grand Surprise

Devotees of Victorian majolica are drawn to its exuberantly fantastic naturalism. By Leo Lerman
Photographs by Evelyn Hofer



Actually two surprises. One: that I was at all interested in Victorian majolica thirty years ago. Two: but you will have to wait for that surprise. Back to one. I have a passion for "dishes." I bought or acquired, years ago, quantities of dishes: ironstone, crossed-swords Meissen, transfer ware, "Wedding Band," anything remotely Russian, patterned peasant pottery, blue and white Chelsea. But I disdained other flamboyantly, ebulliently colored, textured, and shaped plates, platters, and serving pieces that I saw in my favorite "junk" shops. What were these dishes? Their sheen, their glaze frequently reminded me of Renaissance *maiolica*, della Robbia ware, Palissy, but what I saw seemed clunky, kind of cheap, kitschy, even campy. Then one day, after a long session in a hospital, I repaired to my favorite Manhattan bric-a-bracerie.

"What have you got?" I asked Vito Giallo. "I don't know." "What are those?" I asked, pointing to two leaf-shaped dishes, naturalistic but somewhat fantasticated, maybe basically begonia leaves, their undulating edges a variegated emerald green and woodsy brown touched with goldenrod yellow. "How full of life," I said. "How beautiful. How much?" Vito thought a moment, "Oh, how about a dollar—each? I got them thrown in." I bought them, dear reader. I now have, thirty years later, some seven hundred pieces of Victorian majolica. At the going price I almost cannot afford to buy a single leaf, let alone anything like the glorious examples from Marilyn G. Karmason's and Joan B. Stacke's collections shown on these pages. Matter of fact, I haven't seen a desirable leaf for sale, in my haunts, for a long time. Price and scarcity are, alas, my second surprise.

So I bought and bought what during the sixties and seventies we got to know as Victorian majolica. My treasures are mostly of the domestic rather than the ornamental variety—bamboo-patterned or flower-bedizened teapots; dessert services, including a leaf-green beauty ornamented with Paxton water lilies, the cake stands supported by herons? cranes?; ample bread trays of incredible curvilinear vivacity and high autumn color, with fresh-paint-splashed undersides and inscribed with cautions: "Waste Not Want Not" or "Where Reason Rules the Appetite Obeys." I bought an umbrella stand straight out of *The Mikado*. And I accumulated a vast tea service inspired buoyantly in design and color by The Pineapple, flotillas of mossy blue-green plates of varied sizes and shapes, even footed dishes, all thickly patterned in realistic greenery exquisitely akin to the meticulous leafy, tendrilous passages in High Victorian paintings. These were almost always Wedgwood. Sometimes while I fondled bunny-rampant, mouse-happy teapots, game-pie dishes, and honey pots, more knowledgeable dealers murmured, "Minton or George Jones."



The fish, above, pours tea. A majolica conceit created by Minton in 1878 in the popular japonaiserie mode, this rare tabletop appurtenance sports a seaweed handle, stylized waves on its base, a snail-shell thumb rest, and a dorsal-fin finial. The teapot is lined in party dress pink. A superb example of practical fantasy.



Clutching a fish in its beak, the heron, above, is a ewer: liquid pours out through the fish's mouth. Naturalistic violence for household use by Minton, 1871. Opposite left: All-Victorian Christmas in a George Jones holly-wreathed punch bowl, c. 1870. A visual pun, the capacious vessel rests on a supine Mr. Punch.

Jones is my favorite because of the pure, shimmering, surprising combinations of color: that special blue, cobalt, yellow, pink, turquoise, and green. While caressing creamy bowls, cups, saucers, teapots awash in seashells and seaweed motifs, I heard not only those great English Victorian majolica maker names but also an American one—Griffen, Smith & Hill.

Nobody, however, could tell me all I wanted to know. No book was comprehensively devoted to what was a glory of ceramic mass production. Mass production! The Industrial Revolution! The Crystal Palace Exhibition, 1851, London—Minton first exhibited its majolica there. Now I saw my serviceable play-pretties as living social history. Here was available splendor for the emerging industrial society, a domestic showiness utilizing the revived interest in nature, the sensibility to "new" colors (like aniline dyes for fabrics, majolica glazes were perfect for a gas-lighted, early electric-lighted world), the passion for anthropomorphism. Majolica makers were also quick to create wares in the modes of art trends: Pre-Raphaelitism, japonaiserie, the Aesthetic movement, Art Nouveau, Jugendstil—but I needed confirmation for my scraps of information, my conjectures. I needed an all-knowing book.

I did find a smattering of [illegible] some manufacturers and their potter's marks. Ricke[illegible] *majolica: Collect It for Fun and Profit* and Rebert's *American Majolica: 1850–1900* helped. Then in 1982 the miraculous began to happen. The Cooper-Hewitt Museum in New York presented its "English Majolica" exhibition: seventy pieces (greed and envy!), seventeen of which came from the collections of a Marilyn Karmason and a Joan Stacke. Three years later I met Dr. Karmason (she is a practicing psychiatrist) and then Miss Stacke (who manages her husband's office—he is an orthopedist in Manhattan). Not only did each possess over 1,500 pieces of Victorian majolica, but Marilyn was completing the writing of an all-inclusive book on this area of our mutual concern and delight, and Joan was abetting research and supervising the photography of hundreds of extraordinary pieces, most of which I did not have. And now here is *Majolica: A Complete History and Illustrated Survey* (to be published next month by Harry N. Abrams), a suitably lavish production indeed, answering just about any question anyone could possibly ask about Victorian majolica, its ancestry, its lives and times, its powers of seduction. Fired earthenware with a silky metallic oxide glaze—English, American, French, Portuguese, German, Russian, you name it, it is in this book.

Marilyn, Joan, and I soon became chums. Majolica collectors, at least nearly all I have encountered, are a friendly, sharing company. We all enjoy an identical madness. I was now deeply and selfishly involved in the progress and publication of The



Book. I felt that I was being legitimized when Marilyn and Joan, viewing my holdings, screamed happily, "Look, he has Czechoslovakian! This *must* be Portuguese. Look at the monkeys on those candlesticks. Do you know what you have here?" What did I know compared with what they knew? I just bought because I loved it, but they bought with an informed love. "Look! Look! That cheese bell! That mottled green. Yes, Scottish. So rare. We must get a picture for the book." The sun shone all day and all night long on what was no longer simply a loved accumulation but the Lerman-Foy Collection of Victorian Majolica. It is "official" in Marilyn and Joan's landmark book. "How," I asked Marilyn, "do you and Joan judge a piece worthy of your collections—I mean, other than when it is so rare or so enchanting that you must have it, no matter what?"

"Authenticity of major manufacturers," Marilyn said, "can be determined by the marks on the glazed undersurfaces. Almost every piece of majolica I've seen, as opposed to other pottery, has a glazed undersurface." (Some undersurfaces seem to me as if Gerard Manley Hopkins had them in mind when he wrote "Pied Beauty": "Glory be to God for dappled things—/. . . For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim.") "A complex piece can be made up of several parts, only one of which may bear a company mark. Take a Minton strawberry set. It may comprise as many as five separate parts." Gladly would I take any Minton strawberry set, any part. "Condition, that's impor-



Victorians adored the anthropomorphic. A somewhat rowdy avian gentleman, seriously bespectacled, right, his frock coat fashioned of green feathers. A battered stovepipe hat stoppers this beak-spouted liqueur bottle, hatched on the Continent, c. 1880.



The 19th-century passion for nature and mythology transmogrified domestic wares. Left: Tow-headed tritons and sea-finds embellish an 1861 Minton vase. Below: Pond lilies, cattails, and dragonflies luxuriate on an 1875 family-size George Jones cheese bell. Right: Mermaids hoist the scallop-shell bowl of an 1865 Minton centerpiece.

tant. Evaluation of the glaze: it should be brilliant, not dulled. It should not bleed from one design element to another. Defects: a piece can easily be examined for hairline cracks, especially in heavily ornamented areas. A piece should also be evaluated for completeness. Example: a strawberry set should include creamer, sugar bowl (perhaps with cover), serving spoons, and, of course, the strawberry basket. One of the charms of majolica is that you can always hope to find a piece that you, no matter how much you know, did not know existed. We have!"



The object of our ceramic passion got its big push in America at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition in 1876, after which it burgeoned lustily during the late 1870s and the '80s. Even the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company gave it away as a premium, and, oddly, it was given away at Ford's Theater in Washington, D.C. Potters as far west as Indiana made majolica. How historically satisfying then that the first meeting of the International Majolica Collectors' Association took place this past April in Fort Wayne. It is even more satisfying to greedy-gut collectors such as I to know that both Marilyn and Joan feel that Victorian majolica is ever on the upswing. "In the tumult of today," says Marilyn, "it conjures up what we think of as a Victorian home-loving world, a world of comfort, security, even eccentricity, at least for the rising middle class. Today we want to feel home around us, to eat food cooked in our own kitchens. The Victorians were proud of their gardens, their houses, their food, their crockery.

Victorian majolica is, to parody a song, awfully nice to come home to! ▲





From the master bedroom an elliptical opening, left, frames a view of the living room, opposite, which is defined by two divider walls of sapele, an exotic African wood. A pair of French Art Deco armchairs from Barry Friedm NYC, and Mies van der Rohe's Barcelo daybed from Knoll-Studio are grouped around a 1942 * example of Stuart Davis's Flying Carpe rug by V'Soske. Carlo Scarpa's Florian coffee table is from Modern Age NYC; the Gerrit Rietveld chair and stool are from Barry Friedman. Furnishing styled by architect Diana Agrest and HG editor Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron. Details see Resource



Revisionist History

Architects Diana Agrest and Mario Gandelsonas add another dimension to a spacious Manhattan apartment. By Pilar Viladas Photographs by Michael Mundy

Behind the imposing façades of venerable apartment buildings along Manhattan's Central Park West, the style wars still rage. An English country house replete with moldings, niches, symmetry, and chintz may be found just across the hall from a mirrored white-walled ode to flush cabinets, sectional seating, and track lights. On an upper floor of one of these buildings, however, is an apartment that rises serenely above the fray.

On the other side of a massive steel door that looks as if it could protect a bank vault, a series of clearly defined but not quite enclosed spaces are framed in exotic wood, granite, and steel. Their planar geometry and almost minimalist leanness are clearly contemporary, yet their spatial depth and richness of tone and texture suggest equally strong Classical influences. Welcome to architecture in the 1990s.

Although much has been made lately of Modernist architecture's "rehabilitation" (in the wake of Postmodernism's trickle down to the fast-food level), that doesn't necessarily mean that, for advocates of the flat roof and rooms without doors, it's safe to go back in the water. "From a late twentieth century view," New York architects Diana Agrest and Mario Gandelsonas have written, "Modernist architecture is history." So how do you make the past work in the present?

In their elegant renovation of this duplex apartment, the husband-and-wife team address this apparent contradiction in a design that is rigorously refined, combining selective references to early twentieth century architectural masters while producing an effect that is timelessly unspecific.

As fate would have it, the architects found the apartment in question proof positive that not only Modernist architecture is history. The apartment was a veritable Postmodern archaeological dig, having been renovated in 1969–71 by Robert A. M. Stern and partially remodeled in 1979 and 1980 by Michael Graves and Henry Smith-Miller, respectively. (The Graves



The wall that separates the master bedroom from the bath and dressing rooms is pierced by the stainless-steel and glass tub enclosure, which projects into the sitting area where Marcel Breuer's Isokon lounge chairs flank a c. 1935 French coffee table, all from Barry Friedman.



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The confident use of rich materials and exquisite finishes
reminds us that Modernism doesn't always equal minimalism



contribution—a library, child's bedroom, and bathroom—has since been acquired by the Brooklyn Museum for reconstruction in its collection of period rooms.)

But the new owners, a couple with two nearly grown children, took one look at this living survey of recent architectural theory and decided that history could use a little rewriting. They had chosen the apartment because its double-height living room, with a loftlike master bedroom above, reminded them of their Long Island contemporary house. (Sweeping views of Central Park and the Upper West Side didn't hurt either.) "We liked an open feeling, so we also knocked out all the interior walls, but we wanted defined living spaces," one of the clients explains. "We wanted the apartment to be warm, but we also like materials that remind us of the city, materials such as steel and granite."

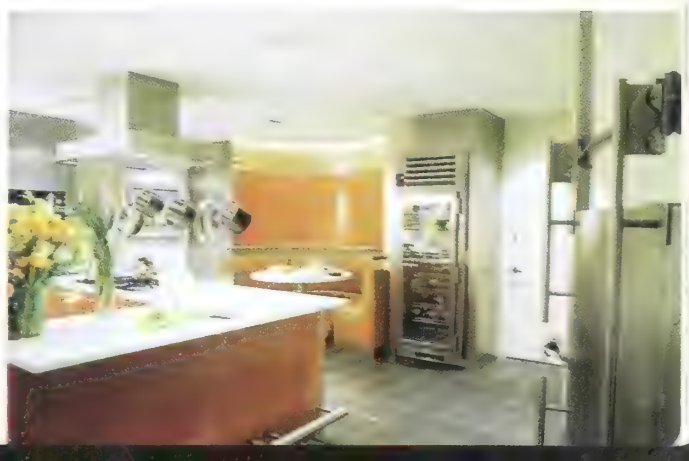
All of which was fine with Agrest and Gandelsonas, whose sensibilities run in a similar vein. They defined the major living areas—living, dining, family, and master bedroom—by a series of massive divider walls within the "box" of the existing apartment. The walls, made of sapele wood, have their genesis in Mies van der Rohe's "open" house plans but, unlike Mies's, are broken by deep openings, which are Agrest and Gandelsonas's transformation of the Modernist wall from plane to volume. "The doorway then becomes a space," says Agrest. Along the same lines, one side of a two and a half foot square opening through the wall between the living and family areas houses a small bar.

The other wall, which on the first floor divides the living and dining rooms, appears to extend up through the second floor where it separates the master bedroom's sleeping area from the bath and dressing rooms—and contains a small desk. On the first floor, openings in this wall align with the park-view windows in the living room's east wall and with the five slotlike windows that punctuate the dining room's west wall. These narrow windows, which rise from a granite sill, are bisected by a thin horizontal plane of steel.

Agrest and Gandelsonas made the master bedroom seem less like a loft by replacing a semicircular balcony and bridge (to a tiny terrace) with an elliptical cutout in the bedroom floor. Framed in a stainless steel and metal mesh balustrade, it preserves the



Inside the tub enclosure, left, sliding mesh screens close for privacy or open for a view of Central Park. Above: In the granite-walled powder room a stainless-steel basin is set into a glass counter. Below: The kitchen's lacewood cabinets and marble countertops provide a backdrop for such surprising elements as the pantry door—a "montage" made up of an industrial door, a refrigerator handle, and library-ladder tracks.







open feeling of the living room and affords greater privacy to the bedroom—into which projects a dramatic circular marble bathtub with its own view of the park and the Upper East Side.

Another important aspect of the apartment's design is the use of doors to explore the relationship between walls and openings. The hefty steel entrance door is an homage to the pioneering Viennese Modernist Adolf Loos. The powder room door appears as a slab of steel affixed to the wall. The kitchen door literally disappears into the curved wall of the staircase. In the kitchen, a heavy steel door, mounted on rolling library-ladder tracks that opens with a commercial refrigerator handle, makes the pantry look rather like Fort Knox. The door of the master bedroom resembles an up-ended airplane wing of wood and steel. Other doors simply recede, frameless, into walls to become "drawings of doors," as the architects put it.

This doorplay was made possible by cleverly concealed hardware (such as piano hinges) and a calculated absence of conventional architectural detail (such as frames and reveals). Of course, none of that could have happened without the architects' eagle eye for how things are put together or the clients' willingness to go that extra mile for a high level of materials and craftsmanship. And the owners are lavish in their praise for contractors Clark Construction Corp.—an especially flattering tribute from clients who not only are exacting but also had prior experience in construction.

In counterpoint to all this seamless understatement is the sensuous richness of the apartment's materials. The overlays of cold-rolled steel on wood, the marble counters and granite thresholds, the glow of top-lighted alabaster doorway lintels, all seem to give the architecture the preciousness of jewelry. The architects' preference for inherently decorative materials reminds us that Modernism was not as white, cold, and minimal as we were long led to believe. "People forget that the Barcelona Pavilion was made of rich and colorful materials," says Agrest of Mies's 1929 masterpiece. The current apartment is further evidence that the turf wars between Modernists and Classicists need not rage on; indeed, the two warring factions may be closer than they thought. ♠

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron





In the dining room, left, five slotlike windows illuminate Carlo Scarpa's Valmarana table from Modern Age and Rietveld's Zigzag chairs, which, like the Josef Maria Olbrich candlesticks and the painting by Robert Marc, are from Barry Friedman. Above: The kitchen door disappears into the curved wall of the staircase. Below: In a niche in the entry a second-century marble head of Hermes, courtesy of Ariadne Galleries, rests on one of Ward Bennett's I-Beam pedestals from Brickel Associates, both NYC.



Passionate collectors Barbara and Mel Ohrbach, opposite above, describe their marriage as "one big antiquing trip." Right: The entrance hall to their apartment is lined with early 19th century reverse paintings on glass depicting the seasons. A kilim runner leads to the living room. Opposite below left: A bouquet of tree peonies and box tied with antique ribbon hangs on the front door. The burnished mahogany paneling is original to the 1893 building. Opposite below right: A pink luster bowl filled with dried tulip petals from their house in the country.



The Manhattan apartment of Barbara and Mel Ohrbach is redolent of personal history

By Joyce Seymore

Photographs by John Hall

Scented Rooms





Scent drifts through Barbara Milo Ohrbach's Manhattan pied-à-terre. Sachets dangle from seventeenth-century Dutch chair backs, freshly dried tulip petals are heaped in a lusterware bowl, pomanders fill a Victorian green glass compote, sachet is stashed in the desk to perfume the writing paper, and pinecones dabbed with aromatic oil burn in the fireplace. Ohrbach even tucks a field flower sachet into her purse to ward off offensive city odors. "People forget about their sense of smell," she says. "If you've gone through the trouble to make your house a beautiful place and it doesn't smell pretty, it's just not finished."

The effervescent author of *The Scented Room*, among other books, Ohrbach has long been a proselytizer for the perfumed environment. As president of Cherchez, she oversees a corporation that has expanded from a small Lexington Avenue emporium to two antiques shops and a company that produces its own line of potpourri and other household fragrances. "I use scent in every room," she says. "I stick to one general theme with little subthemes. In the bathroom I use floral water so it smells of roses. And I often slip lavender bundles in between the linens. Putting scent around the house is like leaving little presents for yourself."

In the apartment she shares with her husband and business partner, Mel Ohrbach, her dual passions, scent and antiques, come together to engage the senses. Having lived in a nondescript high rise for years, the Ohrbachs were elated to find a four and a half room parlor floor apartment in a landmark town house that they describe as an "old New York time capsule." Built in 1893, the building had been occupied by only two other families, and all of the apartment's original architectural details—the stained glass over the front door, the brass fireplace hood, the beveled mirror over the mantel—were still intact.

"This is the way it looked the second we moved in," says Ohrbach, who entertains in an expansive living room, with a beamed sixteen-foot ceiling and richly carved mahogany wainscoting, which is an improbable cross between a cozy English library and a bedouin's tent. Layers of lush fabrics muffle the sounds of the street. Sofas are piled with pillows made from remnants of Aubussons, eighteenth-century French silks, English crewelwork, and nineteenth-century needlepoint. More pil-



lows sit on the floor. Ohrbach tosses nineteenth-century Scottish plaids over chairs and uses paisley shawls everywhere—over a table, on a seventeenth-century Jacobean settle, across a bed. A French verdure tapestry of a fanciful bird hangs on the wall. Kilims and Orientals cover the floors. Ornate antique tassels drop from lampshades, and old silk ribbons tie back curtains or turn up in more unexpected places—on a French horn, a hat rack, the front door. Ohrbach's genius is in this masterful balance of pattern on pattern, all of which is held together by a shared palette of rich burgundy, navy, and hunter green.

Avoiding flamboyant gestures, the apartment reveals itself quietly in the details. A collection of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century tortoise snuffboxes and etuis (pocket-size sewing kits) is carefully arranged on a papier-mâché tea tray. On another table a seventeenth-century beadwork reticule and an eighteenth-century papier-mâché pin dish filled with dried rose heads are set on a needlepoint tray positioned in front of a Victorian traveling desk. Underneath, a stack of Venetian paper boxes, ribbon-tied of course, hold her photographs.

Most of these treasures embody memo-







The mahogany-paneled living room is accented with textiles ranging from a late 19th century French canvas draft screen on the wall to a classic plaid upholstering the sofa. Opposite above: A 1775 American silkwork picture hangs above a Chinese export tray bearing English decanters discovered at Bermondsey market. Opposite below: A collection of 18th- and 19th-century tortoiseshell boxes on a papier-mâché tray.

The bedroom mantel, left, lined with 19th-century Irish and French cut-glass vases, frames an Edwardian fire screen decorated with putti. Books are stored in a 19th-century sewing basket. Below: Against an Aubusson carpet, a bench is cloaked in a 1930s Liberty of London scarf tied with antique ribbon. Bottom: Ohrbach stores family photos in a stack of ribbon-tied floral boxes. Details see Resources.









ries of family, of journeys, of serendipitous discoveries. There are the gnarled not-quite-perfect Lady apple pomanders made by her nieces and nephews which she would never part with. There is a picture of her mother as a little girl holding a silver reticule and next to it the reticule itself. English cut-glass decanters recall a freezing morning at the Bermondsey market in London. The bedroom is an homage to Venice, where the Ohrbachs spend a month each year. A fragment of Fortuny fabric, picked up on their first Venetian sojourn, is draped across the green moiré bedspread.

Born in New York City and raised in nearby Syosset, Ohrbach began applying her organizational touch early on. She remembers layering her paper doll collections between pieces of wax paper, replaced at the beginning of every summer. "Didn't you?" she asks, as if this were standard behavior for eight-year-olds. And her scrapbooks contained hundreds of pressed leaves, all meticulously identified and glazed with clear nail polish. "I was a very prissy little girl," she laughs. "Everything was just so. I wouldn't go out of the house if my socks didn't match my dress. I still think it's the right way to be."

But Ohrbach isn't entirely finicky. Her desk is piled with manuscripts in progress, and there are trails of books everywhere, even under the bed. Long after Christmas, favorite cards and thank-you notes cluster on the mantel. "It's that mixture that makes a home comfortable," she says. "What are rooms for except living?"

Ohrbach began collecting seriously in the late 1960s, when as a junior buyer for a Florida department store she started going to Europe to view the fashion collections. Wandering the flea markets in her off-hours, she was drawn to old textiles. "In those days almost no one collected them. I can remember going to the Marché aux Puces in Paris and being absolutely floored by the eighteenth-century silks, the Edwardian chiffon dresses, the Chinese shawls, the lacy bed linens sewn in convents—treasures that very few people were treasuring then," she *(Text continued on page 212)*

The bedroom, seen through a 19th-century American gilded mirror, was inspired by yearly trips to Venice. A piece of Fortuny fabric lies on top of the green moiré spread. The emerald pillow with floral design was made from 18th-century French damask.

Old Light in a New World

Artists David McDermott and Peter McGough photograph their house in the Hudson River valley where time stands still. By Carl Black



Summer air hangs languidly over new-mown grass, wafting up fresh pungencies of green. The only sound I hear is a wren's arpeggio entwined about the buzz of a lone bee. I feel myself to be somewhere in the distant past. Sands House, a massive frame structure of rural republican virtues, rises up in an assertive white gleam from a distant knoll. A rough mason's apprentice hoists stones to repair a wall that trails for acres below the estate. I have been invited to a New World filled with Old Lights.

David McDermott, a young gentleman artist with a full head of flame-tinged hair, stands at the door. Formally groomed but casual, he bows gracefully, without affectation, and bids me enter the house. Immediately his quiescent smile bursts into a chatter of enthusiasms. Objects come alive as if awakened from an afternoon slumber.

I think to myself, Are these artists—for there is another somewhere in the house, named Peter McGough (the two paint a single picture the way the Goncourt brothers wrote a single novel)—doing with easel and canvas, with whole buildings, what Proust did with words on a page? If Proust was restructuring the conventional time frame of the novel, are my hosts not trying to reshape our thinking about the time dimension in pictorial art?

I decide not to think but to feel. With eyes, nose, mouth, and ears open to experience, I proceed quietly into the great entrance hall. As I do, I can as easily feel the immediacy of the past as the contingency of the present. My sense of the future grows mellow and less pressing. The effect of these interiors is great vibrancy without stress. Ambitions melt away like false phantoms. The strident call for material perfection is stilled in favor of a wholly abstract perfection of interior atmosphere. I notice that old venerable chairs, without caning, stand here and there, that ancient teacups have [illegible] handles, that precious porcelains cracked and mended. Silk hangings at transparent with wear, walls are crazed with age and patinated in a hundred shades and tints by time. But unlike Miss Havisham's Satis manor in *Great Expectations*, the interiors at Sands House are spare, clean, and orderly. There are no mice, cobwebs, or moldering bride-cake.

Sands House, built about 1795, has a very particular plan. One enters directly from the outdoors not into an outer hall but into a big block of a room. Flooded by light from four tall six-over-nine paned windows, it is the largest space in the house. To the left, as one enters, great floor-to-ceiling sliding partitions connect the hall to a stately drawing room, preserved in its original American Adam-style decor. Sculpted composition ornaments of garlands, putti, ribbons, and urns lend a delicate scale to a room dominated by tall windows, bright Georgian light, and high ceilings. Fine stenciling, freehand brushstroke painting, and scrollwork on the wide floorboards further break down the scale and achieve that fragile intimacy typical of American Federal interiors. With the partitions open, these two rooms must have served as a single ballroom during the Federal and Victorian eras.

I follow my host into a short narrow corridor hidden behind a door off the big hall. Surprisingly cramped and dark for a Federal manor, it contains a pretty staircase, which leads to the second floor. McDermott invites me into a side chamber off this corridor. By now, everything looks so old-fashioned—the natural free arrangement of pewter pots and birdcage, an old etched portrait of an English worthy in turban, the tilted volumes, the crumbling calf-leather girdling their spines and reeking of soft odor of must, odor of the past, the very *le moisi* prized by Proust.



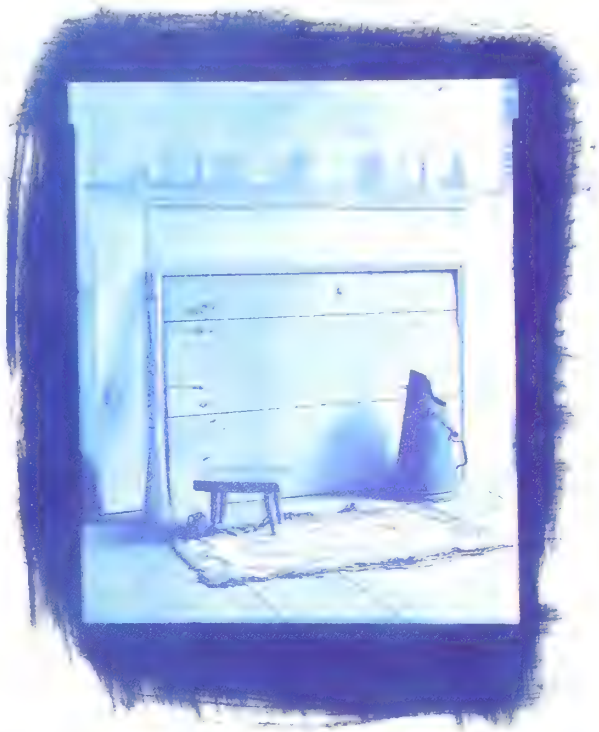
"This interior still life is composed of our collection of eighteenth-century books," McDermott says. "We don't allow any twentieth-century works because if we did, we would read them. Our purpose in the country is to force us to live in the eighteenth century. This discipline has helped us master the art of time travel. We now live in the past as *(Text continued on page 212)*





While others explore more and more sophisticated ways of reproducing the world in full color, McDermott and McGough become more abstract and modern in order to reveal to the





eye the inner structure of time, which is at the heart of every work of art. "Our photographic still lifes reduce space and form to a single color. Blue. This allows the eye to concentrate





on the real content and form of the composition, that is, time. Time and time travel are the true subject of our compositions, whether we work with rooms, canvas, or photographs"





"Our purpose in the country is to force us to live in the eighteenth century"



Carly Simon—she coaches her lineup at the local post office/general store after a day of sailing. The tree-lined driveway, to right, leads to her Martha's Vineyard house, opposite.

Carly Simon's Vineyard

Retreats to the island have been a lifelong refrain, inspiring songs and now a children's book

By Jacob Brackman

Photographs by Oberto Gili

Carly Simon first arrived on Martha's Vineyard in the summer of 1945—she'd just turned six weeks old. In those days, Simon's summers consisted of two months at the family manse in Stamford, Connecticut, and one month at family friends' houses in Chilmark, up-island, where *Winnie the Pooh* got read by kerosene lamp. I was several months her senior. I, too, was living with no electricity, though less quaintly, in a fifth-floor Queens walk-up. Who could have predicted that our lives would one day intersect?

As a preteen, Carly passed summers with an aunt and uncle in Menemsha. Over two decades later, she would write a song entitled "Menemsha": "The sunsets on the sound were almost too much to take/ We would dance on the hill with friends 'til the morning would break."

Her father, the publishing seigneur, was then bedridden and no longer making the trip. He died when she was fifteen. For five summers, beginning when she was sixteen, she rented up-island cottages with her high school/college sweetheart, Nick Delbanco, destined to become a novelist.

In the early sixties our paths might have crossed. Nick and I were in the same undergraduate writing course. I could easily have run into her during one of her many Harvard weekends. But I never did.

As it happened, we met in the Berkshires the year after graduation, at an arts camp for teenagers. I was teaching creative writing and Red Cross senior lifesaving; she was teaching guitar and leading the campfire sing-alongs. At the last of these we promised to get together in the city—but not until fall, for she was off to Martha's Vineyard. "No summer's ever gone by without the Vineyard," she explained.

Now that made an impression on me. I



knew this girl had grown up with Oscar Hammerstein at the piano, while Mom discussed human rights with U Thant and Jackie Robinson over tea. Yet somehow this Vineyard business summed up the difference between our respective castes: my family summered in Atlantic City. Lower still, we wintered there, too.

Carly and I did get together in Manhattan, though not yet with any sense of our future as collaborators and best friends. The late sixties, when we started hanging out, was a bad time for her. She was between boyfriends, agonizing about her weight, living in her older sister's apartment, working in the letters department of *Newsweek*, trying to make money as a jingles composer. In the context of the frantic mobility of that era, it seemed hardly unusual that within a year or so she'd moved into her own place (around the corner from me), dropped the requisite fifteen pounds, landed a record deal, and started dating a string of show-biz celebs. It also seemed in tempo with the tempo of the times that the first song we ever wrote together, "That's the Way I've Always Heard It Should Be," became a top-ten single on the national charts.

Through all her downs and ups, Martha's Vineyard remained a constant. If she had begun living in the fast lane, the Vineyard was still her off-ramp. It led to someplace deep and timeless—to moors and cliffs, forests and ponds. Screeching gulls, bare feet in sand, clambakes, a circle of friends blessedly unaware of *Billboard*'s "Hot 100" singles.

In 1971, when she was opening for Cat Stevens at the Troubadour in Los Angeles, she met a rock star backstage and fell in love with him. There was some special rhyme and harmony to the fact that he, too, was a Vineyard old-timer.

The Taylors had been coming to the island for almost as long as the Simons Moreover, by 1972, the year of this royal



Simon rehearses in the living room, right, for her upcoming album. Far right from top: The backyard cobblestone walkway winds through an arbor near the swimming pool; the drawings for Simon's children's book, *Amy the Dancing Bear*, are by [illegible] Datz; the Oscar that Simon won for the song "Let the River Run" from the film *Working Girl* sits next to an antique silver pitcher. Details see Resources.







The Tea Room, left, a screened-in deck outside the master bedroom was built by Kevin Sylvia of West Tisbury. Below left: Simon takes five on the west deck. Below: Detail of the trompe l'oeil wall mural in the entrance hall. Below left: The picket fence surrounding the pool was dubbed Howard's Wall in honor of the caretaker.



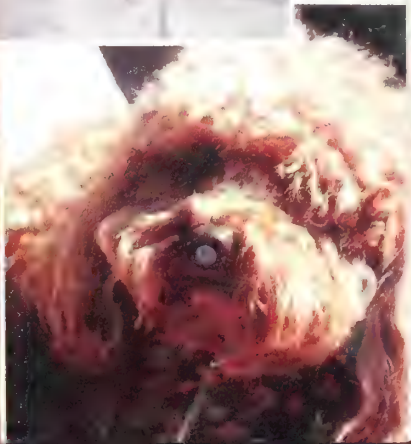




The kitchen, above, has a rustic informal ok. Top: Ducks peck way at bread crumbs in the entrance hall. ght: Simon performs on the beach in Gay Head. Center right: Roller skates cover floor of the "barn." Far right: Jonny, the miniature poodle.







PETER SIMON RETNA

wedding. James, both his parents, and three of his four grown siblings were year-rounders. That was Carly's first island winter in J.T.'s "cabin back in the woods," as he called it in the song "Mud Slide Slim." Carpentry was going on at the time and has continued ever since without much interruption—at an average rate of one room or outbuilding added per year.

To identify the original two-rooms-plus-sleeping-loft within the sprawling eccentric structure that gradually accreted around them makes for a challenging visitor's game. I'm disqualified, of course. As of fifteen years ago, having found the Vineyard agreeably casual, not to say funky (Nantucket, it turned out, is the island where one dresses for dinner), I became a regular summer guest.



So I have been able to observe how whatever's happening in the Big City falls away as Carly boards the ferry in Woods Hole, to feel her longing and relief, the potent sense of goodbye-to-all-that. On one of my visits we wrote a song together—"Never Been Gone"—about how it feels to return to the island. As the years passed, I watched the rough-hewn cabin evolve into a storybook castle.

In the seventies James would sketch out haphazard plans for each addition himself. As a consequence, nothing fits together in quite the conventional way. With a quirky nautical charm, one spiral staircase leads up from the kitchen directly into the master suite; another terminates in a glassed-in tower, barely large enough to practice guitar, barely high enough to spy a glint of blue sea above the distant treetops. It's the property's only water view.

At many Vineyard estates, spectacular ocean vistas make landscaping, even decorating, more or less irrelevant. No doubt to compensate for their landlocked situation, Carly (Text continued on page 210)







Simon, above, poses on her bed in her older sister Joey's floppy hat. Above right: A fire warms the kitchen hearth. Photo above mantel is by her brother, Peter. Center right: The east deck, one of nine wooden decks on the property, overlooks the front lawn and garden. Right: Sunlight pours through the living room windows onto a window seat.



The tranquil atmosphere of life on Martha's Vineyard is captured in Simon's master bedroom. Natural light from the starburst window and terrace illuminates the airy room.

The House of Lancaster

Virginian Nancy Lancaster brought new vitality to England's redoubtable Colefax & Fowler. By Chester Jones



COURTESY SOTHEBY'S



Nancy Lancaster, opposite, posing in the hall at Haseley Court, Oxfordshire, for Cecil Beaton. This page: it is the accumulation of details that makes the Yellow Room in her London flat so masterly. The portraits are perfect in scale as are Fowler's magnificent yellow silk taffeta curtains.

DERRY MOORE

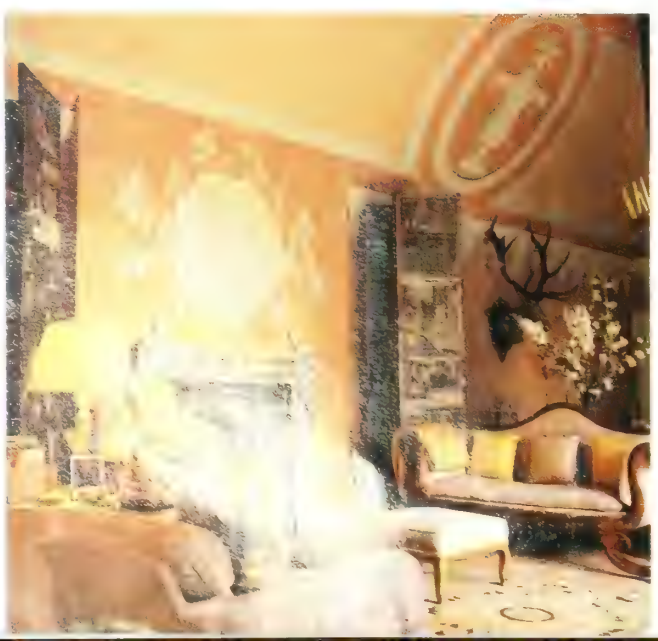


The ability of the late John Fowler as a decorator reached its full maturity under the influence of Nancy Lancaster, a woman with the most remarkable and assured taste, who had acquired Colefax & Fowler after the war when Lady Colefax retired. Born into a distinguished Virginia family from Albemarle County, she was educated mainly in France before coming to England in 1915 to stay with her aunt Nancy, wife of Waldorf Astor, later second Viscount Astor. Here she found herself at the center of a busy social milieu; Cliveden was constantly full of politicians, artists, and the most colorful personalities in the land. Lytton Strachey noted how impressed he was by her at one such gathering, and Nancy's enthusiasm for houses, furniture, and works of art quickly drew the attention of her aunt's friends and relations.

In 1919 she was again invited to Cliveden, this time to get over the tragic early death of her first husband. On the ship coming over she met Ronald Tree, her late husband's American cousin who had been brought up and educated in England. Soon afterwards they were married. Their first thoughts were of living in America, and so they rented a house in New York from Ogden Codman Jr., the architect who was co-author with Edith Wharton of *The Decoration of Houses*. They then acquired Mirador, the family house in Virginia that had belonged to Nancy's grandfather and where she was brought up. When they proceeded to do it up, Nancy's inclination, even at this early date, was to use old chintz to create a soft and faded atmosphere that must have reflected the nostalgia for the house she remembered as a child. She was intensely patriotic in her feeling for the South and flew the Confederate flag over all her houses.

In 1926 the Trees returned to England. First they leased Cottesbrooke in Northamptonshire, then Kelmarsh Hall in the same county. Just before the war they moved to Ditchley Park, in Oxfordshire, which they bought lock, stock, and barrel—the house, a 3,000-acre estate, and practically all of its contents—not an uncommon practice in those days. Both Kelmarsh and Ditchley were built by one of the great eighteenth-century English architects, James

The long gallery at Mereworth Castle, Kent, above, which was the home of Nancy Lancaster's eldest son, Michael Tree. Right: The Gothic bedroom at Haseley Court was painted to look like grisaille decoration on plaster. Opposite: The geometry of the ceiling makes the bedroom seem like a fantastic tent.









The Tobacco Bedroom at Haseley Court with its scenic wallpaper by Dufour based on a popular 18th-century romance. The Brussels-weave carpet is the original Roses & Ribbons from which the Colefax design is now copied. Details see Resources.

Gibbs. It was Nancy Lancaster's restoration and decoration of these two important houses and their gardens that earned her such acclaim in the years before the war. During the war Winston Churchill and his staff used to stay at Ditchley at those times of the full moon when Chequers was considered vulnerable to enemy bombing. After the war the Trees' marriage ended, and Nancy was briefly married to Claude Lancaster, the owner of Kelmarsh.

When John Fowler met Nancy Lancaster, he was still on the threshold of his career. She, on the other hand, had an established reputation as a superb hostess and a beauty of her day. Her connections with the aristocracy and the smart county hunting set were worlds apart from anything that Fowler had known in his own social background. She was familiar with the great houses and loved the life that went on within them.

In 1954 she found Haseley Court in Oxfordshire in a state of near dereliction. She and John Fowler embarked on the most remarkable collaboration in the restoration of this house and transformed it into a place of such rhythmical beauty, wit, and comfort that it must stand as a paragon of its kind. After all the important houses Nancy Lancaster had lived in, Haseley might have appeared less promising, but she saw its potential.

At first glance the completed decoration appears to have all the characteristics of an eighteenth or early nineteenth century house. This, however, was not the case, as it lacked strict uniformity. In those days the furniture was likely to have been en suite and the choice of furnishing fabrics kept to a minimum. Her approach was very different. The house presents us with a well-used and handed-down look that is the very antithesis of historical correctness. It was the victory of the imagination over scholarship. This does not mean that the way its decoration evolved was haphazard; it was in fact an expression of pure creativity, with all the authority and discipline that one would expect of a fine building.

It was in the creation of this house, where he worked so closely with Nancy Lancaster, that Fowler learned the lessons that he



The hall at Haseley, above, with its glorious Palladian chimneypiece. The furniture matches the room's strong architectural mood. Brackets and busts, together with the garniture of blue and white delft, relieve the room's severity.





Another view of the hall at Haseley, above, with an amusing mixture of things: croquet mallets, a red dog basket matching the curtains, and a pig boot brush. Left: The bed and dressing table in the Tobacco Bedroom are pure white against a background of browns and warm grays.

HORST



Nancy Lancaster, opposite above, photographed on the Haseley terrace by Cecil Beaton, with the topiary in the garden behind looking like an army of attendant servants. Left: The dining room of the Coach House, Oxfordshire, is a study in grandeur on a Lilliputian scale. Below: The Coach House sitting room has a muted color scheme that disguises the absence of architectural interest and plays up the walls' decoration. Opposite below: The pattern throughout Nancy Lancaster's bedroom at the Coach House is Colefax & Fowler's Angoulême.



was able to put to such good use later in his career. There is little doubt that, although his skill in painting rooms and creating the correct effects in curtains and upholstery contributed much, the driving force was hers. The choice of furniture and the conception of these rooms reflect a strength of purpose and a level of imagination that must have been quite new to him.

Fine interiors with elaborate plasterwork, sculptured overdoors, and a profusion of carved detail did not intimidate her as they might those new to the experience. She understood how magnificent furniture, chandeliers, and a wealth of possessions could enhance the charm of life. At the same time there was an edge to her talent which inclined her to irreverence. She had what Cecil Beaton referred to as a "healthy disregard for the sanctity of 'important' pieces." She could put the ordinary and appealing beside the grand and important so that the overall effect was totally unpretentious. It was this self-confidence which, combined with John Fowler's eye for tone, texture, and detail, resulted in Haseley Court becoming the apotheosis of the Colefax & Fowler style. A perfect sense of scale was fundamental to Nancy Lancaster's talent, and in large spaces this is of the greatest importance. Once the decoration was complete, she then humanized it, making it comfortable with small touches, wonderful china, and flowers. The flowers in her rooms were as glorious as those in her gardens, and into these she channeled infinite love and care. Husbands she liked; houses she liked more—"they last," as she pointed out—but perhaps she liked gardens most of all.



Nancy Lancaster could put the ordinary and appealing beside the grand and important so that the effect was totally unpretentious



There were other, more pragmatic, aspects to Nancy Lancaster's style of living that were unusual in large houses at that time. English country houses were often large, drafty, and ill lit. They had little or no central heating and plumbing of the most curious sort. The bathrooms were large bleak rooms with linoleum floors. The ratio of bathrooms to bedrooms resulted in some arduous plotting early in the

(Text continued on page 208)

DERRY MOORE





Set in the spirit of autumn, Herend's hand-painted Rothschild Bird china from Scully & Scully, NYC, right, is matched with Tiffany's Audubon flatware, a Stephen Dweck twig dish from Bergdorf Goodman, NYC, Scully & Scully's porcelain birds, and Bellini handcrafted water and wine glasses from Lalique. Salt and pepper shakers from Tiffany, lace-trimmed antique table linens from Françoise Nunnalle, NYC, candle shades from Scully & Scully, and Oriental-style rattan chairs from Robert Allen. Flowers by David Goodman, NYC. Opposite: Gathered for a Roman feast are Wedgwood's Florentine Black china, Baccarat's bacchanalian-size goblets, silver by Siècle at Lalique, Paris, salt and pepper shakers from Cartier, etched-crystal head from Daum, and linens by Bebe Winkler, NYC. Details see Resources.



Pride of Placesetting

Tables dressed in holiday finery have distinct personalities all their own, from Roman restraint to golden glamour and sylvan bliss

Produced by Eric Berthold Photographs by Michael Mundy





Simple metal chairs, above, from Kostka of America are pulled up to an English Regency-style table from Baker Furniture with Wedgwood's Florentine Black. The bowl by Georg Jensen is adorned with silver grapes, which add a sensuous touch. Right: Tea for three takes on an Empire feel with Ceralene's china and tea service inspired by Paris's Palais Garnier. Flatware is an exclusive Ward Bennett design for Sasaki. Topped with strawberries, Le Must plate from Cartier. Vase from Wedgwood, chair from Blair House.

The glamour of Haviland & Parlon's gold-painted porcelain, above, is enhanced by Oneida's Golden Arbor flatware, Saint-Louis's gold-encrusted glasses and decanter, and Buccellati's gilded salt and pepper shakers. Tureen with a botanical design from Royal Copenhagen, Val St. Lambert crystal candlesticks from Bergdorf Goodman, flower bowl from Wedgwood, linens by Bebe Winkler. Napkin rings and clock from Cartier, chairs from Blair House. Right: Stacks of Lenox's gold-rimmed china, piles of Golden Artistry flatware from Oneida, and a group of glasses from Sasaki are in party position. Candlesticks from Mottahedeh, vase from Baccarat.





STYLED BY JOHN RYMAN



Wooden plates from D. F. Sanders, king-size goblets from Platypus, NYC, and bamboo-handled sterling flatware from Buccellati on Anatole Tapestry from Brunschwig & Fils suggest a medieval setting. Elsa Peretti's heavy glass bowl and plates for Tiffany, reproduction of an 18th-century French tureen from Mottahedeh, sterling wine coaster from Tiffany, coiled snakelike napkin rings by Chateau X, and 18th-century pillow from Françoise Nunnalle. Chairs from Manor House, NYC.

SAMPLES

Design Unleashed

HG collars canine-motif fabrics that let man's best friend up on the furniture
By Eric Berthold



Gulliver, above, from Robert Allen. Below, clockwise from top left: Whippets from Lee Jofa; Hunting from Hines & Co.; Whippets from Lee Jofa; Staffordshire Dogs from Baker; the Hunting Toile from Brunschwig & Fils; Fox Run from Cowtan & Tout; Fred from Stroheim & Romann; and the Setter from Cowtan & Tout. Details see Resources.



Being dogmatic comes easily to designers this fall and with good reason—these precious pooches are irresistible. Taken from nineteenth-century English earthenware, giant-size Staffordshire dogs ornamenting a glazed cotton chintz are perfect for a royal country look from Baker Furniture. Slender statuesque hounds on Whippets from Lee Jofa strike a stately pose. And a mix of smiling dogs of all sorts, from beagles to Pomeranians, reappear on a 1950s pattern from Norton Blumenthal in a dramatic array of colors such as vivacious pink and cool blue. Man's best friend, immortalized on chintz, toile, and cotton, adds character to any room—retro, modern, or classic.





Left from top: Dalmatian spots from Rosen & Chadick Textiles; earthenware Staffordshire dogs depicted on glazed cotton chintz from Baker; a mixture of breeds from Norton Blumenthal; and the Hunting Toile from Brunschwig & Fils.





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Forging Ahead

(Continued from page [illegible]) Dubreuil's evolving style now looks back more to the 1950s than the 1750s—but with the same verve and whimsical esprit.

A strong sense of irony reveals itself in the way he puts things together. In the kitchen, dominated by a huge 1700 country armoire, his one-off table and Ram chairs appear convincingly bucolic. A few antiques salvaged from his dealer days—Louis XVI chairs in the bedroom, a Directoire bed—and a rare eighteenth-century chest from Bordeaux lend a spare formal mood to an apartment that seems quintessentially French. Even in this august company, the Dubreuil pieces more than hold their own.

With the emphasis firmly on things "looking right," comfort tends to take a backseat at the garage. Dubreuil's is not the kind of furniture you sink into with a contented sigh and switch on the TV: his Paris chairs, shaped like leopards ready to pounce, are just about as yielding. Nor is it that kind of apartment. The romantic austerity that permeates much of his work has been carried over into his surroundings, which reflect the absorbed reclusive existence he leads there.

Only in the bedroom, a sanctuary of rich Indian silks and rare objects, does something like coziness threaten to break out. With a Londoner's affection for the shabby-genteel, Dubreuil has used one of those photomurals that more often grace the walls of doctors' offices to wrap himself in the autumnal glow of a fake forest. "It's perfectly hideous," he admits with an elfish grin, "but it works, particularly at night. The world could crumble outside, and I would not care a bit."

Due to Dubreuil's tight quality control and low output, his pieces are rare. If he gets out ten of the Paris chairs a month, he feels he has done well. The pressure to expand, to employ more people, to go into mass production is overwhelming. So far he has stubbornly resisted the lure, as he puts it, "of turning into a factory, of selling a name and letting the product become bland."

In the tradition of the maverick furniture maker, Dubreuil is determined to go on doing only what interests him, even if it means raising his prices to moderate demand (Ruhlmann's rule). "I refuse to get any bigger," he says softly, mutiny in his voice, as we descend into the lower depths. "Otherwise, there's no point. I'll get out of furniture, do something else. Maybe go and live in the country"—he pauses, waiting out a sudden baleful roar of the forge—"and grow potatoes." ▲ *Editor: Amicia de Moubray*

Carly Simon

(Continued from page 186) designed rock gardens, stone walls and paths, wooden decks (there are nine), and stained-glass windows. She even dotted the rolling meadows with grazing horses and sheep.

After their breakup, James bought a waterfront spread, while Carly continued to embellish, renovate, and expand the old homestead. The tower started to collapse, so she had it rebuilt. She hired Hugh Taylor to construct a "barn" on the far side of the pool, with a dance floor cum roller rink downstairs and a two-bedroom guest apartment above, now commandeered by her two teenagers.

The entrance hall seemed to lack a distinctive character—until Margot Datz, a local painter friend, suggested a potting shed motif. The resulting trompe l'oeil wall mural so pleased Carly that she invited Datz to illustrate her children's book, *Amy the Dancing Bear,* edited by another Vineyard pal, Jacqueline Onassis at Doubleday.

"I'd be so much more prolific without this house," she once fretted, not really complaining. "It absorbs my creative impulses. It's a paint box. Before I pick up the guitar, I'll start rearranging cushions or fruit in bowls. I'll draw plans for a new wing."

This was in a time of real-world vicissitudes: romances kindled and extinguished, records stiffed, her career in eclipse. Then she fell in love again, signed with a new label, remarried, bounced back with a big single, a hit album, two film scores, an Oscar. Although her notorious fear of performing publicly has kept her off concert stages for a decade, two summers ago she was persuaded to film an HBO special on a Gay Head dock in front of a local audience. For an encore she sang our Vineyard song, "Never Been Gone"—a hometown favorite, like Tony Bennett's "I Left My Heart in San Francisco" or Billy Joel's "New York State of Mind." The final verse and chorus go like this:

Seagulls cry and the hills are green
And my friends are waiting for me
Great ambition is all a dream
Let me drown my pride in the sea
I'm bound for the island
The tide is with me
I think I can make it by dawn
It's night on the ocean
I'm going home
And it feels like
I've never. . .I've never been gone. ▲

Editor: Ruth Ansel

Bermuda in Bloom

(Continued from page 147) opened from a subtropical orchard onto the final surprise: the perfectly straight tile-paved avenue of a formally planted garden. I found myself on the main axis of a classical landscape that could almost have come from the pages of Edith Wharton's *Italian Villas and Their Gardens*—though this Italian garden is lined with immense Bermuda coral stone pillars and planters. Reminiscent of the Tuscany of Bernard Berenson and Harold Acton, the entire composition dates from the early 1920s when it was laid out by an earlier generation of the family that still maintains it faithfully.

The creators of the garden wrapped its rustic pillars in passionflowers, bougainvillea, honeysuckle, ipomoea, wisteria, and fragrant stephanotis. Terra-cotta pots custom-designed in Florence still brim with pink and red geraniums at regular intervals along the path, and the stone planters spill forth masses of pink and blue petunias. More pots atop the pillars sprout yellow and orange marigolds—setting off a startling combustion of color.

Beyond a pergola covered with more bougainvillea, pink tecoma, and potato vine is a formal rose garden. Nine violet-bordered beds contain more than 350 rosebushes, mainly modern varieties. "Roses are said to be difficult to grow in Bermuda," the mistress of the island remarks, "but with proper care the results can be spectacular. Besides constant spraying, feeding, and pruning, the roses need an enforced rest period."

Oleander, a naturalized plant for which Bermuda is famous, surrounds a traditional orangery with a typical Bermuda tile roof. Through French doors one can contemplate the expanse of blue ocean on one side and the tranquil sheltered landscape on the other. The marvel of this garden is that it brings Mediterranean *abbondanza,* a soothing lushness, to a dry windswept mid-Atlantic island.

In the days of the Spanish Main, pirates claimed every island had its secret. It is no wonder that the owners of this island want to keep their secret in the family. ▲


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House of Lancaster

(Continued from page 195) mornings, with disappointment or frustration for many. Nancy Lancaster's arrangements were quite different. She devised en suite bathrooms for all her guests. Guest bathrooms were furnished like small studies: they were carpeted and had pretty needlework rugs, small armchairs, chests of drawers, china, books, and prints and paintings on the walls. Comfort was of the highest priority: every sort of item a guest might have forgotten to pack was provided, from Floris Sandalwood essence to cosmetics—and even an occasional log fire.

The bedrooms certainly had fires, and each was furnished like a sitting room, with all possible needs anticipated: a carafe of water, flowers, books, a notepad, pencils, and a telephone were all placed within easy reach of the bed. Today, people may be surprised by these observations, since standards of hospitality have risen. But in the 1950s and 1960s this was far from the case. The American influence on this aspect of the English country-house style has been profound.

Both she and John Fowler liked the ease and comfort that comes from a degree of informality. Rooms should look as if they have been used and enjoyed and therefore carry the patina of life. He was able to achieve the effect in paint as well as in the dyeing of his fabrics and the restrained restoration of antique furniture. She appreciated this but was even more cavalier, especially if things were too new. Her "bashing about," upon which she would then embark, meant taking a sofa into the garden to let the rain fall on it and letting the sun bleach the loose-cover material. She even washed chintz in tea to give it an aged look—all this was done so that people could put their feet up and relax in surroundings that looked well used. On the other hand, the highest standards were maintained: her tables boasted crisp white damask cloths and sparkling silver, and her rooms were filled with the scent from bowls of potpourri and fresh-cut flowers. True luxury is the balance of comfort and perfection.

Nancy Lancaster and John Fowler both possessed remarkable powers of selective observation, which they applied to just about everything they saw. They loved looking for antiques in the country, being driven off by Wilson, the chauffeur, in a huge Daimler at a majestically slow speed. They would go to country house sales where Nancy would buy things for her own houses and John, with what little there was to spend, would buy for the shop. Painted Regency furniture was still cheap, as were eighteenth-century prints and the odd Staffordshire botanical plate.

If Nancy Lancaster's personality was a revelation to Fowler, their partnership did not run entirely smoothly. She had always been quick to conceive an overall idea and to leave the details to be worked out by others. She had considerable experience in using decorators to do her own houses, such as the Hon. Mrs. Guy Bethell at Kelmarsh and Stéphane Boudin at Ditchley, considered among the best decorators of their time. She was not averse to playing the role of decorator herself on occasion, and such was her authority and enthusiasm when it came to her houses that she had even been approached by various established decorators to work with them on a professional basis. Offers of partnership had come from both Sybil Colefax and her rival Syrie Maugham.

Fowler was younger and less experienced than those she had previously worked with; besides, he had a more reflective and academic approach. Initially, her sense of scale was much better and bolder than his, whereas, he, as the designer, understood exactly how effects could be achieved, and to him the detail and finish of things were fundamental.

Because their tastes were so similar, the differences between them were exaggerated, and they often became contentious. Nancy Astor referred to them as "the unhappiest unmarried couple in England." In fact, they were close and had enormous mutual respect. Nancy Lancaster introduced Fowler to many of her friends and relations, and they in turn became his close friends and clients. The days of being just an appendage to Lady Colefax and having to use the tradesman's entrance were now over for John Fowler.

The decoration in the late 1950s of Nancy Lancaster's drawing room at the back of the Colefax & Fowler building, thought to have once been the offices of architect Jeffry Wyatville, was to be another example of Nancy Lancaster and John Fowler's collaborations, with marvelous results. It is difficult to apportion credit, but the painting of the swagged husk decoration in the tympanum above the marbleized cornice, the skirting, and the curtain designs appear to be Fowler's work. The basic concept, color scheme, and composition of the furniture arranged around the walls, however, carry her stamp.

By 1975, due to a shortage of space, Colefax & Fowler expanded into the Wyatville room, and so Nancy Lancaster lost her London apartment. About the same time Haseley Court suffered a bad fire, so she moved to a coach house nearby. The conversion of this house involved a major change of outlook. Her previous houses had been grand and on a scale that demanded bold treatment; these cottage spaces are the very opposite. In her former houses, the interiors were handled in a variety of ways, accentuating their various functions and characters. Here the rooms are all similar in mood so that the whole house emerges as a single decorative statement. The tone has been kept uniformly light, the same neutral-colored carpet is used as a background floor covering throughout. The walls are mostly painted in warm off-whites, which look as if they have been in their present state for generations. Because of the odd window shapes, the curtains have been treated very simply so that they match the walls and visually disappear.

What is remarkable and gives this house its personality is the structured clutter on the walls. China, paintings, drawings, and prints are all beautifully composed. The blue Chinese plates in the dining room reflect the rug on the floor and the chintz on the dining chairs. These plates also lend support to the shape of the giltwood mirror as well as the trompe l'oeil paneling so that the architecture and the decoration are reconciled. The oval pictures forming the group behind the sofa in the drawing room have been linked by a red cord and tassels in a manner that is reminiscent of eighteenth-century print rooms.

The bedrooms have been decorated in a French style, with a single pattern covering everything. The master bedroom has an Angoulême wallpaper with a matching border. The curtains, the bed, and its attendant drapes have the same design printed on Irish linen. The guest room, with an allover treatment of a modern American print as well as cream and green painted furniture, is like a summer field.

The quality of the house's furniture and objects found in this house is delightful and shows Nancy Lancaster's keen eye for the unusual and the witty. The rocking chair in the sitting room, the five-legged cane bedroom chair, and the collection of miniatures of military gentlemen in exaggerated hats are illustrations of this. These rooms are charming, comfortable, welcoming, and full of amusement. ♠

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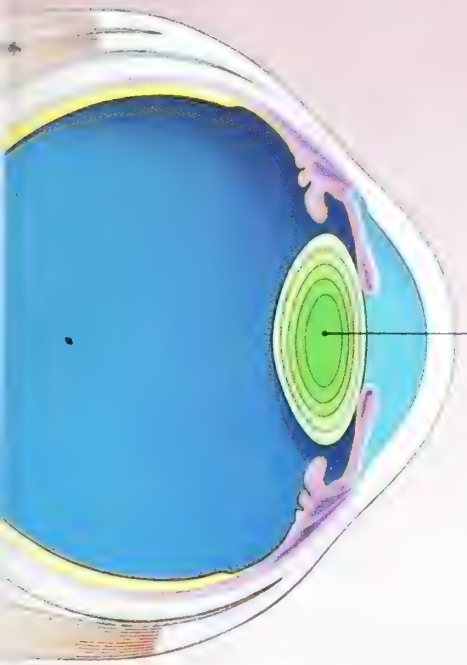
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McDermott & McGough

(Continued from page 208) naturally as we live in the present. It took an artifice. The pre-industrial world was a simultaneous experience. It took us a long time and a lot of practice to reach that in our lives."

The room in which I find myself serves as a place of seclusion. It is sparsely furnished, but a profusion of objects are gathered on surfaces—tables, benches, and shelves. Nothing is artificially arranged. "When we photograph, we look into the room, and if it's right, we set up the camera and take pictures," McDermott says. Objects seem to fall into as harmonious a whole as a reed inked in a single stroke on a sheet of rice paper. That kind of simplicity and purity emanates from what might otherwise be felt as a jumble. Walls are left in noble decay, time working pale tonalities in and out of the cracks and pores of old plaster. "Time is God's greatest craftsman," McDermott observes. "Human artistry can't create time's surfaces. No matter how hard we try, we can't counterfeit them until time takes over the counterfeits. We can only collect the genuine fragments—and release them into art."

McDermott invites me to sit by a Federal table filled with books, fruit, and an old Sheffield candlestick. He is wearing an eighteenth-century pigtail with a luxurious black ribbon. He wears smallclothes with linen knee stockings and a soft white cotton blouse. He is somewhat formal in his movements and manner yet comfortable and full of mental animation. An assistant serves us herbal tea from an exquisite blue Canton pot. We are offered fruit, nuts, and rice biscuits. McDermott and McGough are strict vegetarians and Christian Temperance believers. Except for a continuo of intense discussion about art, time travel, and Jesus, all is cast in a vibrant stillness akin to the interior of a Vermeer painting. This interior, however, is clearly Hudson Valley American—but timeless. I am in a world of artists, but that world—the house, garden, interior furnishings, spaces, and time—is the work of art.

"People talk about abstract art," McDermott says. "How abstract can we be? Our photographic still lifes reduce space and form to a single color. Blue. This allows the eye to concentrate on the real content and form of the composition, that is, time. Time and time travel are the true subject and content of our compositions, whether we work with rooms, canvas, or photographs."

As I pass from room to room, I grasp how the artists have molded the past into their creations as if it were as ductile as clay or as malleable as pigment ground in oil. The element of time is no mere patina but has become a spatial dimension, a tangible mass. While others explore more and more sophisticated ways of reproducing the world in full color, McDermott and McGough become more and more abstract and modern in order to reveal to the eye the structure of time, which is at the heart of every work of art. Color obscures the time dimension in a photograph because our eye associates full color with the immediacy of the present. Pure black and white, however, creates a distortion: we do not live in a world of pure value, of shades and tints. So the single color blue functions as a chromatic abstraction. It mediates shades and tints but is sufficiently abstract not to obscure the sense of the past.

We are developing these ideas as we enter a spacious upstairs chamber. Twenty paintings in various stages of completion are propped up against chairs and wall. Some are on bulky old easels. Each one deals with the structuring of time on the picture plane. Peter McGough, his thick blond hair shifting from side to side, holds a long brush between his teeth and several others in his hand. He is minutely shading and outlining a painting that McDermott has previously blocked in. "I like blue," Peter volunteers. "Blue happens to be part of the developing process of cyanotypes. But blue is also good for us because it is the most abstract and universal of the primary colors. People associate it with infinity—or at least the sky. So it helps give a sense of time travel to photographs."

McDermott and McGough are radical painters of the 1980s whose constructive and conceptual work on canvas and in photography has always extended to, and been inspired by, the larger framework of their work in the interiors of their houses.

McGough outlines their approach to interiors: "We get into an old house and set it up with whatever fragments of the past we can find. Any shred of the eighteenth century or before we use as precious materials. We start out with whatever is available. You have to set up and start building the interior somehow. If we find an eighteenth-century chair with no seat in it or a broken teapot, we just put the object in its place as if it were perfect. It's like blocking in a painting. If you assemble enough fragments, the past will appear. You suddenly feel it. You can touch it, smell it, be familiar with it. This is abstract decor."

McDermott interjects: "Even if perfect antiques were available to us, we would use them cautiously. Wear, patina, and fragmentation are time signals. An interior must keep as much of this kind of fabric as possible. Otherwise actual time shift will not happen. You will not be in the past, you will just be looking at collections of objects.

"Paintings are not important. Conservation of time is. The past is being ignored, even erased. It could become extinct. There are millions of people out there in whose consciousness the past simply does not function as a dimension of perception. The past as nostalgia or memory or history is not enough. People must discipline themselves systematically to live in the past in order to live in a *dimensional* present. Society encourages a one-point present by making an institution of obsolescence. We are falsely taught that the past is dead. It never dies." ♠

Editor: Beatrice Monti della Corte

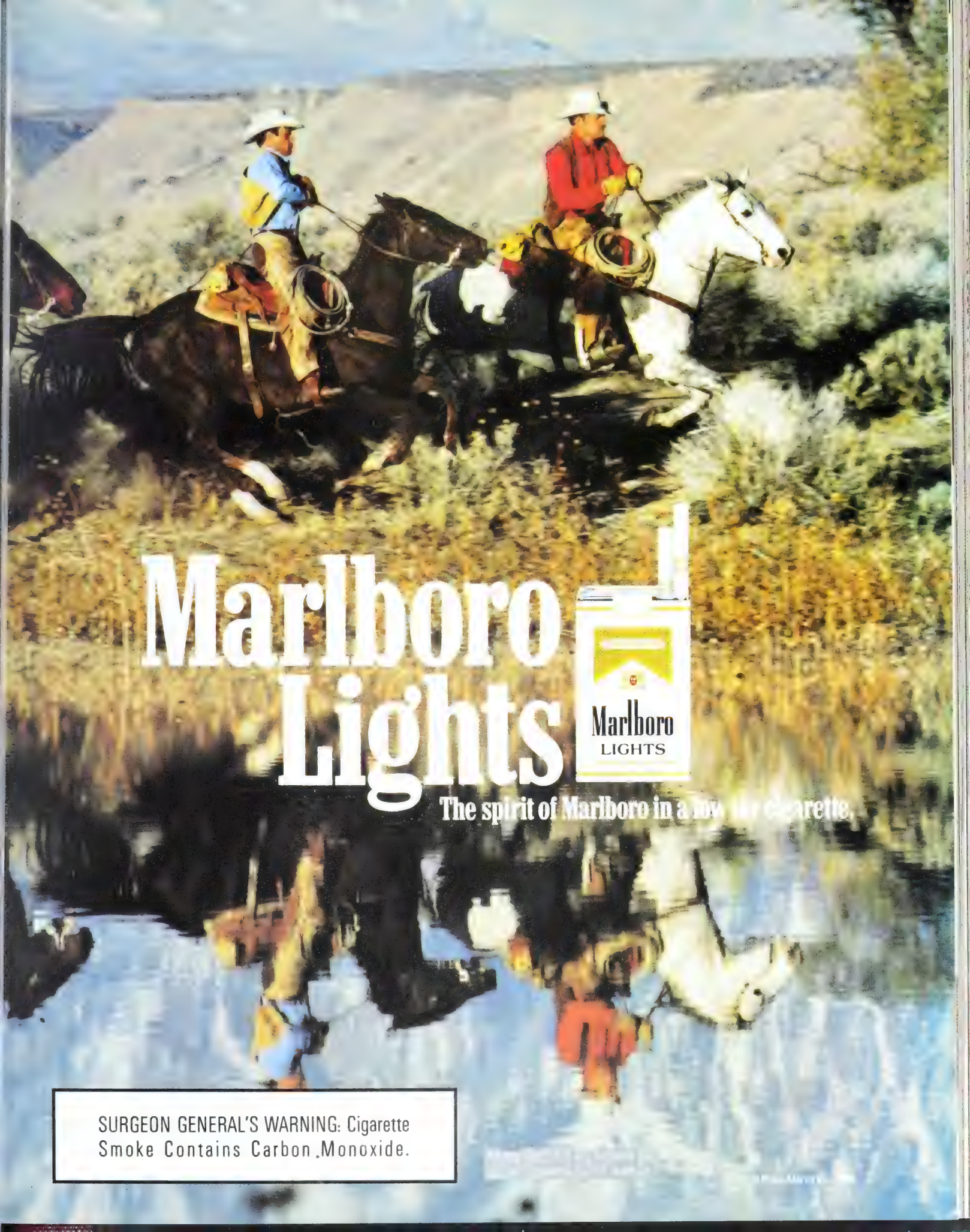
Scented Rooms

(Continued from page 208) walls. By 1973 she had amassed such an impressive textile collection that when she and Mel, a fashion company executive, got fed up with corporate life and quit their jobs, they had enough to stock their own shop.

The Ohrbachs' [illegible] inspired by a giant bowl of potpourri she spotted on a visit to Palladio's Malcontenta near Venice. Experimenting with recipes from old herbal books, they made their first batch of potpourri on their living room floor and gave it to friends for Christmas. Now their factory in Millbrook, New York, ships their fragrant products to specialty stores all over.

Always on the prowl, Ohrbach scours the world's markets for intriguing antiques. "I can find anything anywhere," she claims, and divulges her collecting tips in the just published *Antiques at Home: Cherchez's Collecting and Decorating with Antiques*. The night before a collecting expedition, she empties her purse of nonessentials and throws in some cookies or a piece of fruit. "You have to approach this like a general," she says, only half jokingly. "If you have an apple, you can go that extra mile. You have to be at markets in the freezing cold, the rain, or the falling snow. And you have to figure out a way to get it all home."

Is she perhaps just a bit obsessed? "I think I once was," she admits. "But I can also see myself living in a very simple apartment with gray carpeting and Japanese robes hung on the walls. That would be a challenge." ♠


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Resources

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Page 43 Hodsoll McKenzie Cloths' printed cottons, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy.

FOOD
Page 107 Decanter, sterling wine coaster, gravy boat, at Vito Giallo, NYC (212) 535-9885.

GREENWICH TIME
Pages 120–21 Chintz wallpaper, 30" wide, $165 roll, by Zoffany, to the trade at Schumacher (800) 423-5881. **122–23** Bowl, $1,650, at S & G Intertrus Antiques, NYC (212) 888-4885. Aubusson, $32,000, at F. J. Hakimian, NYC (212) 371-6900. **124–25** Cornucopia vases, $3,800 pr, at S & G Intertrus. **126** Oak Garland, 21" wide, $87 roll, by Zoffany. **127** Velours Uni, 26½" wide, $369 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 43).

BELLE EPOQUE WEEKENDS
Pages 128–37 Antique doors, painting, mantels, similar items at Katherine Apelstein, Marché Paul Bert, Sat.–Mon., Paris 40-11-49-28. **129** Throws, bentwood, similar items at Jean-Paul Beaujard, NYC (212) 249-3790. **130–31** Armoire, chandelier, similar items at Jean-Paul Beaujard. **134–35** Decorative painting, by Irène Groudensky and Agnès Ducos, through Jean-Paul Beaujard. **136–37** Majorelle table and chairs, similar items at Lillian Nassau, NYC (212) 759-6062.

INTERNATIONAL STYLE
Page 139 One-of-a-kind birds, from Buccellati, NYC, Beverly Hills, outside NY (800) 223-7885. **140–41** Silks of blue chairs, curtains, and sofa, from Lisio, Rome 46-05-18. Rococo, George III chairs, commode, similar items at Therien & Co., Los Angeles, San Francisco. Carpet, similar items at Doris Leslie Blau, NYC (212) 759-3715. **142** Silk, from Lisio. Custom silks, from Decour, Paris 45-53-15-24. Daybed, tables, lamp, armchairs, bureau bookcase, similar items at Therien & Co.

FORGING AHEAD
Pages 150–55 Works, by André Dubreuil, from Richard Himmel Antique & Decorative Furniture, Chicago, Palm Beach. **150–51** Steel star lights, £200 ea, from Tom Dixon, London 371-4724.

REVISIONIST HISTORY
Pages 162–69 Architectural woodwork, by Cozzolino Furniture Design, Montclair (201) 746-5550. **162–63** Art Deco chairs, $4,500 pr, Rietveld's original Red-Blue chair, Black-White Military stool, $2,900, at Barry Friedman, NYC (212) 794-8950. Barcelona daybed, $11,949, to the trade through KnollStudio, at Knoll International (800) 848-4400 ext. 286. Davis's Flying Carpet rug, to the trade to order at V'Soske, NYC (212) 688-1150; outside NY (800) 847-4277. Scarpa's Florian table, $2,658, Oyster platter, by Mathew Hilton, $1,017, at Modern Age, NYC (212) 353-3450. **164–65** Breuer's original Isokon chairs, $12,000 ea, cup/ saucer, by Margarete Marks, $350, at Barry Friedman. **168–69** Scarpa's Valmarana table, $4,755, at Modern Age. Rietveld's c. 1940s Zigzag armchair, $12,500, side chairs, $4,500 ea, Olbrich's 1902 candlesticks, Marc painting, $12,500, at Barry Friedman. **169** Head, $20,000, at Ariadne Galleries, NYC (212) 772-3388. Bennett's I-Beam pedestal, $1,280, to the trade at Brickel, NYC (212) 688-2233.

SCENTED ROOMS
Page 174 Lilac paper boxes, $35 ea, at Cherchez, NYC (212) 737-8215.

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Page 184 Sterling antique pitcher, from Over South, Menemsha (508) 645-3348. **185** Mural, by



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Margot Datz, Edgartown (508) 627-4219. Tiles, installed by Walbert & Sons, Vineyard Haven (508) 693-3602. Chest, by Ivory Littlefield, West Tisbury (508) 693-6671. Tea Room, built by Kevin Sylvia, West Tisbury (508) 693-2973. **186** Beau Manier tablecloth, $150 with 8 napkins, at Pierre Deux (212) 570-9343. Handmade fabrics for clothes, shades, fourth pillow, by Michele Ratté, Vineyard Haven (508) 693-9421. Pillows, by Vineyard Decorators, Vineyard Haven (508) 693-9197.

THE HOUSE OF LANCASTER

Page 192 Roses & Ribbons carpet, by Colefax & Fowler, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (212) 753-4488. **195** Angoulême chintz and wallpaper, available as Colefax & Fowler's Cherhill, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout.

PRIDE OF PLACESETTING

Page 196 Herend porcelain Rothschild Bird, $212 5-pc place setting, bowl, $77, tureen, $664, platter, $180, Rothschild Bird Blue soup bowls, $186 ea, birds on table at left, $133, at Scully & Scully, NYC (212) 755-2590, outside NY (800) 223-3717. Connoisseur bird on mantel, $695, candle shades, $55 pr, carriers, $28 pr, at Scully & Scully (see above). Audubon flatware, $385 5-pc place setting, salt and pepper, $200 pr, animal place-card holders, $134 ea, from Tiffany & Co., NYC or (800) 526-0649. Stephen Dweck Home Collection sterling dish, $2,500, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC (212) 753-7300. Lalique's Bellini glasses, $100 ea, at Lalique, NYC or (212) 684-6760. Antique table linens, by appointment at Françoise Nunnalle, NYC (212) 246-4281. Brighton armchairs, to the trade at John Stuart, a division of Robert Allen (212) 421-1200. **197** Florentine Black china, $185 5-pc place setting, by Wedgwood, at Bloomingdale's, Bullock's, Marshall Field's, Neiman Marcus. Mercure goblets, $110 ea, at Baccarat, NYC (212) 696-1440, outside NY (800) 847-3004. Feuille d'Argent forks, $30, knives, $30, dessert spoons, $25, by Siècle, at Lalique, Paris 42-66-52-40. Salt and pepper, $140 set of 4, at Cartier, NYC, Beverly Hills, Chicago, Dallas, Fort Lauderdale, Houston, San Francisco. Narcisse etched crystal, $160, at Daum Boutique, NYC, Bloomingdale's, NYC, Neiman Marcus. Collectible napkins, $22 ea, tassels, $10 ea, to the trade at Bebe Winkler, NYC (212) 838-3356, and at fine stores. **198** Otto chairs, $738 ea, to the trade at Kostka of America, NYC (212) 213-0880. Regency-style table with lion's-paw feet, $10,490, at Baker Furniture, 917 Merchandise Mart, Chicago, IL 60654. Georg Jensen bowl, $22,000, from Royal Copenhagen/Georg Jensen, NYC (212) 759-6457. Ceralene porcelain Serenade, $240 5-pc place setting, Ambassador teapot, $400, sugar, $206, creamer, $150, at Baccarat (see above). Orbit flatware, $75 5-pc place setting, from Sasaki (212) 686-5080. Le Must dessert plate, $90, at Cartier (see above). Wedgwood's Edme vase, $78 tall (see above). Queen Anne chair, $588 COM, to the trade at Blair House, NYC, Dania. Dynasty Collection porcelain, $2,000 5-pc place setting, by Haviland & Parlon (212) 684-6760. Golden Arbor flatware, $78 5-pc place setting, by Oneida. Massenet Gold stemware, $220 water, $200 wine, by Saint-Louis (212) 684-6760. Flower salt and pepper, from Buccellati, NYC (212) 308-2900, outside NY (800) 223-7885. Royal Copenhagen Flora Danica tureen, $4,765, from Royal Copenhagen/Georg Jensen (see above). Val St. Lambert candlesticks, $150 pr, shades, $65 ea, carriers, $20 ea, at Bergdorf Goodman (see above). Wedgwood's Edme bowl, $72 medium (see above). Bebe Winkler's Collectible napkins, $22 ea, damask tablecloth, $750 (see above). Rolling ring napkin holders, $120 set of 4, Tryptique clock, $800, at Cartier (see above). Regency-style chairs, $454 ea COM, to the trade at Blair House (see above). Westchester china, $350 5-pc place setting, Republic china in foreground, $145 5-pc place setting, from Lenox China (800) 635-3669. Golden Artistry flatware, $110 5-pc place setting, by Oneida. Orbit Gold stemware, $30 ea, from Sasaki (see above). Dolphin candlesticks, $75 ea, Wilson candlesticks, $160 ea, from Mottahedeh, 225 Fifth Ave., NYC 10010. Nelly vase, $455 ex lge, at Baccarat (see above). Bebe Winkler's Festive napkins in foreground, $14 ea (see above). **199** Wooden plates, $55 ea, at D. F. Sanders, NYC, Boston, Washington, D.C. Salem goblet, $11 16-oz, Concord goblet, $9 10-oz, at Platypus, NYC (212) 219-3919. Tahiti flatware, from Buccellati (see above). Anatole Tapestry, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Peretti's Indent dishes, $115 ea, plates, $100 ea, wine coaster, $300, from Tiffany (see above). Bird tureen and stand, $350, from Mottahedeh (see above). Scroll napkin holders, by Chateau X, at Gibraltar, Charleston; Par Excellence, Coconut Grove; Tesoro, Los Angeles; Blondie's, Milwaukee; Umbrello, NYC; Leejay Bed & Bath, Needham; Sue Fisher King, San Francisco. Antique pillow, by appointment at Françoise Nunnalle (see above). Louis XV–style armchair, $5,200, Gothic Windsor chair, $2,480, to the trade at Manor House, NYC (212) 532-1127.

SAMPLES

Page 200 Dalmatian Spots, 54" wide, $15 yd, at Rosen & Chadick, NYC (212) 869-0136. Staffordshire Dogs, 54" wide, $74 yd, at Baker Furniture (see above for pg 198). Berganza, 54" wide, $84 yd, to the trade at Norton Blumenthal (212) 752-2535. Hunting Toile, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pg 199). Gulliver, to the trade at Robert Allen (212) 759-6660. Whippets, to the trade at Lee Jofa (201) 438-8444. Hunting, to the trade at Hines & Co. (212) 685-8590. Lee Jofa's Whippets (see above). Baker's Staffordshire Dogs (see above). Brunschwig's Hunting Toile (see above). Fox Run, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pg 192). Fred, to the trade at Stroheim & Romann, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Setter, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pg 192).

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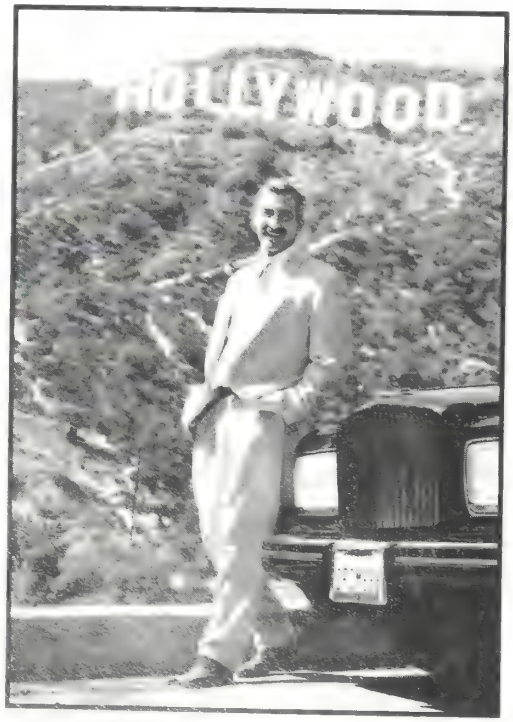
MARVIN WINDOWS ARE MADE TO ORDER.

Gandee At Large

Waldo Fernandez is the toast of Tinseltown. And why not?

"New car?" I asked Waldo Fernandez, when we were both strapped into the ivory leather seats of the shiniest black Bentley I'd ever seen. "Oh no," he said. "It's eighteen months old. I'm getting rid of it soon though—I've ordered another Bentley, a Turbo." And then the 42-year-old decorator switched on the air conditioner in his obsolescent $108,000 sedan, and we set out on the two-block journey from his Beverly Hills office and showroom to a tiny Italian restaurant in a down-at-the-heels motel he is considering buying and transforming into a combination spa-salon "for all those rich Beverly Hills ladies with nothing to do but shop and eat salad."

When we were installed at our table, I decided to cut right to the chase, as they say in Hollywood. "So," I said. "What's Liz Taylor really like?" Waldo smiled. "Elizabeth is great. She's a legend. Carole Bayer Sager and Burt Bacharach introduced us. I did their house and then I did hers." I asked if Miss Taylor had been a difficult client. "We only disagreed on one thing," reported Waldo. "I wanted pastel carpeting and she wanted white." Miss Taylor got her white carpeting. And then she and Waldo became fast friends. Last summer, for example, the 57-year-old movie queen and her decorator shared a rented beach house with their respective amours in Malibu, where they whiled away the sun-drenched days tending the goats and chickens that came with the four and a half acre property. Although I couldn't quite picture this ménage à quatre, Waldo seemed more than happy with the thoroughly modern arrangement. "We're like a family," he explained, flashing a flawless smile.



The famous clients and the fancy cars, the Armani suits and the Versace shirts, the house in Beverly Hills and the eighteen—count 'em, eighteen—Rolex watches are irrefutable signs of the extraordinary material success Waldo has enjoyed since arriving in the City of Angels at the age of sixteen. He rode into town aboard a Greyhound bus from New York City, where he had lived on Coney Island Avenue in Brooklyn for a while, trying but failing to find work as a window dresser. In L.A., the young Waldo picked up where he had left off in Cuba—before he'd emigrated to Miami to avoid the army—by enrolling at UCLA, "taking a little bit of everything" and "majoring in nothing." Then, after a stint as a set designer for Twentieth Century Fox, Waldo tried his hand at the import business. "I used to go to Europe, buy what a lot of people call 'antiques' and I call junk, rent them out for two months, then sell them at a great discount." Interior design seemed a logical next step, thanks to Waldo's by then impeccable Hollywood connections.

Although he has been roundly criticized over the years for mining a stylistic vein first explored by the late Michael Taylor, Waldo now seems to have progressed beyond the white-on-white rooms filled with overstuffed furniture that made them both famous. For example, for Merv Griffin, his most devoted client, Waldo is now putting the finishing touches on a 160-acre compound in La Quinta, outside Palm Springs, that is decidedly more of the Moroccan than Californian school of design. "It's the biggest residential thing I've ever done," boasts Waldo. "I designed a polo field, a lake, four guesthouses, a main house, and a gatehouse. I designed all the furniture, all the interiors, all the tile work. Merv brought in the Arabian horses." It all sounded a bit much, so I asked the aesthetic mastermind behind the extravagant retreat if there is a point at which luxury jumps the fence into vulgarity. "Who put the word 'vulgar' in the dictionary?" quipped Waldo. "Here people like to entertain at home. They like to show off, they like to say, 'This is what I have.'"

Coincidental with the La Quinta project, Waldo also designed another new house for Merv on a 157-acre tract in the middle of Beverly Hills, which the smiling tycoon bought from the shah of Iran's sister. But the 60,000-square-foot "Palladian" villa never made it off the drawing board. (The estimated cost of the house was an impressive $32 million.) "It's a dream house that never got built," lamented Waldo, who was consoled with Merv commissions to design the interiors of not only a jet but also megahotels in Beverly Hills, Atlantic City, and the Bahamas. "Merv is a great man," noted Waldo, although he grumbled ever so slightly that hotel budgets *are* a bit tighter than private residential budgets. For example, a Waldo living room will run you somewhere between $250,000 and $1 million, whereas a typical Merv hotel room is budgeted at $4,500. (If you want a complete Waldo house, you can expect to pay between $5 million and $18 million.)

"Who put the word 'vulgar' in the dictionary?"

Such extravagances notwithstanding, Waldo, for some reason, seems oddly unimpressed by it all. "I am happy," he simply reported. "And even if I don't have a job tomorrow, I will still be happy. I'll go and clean windows. I'm very into cleaning." **Charles Gandee**

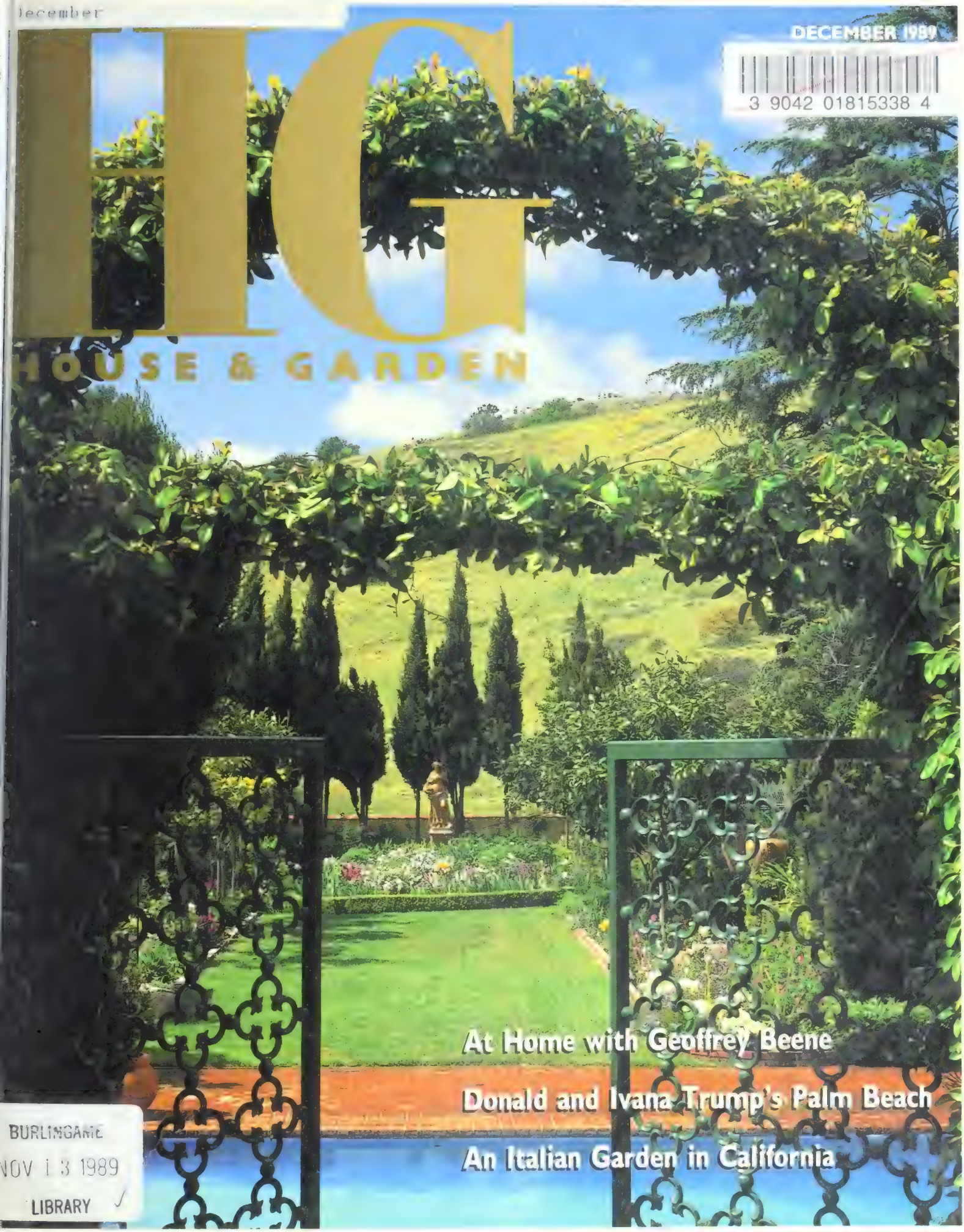
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At Home with Geoffrey Beene

Donald and Ivana Trump's Palm Beach

An Italian Garden in California

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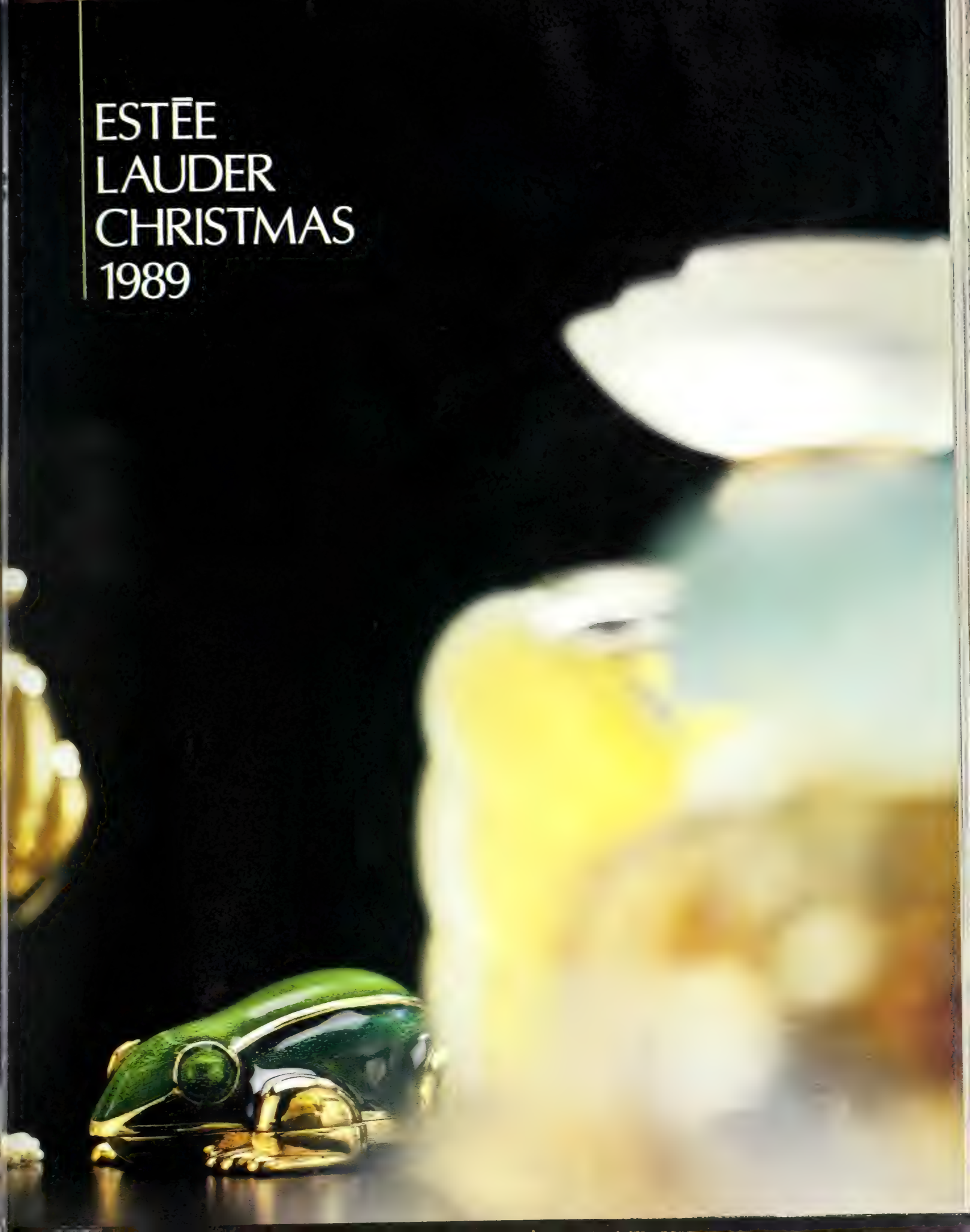
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She felt his fingertips brush her shoulder.



"I know it sounds trite, but haven't we met before?"

It was a voice that had echoed in her mind for the last month. She tried not to turn too quickly.

"It was Rome...the Eden," she said simply, afraid her voice might sound too eager.

"They gave you my key by mistake...we briefly shared the same room," she added.

"Yes!" he said, finally, as if he had thought about it often. "Too briefly."

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HOUSE & GARDEN
DECEMBER 1989
Volume 161, Number 12



COVER *A vine-covered arch frames a view of the pool and Tuscan-style cutting garden of the Villa Narcissa, a southern California estate. Page 124. Photograph by Langdon Clay.*

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Donald and Ivana Trump bring back the glory of Mar-a-Lago, the former Palm Beach estate of Marjorie Merriweather Post, below. Page 110. Photograph by UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos.





Architects Peter Shelton and Lee Mindel transform art collectors Jerry and Emily Spiegel's Manhattan apartment into a private museum, above. Behind a Charles X table and Consulat chairs, A. R. Penck's The Future of the Immigrant *dominates the living room wall. Page 132. Photograph by Michael Mundy.*

The Cultivated Beene The fashion designer's house and garden reflect his unerring eye for luxurious detail. By Wendy Goodman **88**

Eloquent Bouquets Dutch flower paintings speak of the passions of the Golden Age. By Rosamond Bernier **96**

Victorian Revival For a Philadelphia family, Robert Denning reinterprets the grand style of an earlier era. By Brooks Adams **102**

The Palm Beach Story In 1927 cereal heiress Marjorie Merriweather Post built Mar-a-Lago, the ultimate castle in the sand. Fifty-nine years later, Ivana Trump moved in. By Charles Gandee **110**

Restoration Drama Decorator David Roos sets the stage for life in his London town house. By Stephen Calloway **120**

Mediterranean Light Elin Vanderlip's southern California garden is classically Italian. By Paula Deitz **124**

Making Room for Art Peter Shelton and Lee Mindel create a grand backdrop for art of the eighties. By Joseph Giovannini **132**

Island of Calm Chessy Rayner's Saint Martin retreat is a study in elegant simplicity. By Barbara Howar **140**

The Well-Tempered Robot No longer lost in space, mechanical wonders come down to earth to relieve domestic drudgery. By Kent Black **146**

Framer's Art Roger Lussier recasts his Back Bay apartment as a luminous self-portrait. By Susan Barron **150**

Colorado Cabin Fever A 1930s log house captures the romance of home on the range. By Margot Guralnick **158**



Antique Christmas ornaments, above, add old-world craftsmanship to modern holiday celebrations. Page 53. Photograph by Lars Klove.

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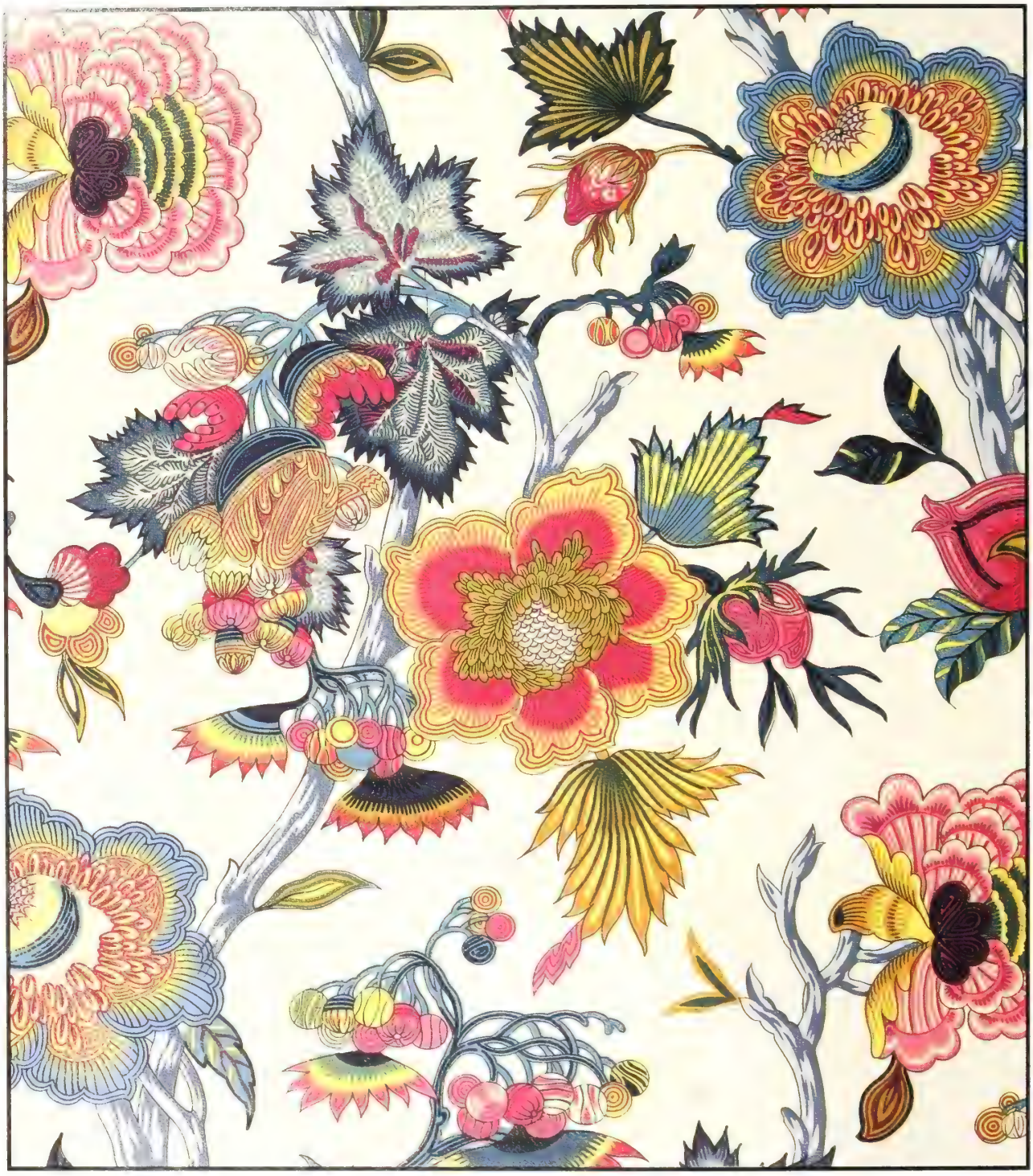
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ORFEO GILI

Wendy Goodman joins HG as style editor (from *New York* magazine where she was fashion editor) to track trends in fashion and design. For this issue she reports on Geoffrey Beene's Long Island house, "which perfectly illustrates the way style carries over to all aspects of a person's life. The innovation and experimentation with fabric that Beene's clothing is renowned for is also evident in the decoration of his house."



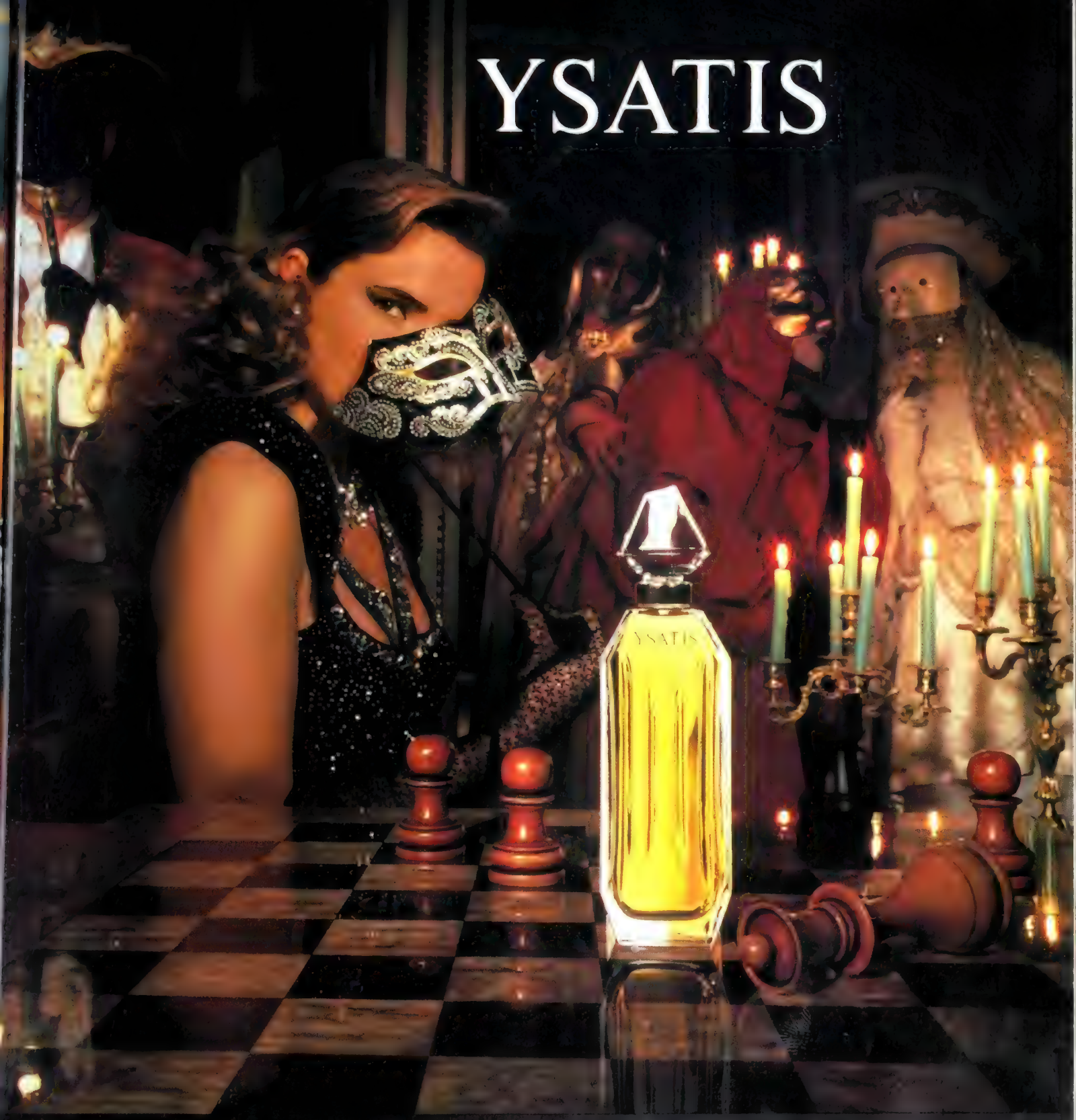
SCOTT MATTHEW OSMAN

Kent Black, who wrote the feature on robots, has always favored topics that run to the unusual. "The most bizarre situation can become wonderfully mundane," says Black. "Like asking a person if his alien abductor paid for dinner with Visa or American Express. But what is even stranger is to be assigned a story on the American Stock Exchange and find yourself in a Manhattan restaurant discussing the price of pork bellies. Then the chills run up your spine, and you think, 'Now this is weird.' "

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GIVENCHY

I. MAGNIN

BULLOCKS



SCOTT MATTHEW OSMAN

Barbara Howar is a television journalist and author who regularly reports on politicians, rock stars, and other oddities. For this month's HG she visited decorator Chessy Rayner's Caribbean retreat. "I've never written about an inanimate object before, but houses are really just like people," says Howar. "Although I hadn't realized it, I've had a distinct feeling about every house I've ever been in."



SCOTT MATTHEW OSMAN

Olivier Bernier has written extensively on eighteenth century and early nineteenth century France. His most recent book, *Words of Fire, Deeds of Blood: The Mob, the Monarchy, and the French Revolution*, was published in May. In the "Decoration" column, he tells how Charles Percier and Pierre Fontaine invented not only the Empire style and its glorification of Napoleon but also the modern notion of the interior decorator.



ROBERT AT AMADOR

Susan Barron, a contributing editor of *New England Monthly*, reports on framer Roger Lussier's luminous apartment in Boston. "It is a self-created world where the wish is fulfilled," says Barron. "I was spared the randomness you encounter in the outside world. The only problem was that visiting it made it hard to come back to my own apartment."

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How to Define an Exceptional Perfume by Jean Patou

The difference between an *exceptional* perfume and one that's merely *expensive*, lies less in the nose of the beholder than it does in pedigree.

It's what goes into a creation, after all, that distinguishes what comes out.

The same is true of thoroughbred Arabians and perfect cheese soufflés.

Nowhere is this principle more gloriously realized than in "1000" de Jean Patou.



In this scent-strip world we live in, "1000" de Jean Patou remains aloof.

Exotic. Soignée. Redolent with *rare flowers* and precious fragrant oils. Nightblooming jasmine, rose centifolia, mysor santal and the rarest of the rare, *Osmanthus* from China. Osmanthus blooms for a short time each Spring, and it can be found at a market in Canton.

More than *seven million flowers* are picked to produce a single kilogram of the jasmine essence used in "1000". Little wonder this marvelous fragrance is known as the essence of extravagance.

But wait, the luxury continues! Just look at the gold-leafed flacon. Each is filled and sealed *by hand*. No two are quite the same.

The glass stoppers are ground to fit the neck of the individual bottle. (Baccarat uses a similar technique in the crafting of crystal decanters.)

The golden cord you find binding the neck is tied and knotted by hand. (Each knot identifies the woman who tied it —Marie's half-hitch is distinct from Jacqueline's square knot; Jacqueline's square knot bears no resemblance to Jeanine's bowline, and so on.)

"1000" de Jean Patou is a *limited edition* fragrance. The year's harvest dictates the quantity produced. And as is the case with etchings and limited edition books, each bottle is *registered* and accompanied by a numbered card.

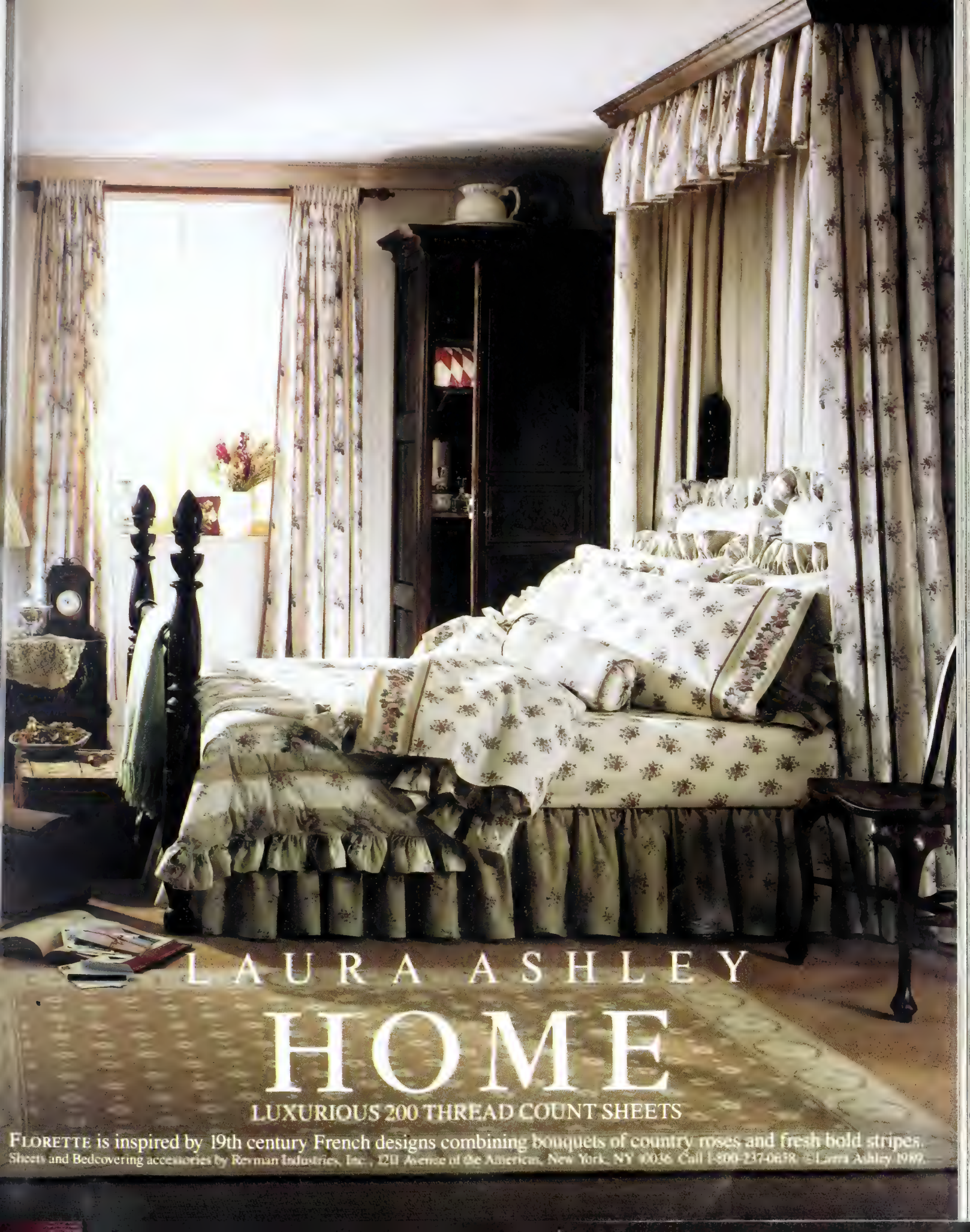
True, "1000" de Jean Patou won't find its way to every dressing table. *Elusiveness* is part of its charm. But to those who secure this exceptional fragrance, a gentle word of warning:

An introduction spells certain addiction. For "1000" de Jean Patou is one in a million.

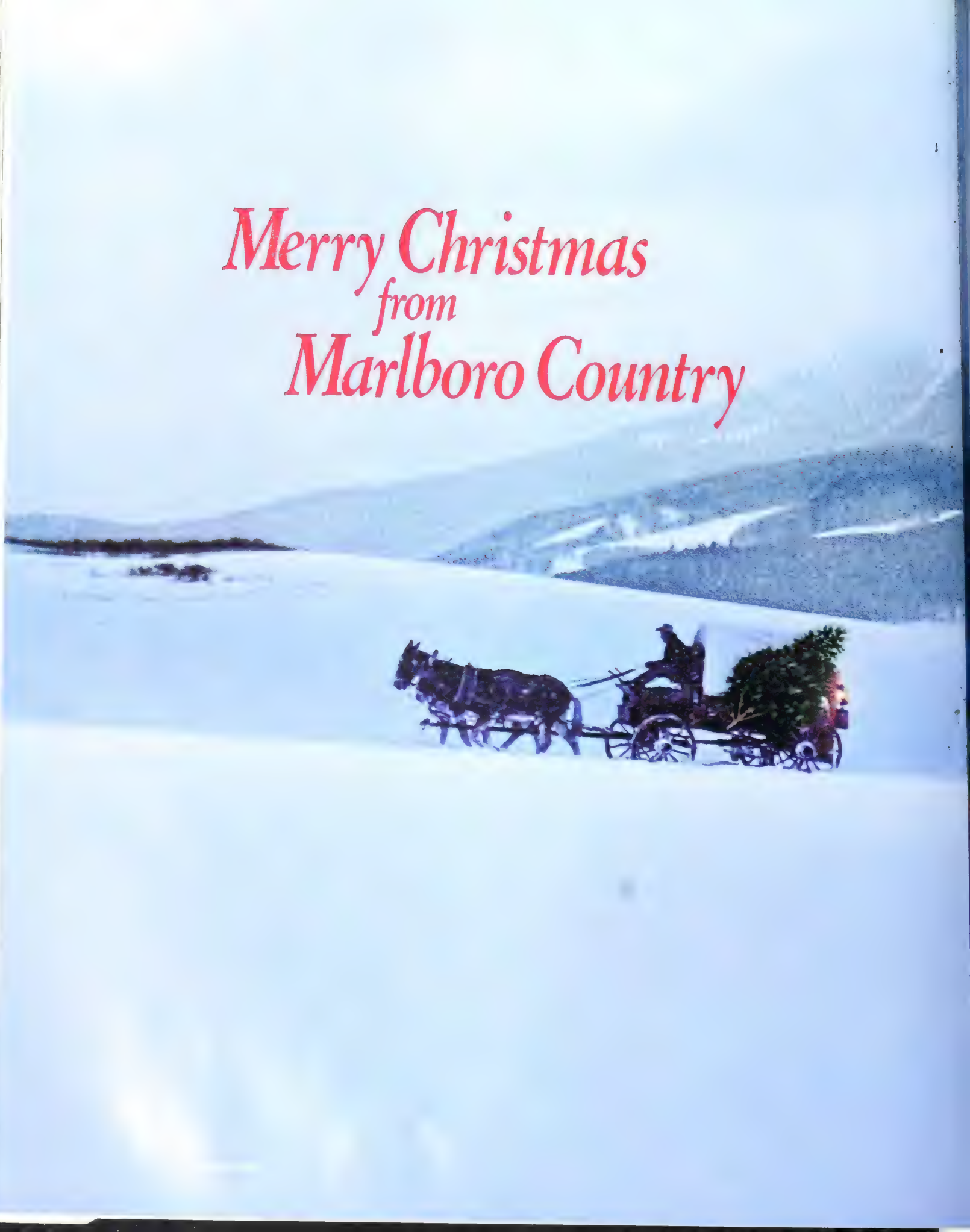
THE ESSENCE OF EXTRAVAGANCE

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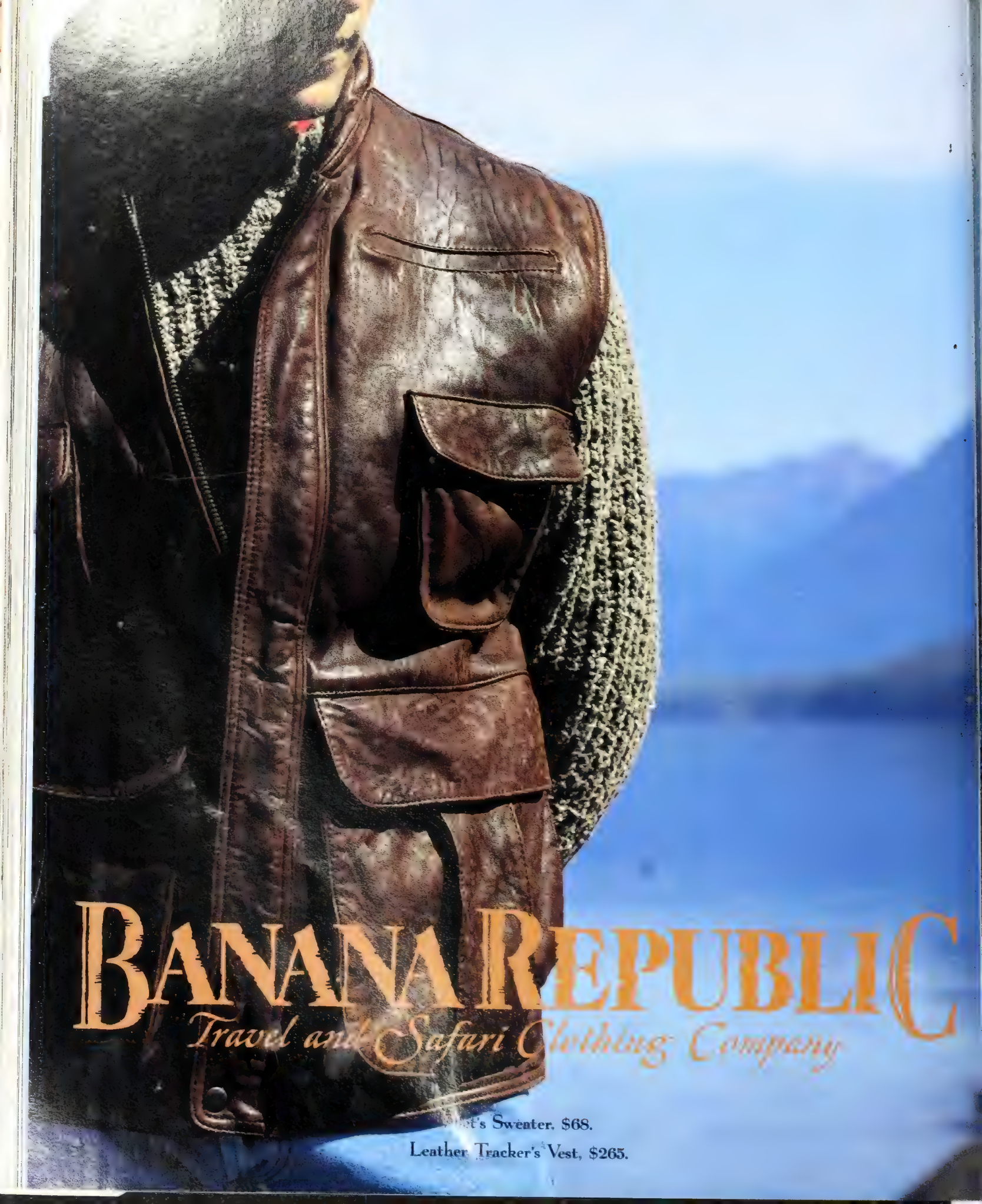

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Leather Tracker's Vest, $265.

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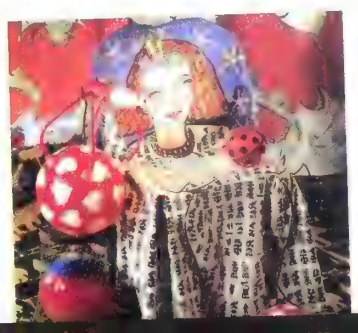
HG reports on the new and the noteworthy.

Edited by Heather Smith MacIsaac



MAKING MERRY Even Scrooge couldn't say "Humbug!" to this charming array of treats for children. Kent Bragaline's Circus fabric sets the stage for the croquet set, Babar clothes tree, and corduroy rocking horse (*above*) from Conran's. A Winterthur Collection bench (*below left*) from Zona supports artist Rima Smyth's hand-painted chamois baby blanket, a cat-shaped night-light, plus garden seeds and Knopf's Eyewitness Books series from the Nature Company. An antique red folding chair and table from Judith & James Milne are set for tea (*below right*) with Cartier's silver fork and spoon and bejeweled plate, cup, and two-handled mug. The playful setting to the right is from Laura Ashley Home, and the baby spoon is from the Museum of Modern Art Design Store. The Winnie-the-Pooh picture frame and mug are new from Reed & Barton. Next to a wacky Lysiane Luong chair cover (*below center*), from Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art Store, an Eddy Lamp is balanced atop a wire basket from Dot Zero. Details see Resources.







PRETTY PAPERS *Wrapping papers* (above) *herald the holiday season. Choose from two new* Giftwraps by Artists *books:* Art Deco Holiday Designs *or* Neoclassical Designs, *$9.95 each, published by Harry N. Abrams/Joost Elffers Books (first four and last four pennants), (800) 345-1359, in NY (212) 206-7715. Or select one of two whimsical patterns (middle five pennants) by Roger la Borde, $13.50 per six sheets, from the Nature Company (800) 227-1114.*

NOTES

RUG REDUX

Inspired by the September 1988 HG article on Aubusson carpets, John Lyle of Lyle & Umbach decided to create his own version of the classic by dying and hand-painting Neoclassical designs on sisal. The For Artemis rug (left), *$4,200, is available at Luten Clarey Stern, NYC.*



SWEET DREAMS

Gaetano Pesce cooked up the idea for his Strawberry bed (right) *for the exhibit "Edible Architecture/Delicious Designs" (Nov. 15–Dec. 12) at the Steelcase Design Partnership, NYC. Confectionary translations of selected designs will be auctioned along with the drawings at Sotheby's (Dec. 14) to benefit the Design Industries Foundation for AIDS.*



GLASS MÉNAGE

Artist Jose Chardiet used a kaleidoscope of color in his 8-inch solid glass house (right), *$900, made for the 21st annual Celebration of American Crafts (Nov. 13–Dec. 23) at the Creative Arts Workshop, New Haven (203) 562-4927.*



HOLIDAY SALUTE

Holiday spirit spills from a new Reed & Barton silver-plated panel vase, $200 (below); *for nearest store call (800) 343-1383. Hermès salutes the season with its Neige d'Antan scarf, $175, sporting skiers, snowflakes, and holly sprigs on silk; available in nine colors.*



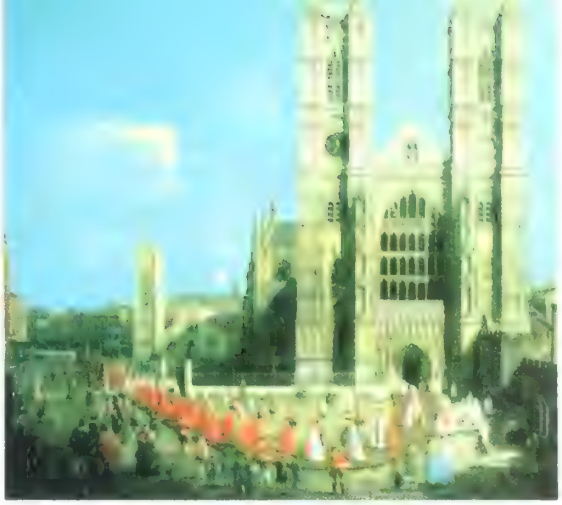
AN EAR FOR DETAIL

Jeweler Mish Tworkowski translates his appreciation for architectural details, such as cornices, columns, and rosettes, into necklaces, bracelets, and earrings. The design (above) *is based on a fireplace colonnette found in Baltimore's Homewood, a historic house restored by owner Johns Hopkins University. At Barneys New York, $350 a pair.*



VASS COUTURE

For clothing designer Joan Vass, whose flagship store is opening in New York, fashioning the right environment for her collection is as important as the cut of the cloth. Her shop (left), *by Monaghan Design, is at 139 Fifth Avenue.*



TALE OF TWO CITIES

Tour Venice and London via the canvases of the great Venetian painter Canaletto, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art (Nov. 2–Jan. 21, 1990). Sponsored by Louis Vuitton, the exhibition features famous views, like London: Westminster Abbey (left), *which established Canaletto's reputation as a superb cityscape artist.*



OFF THE WALL

"Companion pieces make the best house-guests," says New York artist Edward Steele of his life-size freestanding figures (right), *$3,000. Each piece is hand-painted on canvas, mounted on board, and backed in velvet. Call (914) 779-8226.*



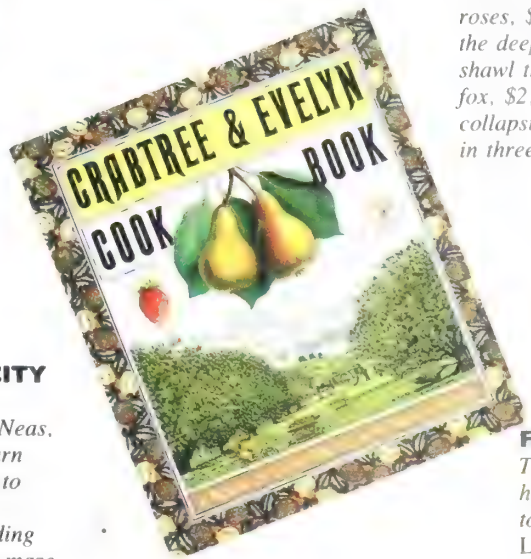
WINTER WRAP

Fendi is opening its first U.S. shop at 720 Fifth Avenue, NYC, in the exclusive company of Tiffany, Bulgari, and Asprey, with a selection of luxurious items that includes the cashmere shawl bordered in hand-fashioned fur roses, $4,900 (above), *and the deep purple punched wool shawl trimmed in matching silver fox, $2,650, which spill from a collapsible suitcase (available in three sizes), $495–$570.*



STARRY NIGHT IN KANSAS CITY

New York decorators Tice Alexander, Thomas Britt, Melvin Dwork, Richard Neas, Richard Ridge, and John Saladino return home to Kansas City, Mo., this month to decorate rooms for a museum benefit. Dwork's rendering of the stairway landing (above) *incorporates an Italian garden maze. At the Nelson-Atkins Museum (Dec. 2).*



FEAST FOR THE SENSES

The company that elevated comestibles and toiletries to new heights of charm with collectible packaging now turns its talents to cuisine with the Crabtree & Evelyn Cookbook: A Book of Light Meals and Small Feasts (left), *$29.95, recently published by Stewart, Tabori & Chang.*



SPECIAL EFFECTS

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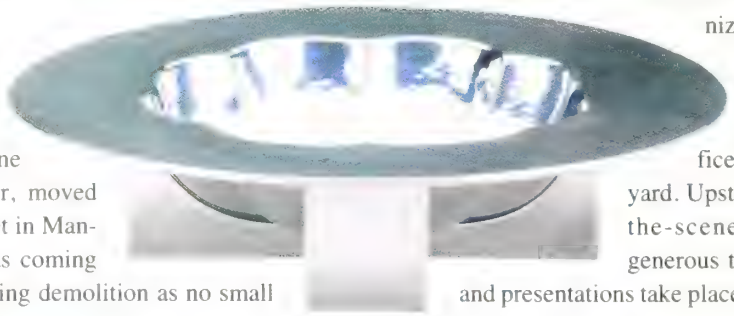
THE LADY PREFERS Hanes

DESIGN

Coming Home

Swid Powell gets comfortable with new markets and intimate quarters

By Heather Smith MacIsaac



A year and a half ago Swid Powell, a firm known for its fine modern china, crystal, and silver, moved out of its penthouse on 57th Street in Manhattan because "the building was coming down." One might view impending demolition as no small inconvenience, but as Nan Swid and Addie Powell saw it, nothing could have been more timely. For the partners who barely four years before had offered, in their own modest words, "a new perspective"—a perspective that turned the tabletop market upside down—it was a matter of having outgrown not simply space but some of their original stylistic precepts. Another perspective was in order: a move to East 49th Street marked their first step in a different direction.



A silver candy dish, top, by Michael Graves joins the line of architect- and artist-designed wares developed by Swid Powell. Right: Partners Nan Swid and Addie Powell in the showroom of their offices decorated by Stephen Sills.

Swid Powell's new quarters represent both a nesting and a branching out. Along with the two partners and Marc Hacker, vice president of design and development, ten employees occupy a town house formerly the residence of decorator Billy Baldwin in Amster Yard, a group of landmark buildings said to have been a stagecoach depot. "Though this is far from a full-service building," says Swid, "it more than makes up for that in scale and charm. We just couldn't see ourselves in a high rise." But, adds Powell, "the minute we walked into this building, we could see ourselves here."

Swid and Powell hired Joe D'Urso to organize the functional layout of the interior. The lower floor houses a reception area, a street-side showroom, and the partners' office which overlooks a shady courtyard. Upstairs are spaces devoted to behind-the-scenes business operations and a generous terrace where meetings, lunches, and presentations take place in good weather.

After D'Urso came decorator Stephen Sills and his associate James Huniford, who transformed the home of Baldwin into the house of Swid Powell. Sills fashioned an interior "with a point of view—very pure, very functional, but very stylish." In two former parlors he painted the ceilings a deep matte green black, stained the hardwood floors almost ebony, and laid sisal rugs stenciled in an Art Nouveau motif. In the partners' office, four antique Lloyd Loom wicker chairs painted army orange and green are paired with Saarinen tables from Knoll to form a sitting area near one of the building's four working fireplaces. A Hoffmann bookcase by the window holds prototypes, and antique cocktail shakers stand on the mantelpiece below a drawing by Bryan Hunt.

Swid Powell's new perspective comes into sharper focus in the showroom. "When we started our business we were living with black granite and black Formica," recalls Swid. "Our plates, hung in rows on bare white walls, were the decoration." With the new showroom, however, Powell explains, "we wanted to convey that our products are for living with—pictures go in picture frames, plates go on the table with place mats and candlesticks. Our things, though modern, need not be confined to a contemporary setting. They can mix with pieces from any period."





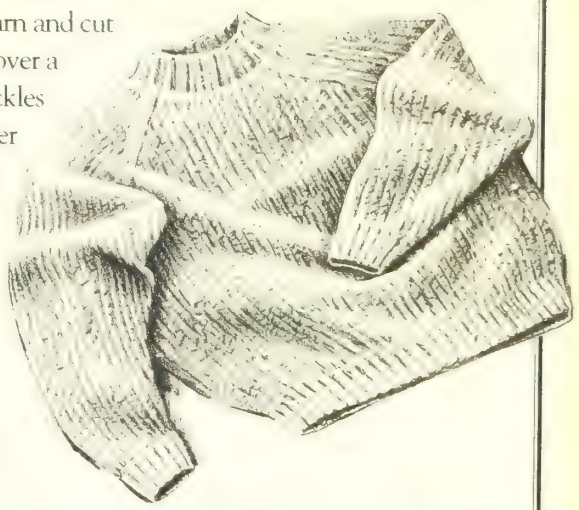
Place mats and napkins, above, will be in the stores by Christmas. Left: Swid Powell products grace an antique table and a cabinet designed by Sills. Details see Resources.

Which is just what they do in the hands of Stephen Sills. An array of products is continually rearranged on a round wicker table from Swid's house and a long oak table that Sills limed and then


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POET'S SWEATER

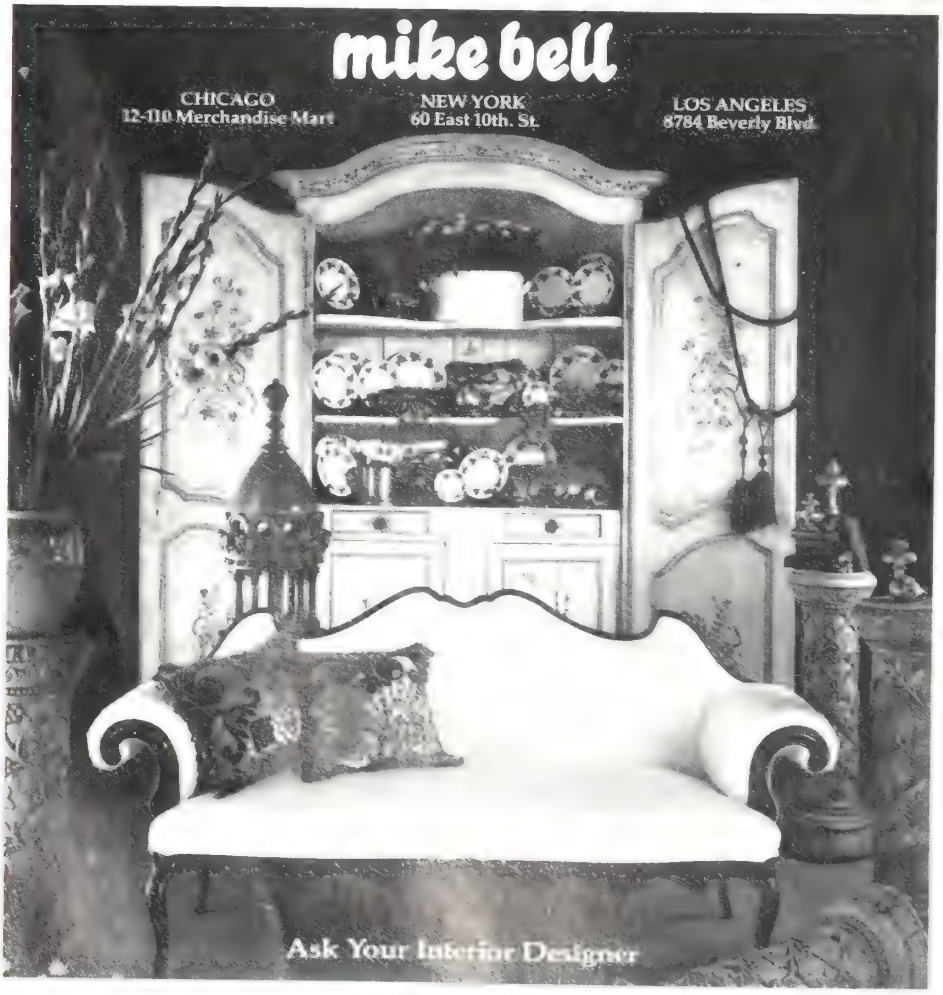
Thick and cozy, our Poet's Sweater is knit of soft cotton yarn and cut loose enough to layer over a turtleneck. Subtle speckles of color dot even subtler shades. Guaranteed to fire the imagination—and warm the physique— of your favorite bard.



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stained a chocolate color to produce a finish favored by Jean-Michel Frank. Eighteenth-century mirrored obelisk cabinets that Sills saw in Paris inspired the four display cases of stained mahogany topped by mercury globes. Sheer violet curtains suspended from a chrome rod represent the ultimate straying from Swid Powell's previously pure modern course. "We never, but never, had curtains," states Powell. "But Stephen felt the street-side windows demanded another layer. He was right—the curtains are right and it all hangs together beautifully. Our new home has changed the tone of our business. We've gone from a one-room start-up to being much more established."



The sitting area, above, in the partners' office. Right: A winged fruit bowl by Stanley Tigerman.

And being more established means that Swid Powell can afford to continue to take risks. The firm has entered into several licensing agreements: new table linens will be in the stores by Christmas, sheets and towels produced by Cannon Mills will debut early next year, as will silver-plate serving pieces by Reed & Barton. A new hotel and restaurant division, headed by Carina Courtright, is working with Gwathmey Siegel on china, crystal, and flatware for the smallest tables Swid Powell has encountered thus far—those in the first-class section of select American Airlines flights. Which only goes to show that in the rapidly expanding domestic landscape of Nan Swid and Addie Powell even the sky's no limit. ▲



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Building an Empire

While creating Napoleon's imperial style, Percier and Fontaine originated a profession
By Olivier Bernier



The empress Josephine's state bedroom at Malmaison, left, combines typical Percier and Fontaine motifs: the imperial eagle, swans, cornucopias, and the tent. Below: Views of a chair and allegorical figures from the *Recueil des décorations intérieures*, the designers' compilation of room decorations, furniture, and objects.

Napoleon liked them, but so did Louis XVIII, the restored Bourbon king; Jacob, the great ébéniste, thought highly of them and owed them many commissions; the rich from all over Europe begged them to take on their houses. It was no wonder, really. While others in France were engaged in making a political and economic revolution, Charles Percier and Pierre Fontaine invented the notion of decorating an entire interior, and as soon as things quieted down again, it became clear that they had also come up with an appropriate and appealing new look.

To them, of course, what we now call the Empire style was simply a return to good taste. Heavily influenced by a long stay in Rome, where they studied and drew the remains of antiquity, the two friends rejected what they saw as the errors of their time. Instead, their historicizing style—Postmodern, one might almost call it—depended on updated ancient Roman forms: urns, tripods, ram's heads and hooves on furniture, and walls frescoed with rural scenes. As it turned out, Percier and Fontaine were right on time. The leaders of the Revolution and Napoleon, who was first consul before becoming emperor, all drew on ancient Roman sources. And in the decorative arts the craze for things Roman had been firmly established by the rediscovery of Pompeii and Herculaneum.



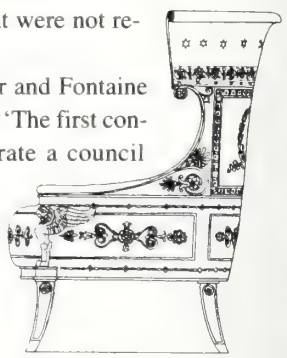
Still, Percier and Fontaine created something very new and very convenient. Architects by training, inseparable colleagues by choice, they built almost nothing; instead, they took existing buildings and designed total modern decoration schemes, something no one had ever thought of doing before. And the two men's different talents perfectly complemented each other. Fontaine was outgoing, diplomatic with difficult patrons, and quick to conceive a grand scheme. Percier was shy, retiring, and masterly with fashionable detail. Here was the perfect service for the busy emperor and his followers: time, taste, and involvement were not required of the client.



Influenced by Pompeian interiors, Napoleon's study at Malmaison, left, was designed to make a small space impressive. The furniture is by Jacob-Desmalter.



Even better, Percier and Fontaine could work very fast. "The first consul asked us to decorate a council room [at Malmaison]," Fontaine noted in his journal.



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"The plan and the decoration itself had to be completed within ten working days because he did not want to put off the frequent stays he made there, and thus it seemed the right thing to adapt the structure of a tent held up by pikes and flagpoles to this room." It was appropriate: Bonaparte was, after all, a soldier who spent a good deal of his life in tents. It was also a stroke of genius: from then on tents became one of the great resources of interior decoration.

The tent was adorned with trophies made of arms that had been used by other conquering empires. Indeed, the Empire style took its motifs from two main themes: war (pikes, tents, flags) and ancient civilizations (Egyptian sphinxes, Roman palmettes, Pompeian candelabra)—all this with a liberal admixture of Josephine's favorite bird, the swan. These motifs appear as well in the furniture made, most often to Percier and Fontaine's design, by Jacob and his son, Jacob-Desmalter. As seemed suitable to the bluntness of a military regime, the forms usually remained simple: the chairs had straight legs and backs; the tables, often made of mahogany, were plain. Only the occasional curved-neck swan added a note of fantasy to chair arm or bed board.





The dining room at Malmaison, above, was an early Percier and Fontaine commission. Here, too, antiquity is brought up to date: Pompeian red walls, lyres, tripods, and nymphs join with faux marbre and Jacob-Desmalter furniture. Left: Josephine's private bedroom.

Malmaison itself was not Percier and Fontaine's first triumph. The Convention may have voted the Terror in 1793, but it was just as aware of the importance of decor as the rest of the French. The commission to design and furnish a new chamber for that dauntless Assembly was given to Percier and Fontaine, and the result was successful enough to make the deputies forget, temporarily, the guillotine. Still, it was Josephine's commission that really launched them. Malmaison is a rather dour-looking seventeenth-century house barely big enough to be called a château. Josephine, who liked the good life, bought it while Napoleon was in Egypt and decided it must be completely redone. Only the fact that she had borrowed every penny of the purchase and redecoration cost stopped her from agreeing to raze the existing structure and rebuild the house from scratch, as Percier and Fontaine had suggested. Napoleon, ever parsimonious, complained bitterly when he found out what his wife had spent but liked the results so much that the work was allowed to continue. The result, now admirably restored, is one of the most charming interiors in France.

Tents play an important role, of course. Aside from the council room at Malmaison, there is also a painted metal tent outside the main entrance which once served as a waiting room for the consul's aides-de-camp. That, however, is only one of the many innovations in the house. There is the study with small barrel vaults frescoed with Pompeian-inspired motifs so that within a modest space one feels as if one were in a very grand room. Again, the dining room with its trompe l'oeil scenes of life in ancient Rome and Roman-inspired chairs has an air of cheerful majesty in spite of its size and rather dark exposure. There is an occasional lush piece, such as the round table whose top is made of Sèvres porcelain portraits of the marshals of France clustered around the emperor. Josephine remained true to Percier and Fontaine's style in the later redecoration of her bedroom, with its gilded bed, eagle-topped canopy, and skylike ceiling.

Luckily for Percier and Fontaine, Napoleon was quick to recognize talent and to use it. Preoccupied with conquering Europe, the emperor never had time to build much. What he wanted, therefore, was to redo existing palaces, and nothing could better have suited Percier and Fontaine's particular bent.

"Furniture," they wrote, "is too closely linked to the decoration of interiors for the architect to ignore it. . . . The structure of a building is what bones are to the human body; it must be embellished but not completely hidden." Embellish they did. First they were put in charge of the palace of Saint-Cloud, which was to serve Napoleon as a replacement for Malmaison when it became inconveniently small. Magnificence rather than trompe l'oeil grandeur was now the order of the day; the emperor had to be seen with just the right degree of pomp. This was even more true in Paris itself. The palace of the Tuileries had suffered from the Revolution, so a banquet room and two galleries in which Napoleon could hold court were added, along with a new grand staircase in the wing connecting the Tuileries to the Louvre. That galleries should have been added rather than rooms proved Percier and Fontaine's understanding of the new regime: the emperor was given to reviewing his court as he did his troops. Lined along the two sides of these indoor parade grounds, the ladies—the men stood behind them—watched with apprehension as the emperor looked at them sharply and criticized their dress.

Besides the many private commissions Percier and Fontaine received, there were palaces to be redecorated all over Europe—Laeken outside Brussels, the Lateran in Rome, the Pitti in Florence—

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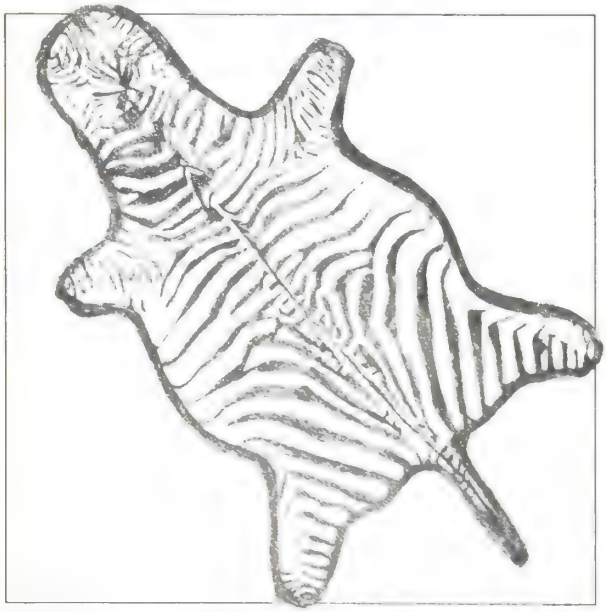
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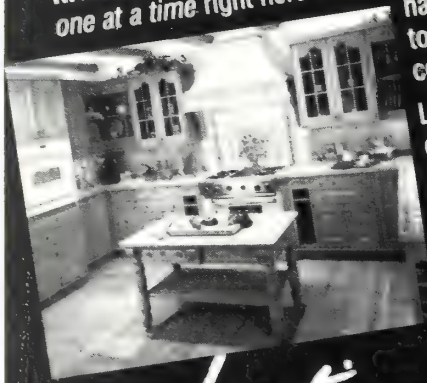
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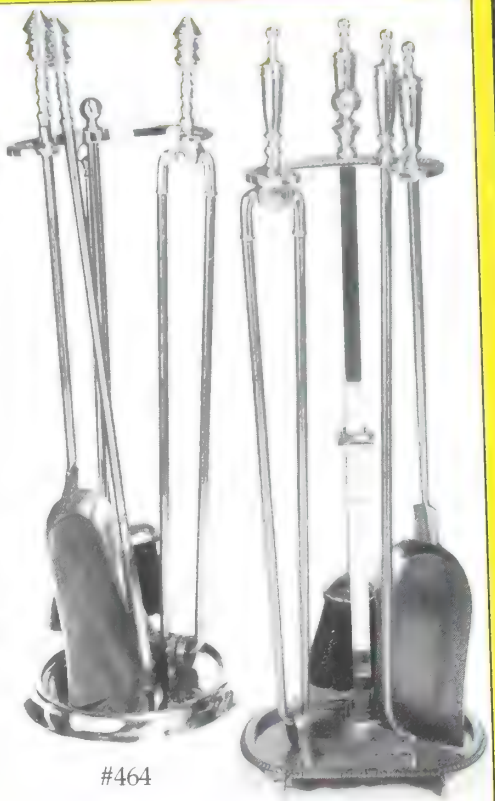
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although, in most cases, Napoleon's fall came too soon for the plans to be carried out. In France proper there was the Grand Trianon (deplorably redone in pastiche Empire at the behest of General de Gaulle) and the palace of Compiègne north of Paris.

As the result of the recent and splendid restoration undertaken at Compiègne in the last few years, we can once again see just how good Percier and Fontaine were when they worked on a larger scale. Whether it is the all-white bathroom of the empress Marie Louise with its languorous voile draperies or her state bedroom, the splendors of the Empire shine forth undimmed. The bed, with its life-size carved figures and its triple white and gold curtains topped by ostrich plumes, is less a piece of furniture than a monument.

Busy as they were with actual commissions, however, Percier and Fontaine also tried to make their style available to would-be clients. Their *Recueil des décorations intérieures* not only publicized, in a series of admirably stylish line drawings, some of their greatest successes, it also offered designs for rooms, furniture, and decorative objects and had an enormous influence on the look of interiors all over Europe.

The *Recueil* was permanent. But another major aspect of the two friends' work was not: as well as redoing the imperial palaces, they were asked by Napoleon to design the regime's most splendid celebrations. They were responsible for the Neoclassical decor superimposed on Nôtre Dame's then unfashionable Gothic style for the coronation of Napoleon and Josephine (we know just what it looked like thanks to David's huge and justly famous depiction of that scene). After that, every major public event required a Percier and Fontaine set. These are long gone, except for one monumental decoration, the charming pink marble arch of triumph of the Carrousel, which served as a grand doorway to the palace of the Tuileries' courtyard. Today the arch, less a Roman pastiche than a new variation on an old theme, adorns the space between the two wings of the Louvre. Unlike all its predecessors the arch has side openings as well, which make it both light and elegant. It is not a major construction, but there is a good deal to be said for this graceful rethinking of the antique, and it is, in the end, a fitting monument to its ingenious designers. ♠



Roman splendor befitted the king of Rome, Napoleon's son. For his apartment at the palace of Compiègne, the stone bathtub set in a Classical colonnade was adapted from an ancient mural.

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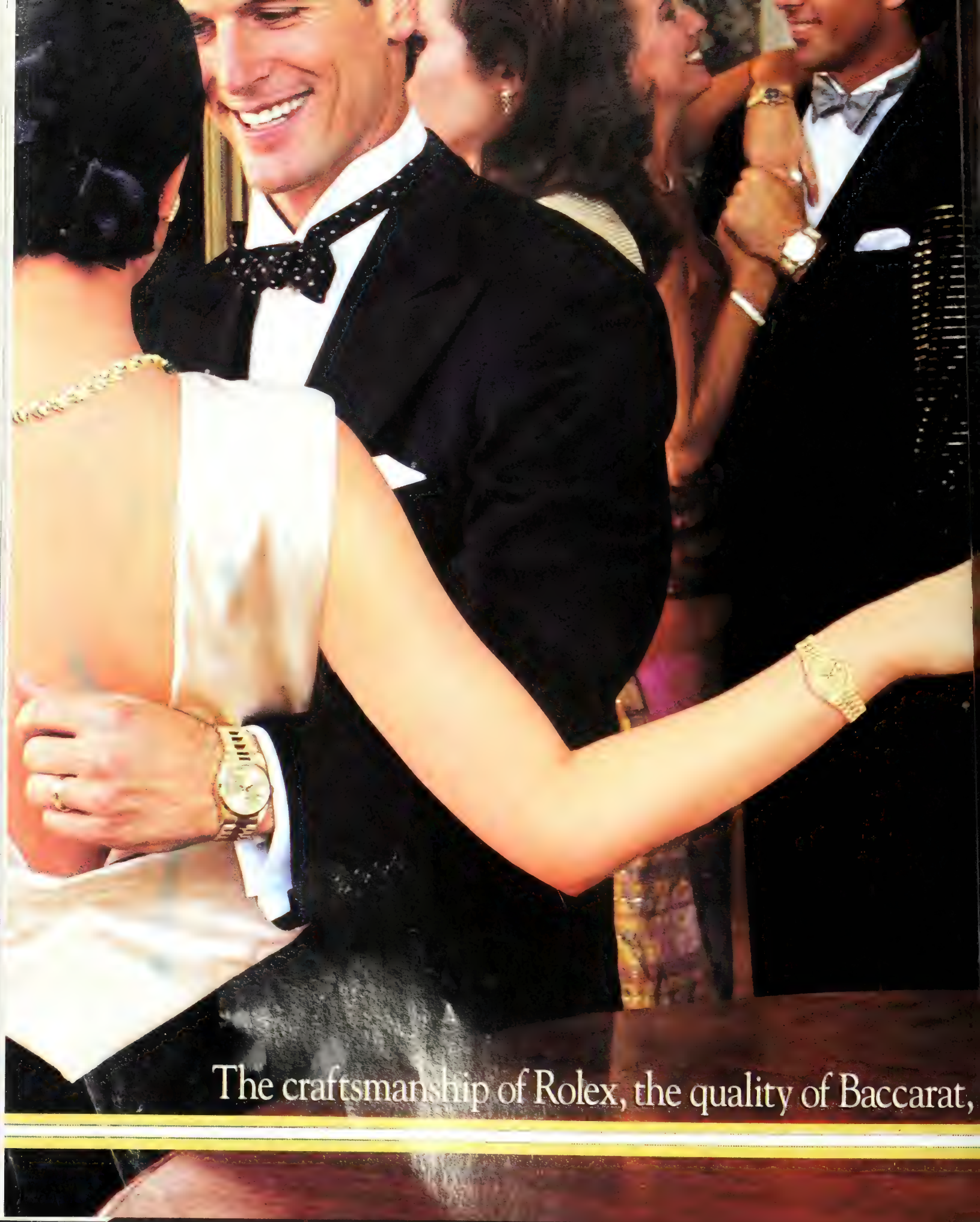
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Bough Wows

Hunting for Christmas ornaments is a year-round obsession

By Linda Rosenkrantz





The blown-glass sphere, far left, and bunch of grapes, center, date to the late 19th century when F. W. Woolworth first imported German Christmas ornaments and started a national craze. Left: A cotton soccer player, c. 1900, in a 1910 Dresden boot with kugels, c. 1910, and a clown head, c. 1920. All from Kelter-Malcé, NYC.

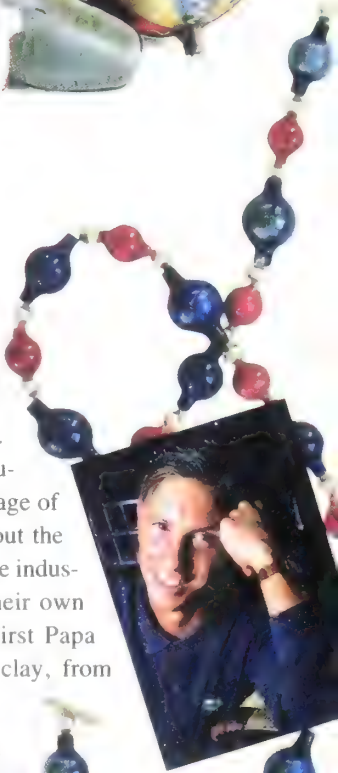
It takes most of us two or three hours to trim our Christmas trees, and it's usually a convivial eggnog-laced exercise. It takes Walter Pogliani two solid days to trim his, and it's a very serious solo business. First he goes up to the attic of his childhood home on Long Island and brings down the worn alligator and textured tin valises his parents brought over when they emigrated from Italy in 1956. Then after carefully removing and unwrapping hundreds of blown-glass ornaments and tree lights, most of which he's added to the family cache over the past fifteen years, he spends one full day stringing lights, delicately balancing their voltages, and another arranging fragile ornaments on the tree.



Walter Pogliani is one of a growing circle of serious antique Christmas ornament collectors who occupy their spare time—year-round—haunting house sales and flea markets and foraging through antiques and thrift shops in the hope of finding a forgotten box of old Santa-shaped lights or a blown-glass bunch of grapes that had been tucked away in someone else's attic for fifty years.

Among themselves, these aficionados talk an arcane tongue of kugels and putzes and belsnickles—terms that originated in Germany, where the concept of the decorated evergreen first took form. A 1605 travel account tells of the Strassburg custom of adorning fir trees with paper roses, shiny apples, and cookies. Some credit Martin Luther with adding lighted candles, supposedly inspired by the sight of trees against a starry night. The Pennsylvania Germans brought the custom to America and F. W. Woolworth commercialized it in 1880 when he reluctantly invested in $25 worth of German handblown ornaments, which sold out in two days. Within ten years his annual order was over 200,000 pieces.

Most of these ornaments came from the small German town of Lauscha, which had a long glassblowing tradition. In the mid nineteenth century some of its toy and jewelry makers began to blow large hollow bubbles, called kugels, for their own amusement, later developing the technique of swirling a solution of silver nitrate around the inside to produce a chromelike finish. The kugels became so popular all over Europe and America that soon the whole village of Lauscha was working frantically throughout the year to keep up with the demand—a cottage industry in which families operating out of their own houses formed mini production lines. First Papa would fashion the ornament in wood or clay, from





Collector Walter Pogliani, above right, and a sampling of his vintage tree trimmings, below. German glass garland, c. 1930, right, and German kugels, c. 1920, left, from Kelter-Malcé, NYC.



LARS KLOVE

which he would make a plaster of paris mold. He would then blow the glass and after the resulting transparent globe or figural shape had cooled, Mama or one of the children would coat the inside with the silver nitrate solution and dip the outer surfaces into a color dye bath. When the object was dry, it would receive a lacquer coating, followed by the addition of glitter or a painted design. This procedure continued in Germany, Poland, Austria, and Czechoslovakia until the 1930s when World War II interrupted the flow.

Though the most familiar, kugels are by no means the only kind of Christmas decoration collected today. Wire-wrapped ornaments—unsilvered balls elaborately enmeshed in crinkly wire—and Dresdens, embossed cardboard figures named for their place of origin, have equally ardent followings. Also popular are the collagelike chromolithographed paper ornaments (known variously as scraps, die-cuts, and chromos) and cotton-batting figures that came into vogue in the early 1900s. Other collectors focus on ornaments of tin or chenille, wax or bisque angels, glass garlands, early German Father Christmas figures called belsnickles, and Nativity groups known as putzes.

The category of ornament favored by Walter Pogliani is the figural glass type—out of those battered suitcases every Christmas come wonderfully patinated acorns, snakes, trumpets, and birds with spun-glass tails. His real passion, however, is Christmas lights. Pogliani, a designer at Izod Lacoste who frequently turns to ornaments for color inspiration, has a clear memory of the particular light that sparked his enthusiasm. "I was about two years old," he recalls. "My father was putting up the tree, and I remember being enthralled by a glowing emerald bubble-shaped bulb. That did it."

Pogliani's years of hunting have produced some rare Austrian figural lights dating from



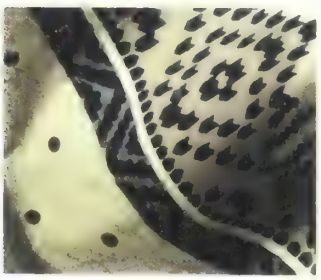
A late 19th century gold-embossed Dresden star with a cotton and crepe figure, c. 1890, from Kelter-Malce, NYC.

1915 to 1920—many of them made from the same molds as the glass ornaments—in fish forms, roses, angels, parrots and canaries, and baskets of poinsettias. There's even a devil and a seaworthy Santa encircled by a lifesaver. And yes, he does still have the original green light that started it all.

Interest in Christmas ornaments has ballooned like a giant kugel in the last few years, and the same ornaments that could once be picked up for a quarter or so now dangle three-figure price tags. But for passionate Santa seekers it's well worth it. After all, unlike the rest of us, they get to have their Christmas all year long. ♠

(For a list of sources for Christmas tree ornaments see Resources.)





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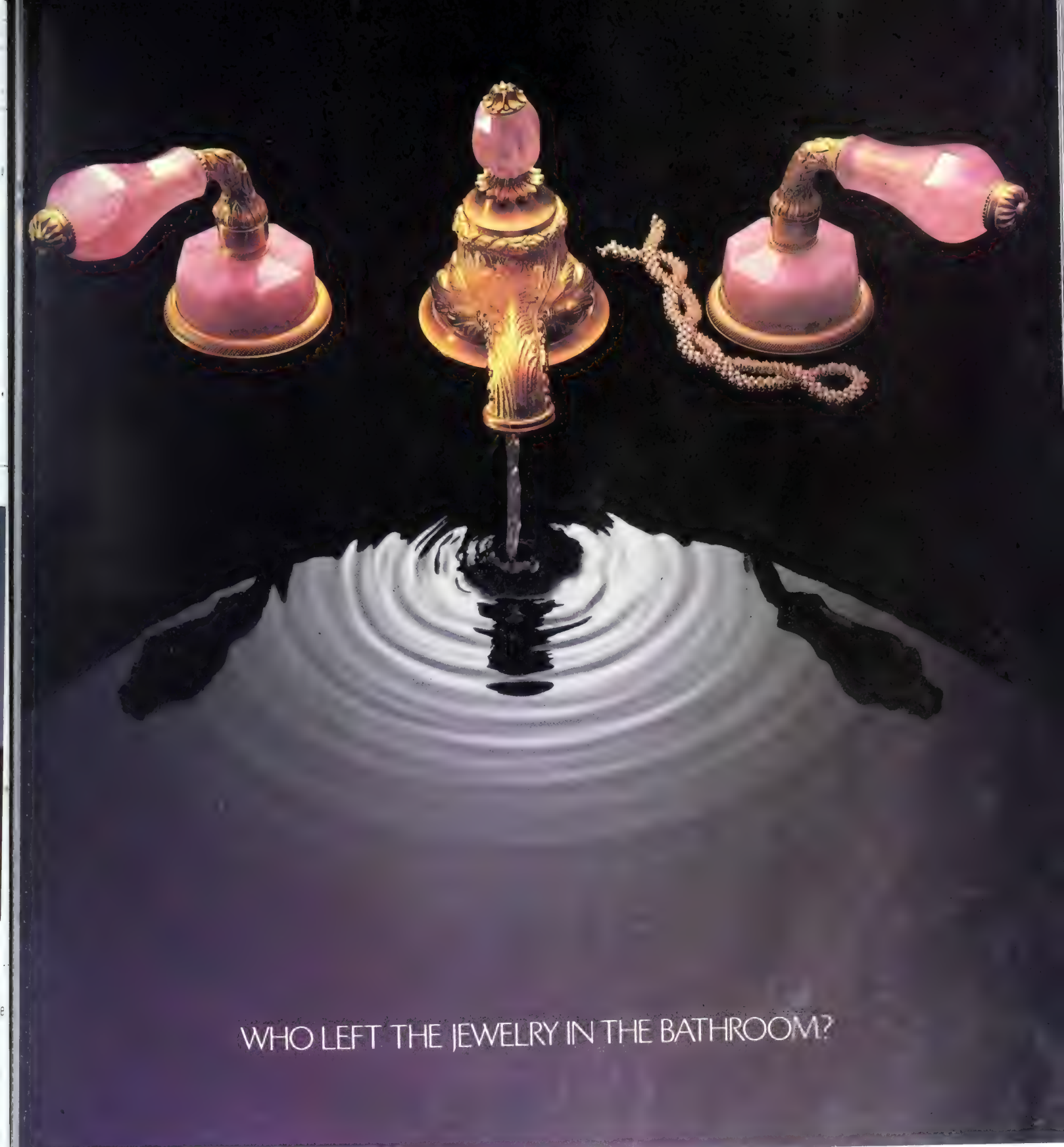
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NOTHING IS SO RARE AS PERFECTION.

Tea & Cinema

A legendary Hollywood hostess lifts her cup to life's simple pleasures

By Pilar Viladas

"For a good conversation, there's nothing better than a tea table," says Jean Howard. The author of the recently published *Jean Howard's Hollywood: A Photo Memoir* and a legendary Hollywood hostess, Howard knows a thing or two about entertaining, and she finds teatime the best time to entertain. "Tea is the most civilized way to talk to people," she explains. "You don't have to worry about who sits where or whether you have the right number of men and women." "Moreover," she maintains, "if two people who disagree would just sit down with a nice cup of tea instead of a martini, they could work out their differences without saying a lot of things they'd regret later."

Howard, who, as the wife of the late pioneering Hollywood agent Charles Feldman, entertained enough celebrities to know that "loading a room with them is deadly," likes to surround herself with a mixture of movie people, writers, and bright young things—all of whom are expected to have a sense of humor. Tea is served at an inlaid marble table in the living room of the rambling Beverly Hills house she shares with her second husband, jazz musician Tony Santoro. The living room, with its deep green plaster walls, comfortable banquettes and armchairs, and photographs of friends such as Cole Porter and Frances Goldwyn, was originally decorated in the 1940s by William Haines, the silent-film star turned superstar Hollywood decorator, and was recently updated by another dear friend, Robert Denning of Denning & Fourcade.



Jean Howard shares a light-hearted moment **at her tea table with producer William Frye. The Meissen porcelain in the background was a gift from Cole Porter, a longtime friend.**

Elegant informality is the hallmark of a Howard tea: roomy chairs and a high table so that guests don't have to balance their teacups on their knees. "The men must be comfortable," she warns, "or they'll drag their wives off early." The menu, too, features "comfort food": sandwiches of tomato, chopped chicken, or egg salad ("no watercress"). She fondly recalls the little onion sandwiches Countess Bismarck, her neighbor on Capri, used to serve, "which were the best tea sandwiches I ever ate and which I was never able to duplicate." Desserts are equally plain, with pound cake a favorite because "people don't think it's fattening."

Such unpretentious hospitality comes easily to the woman whose relaxed yet perceptive insider photographs of movie stars and socialites were featured in the pages of *Life* and *Vogue*. Long ago Howard realized that it was the fanciest people with the grandest houses and the best kitchens who were often the happiest with life's simple pleasures. "You'd be surprised how these people like a good hamburger." The *Thirtysomething* generation may have rediscovered the joys of meat loaf, but for Howard it never went out of style; her Finnish cook's recipe was famous. And Howard takes credit for having been the first hostess in Hollywood to serve Mexican food at a dinner party—"nothing fancy, just cheap Mexican food. Billy Wilder loved it."

No less a man of the world than Noël Coward once handed her a copy of Mildred O. Knopf's *The Perfect Hostess Cookbook* and said, "If you can read, you can cook." She could and did and still does, often serving a table of six or eight a simple baked chicken dish with rice, a big salad, a basket of "really good breads" for dinner, and a fresh-fruit dessert in her antique-filled dining room. Howard is also known for her New Year's Day lunches, which often consist of such hearty fare as German sausages and potato salad.

Still, tea remains her favorite social occasion. When Howard goes out for tea, she favors hotels such as the Mansion on Turtle Creek in Dallas or L.A.'s newly renovated Regent Beverly Wilshire—which, incidentally, is where the dashing Charles Feldman first laid eyes on Howard, then a young actress, at a tea dance. But nothing beats tea at home, especially on a winter day in front of a roaring fire. And although she prefers tea to cocktails, she nonetheless considers it a compliment when after a leisurely tea the clock strikes six and a guest says, "I think I'll have a drink before I leave." Jean Howard, ever the gracious hostess, will invariably reply, "I think I'll have one with you." ▲



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REMEMBER: DRINKING AND DRIVING DON'T MIX.

The Name of the Room

Once you've decorated the space, what do you call it?
By Ellen Hopkins



It is not enough to tuck [a] room] with some such general designation as 'library,' [illegible] room,' or 'den.'... The unsatisfactory relations of some people with their rooms are often to be explained in this way.

Edith Wharton and Ogden Codman
The Decoration of Houses

ADAM HAD it easy. Eve was too busy pursuing higher education to notice how badly he botched the naming of the beasts. So Adam never learned just how vulgar mule sounds. Nor was he taken to task for revealing his nouveau origins with such la-di-da names as ocelot and gazelle. It never occurred to him that calling a male chicken a chanticleer precluded all future putting up of feet and having a beer.

The name game is dicier these days. Critics abound. And it's not just figuring out what to call your children and your pets that makes for anxiety. Naming rooms involves the greatest exposure of all.

On the face of things it seems so easy, especially for those with smallish houses. Kitchen, Bathroom, Living Room, Bedroom. What could be simpler? But suppose there's more than one room in which people sit after dinner. Ask yourself: **1** How many books must you have before Library ceases to sound silly? **2** How good must the chintz be for the Drawing Room? Or is chintz not right either—is anything short of gilt or ormolu a no-no in such a room? **3** Do Morning Rooms necessarily face east? **4** And is that space before the Living Room the Foyer, Vestibule, or just Hall? Does size or shape determine which is which? How long must that space be before you can call it the Gallery? **5** And can the Veranda travel above the Mason-Dixon line? (Answers to the above are at the end.)

It's the seventeenth-century Dutch who are to blame for all this nonsense. Room-naming angst was virtually unknown in medieval Europe for the simple reason that the notion of different function equals different room is relatively new. The word "furniture" meant equipment—anything that could be carted about, room to room, including tables, beds, and chamber pots. There wasn't one room to dine in and one in which to sleep; people did what they pleased wherever the spirit—and the weather—moved them. Room distinctions seldom made it beyond the Goldilocks vernacular: big, small, hot, cold. In Italy, palazzo owners seldom took the time to count how many rooms they had, much less name them.

It was the Dutch, with their overwhelming affection for their abodes, who romanticized shelter. They made models of their houses, they even commissioned portraits of them. By the late nineteenth century Henry James was already griping that Americans weren't strict enough with room differentiation: People were actually sewing in the study or writing in parlors clearly meant for conversation only. Naming tyranny was just around the corner.

Once the obvious rooms are dispensed with, few homesteaders are all that logical when it comes to christening the place where the family plays Scrabble after supper. This isn't about convenience. Instead, naming the rooms becomes an occasion to brandish humor, make a social statement, or frighten the guests.

Names for rooms come and go. Jokey ones tend to have the shortest lives: exercise facilities known as the Torture Room. Cubbyholes called the Sulking Room or Canine Château. Few Conversation Pits survived the seventies—unless you count the ones in ersatz Barbie-doll houses.

Stodgy names, however, are coming back. The fifth floor of Bloomingdale's, for instance, was littered with Bed–Sitting Rooms this year, courtesy of Ralph Lauren's Anglo fantasies. Not everyone is enchanted. One Lauren detractor finds the term "vaguely tubercular. If people can't understand that small sofas *are* allowed in bedrooms"—here the critic shrugs. Keeping Rooms are starting to crop up in ads for Colonial-style houses, although no one seems entirely sure what one keeps in them. "This is where people kept their aging parents," one Litchfield County real estate agent announced brightly to a prospective buyer last month. And Living Rooms, after years of being maligned by interior decorators as tacky and oh so middle class, are enjoying a renaissance as well.

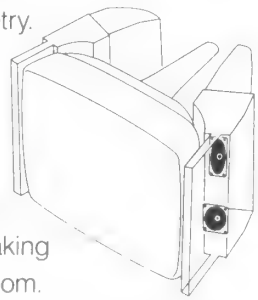


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In certain houses in the fifties and sixties, a Library was considered pretentious. Old Mr. Frick had a Library; ordinary mortals had Rec Rooms or Dens. But today a dark room—preferably lacquered green or red—and three hardcovers a Library makes. Whether these books are ever read is beside the point.

In one ancestral place undergoing a makeover, the decorator claims that the young heir and his mum actually have two different naming systems for the rooms. "For instance," he says, "there's a wood-paneled room that, once renovation is complete, will naturally be called the Library by the son. To his mother, though, it will always be the Den."

More awkward situations arise when the architect, decorator, and client can't agree upon a name. Jeffrey Bilhuber and Thomas Scheerer are currently engaged in a power struggle with an architect who wants to call their client's living room the Great Room. "It still hasn't been resolved," says Bilhuber. "Of course, it could be a whole lot worse. Imagine the Really Great Room." When another homeowner insisted on calling her large living room the Salon, workmen retaliated by referring to it among themselves as the Saloon.

Old Mr. Frick had a Library; ordinary mortals had Rec Rooms or Dens

"You're put in the position of constantly correcting the clients," a decorator sighs, "or forcing yourself to say Butler's Pantry without going off into gales of laughter."

Often it's the littlest rooms that end up with the fanciest names. Architect Frederick Fisher, who seldom bothers with room distinctions at all, once did a separate entryway lined in lead which is called—what else?—the Anechoic Chamber. And yes, the owners really call it that. "The Anechoic Chamber was a necessary transition between the profane street and the sacred space of the home," says the architect.

The M Group's Carey Maloney and Hermes Mallea designed a shed for a penthouse which they called the Pavilion. "I love the idea of saying, 'Oh, just shove that hose in the Pavilion, won't you?'" Maloney says. And architect Frederic Schwartz did a Great Hall that was only five feet wide—*but* 22 feet high. Somehow in this irony-laden age, this appellation feels OK. "It's fine to call a space the size of a cricket field the Great Hall," Hermes Mallea contends, "but it sounds like you plan to dole out largesse to the serfs on an annual basis."

But when faced with forty rooms awaiting name tags, most people aren't courageous enough for major indulgences of grandness or whimsy. Especially if Alice Mason sold them the place. "I wouldn't call a room the Hercules Room and I wouldn't let anyone else here do that either," she says firmly. "Decorators might do silly pretentious things like that. As a top real estate broker, I don't."

Few have the guts required to name a room the Cloister Bomb Shelter—as one admittedly confused Connecticut woman did in the sixties. A Gallery of Tears may sound temptingly Gothic, but color designations are what most end up with instead. The room that Uncle Teddy uses for unspeakable rites with his mistress becomes the plain old Red Room.

Dullness isn't all that's wrong with this convention. What happens if you repaint? Room names aren't meant to be done over every few years. More troubling is the fact that some of the best colors have the ugliest names. "Cocktails in the Puce Room" just doesn't fly. And what about women who've spent their married lives lying to husbands about decorative schemes? Imagine the fate of nonprimary pigmentation if women were forced to abandon "Oh, darling, I don't know what you call it, it's just a yellowish, neutral, beigy sort of—oh, never mind. You'll never even notice what color it is" for this bold caps announcement on architectural renderings—THE PEACH ROOM.

As for directional tags, they may sound sweet in novels, but unless one lives in Kansas with an unimpeded view of the sky, the East Bedroom doesn't give guests any idea where they should go. Far better to name a room after whatever adorns its walls or shelves. A certain quality of art or bric-a-brac is required, though. The rules aren't writ in stone, but most decorators agree that although the Biedermeier Room is OK, the Conran's Room is not. Nor is the Leroy Neiman Room.

And if you're dealing with a prominent architect or designer, you'd better know your p's and q's when it comes to the style or contents of a room. A woman announced to an architect that one of her renovation goals was to have a French Provincial Room. The architect put a stop to that. "There are seventeen provinces in France," he said icily. "Call me when you figure out which one you want."

When Carey Maloney and Hermes Mallea were commissioned to design a Boudoir for a woman client, they christened it the Closet instead. "We both loathe Boudoir—a nasty, fancy D&D lady's term—and this was a fun way to downplay it," explains Mallea. "Plus we love the idea of closets in general. What could be better than a place to be closeted up with someone and tell secrets?"

There's a certain sort of person who will always call the Ballroom the Third Floor and assume others





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know what they're talking about. These people also feel compelled to call anything over 5,000 square feet the Cottage. Or if they live in Tribeca, their loft becomes a Garret.

Downplaying has other, more practical aims. When decorator Keith Irvine decided to add a Ballroom to what his writer wife, Chippy, describes as their "rather bleak farmhouse," he called it the Family Room so the planning board would approve. "Which is nonsense," says Chippy, "because Keith

In medieval Europe room distinctions seldom made it beyond the Goldilocks vernacular: big, small, hot, cold

will sit in it all by himself. This room has nothing remotely to do with family. I do hate this Ballroom. I hate it so much. It'll be the size of a church when he's through." She adds with a laugh, "Quite honestly, I think Keith has ideas above his station. Ballroom indeed. Keith doesn't even dance!"

ANSWERS: **1** The Library should be darker than the other sitting rooms. That's all. Books are virtually irrelevant, especially if there's a stand of pipes and some antique maps on the wall. **2** The Drawing Room is also about relativity—it should always be bigger and fancier than the Living Room. Keep in mind Edith Wharton and Ogden Codman's "vague feeling that no drawing room is worthy of the name unless it is uninhabitable." **3** Morning Rooms needn't face east. But the name does have another form of tyranny: you must sit in it after breakfast, as the second Mrs. De Winter discovered after the servants laughed at her. **4** According to Alice Mason, "The Vestibule leads to the Foyer, which, if it's huge, is called a Gallery. That's all." **5** And though Veranda doesn't travel north, Florida Room doesn't go south. It seems an even trade. ♠

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Perfect Penmanship

The little-known art of penwork is rediscovered on English Regency furniture
By Glenn Harrell



Elaborate Neoclassical penwork scenes from *The Iliad*, after Flaxman, ornament the interior and sides of a double cabinet, c. 1815, above, from Hyde Park Antiques. Below: A document box, c. 1810, embellished with an archery scene rests on a game table, also c. 1810. Both from Kentshire Galleries.



Peasant figures and flowers are among the penwork motifs on the 1825 table, above left, from Hyde Park Antiques, NYC. Above right: A game table, c. 1810, with a penwork tilt-top from Kentshire Galleries, NYC. Details see Resources.

The urge to ornament that burgeoned during the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries spawned an endless array of oddball crafts. Working out of their own parlors, well-bred ladies transformed chenille and feathers into fanciful landscapes, crocheted yard after yard of sumptuous fringe, and worked shells and beads into giant concretions that formed picture frames and jewelry boxes. One of the most remarkable of these polite pastimes was the practice of meticulously scribbling ink designs onto chessboards, fire screens, and any other object ripe for embellishment. Perfected by both amateur artisans and professionals, penwork was used to imitate the rich surfaces of Anglo-Indian ebony and ivory furniture.

The technique involved japanning the object black, applying the pattern in white gesso, and then filling in the details with a fine quill pen dipped in India ink. This procedure varied depending on what was to be imitated. Neoclassical ocher figures, for example, could be simulated by drawing directly on stained wood, while bold silhouettes were best achieved against a white ground. The final step was a coat of varnish, which over the years has given many pieces an amber cast. Popular patterns were published in ladies' magazines of the day, but the most inspired motifs were penned off the cuff and reflect the whims of the artist. A box with pure Renaissance ornament on its top might open to reveal a Gothick ruin or an Arabian fantasy contained within a Hindoo border. Sometimes the decoration was clearly for private amusement. One handscreen is embellished on the inner side with a droll character playing his violin-shaped head.

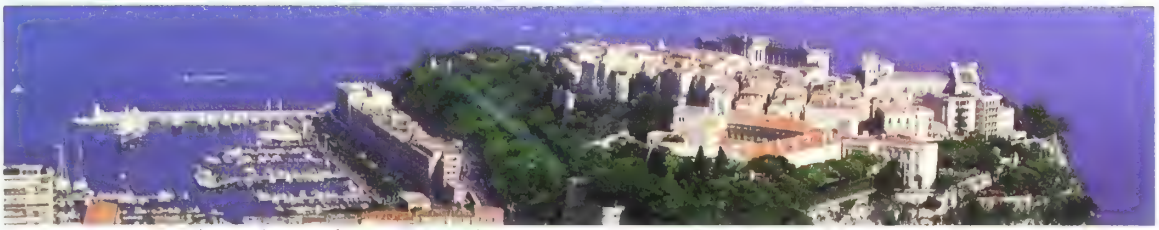
Too time-consuming to survive the industrial revolution, penwork declined after 1840. The pieces that have survived, however, are currently enjoying a new vogue. New York's Hyde Park Antiques has cornered the market with a collection of close to a hundred examples unveiled in a recent show. Although rare penworked case pieces can top $200,000, prices are comparatively reasonable—the going rate for tea caddies is $2,500 to $6,500 and game tables are $10,000 to $20,000. Not surprisingly, decorated seating furniture is virtually nonexistent. As Hyde Park's owner, Bernard Karr, remarks, "I can't imagine someone penworking the splat of a chair to then sit down and rub off six mon[illegible]"



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Hidden Treasures

New York's off-the-avenue dealers flourish behind closed doors
By Dana Cowin

Shopping in New York City can be intimidating. Antiques shops seem to attract people who've gone to finishing school at Sotheby's and couldn't care less about prices—after all, no item is too expensive if you love, love, love it. The atmosphere at by-appointment-only businesses, on the other hand, is completely different. Owners who have set up shop in their parlors are dedicated to personal service, offering a cup of tea and a chat before getting to work. And because it takes a little bit of effort to make an appointment—only one of these places keeps regular hours—they reward clients with good prices. The area code for all numbers is 212.

JUDY CORMIER

For the price of a cab to the Upper East Side, you can enjoy the experience of shopping abroad. Better still, the prices are London prices. As the U.S. representative for the well-respected British dealer Lucy Campbell, Judy Cormier has a wide selection of prints snapped up from auction houses and private dealers, including plates from Basilius Besler's seventeenth-century *Hortus Eystettentis,* Piranesi's architectural prints, anonymous nineteenth-century depictions of Russian Empire costumes, as well as renderings of interiors by contemporary artists who will also take on commissions. Inventive mats and frames created in London—faux tortoiseshell, wood painted black with abstract gold-leaf designs, hand-dipped Italian papers for the mat—are sometimes worth the price of the print. (517-3993)



TERRY L. MORTON

The floor of Morton's shop is almost completely hidden by piles of pillows, which are inviting, enticing you to dive in. But once you know what the pillows are, the impulse is squelched. Each one is a work of art, fragile and worthy of respect. Morton buys tapestries, textiles, rugs, and needlepoint







On tables in Judy Cormier's dining room, far left, stacks of 18th- and 19th-century engravings. Left: An engraving by Savorelli & Camporesi, after Raphael. Top: An English painted table at Karen Warshaw's is organized for writing letters. Above: A Regency mirror hangs above a coromandel Anglo-Indian box inlaid with silver and ivory.

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Needlepoint from 19th-century chair-backs and fire screens as well as other antique textiles are transformed into pillows, left, by Terry Morton. Below: Pantry & Hearth, in owner Gail Lettick's town house, features 19th-century wood pieces such as the table and red sugar bucket with original paint.



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from the seventeenth to the twentieth century with prominent central motifs—a dog, a blooming rose, a scene from Aesop's Fables—and turns them into pillows. The subtlety and clarity of the colors and the exquisite detailing of the pieces is complemented by his tasteful selection of passementerie. (472-1446)

PANTRY & HEARTH

Dealer Gail Lettick savors the textures, shapes, and signs of life inherent in American eighteenth- and nineteenth-century domestic objects and painted furniture. Cutting boards are a particular passion, the surface on one side scored by knives yet smoothed by time, the surface on the other painted and peeling, the handle cut out with a heart or a circle. Tinware is another keen interest. When listed, her items read like an inventory from Colonial Williamsburg: a case of larding needles, a laundry mister, a flour scoop and sifter, a batter jug, a vast assortment of tin pieces whose forms have outlasted their usefulness. Lettick often thinks about the people behind the objects. The lid of one small blue box is inscribed in pencil, "To Fannie, Thurs. eve. 1867." "It's just wonderful to think of someone sitting at the hearth," says Lettick, "deciding they want to remember the evening." (532-0535)

TROUVAILLE FRANÇAISE

Rough-textured nineteenth-century smocks for men and women picked up as souvenirs in France proved to be the impetus for Muriel and Bert Clarke's business. "We bought them because we loved them," she says. "We loved the sense of a human hand creating something out of a piece of cloth. And they just happened to sell." Now the top floor of their town house looks like a charming boudoir with white dresses and curtains hanging on racks and stacks of large European squares, nightdress cases, baby pillowcases, tea towels, bedcovers, and sheets, predominantly from the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, lining the beds and dresser. The most remarkable linens in the place are the magnificently embroidered château sheets that sport fat monograms with raised stitching. Accessories are scattered about: lace bonnets and collars framed by Bert Clarke, lace pillows, and a few paisley shawls. (737-6015)

VICTORIA'S QUILTS

Like a docent in a museum, Victoria Hoffman effortlessly recounts the history of each of her pieces when a customer views her quilts. It is the history that keeps this onetime social worker in the business. For Hoffman's clients, patterns that seem abstract are assigned a past and a meaning, and much-deserved attention is directed at women who funneled their creative energy through the eye of a needle. Although the quilts range from somber Amish to wacky 1950s, most of Hoffman's stock is more decorative and less expensive than that of better-known New York dealers. Color often dictates popularity: pastel examples pass quickly through the apartment since they match the clients' palettes in the Hamptons. Hoffman will wash, repair, and restore quilts as well as sew on channels to facilitate hanging. (794-1922)

KAREN WARSHAW

Warshaw promotes English antiques and service. "I want people to feel at home, drink a cup of tea, relax. The experience should be fun. It's not like picking out socks or something that you need," she says. Animal portraits, hunting scenes, and Impressionist-inspired paintings cover the walls in typical English country-house style. For the most part, these are not paintings with daunting pedigrees but a breed of solid signed pieces that were exhibited around England during Queen Victoria's reign. English objects such as silver candlesticks, burled wood boxes, and an intricately carved coromandel Anglo-Indian box infuse the room with amiable charm. The furniture is a combination of authentic pieces and reproductions commissioned by Warshaw. The owner is a savvy dealer with one eye on the merchandise and the other on marketing it—she's already started up a bridal registry. (167 East 74th St.; 439-7870. Mon.–Fri. 11 A.M.–3 P.M.) ▲

Editor: Alexandra de Rochefort



I gave up chocolates. I gave up espresso.

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And his little house in Cap Ferrat.

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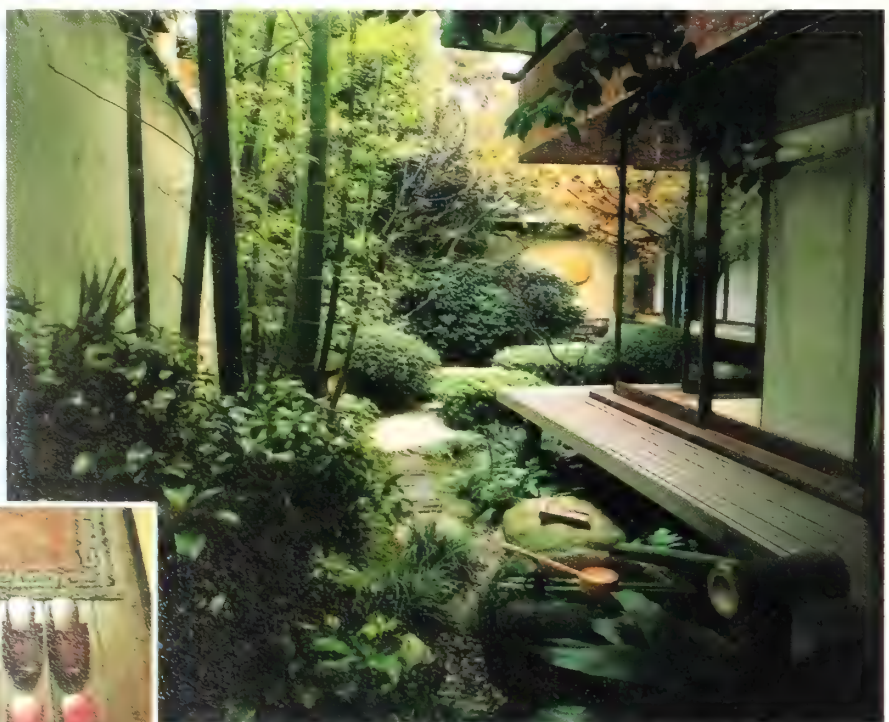
By Martin Filler

Japan can be a shock for Americans who imagine it to be like a stage set from *Madama Butterfly* come to life. The interior designer Joe D'Urso has aptly termed Tokyo "the New York of another planet," and indeed most of urban Japan has that disorienting feeling. Only when you get to Kyoto, the country's ancient imperial capital, do you begin to find the Japan of your dreams. But as a city of over a million people, Kyoto is hardly an Asian version of Colonial Williamsburg. First impressions—traffic, neon lights, shopping arcades, pachinko parlors—can be disappointing. You must get beyond the walls of the city's renowned temples, shrines, imperial villas, gardens, and inns before classical Japan at last comes alive.

The most authentic way for a visitor to experience Kyoto is by living in a ryokan, or traditional inn, where the refined, luxurious, but ultimately simple way of life epitomizes the spirit of the city regarded as the cultural heart of Japan. Being a guest in a ryokan isn't easy. It requires a willingness to accept a high degree of formality, a low degree of privacy because of omnipresent staff, and arcane customs observed with the faultless manners Kyoto is famed for throughout Japan. The ryokan is definitely not for the harried business traveler or those who prefer to flop into bed in their underwear and watch TV while tugging on a vodka and tonic from the minibar. In order to appreciate the pleasures of a ryokan, the guest must surrender to a routine that at times can seem slow and complicated. This is a participatory effort. You are the focus, and it is therefore most rewarding if you try things you'll never find back home. But it is also profoundly relaxing and restorative once the rhythms of the world's oldest continuous spa system are understood.

The ryokan day best begins quite early so you can get to Kyoto's architectural and landscape treasures before they are overrun by tourists. You must wake up to make yourself presentable before your jyochu-san, or lady-in-waiting, arrives with the typical Japanese breakfast of soup, fish, rice, salad, seaweed, pickles, and tea. It might take some getting used to, though most inns will provide a Western-style breakfast on request. After a long day of sightseeing, it is blissfully indulgent to return to the ryokan, shed your clothes, don a yukata (cotton robe) and kimono, and be welcomed by your jyochu-san bearing a hot towel, a cup of green tea, and a small sweet. A bath has already been drawn in the wooden soaking tub covered with three broad cedar planks to keep the water hot until you're ready to slip into it. After a half hour immersed up to your neck, there is time to contemplate the calmness of the verdant walled garden behind the shoji, appreciate the beauty of the scroll painting and ikebana, enjoy the grassy fragrance of the tatami underfoot, or be reinvigorated by a shiatsu massage. At a ryokan all the senses are at once heightened and soothed in a way that is almost impossible in a Western hotel, no matter how grand.

Dinner is served early and is taken, as are all meals, alone in one's room. The Japanese genius for food presentation is raised to a high art at a ryokan. The subtle interplays of wood, lacquer, and ceramic serving pieces of varied color, pattern, shape, and texture offer a dazzling repertoire of design ideas. The food itself is just as thoughtfully arranged, although some preparations look more interesting than they taste. After dinner, while the guest goes out for a refreshing walk, the room is converted for sleeping. A futon is brought out, a floor lantern placed next to it, and heavy wooden shutters are





At the front door of the Tawaraya Ryokan, right, rows of slippers await guests at the first step in their welcome. Far right: At the rear of the 300-year-old inn, a leafy walled garden.

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clamped over the shoji from the outside.

There are nineteen inns in Kyoto rated first-class by the Japan Ryokan Association. The two most famous are directly across the street from each other in the central but quiet Nakagyo-ku section of the city. Japan's most celebrated ryokan is the **Tawaraya** (Rice Bale House). Under the direction of its perfectionist owner, Mrs. Toshi Satow, the three-hundred-year-old Tawaraya has attained the reputation of the world's best hotel. After a stay here, one is disinclined to dispute it. The Tawaraya attracts a stellar international clientele, from King Carl XVI Gustaf and Queen Silvia of Sweden to Saul Bellow, Barbra Streisand, and Leonard Bernstein. You will be treated with no less distinction.

From the moment you take off your shoes at the stone threshold and put on slippers to enter, every aspect of the ravishing setting has been attended to with consummate taste and breathtaking style. Richly burnished wood surfaces gleam in the dim light of corridors lined with enviable antiques, fine porcelains, and superb works of art. The guest rooms, most of which look out on one of the inn's six large private gardens, are impeccably furnished. There are concessions to modernity like telephones and televisions, but these are discreetly covered with squares of brocade to neutralize their impact on the serene interior landscape. Each visitor is supplied with a wardrobe of yukatas and kimonos. Mine included one of the most sensuous garments I have ever worn: a black raw-silk kimono with such a thick, soft, nubby texture that it felt like well-washed terry. When I asked if this miraculous robe could be purchased, as the conventional ones in hotels around the world can, I was politely told, "Oh no, it is a very special old kimono and not for sale."

The biggest problem is getting a reservation, especially on weekends. Waits of six months are commonplace, and for the peak Kyoto tourist seasons—cherry blossom time in April, the Gion Festival in July, the fall foliage season in November—a year's advance booking is necessary. But persistence is well rewarded. This is not just a great hostelry but a rich aesthetic event that will remain with you for a lifetime. (Tawaraya, Fuyacho Aneyakoji-agaru, Nakagyo-ku, 604 K[illegible]; 211-5566, Telex 5423-273, Fax 211-2204. 16 rooms with bath, 3 without. *Rates:* $215–$570 for double room)

Long considered the second-best is the **Hiiragiya** (Holly House), the place you stayed in if you couldn't get a booking at its more acclaimed neighbor, the Tawaraya. A recent visit proved this conventional wisdom to be true. Although the handsome exterior and entry court of the Hiiragiya seem as promising as those at the Tawaraya, the tacky reception area and drab public rooms announce a much less elevating experience than its sublime neighbor. Here the front desk is emblazoned with garish credit-card stickers, the overhead lighting is fluorescent, there are showcases of touristy souvenirs for sale, and the sitting room is a sad amalgam of the worst fifties Japanese and Western design.

The staff cannot be depended on to understand English. Repeated requests to have my clothes ironed—accompanied with miming—were finally answered with "Ah, you want to call Ireland!" I then asked for someone who could speak English and thereby brought forth the wrath of the Hiiragiya's manic manager, Kakuko Ushiroku. "I am not 'the one who speaks English,'" she reprimanded. "I have a name. Why do you not address me by my name? After all, I know your name, Mr. Martin Filter!" Although it would be unthinkable for the concierge of any European luxury hotel to upbraid a guest in such an imperious manner, in courtesy obsessed Japan this sudden outburst was even more startling.

The private rooms at the Hiiragiya are more pleasant than its public spaces, but again they don't come close to the Tawaraya's glorious decorative style. Anomalies like a ship's wheel clock can ruin the aura of a tatami room, while other touches, like remote-control curtains and a heated padded toilet seat, are merely silly. The food is excellent. On the first night guests are given an eleven-course kaiseki dinner and thereafter have a choice of well-prepared specialties such as tempura, shabu-shabu, teriyaki, or sukiyaki. Nonetheless, proximity to an institution so vastly superior, as well as an attitude that even an acquiescent American can find haughty-to-hostile, conjure up a new Zen parable: the sound of no hands clapping. (Hiiragiya, Fuyacho Aneyakoji-agaru, Nakagyo-ku, 604 Kyoto; 221-1136, Telex 5422-045, Fax 221-1139. 28 rooms with bath, 5 without. *Rates:* $370–$1,145 double occupancy, breakfast and dinner included) ▲

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Under Our Trees

HG editors pick the books they'd most like to unwrap this holiday season



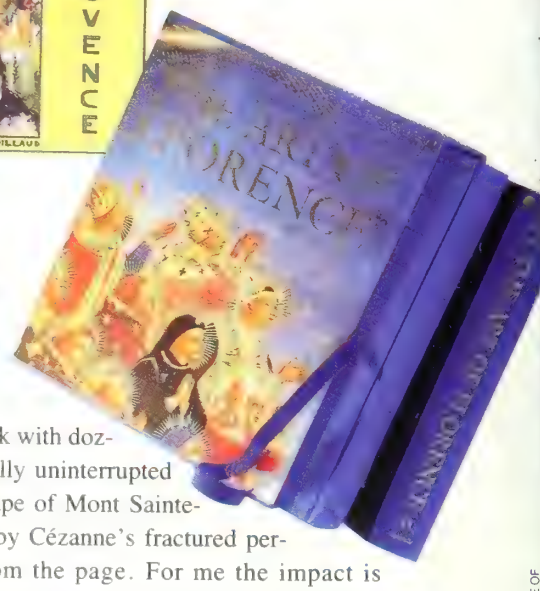




Orchids, top, is grounded in facts about dozens of varieties. Above: Sigourney Weaver, among Mapplethorpe's sympathetic photographs of women. Left: Essays by the quintessential food writer M. F. K. Fisher.



A scenic tour through late Cézanne, above. Right: A spectacular survey of the Tuscan capital's medieval and Renaissance heritage in *The Art of Florence*.



Strolling vicariously through **Private Gardens of Paris** by Madison Cox (Harmony, $40), I feel a bit like Lambert Strether in Henry James's *The Ambassadors*—an outsider admitted to a Paris few outsiders ever see. James's characters might have recognized a kindred spirit in Madison Cox, an American garden designer who has lived in France for ten years and lately won acclaim on both sides of the Atlantic. Even though the chapter heading for each of the thirty gardens is a generic title—"A Formal Box Parterre," "A Garden in Which to Entertain," "A Minimalist Walled Garden"—it is clear that every landscape reflects the taste of the individuals who inhabit it. One need not have a green thumb to savor a glimpse of the plein air domains of Yves Saint Laurent, Andrée Putman, or Baron and Baroness Guy de Rothschild. And there are piquant surprises such as a topiary elephant chez Baroness Lulu de Waldner, a rooftop vegetable patch overlooking the Centre Pompidou, and a Normandy-style courtyard where Cole Porter is said to have kept a Norman cow.

If anything can rouse a housebound gardener like me from winter dormancy, it is the majestic reprint of **The Besler Florilegium: Plants of the Four Seasons** (Abrams, $150), a rare hand-colored botanical compendium first published in 1613 by Basilius Besler of Nuremberg. In more than 1,000 engravings, the volume documents every plant in the gardens of Besler's patron, a bishop-prince who collected specimens from Europe and the New World. The formidable range of horticultural lore recorded here—in the images, in Latin inscriptions, and in modern commentary by Gérard G. Aymonin of the National Museum of Natural History in Paris—is matched by the artistry of the renderings. Roots, leaves, stamens, and pistils are depicted as respectfully as the features in a Renaissance court portrait. The massive tome in which Besler's work has been reissued is itself a superb artifact—right down to the slipcase, bowed along its top and bottom edges to follow the curve of the book's spine. I only hope the plates within can be kept from the decorator's cutting garden of prints to snip and frame. **Douglas Brenner**

Paul Cézanne went back to his home town, Aix-en-Provence, in 1882 to escape his cruel critics in Paris and for the next 24 years painted undisturbed in the hills. Jacqueline and Maurice Guillaud's **Cézanne in Provence** (Clarkson Potter, $60) celebrates this period of the artist's work with dozens of images virtually uninterrupted by text. The landscape of Mont Sainte-Victoire, energized by Cézanne's fractured perspective, jumps from the page. For me the impact is heightened by the book's layout: the long narrow format reminds me of a horizon, and the brightly colored margins are like generous mats, which delightfully complement the paintings. **Dana Cowin**

When my friend Robert Mapplethorpe died last March, it seemed like the end of everything, the inevitable culmination of his heroic struggle against AIDS. But the astonishing events since then make it now seem more like the beginning of his posthumous career. The controversy set off by the cancellation of his show at Washington's Corcoran Gallery of Art, followed by a heartening national outcry

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The Besler Florilegium: Plants of the Four Seasons, **above, a majestic reprint of a 1613 hand-colored botanical compendium. Right: *Berard,* by longtime friend Boris Kochno, is a feast of aesthetic fantasies.**

against censorship of the arts, would have delighted him. There could be no more fitting memorial for this artiste-provocateur.

Mapplethorpe's notoriety is inseparable from his frank, often brutal, homoerotic imagery. But he also liked women tremendously and was a sympathetic photographer of them throughout his career. That less familiar side of this master of life's chiaroscuro contrasts is presented in a handsome new volume, **Some Women** (Bulfinch/Little, Brown, $50). Like his friend Andy Warhol, Mapplethorpe's bread and butter was a brisk business in portraits, and like Warhol, he devised an immensely flattering formula. Mapplethorpe put his subjects against a black backdrop and then blasted them with light until lines and shadows disappeared. But the results were not merely cosmetic, and an intensified, highly graphic character emerges.

In addition to sexy though tellingly unerotic figure studies, there are luminous head shots of uptown girls (Diandra Douglas, Carolina Herrera), downtown divas (Sandra Bernhard, Cyndi Lauper), and Hollywood stars (Melanie Griffith, Kathleen Turner). A few of Mapplethorpe's best portraits are missing—his sphinxlike Louise Bourgeois and ghostly Doris Saatchi—but they were included in the catalogues of the four retrospectives held in the last year of his life. He sent me one of those books last Christmas, inscribed in a tiny tremulous script. My biggest regret about this collection is that he isn't around to sign it for me this Christmas. **Martin Filler**

Anyone interested in social history and ancestral mansions will be mesmerized by **The National Trust Country House Album** (Bulfinch/Little, Brown, $29.95). Drawing from family scrapbooks, British photographer Christopher Simon Sykes offers an intimate look at the English country houses and the type of *Upstairs, Downstairs* life that existed in these places before they were given to the National Trust. Of particular interest to me were the photographs taken by George Bernard Shaw at Shaw's Corner in Hertfordshire, especially his self-portrait and the snapshots of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the actress who created the role of Eliza Doolittle. This volume, which documents a time when house and owner reflected each other perfectly, should be in a spot where it can be looked at over and over again, like one's own family album.

My newest favorite in the series of what I call "travel books"—ones that recall great periods of the past—is **Christian Bérard** by his longtime friend Boris Kochno (Panache, $75). A joyous celebration of French painter and designer Christian Bérard and his circle, the work brings us back to the thirties and forties when Paris was the place for just about everything. There is a feast of illustrations including Bérard's visionary sketches for costumes and theater sets, photographs of friends such as Cocteau and Chanel—who looks more startling and modern than any of the models in the recent issues of *Vogue*—as well as a generous portion of rarely seen paintings. I discovered a portrait of Madame L. by Bérard which I think is one of his most beautiful. **Wendy Goodman**

Much of the appeal of books—and magazines, for that matter—about interiors is voyeurism, pure and simple. Because I spend most of the day either behind my own desk or in front of others', my voyeuristic instincts are particularly aroused by desks. **From the Desk Of** by Hal Drucker and Sid Lerner (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $29.95) is a dream come true for my fellow deskophiles. With 42 photographs by Sing-Si Schwartz, each partnered with a snappy précis, the desks of assorted powers that be, from Helen Gurley Brown to Frank Gehry to Jay Leno, are laid bare to gratifying effect.

Just as gratifying in a more generalized sense is **The Decorator** by Florence de Dampierre (Rizzoli, $45). It is a who's who of contemporary decorating, with each profile accompanied by an entertaining boxed list of likes, dislikes, favorite colors, least favorite colors, ideal clients, worst clients, and dream projects.

Anyone who cares about food and writing and the intersection thereof either already worships at the shrine of M. F. K. Fisher or needs to—and will be forever indebted for being introduced to the charms of her profoundly pleasurable prose. The ideal starter set for Fisher neophytes is **An Alphabet for Gourmets** (North Point, $12.95) and **The Gastronomical Me** (North Point, $12.95).

Betty Cornfeld and Owen Edwards's *Quintessence*—which celebrated "things that offer more to us than we specifically ask of them and to which we respond more strongly than is easily explained"—is a book that has not mere readers but near-cult followers, one reason it has stayed in print since its 1983 publication. Now comes **Elegant Solutions** by Owen Edwards (Crown, $15.95), which expands and updates the concept. Douglas Whyte's transcendent photographs and John Jay's revelatory design do justice to Edwards's choices of objects mundane (Pears soap) and extraordinary (the Concorde) that meet his criteria: "In mathematics and physics, the term 'elegant solution' indicates a way of solving a problem that is correct and efficient, but beyond that is also pleasing to contemplate." This book is itself an elegant solution to unsolved gift-giving dilemmas. **Liz Logan**

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BOOKS

I love orchids' exotic beauty and long-lasting blooms, and I would be delighted to own Jack Kramer's **The World Wildlife Fund Book of Orchids** (Abbeville, $65). Kramer provides salient facts on varieties (35,000 species), specific information on growing orchids at home, as well as intriguing snippets on the plant's history. I learned, for example, that the orchid craze in Victorian England rivaled seventeenth-century Dutch tulipomania. When imported to England, orchids were auctioned for incredible sums and parties were held when they blossomed. After perusing the colorplates and the detailed captions, I can now speak to my florist with authority about more than just phalaenopsis and lady's slippers.

A two-volume survey of the painting, sculpture, and architecture of medieval and Renaissance Florence, **The Art of Florence** by Glenn Andres, John M. Hunisak, and A. Richard Turner (Abbeville, $385) was conceived after the 1966 flood damaged or destroyed many of the city's treasured works of art. To record the "extraordinary artistic patrimony," more than 850 photographs were taken over a four-year period. The result is an impressive work with lavish illustrations and a text that is less daunting than it appears. **Catie Marron**

Charlotte Gere's **Nineteenth-Century Decoration: The Art of the Interior** (Abrams, $95) is the newest addition to the genre of hefty historical decorating books owing much to Mario Praz in their use of period paintings and watercolors to interpret interior design. The nineteenth century is filled with inspiration of the most decorative sort, encompassing as it does the Empire, Biedermeier, Arts and Crafts, and Victorian styles. All the well-known nineteenth-century interiors are here, from Napoleon and Josephine's Malmaison to Sir John Soane's house in London. There are also John and Isabella Stewart Gardner's Boston residence, the Rothschilds' Waddesdon Manor, and a generous sampling of rooms by William Morris. But among the freshest pleasures are Schloss Rosenau in Coburg and the charming bright colors and details of the Biedermeier-period rooms in the Munich Residenz. Easy to dip into a few pages at a time, the book offers up tantalizing information about decorating history and style. **Nancy Novogrod**









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EDITOR'S PAGE

DECEMBER 1989

How an issue of a magazine evolves is an interesting question—and, to be sure, an editor in chief's instinct plays a large role. But there are also exigencies of scheduling and season—houses with snow, unless in South America, look most at home in winter; a Caribbean vacation house such as Chessy Rayner's is fine for December, but a Southampton cottage is better for July The December issue makes its own demands: what with the Christmas holidays and the approach of year's end, you want the issue to be sparkling, the year of HG to dazzle as it fades. Although we did not find the perfect scheme for decorating a Christmas tree, we do offer an extraordinary collection of Christmas ornaments, a festive assortment of gifts for children, and a selection of the books our editors would most like to see under their trees. For wonderment, we present the grandeur of Mar-a-Lago, once the home of Marjorie Merriweather Post and now, in a particularly 1980s twist, presided over by chatelains Donald and Ivana Trump. On a more human scale, though far from earthbound, is the Boston apartment of framer-artisan Roger Lussier with glimmering satin fabrics, engravings and drawings in splendid gilded frames, and charming painted Scandinavian furniture—an airy and inventive new take on luxury. The Philadelphia town house decorated by Robert Denning is filled with flowered fabrics, bold colors, and marvelous details all very much in the holiday mood. Wendy Goodman's story on Geoffrey Beene, considered by many to be the dean of American fashion, weaves its own web of enchantment connecting fashion and interior design. And for a change of scenery, there's Laura Hunt's Colorado log house in the cowboy spirit. Esteemed art critic Rosamond Bernier reflects on the glory of 17th-century Dutch flower paintings. But busy modern working people may consider our article on robots, with its amazing photographs by Chris Callis and promise of ever-ready household help, the best gift of all.

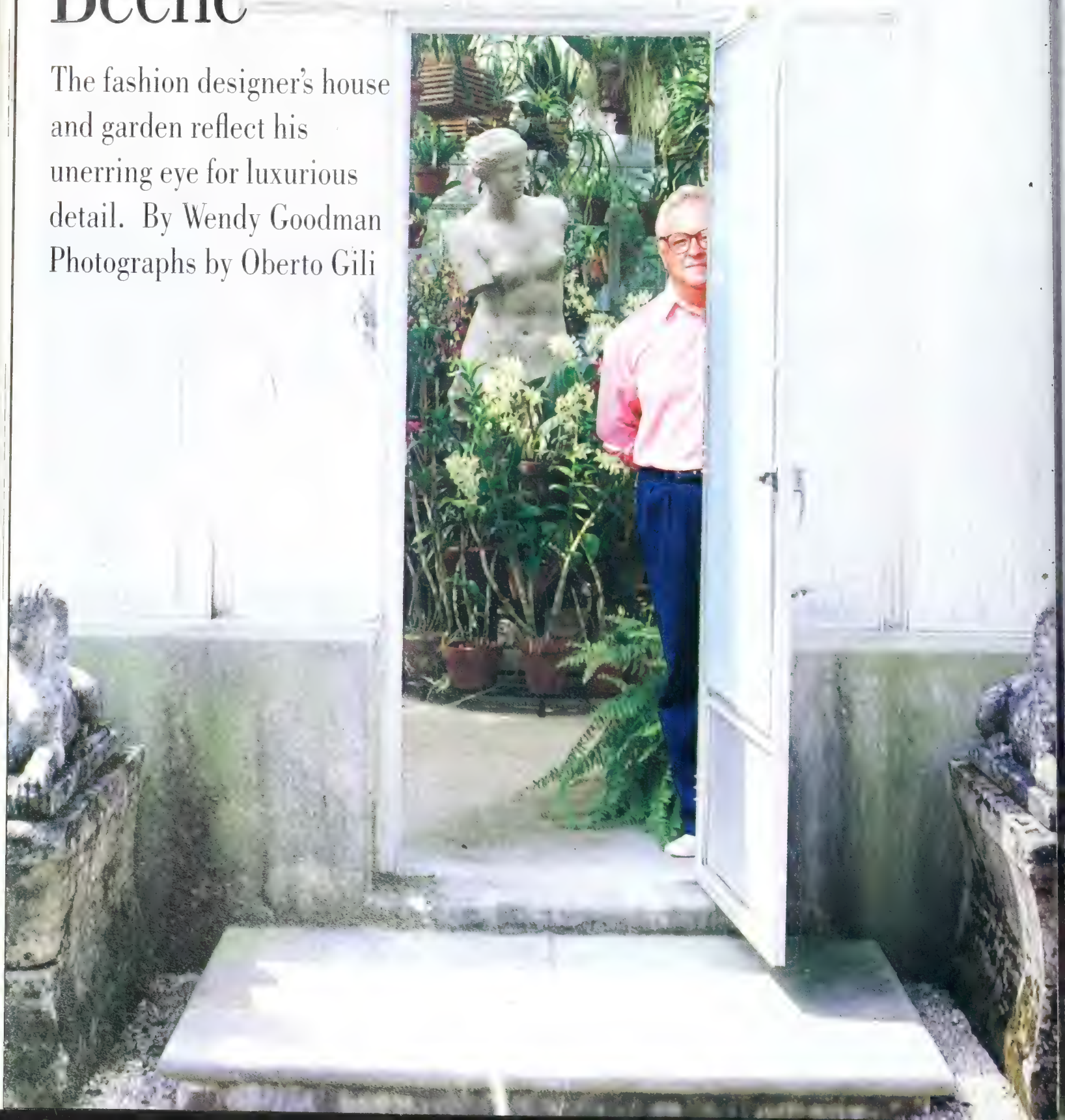


Balthasar van der Ast's vibrant bouquet exemplifies the meticulous detail found in 17th-century Dutch flower paintings.

Editor in Chief

The Cultivated Beene

The fashion designer's house and garden reflect his unerring eye for luxurious detail. By Wendy Goodman
Photographs by Oberto Gili



Geoffrey Beene pauses in the doorway of his greenhouse where he tends to 2,000 orchid plants. A Louvre reproduction of the Venus de Milo arises from the greenery. Flanking the doorway is a pair of 18th-century French stone sphinxes. Right: From Beene's 1989 resort collection, his Garden Party dress of reembroidered lace and silk ribbon comes to life against a wall of ivy. Details see Resources.



"Different patterns of black and white fascinate me because no matter what, the colors always balance each other"





One would not suspect from looking at Geoffrey Beene that he is a revolutionary. It makes sense that the courtly soft-spoken gentleman was responsible for Lynda Bird Johnson's wedding dress and the favorite gowns of more than his share of First Ladies, but this same Beene is also the legendary fashion prophet who in 1966 turned gray flannel and tweed into gala wear, the next year designed a sequined football jersey and proclaimed it a ball gown, and in the early seventies put denim and sweatshirting under the party lights as well. It comes as no surprise then that Geoffrey Beene's country house is as marked by creative experiments as his long and exuberant career. His serene, cool, perfectly proportioned Palladian retreat gives no hint of the diverse riches inside.

Beene found his house in 1980 through *The New York Times Magazine*. "I had been looking for two years, and I knew when I saw the ad that this house was it," he says. Designed by the Long Island firm of Innocenti & Webel, the house was built in 1969 as a birthday present from a wife to her husband so they would have a special place where they could spend time alone. The house is centered on eight acres, but the property feels larger. "I think the architects sat down and thought, 'How can we make this house a miniature estate?'" says Beene. "The scaling is perfection. It rambles like an estate. You go from garden to park to pool to park. It reminds me of some of the houses in Neuilly outside of Paris."

What Beene encountered when he first stepped inside the house were "apple green walls and Chippendale furniture, including eight card tables in the living room. It felt like a casino in the country. The Chippendale fought the lightness of the architecture." When the designer moved in, he decorated with French Provincial furniture, and a French country

In the dining room, above left, spotted walls painted by muralist Jack Plaia blend with curtains from Brunschwig & Fils and an animal print carpet from Stark. Roman busts and marble and copper gateposts face a black-lacquer table from Karl Springer, NYC. Opposite below: The Palladian façade of the house was designed in 1969 by the Long Island firm of Innocenti & Webel. Right: An Indian stool is upholstered in Beene's black and white spotted print and is draped with a satin jacket from his 1989 resort collection.



...Fortuny's ... during ... Bang crowds include a 16th-century Flemish silver-gilt mirror, c. 1920 French sconces, a pair of American folk art benches, and a Chinese rock-crystal urn. Opposite: Beene put his signature spotted print to work on silk pumps for his 1989 fall collection.



"The house is like a living theater; it's a series of vignettes and tableaux"

lightness defined the flavor of the house for a few years. "Then I began going to Japan," continues Beene. "An Oriental influence crept into my feelings about the house, I guess. I had always lived in homes done in neutrals—the living room here was stone gray. Suddenly I felt I needed color. I wanted to go from one room to another and be jolted visually, have different experiences. When I decided to paint the living room red, everyone thought, 'Oh, how ghastly! But let him do it, he's got to make the mistake himself.' I never felt it was a mistake. I discovered that red is a neutral, too; you can put almost anything with red and it works."

The house today reflects the many passions of Geoffrey Beene. "Almost every piece here has been collected from trips around the world, visits to odd, obscure, and remote places that are meaningful to me." In evidence everywhere is Beene's fascination and obsession—and extraordinary skill—with fabric, textures, and color. When describing the process of redecorating his house, he strews the conversation with "never before," "never imagined using," and "very unlike me" and yet concludes that all the major changes evolved naturally. "The decoration of each room is always ignited by one thing, usually a color or fabric. It's similar to doing a collection. You begin with one thing and build on what works—using trial and error." For example, the guest

Next continued on page 170



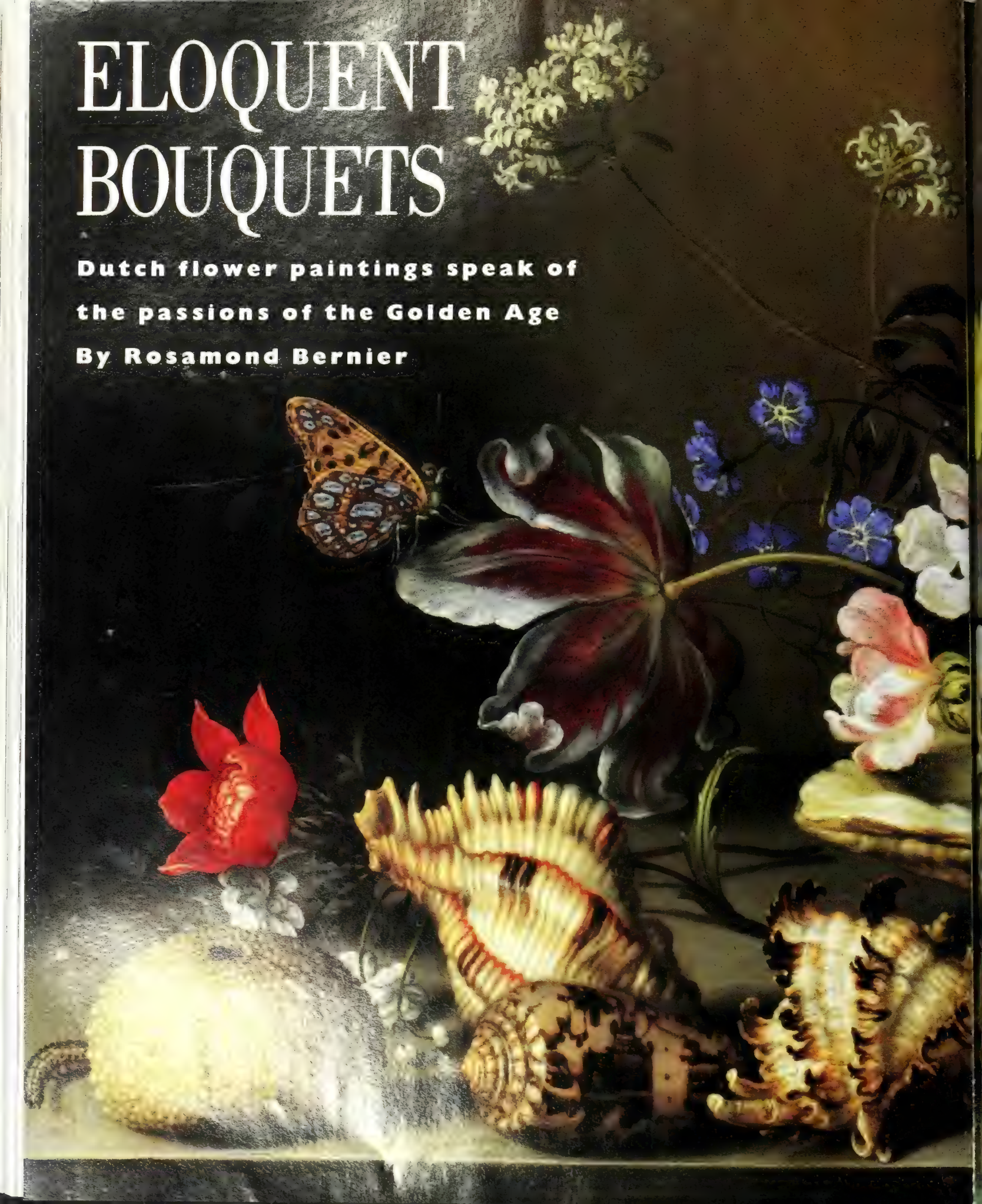
Portraits of Beene's dachshunds and a 19th-century Viennese dog painting perch on a table, right, covered in a floral brocade by Manuel Canovas. Fringed silk gloves from Beene's 1989 fall collection find the perfect resting spot on an armchair upholstered in yellow and white striped silk dress fabric. Center right: Detail of a silk embroidered and beaded jacket from the 1989 resort collection against a bowl of roses from Beene's garden. Far right: Lining the walls of a guest room sleeping alcove are 19th-century trompe l'oeil canvas panels. The painted chair is Regency.



ELOQUENT BOUQUETS

Dutch flower paintings speak of the passions of the Golden Age

By Rosamond Bernier

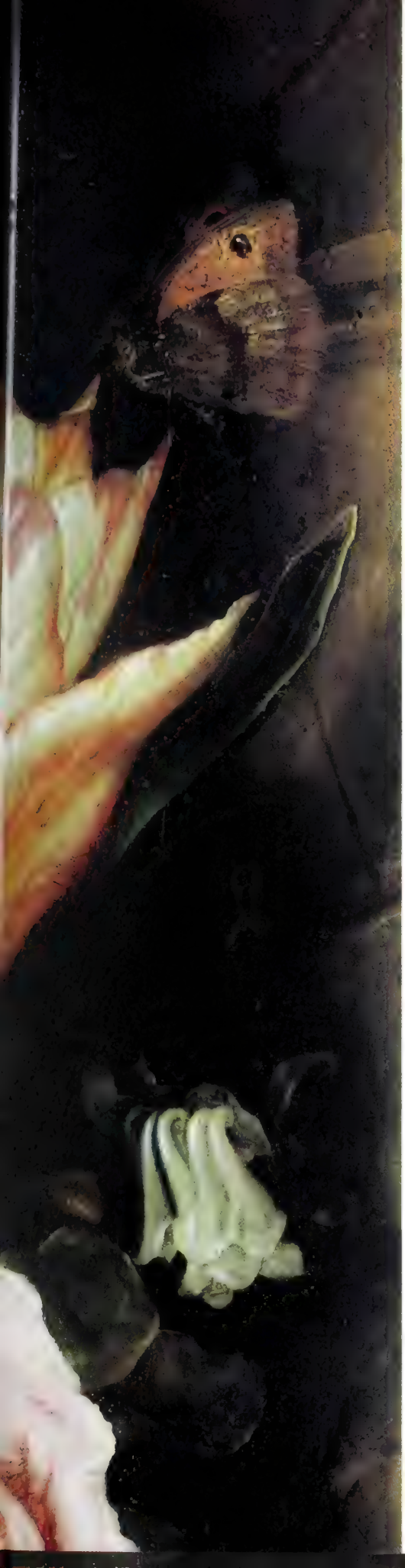




Rare seashells were avidly collected by 17th-century Netherlanders eager to display their wealth. Painter Balthasar van der Ast arranged Caribbean, Atlantic, and Indo-Pacific sea treasures with precious tulips and other flowers to compose an exotic tableau. The pairing of a caterpillar and butterfly, at left, typifies the Dutch affinity for emblems of the transient nature of earthly things.

PRIVATE COLLECTION, ENGLAND





The language of flowers is in abeyance, people say. And it is certainly quite some time since a young bride was expected to secrete a single red carnation somewhere beneath her wedding dress for her bridegroom to discover at a later moment in the day.

It wasn't such a bad idea either, but the last bridegroom who is believed to have been favored in this way was Emperor Maximilian I on the occasion of his marriage in Ghent to Mary of Burgundy. That was just over five hundred years ago. To most of the New Yorkers who buy ready-made bunches of flowers at Korean corner stores all over Manhattan, a carnation is just a carnation.

Flowers tug at us, even so. Around the corner from our pied-à-terre in New York, there is a shop that sells exceptionally beautiful roses, reputedly from Central America. In the late afternoon of Valentine's Day, 1989, there was a line four deep, all the way along the block. Once inside the shop, people slumped against the wall until it was their turn to go up to the counter. But when they walked out, they stood tall with eyes shining. "It was worth the wait," they said. Among them was many a suitor who had decided that, even if it ruined him, he was going to take a big bunch of those roses to the person of his choice. In this they followed the ancient principle—conspicuous above all in seventeenth-century Holland—of motivated ostentation. As everyone knows, the passion for tulips got completely out of hand in Holland in the 1630s. A single bulb could cost as much as a house, and the painter Jan van Goyen is said to have been one of many Dutchmen who bankrupted themselves by speculating in tulip futures.

Reading about that manic activity, we may think of the opposite extreme as it is represented in art—the pure and tranquil whiteness of the single lily that appears in many a painting of the Annunciation or the entirely subordinate role of flowers in the borders of illuminated manuscripts. Yet when people talk about flowers in art, they usually come back in the end to the seven-



Christoffel van den Berghe's Flower Piece with Shells, *1617, detail left, celebrates horticultural diversity. Right: A magpie moth hovers above an iris, an anemone, and a 'York-and-Lancaster' rose in a detail from a panel by Johannes Goedaert.*

LEFT: PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART
JOHN G. JOHNSON COLLECTION



teenth century in Holland. And when we look at the big, cluttered, and complicated still lifes that were painted there at that time, we may well think of them as painstaking records of actual flower arrangements. "That is how they lived," we think, as we count the number of individual species—35 here, 38 there, and as many as 72 in a little painting by Jan Brueghel the Elder—that the painter managed to get in. And we marvel at the sheer professionalism, the mastered heterogeneity, of both painter and seedsman.

But when I went to an exhibition called "A Prosperous Past: The Sumptuous Still Life in the Netherlands, 1600–1700" that was on view earlier this year at the Kimbell Art Museum in Fort Worth, Texas, after showings in Delft, Holland, and Cambridge, Massachusetts, I learned that any such idea is completely mistaken. This revelation I owe in part to conversations with William B. Jordan, deputy director of the Kimbell, and in part to the writings of Sam Segal, the Dutch botanist and art historian who was the prime mover behind the show.

Nothing like the arrangements that we see in those paintings could possibly have existed in real life. For one thing, the flowers in them bloomed at different times of the year and could never have been in any one pot at any one time. Nor would the accessories—the yellow meadow ant, the damsel fly, the elephant hawk moth—have been on hand in any well-ordered household. The parrot would have been in its cage and the lizard on its way to the taxidermist. Even bouquets of flowers, as such, played little or no part in seventeenth-century Dutch domestic life.

So what was the point of those huge, elaborate, cosmopolitan confections? The question is easily answered. They were displays of wealth, power, and discernment, and they were directly related to the prowess of Dutch traders, Dutch explorers, Dutch collectors, and Dutch lords of the sea. Everything about these paintings was known to cost a lot of money. This was true of the Ming vases of the Wan Li period (1573–1620) in which the flowers were often displayed. It was true of the silver-gilt mounts made for the vases. It was true of every last flower in the bunch, any one of which the informed observer could price to the nearest florin. It was true of the rare and expensive shells, the exotic animals, the superlative wines, the champion fruit, and even the occasional objet d'art that was brought on in triumph (though how discreetly!) in these paintings.

The Dutch had a word for them—*pronkstilleven*—which really means "show-off still lifes." To exactly what extent they were ostentatious—though with an occasional side bet on the hereafter—is a matter to which Sam Segal has lately opened all our eyes. He has had a remarkable career. Trained as a botanist, he received a doctorate at the University of Amsterdam and in 1960 became the first head of its Department of Plant Ecology. In 1970 he began a second career as an art historian to which he has devoted himself full-time since 1975. Thanks to this twofold specialization, Segal can look at any given "show-off still life" and identify not only every flower within it but also the date it was introduced to Holland, the season in which it bloomed, the specific circumstances of its arrival, and its rank in the hierarchy of ostentation. Equally important, he can elucidate the auxiliary objects in each painting—the Ming vases, the Indo-Pacific shells, the lizard, the dragonfly, the fallen leaves, the greedy little mouse, the cracks in the stonework.

On one level, the *pronkstilleven*—the pronks, if I may so call them—were celebrations of the status that Holland had lately *(Text continued on page 170)*



The parrot and the Ming vase in Jan Baptist van Fornenburgh's still life, right, would have belonged to a wealthy household. A nibbling mouse commonly embodied the sin of gluttony. Fallen leaves are reminders of the ravages of time. Above left: The biological accuracy of Johannes Goedaert's panel reflects the artist's training as a naturalist.

PRIVATE COLLECTION, GERMANY



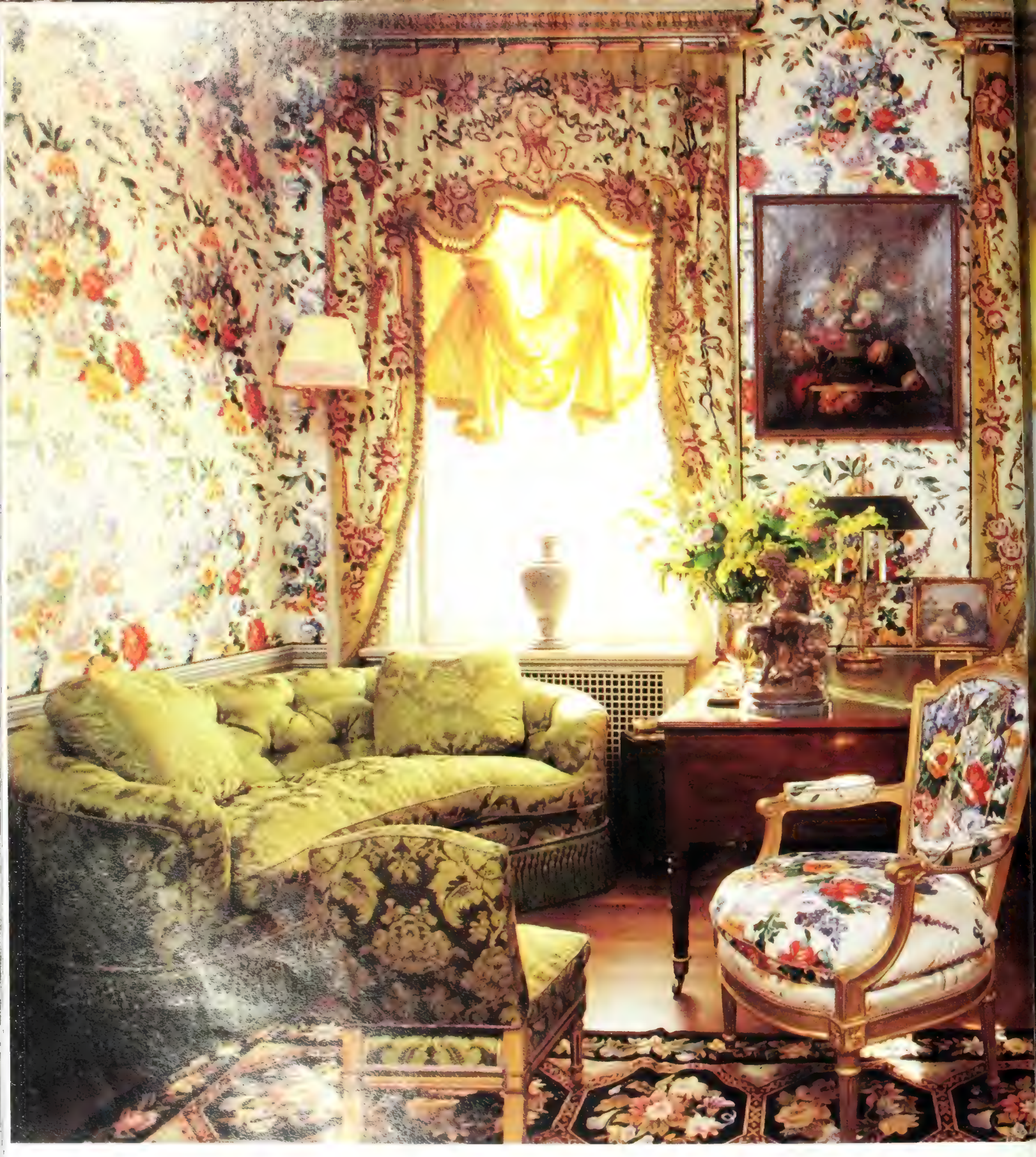


Victorian Revival

For a Philadelphia family, Robert Denning reinterprets the grand style of an earlier era. By Brooks Adams Photographs by William Waldron



One of a suite of mother-of-pearl inlaid Louis Philippe chairs upholstered in Aubusson tapestry, left, stands at the foot of a staircase painted with faux finishes. An 18th-century Anglo-Indian portrait hangs against Fonthill wallpaper. The carpet is English. Opposite: A tufted French slipper chair and an 18th-century Italian gilt armchair adjoin the doorway to the morning room where a Victorian chandelier lights a Biedermeier table. The morning room wallpaper and border are from Brunschwig. Details see Resources.



For her drawing room the owner asked Robert Denning to "make me a garden"





The couple who bought the 1857 town house near Philadelphia's Rittenhouse Square were looking for a change. She had grown up and raised her family on the Main Line but had never lived in town. Her husband, a world-famous surgeon, had always enjoyed the time he spent in Philadelphia and New York and agreed with her that life in the city might be fun. When they first saw the house, the windows had been boarded up after extensive damage from a fire and they had to investigate the interior by flashlight. She didn't think it was big enough. He thought it was plenty big. As soon as the property came up for auction, neither of them hesitated to buy it.

The couple had previously lived in suburban Haverford, where they had gardens, a stream, and plenty of room for their poodles. Moving into the city entailed a complete change of style, which led them to decorator Robert Denning of Denning & Fourcade. When the wife called Denning in New York, he told her what fun it would be to do a house in Philadelphia, because his first job had been there. As an eighteen-year-old buyer for a Philadelphia decorator's shop, he used to search in New York for "the sort of trendy, jazzy things that made a clean sweep of rooms after the war." Later, Denning had also worked with Vincent Fourcade on Henry McIlhenny's house on Rittenhouse Square, doing the ballroom and living quarters. Now he could bring his mature "new Victorian" vision to bear on an old Victorian building, which also had attractive alterations dating from around 1910.

Basic repairs and remodeling were the first step. The fire had left the neo-Adam mirror in the dining room looking "charcoal-broiled," and much of the ornamental plasterwork in the same style had to be recast. The entrance hall was reoriented to create a rotunda-shaped morning room, which enhances the Victorian atmosphere.

Denning used "everything" the owners had on the Main Line, but when transferred to the five-story town house with thirteen and a half foot ceilings, "it still

Blenheim chintz from Rose Cumming covers the walls and a pair of Louis XVI–style fauteuils in the drawing room, left. More bouquets are stitched into 19th-century English needlepoint curtains and a needlepoint Rosecore carpet. Above: Sèvres biscuit porcelain on the mantel. Below: Parisian fringe and tassels on a sofa.



wasn't enough." Although the wife had already started stockpiling furniture in the basement in Haverford, further shopping trips—to Europe, to New York, to antiques shops on Philadelphia's Pine Street, to a little place she knew about in Bryn Mawr—were obviously necessary. She and Denning came up with a heady mix of French, Italian, German, and English finds—a sumptuous ensemble that is remarkably unstuffy. This is a house where children back from college can put their feet up, where poodles are at home with passementerie. The wife, an advocate of animal rights, insists that Sophie, the standard poodle, is welcome to lie on the velvet sofa in the sitting room. Appropriately, a collection of dog portraits hangs above the sofa.





One acquisition Denning had to talk his client into was the huge bronze chandelier that presides over a Biedermeier table in the morning room: "This kind of thing looks so big and dark on the floor of an antiques shop that she was scared at first." But it is just the kind of oversize fixture that would have been in the original house and that again gives it a correct sense of scale. The dining room, now regal in pink damask wallcovering, has become what the wife calls "my Italian stage set." She and Denning found a suite of beat-up gold and white nineteenth-century Italian salon chairs and a matching settee in a New York thrift shop. Restored and recovered in dark green leather, these pieces now surround a dining table with a faux marbre finish. When it is pulled up in front of the fireplace, the settee makes the grand Adamesque room seem almost clubby.

Among the most extraordinary features of the house are the reinterpretations of nineteenth-century window treatments. The elaborate lambrequins in the dining and sitting rooms could be right out of Peter Thornton's book *Authentic Decor*. Elaborate curtains are a specialty of Denning, who brought Jean-Charles Moriniere over from Paris to do the work. (Moriniere has since opened a branch in New York.)



Second Empire mahogany armchairs in the sitting room, below left, are tufted in leather from Hermes with brass studs. The owners' collection of dog portraits is displayed above a sofa upholstered in a Brunschwig gaufré velvet, next to which Robert Denning placed an English glass and mahogany screen. Above: Clarence House's Regency Column chintz was used as a wallcovering and for curtains and window-seat cushions. Lace shades from Greeff have been lowered beneath an Aubusson valance. Above left: A Chinese lacquer sconce in the dining room.



In the dining room mid 19th century Italian chairs upholstered in leather surround a faux marbre table. The 18th-century chandelier is also Italian; the telescoping Sheffield candlesticks are George III. A fire screen stands at the edge of the Savonnerie carpet. The Adam-style overmantel and plasterwork have been recast, and the walls are clad in Syon Damask from Lee Jofa. Velvet valances are Second Empire.

Denning is most pleased with the master bedroom, which captures "that 1910 Philadelphia–Long Island feeling"

Denning is most pleased with the master bedroom, which he feels captures "that 1910 Philadelphia–Long Island feeling." Characteristic touches are the painted Louis XVI bed angled rakishly out into the room, the George III chandelier decked out in fringed shades, and the play of bold striped silk curtains against petit point upholstery and flowered chintz walls.

Because the one thing the wife really missed from the Haverford house was her flower beds, she asked Denning to "make me a garden" in the Philadelphia drawing room. A pair of nineteenth-century English curtains introduced the desired blossoms and foliage—rendered in needlework—but also included "jarring purples," to their new owner's despair. Denning finally found the right fabric for the walls and for a pair of Louis XVI–style fauteuils. As soon as the intensely floral chintz was in place, it "softened the curtains, as if the two fabrics, old and new, were married," the client reports. In her dealings with Denning, she soon learned that "you cannot anguish over a color that doesn't come in right at first. You've got to have faith." And although Denning maintains that the drawing room isn't finished yet, his client is content. "I'm in my city garden," she explains. ▲

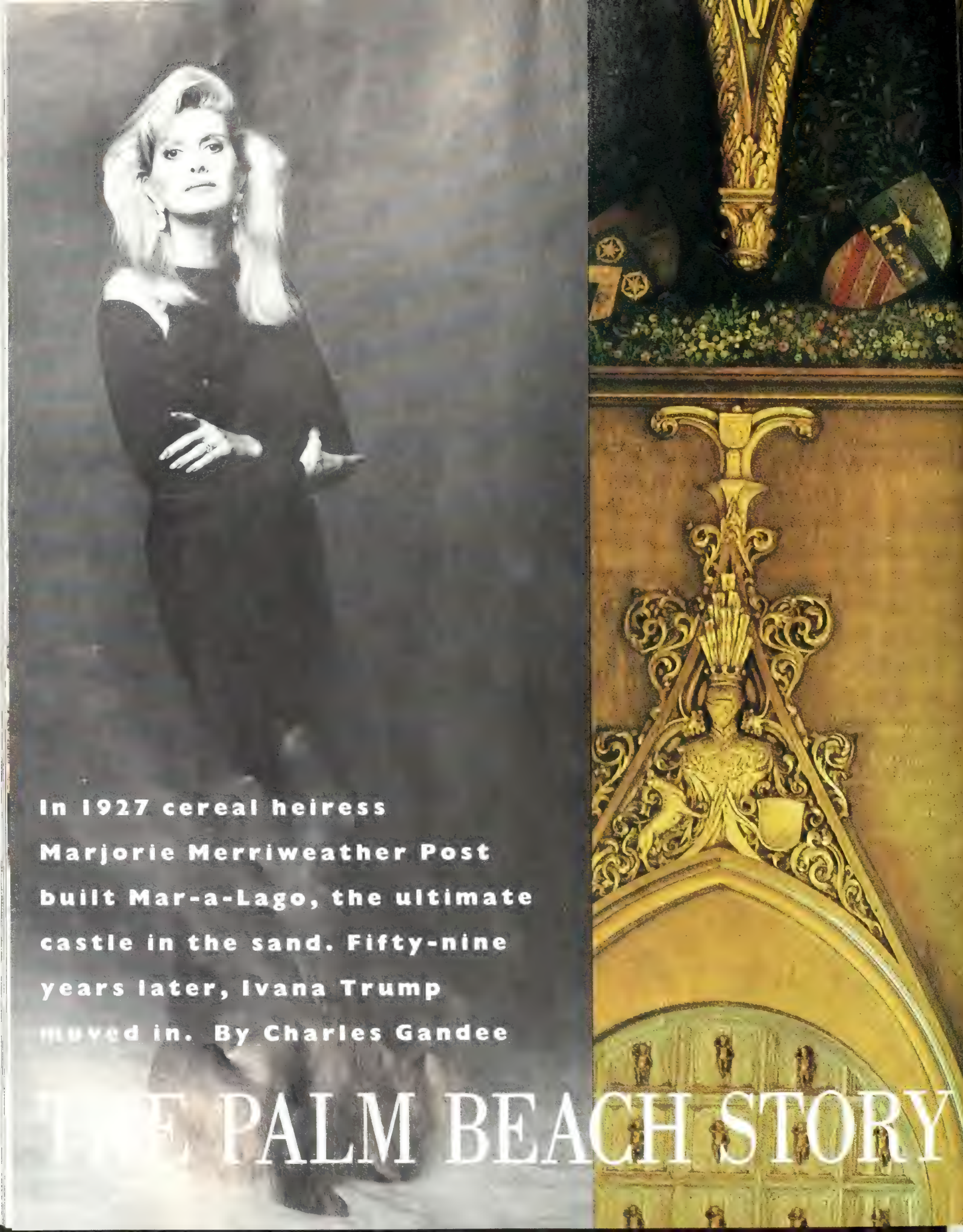
Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet





The Louis XVI bed in the master bedroom, right, is upholstered in a variant of the Lee Jofa chintz used for the walls. The floral pattern is set off by bold striped Cowtan & Tout silk curtains. An Aubusson carpet reflects the sinuous lines of an Italian Rococo gilt mirror. Above left: A hand-beaded antique valance on the mantel in the owners' daughter's bedroom.





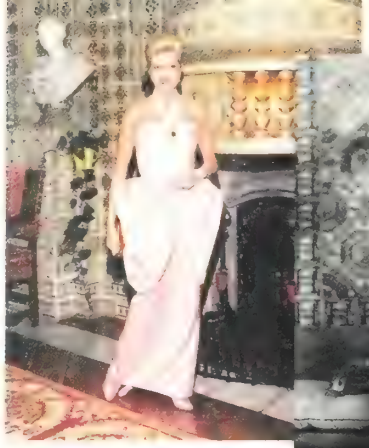
In 1927 cereal heiress Marjorie Merriweather Post built Mar-a-Lago, the ultimate castle in the sand. Fifty-nine years later, Ivana Trump moved in. By Charles Gandee

THE PALM BEACH STORY



One winter day in 1982, Donald and Ivana Trump decided that it was too cold in New York. Not being a couple to suffer needlessly, they hopped a flight to Palm Beach for the weekend to warm up. But it rained. Which was a bore. So Donald called the concierge at the Breakers and ordered a limousine to distract them with an afternoon drive. Cruising along palm-lined avenues, the enthusiastic driver gave his captive audience the grand tour of the resort's great houses, complete with running commentary: "Estée Lauder lives there, Rose Kennedy lives there . . ." And then he eased the stretch Cadillac onto South Ocean Boulevard, where he pulled up to the gates in front of Mar-a-Lago, the greatest of the great houses, bar none. "Nobody lives there," he said. "It's for sale." Which was all his passengers needed to hear.

A knock on the caretaker's door and a request to look over the property were met with suspicious resistance. But true to form, Donald and Ivana persisted. They were even willing to wait in the car while their reluctant guide called New York to confirm that their bank balance was adequate to the financial task at hand. It was, and off went the wide-eyed couple on a tour of the 118-room house. Although Mar-a-Lago was criticized as an architectural bastard when completed in 1927, its exotic aesthetic caught Ivana's eye. She didn't mind a bit that the dining room of the more or less Mediterranean-style house was adapted from the Chigi Palace in





The two mistres of Mar-a-Lago he in common a ta for fancy houses and fancy dress. left: Ivana Trum in 1988, hosting a Preservation Foundation of P Beach benefit. Left: Marjorie Merriweather Po in costume for a 1927 party at th Everglades Club.



Construction began in 1923 on the Hispano-Moresque–style extravaganza, above right and below, designed by Marion Sims Wyeth with Joseph Urban. Preceding pages: A gilded detail from the salon at Mar-a-Lago. Ivana Trump in a wool jersey evening dress from Geoffrey Beene's 1989 resort collection. Styled by Wendy Goodman. Details see Resources.

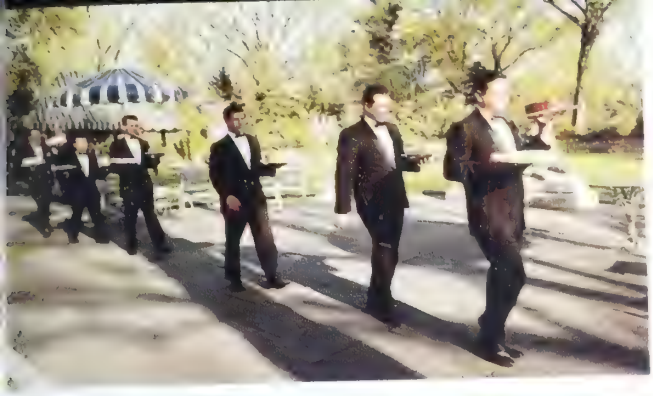
NEWSPHOTOS. COURTESY HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PALM BEACH COUNTY. ALFRED EISENSTAEDT LIFE MAGAZINE © 1965 TIME INC. COURTESY HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PALM BEACH COUNTY. ALFRED



Post, left, gives an informal luncheon on the patio and, below, enjoys a dance in the pavilion she added in 1962. Opposite top: A Post-era black-tie parade for dinner. Right: Ivana Trump and friends aboard the *Trump Princess* docked off Palm Beach.











"We didn't feel the urge to put our personal stamp on the house because it was already beautiful"



Marjorie Merriweather Post, in 1923, strolling along the Atlantic shore with E. F. Hutton, the second of her four husbands.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: AUTHOR'S COLLECTION; COURTESY LIFE MAGAZINE, © TIME INC.; COURTESY MARJORIE MERRIWEATHER POST ARCHIVES, HILLWOOD MUSEUM & GARDENS, INC.; COURTESY MARJORIE MERRIWEATHER POST ARCHIVES, HILLWOOD MUSEUM & GARDENS, INC.; COURTESY MARJORIE MERRIWEATHER POST ARCHIVES, HILLWOOD MUSEUM & GARDENS, INC.



Everything is again as it was in the salon Viennese designer Joseph Urban spent four years creating for Post in the twenties. The Trumps have changed almost nothing in the house they bought completely furnished in 1985. The Bristol glass chandeliers, the gold-leaf ceiling (copied after the Thousand-Wing Ceiling in Venice's Accademia), and the seven silk needlework panels shipped from Italy and inset into the walls have all been restored to their original splendor.

JACQUES DIPIANE



Rome, that the living room ceiling was modeled after the Accademia in Venice, or that other rooms drew their inspiration from Spanish, Dutch, Portuguese, French, Italian, Norwegian, and English sources. Ivana liked the I'll-take-them-all attitude toward different periods and styles. "It's absolutely spectacular," she said. So Donald made the owners an offer, $15 million, which, as it turned out, they could easily refuse. Donald said that was fine. "You have my number. Call me."

Time passed, and in 1985 Ivana received a call from a friend saying the house was still for sale. Donald swung into action, setting up a luncheon to discuss, as he would say, the deal. "You can't offer them less than you did before," advised Ivana. But Donald could, and Donald did. MAR-A-LAGO'S BARGAIN PRICE TAG ROCKS COMMUNITY blared the headline in the *Palm Beach Daily News* when it was announced that Trump had paid a cut-rate $5 million for the house, $3 million for its contents, and $2 million for one acre of adjacent Atlantic Ocean beachfront.

Although Donald Trump's bargain outraged the citizens of Palm Beach—what did this mean for property values?—they were also concerned, to put it mildly, about their new neighbors' agenda. Which was not surprising. After all, the Trumps are so rich and so famous and so hopelessly indiscreet about both that a volatile mixture of envy and contempt seems to follow their every high-profile move. Their move into Palm Beach was no exception. Why did the couple want the house? Would Donald develop the property? Would he subdivide the seventeen-acre site into building lots and turn Mar-a-Lago into a clubhouse? A condominium? A hotel? Would Ivana obliterate the otherworldly interiors created by Viennese designer Joseph Urban and redecorate the architectural landmark in the same flashy mirror-and-marble style she had lavished on the Trump hotels and casinos in Atlantic City and the Trump skyscrapers and shopping complexes in Manhattan? Or were the upstart Trumps making a bid for membership in the resort's haute society?

"No! No! No!" declares Ivana, clearly rankling at all the idle and, to her mind, malicious speculation. "We wouldn't subdivide seventeen acres and build a few houses to sell. When we go into business, we go into big business." And as for that







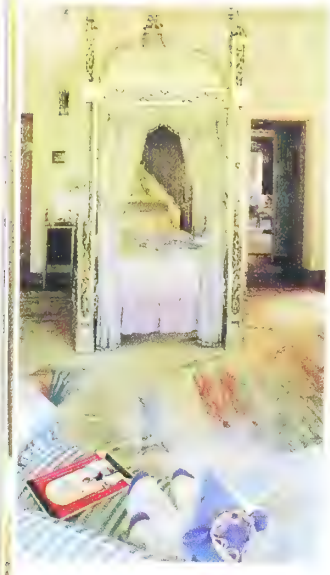


The dining room, opposite, as it is today, and, left, as it was in 1965. Above: Gilt cherubs in a niche off the living room support a console table that holds a perennial "flower arrangement" made of seashells.



The ornamental plasterwork of the Adamesque guest room ceiling, above, is mirrored in the carpet pattern. Right: Onyx marble and ceramic tile line the combination office-bathroom that Marjorie Merriweather Post installed in her private suite.

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: JACQUES DIRAND (3); ALFRED EISENSTAEDT LIFE MAGAZINE © 1965 TIME INC. JACQUES DIRAND







nasty rumor that the Trumps annually apply for membership in Palm Beach clubs and are annually rejected? "We have never applied," she retorts emphatically. "We are not club people. Besides there's nothing outside Mar-a-Lago that we don't have inside. We have everything—a pool, tennis courts, a beach." Instead, according to Ivana, the altogether unremarkable reason she and Donald bought the palatial estate in Florida is that they work hard all week and like to get away from Manhattan and their Trump Tower triplex on weekends with their three children. In late spring, summer, and early fall the family retreats to twenty rooms on a ten-acre waterfront estate in Greenwich, Connecticut, which until 1985 left the winter weekends free.

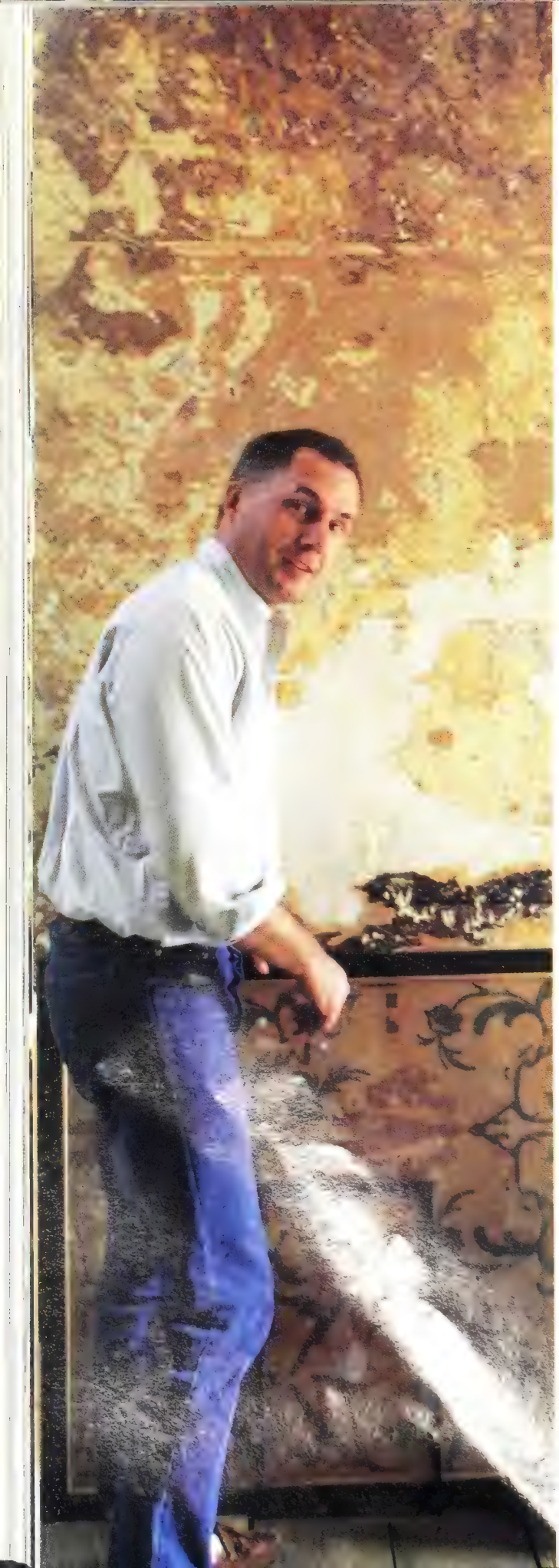
Enough time has passed since Donald and Ivana moved into Mar-a-Lago for the couple to reveal their true intentions toward the house. After all, the Trumps do not dally. But contrary to the speculation that the couple's arrival signaled the downfall of the greatest house in Palm Beach, not much has changed at 1100 South Ocean Boulevard. In the five years since they arrived on the scene, the Trumps have done almost nothing to Mar-a-Lago—except meticulously return the house and grounds to their original glory.

If Marjorie Merriweather Post were alive today, she would have no trouble recognizing the monument she erected to herself, to her fortune, and, it was said, to the social aspirations of her second husband, E. F. Hutton. Except for an extraordinary number of Trump family photographs deployed throughout the house, everything is as it was when Post died in 1973 and turned the house over to the U.S. government as a retreat for the president and visiting dignitaries. (In 1981 the government gave the house back to the Post Foundation because the annual tab for minimal maintenance was $1 million.) In a rare show of aesthetic deference, the Trumps have bowed to Post's exotic vision of luxury. From the tip of

(Text continued on page 170)

Joseph Urban displayed his talent as a children's book illustrator in the fairy-tale bedroom, right, he created for Dina Merrill, Post's daughter. Now the domain of eight-year-old Ivanka Trump, the room's silvered canopy bed, top left, squirrel door handles, center left, and nursery rhyme bathroom tiles, left, have lost none of their charm.





Standing in the hallway of David Roos's handsome early nineteenth century house in London is like waiting in the wings of one of England's old, faded, but still grand theaters. Beyond, you can glimpse the warm light and seductive colors of the set—Scene: a smart drawing room. Time: the present—but offstage everything is stripped to the essentials. The bare floorboards in Roos's hall have been rubbed to a silvery sheen and the plaster walls scraped to reveal vestiges of each succeeding layer of decoration, right back 150 years to the original trompe l'oeil rustication on a tawny stone-colored ground. A few well-chosen props leaning against the wall—a pretty 1830s cast-iron fire grate and a large framed gouache-on-paper design for a brocade pattern—make it clear that the decoration of this house is a drama in progress.

As you look at Roos's bold and theatrical decorative effects, it comes as no surprise to learn that he trained first as a stage designer. But the instant staple-gun, it'll-be-all-right-on-opening-night approach was not for him. Roos is a perfectionist: every element in an interior must be considered, everything must be beautifully crafted, and all the parts must work together, perfectly. Which is why for the time being, until just the right carpets are found or, more likely, made, there are no carpets in his house. In the same way he prefers to live with his "Pompeian ruin" hallway. "It's very palazzo," says Roos in a typical throwaway line. He then goes on to describe with characteristic enthusiasm, and a touch of amused irony, just how complex the intended brocade wallcovering will be, with hand-blocking in various colors and, like many Roos fabrics, a lot of hand-painted finishing on top of that. "It will cost the earth just to do two walls. Oh well!"

After decorating various apartments for himself, Roos bought this house in Hackney in London's East End about two years ago. Like others who care about architec-



David Roos, left, with a framed design for brocade to cover his "Pompeian ruin" hallway walls. Right: A Baltic Biedermeier center table, a William IV sofa, c. 1835, and a Roos-designed folding screen in the front drawing room. A Charles X desk faces the mantelpiece. Fringed cornices, a lace and passementerie valance, and Roos's red-flocked wallpaper interspersed with painted gold stars are touches of fanciful luxe.



Restoration Drama

Decorator David Roos sets the stage for life in his London town house

By Stephen Calloway Photographs by James Mortimer

ture, he had tired of cramped apartments with badly shaped rooms carved out of once decently proportioned spaces—the sort of places that have nothing but a smart address to recommend them. He followed the adage of today's New Georgians, "Go where the architecture is," and immediately made his mark in a street of rainbow-hued exteriors by painting the front door and windows, including the glazing bars, glossy black. It is an appropriate treatment for the façade of this dignified little row house, and it is a very David Roos trick to be brave enough to be different and bold enough to make his personal style statement by being reticent.

Inside, it is a different story. There the Roos reticence meets the even more famous Roos extravagance. The newly decorated rooms are a distillation of his style, a celebration of richness in color, detail, and materials that reflects the distinctive grand luxe he has made his own in a decade of work for sympathetic clients. Though little of this work has been published, because those who commission very expensive decoration often like to be discreet, every project has added something to the Roos repertoire. For a lavish scheme in India he directed local craftsmen in the carving,

Roos pins up fabric swatches, tassels, and project sketches in his basement studio, left. Below: Bedroom walls are covered in Gothic damask from Christopher Hyland. Upholsterer's tacks below the ceiling suggest a miniature cornice. Matching damask is tufted on the headboard and hung over cupboards. Details see Resources.





The Roos reticence meets the even more famous Roos extravagance, the grand luxe he has made his own





In the back drawing room, left, English Neoclassical armchairs of mahogany and striped velvet flank a mantel crowned by a 19th-century French painted-wood and ormolu clock. A low stool covered in black damask has contrasting bands of the same cut-pile velvet Roos applied to the mirror frame. He also painted the glass shades of the sconces and designed scrolled fretwork cresting for the twin bookcases. Above: One of a pair of gilt armchairs in the neo-baronial style of the 1830s, upholstered in a custom Roos horsehair fabric. Below: The kitchen table and cupboards are 19th-century English pine. Late Georgian country chairs have seat covers of black and white ticking. Roos has mounted a Victorian station clock and Neoclassical framed prints against exposed layers of earlier wall decoration.

painting, and gilding of a remarkable interior, whose brilliance he matched with carpets of his own design and custom-made upholstered furniture from England and passementerie from Portugal. Another major commission took him to Sweden, where he created a mad, riotously colored Arabian Nights fantasy in the unlikely setting of a grand turn-of-the-century hotel with a pale green façade. At the same time, however, he seized the opportunity to take a firsthand look at the clear simple lines of Scandinavian Neoclassical architecture and furnishings and returned with a new interest in playing with big Swedish pieces.

In the early days of his career, Roos's most revered models were the French stylists Christian Bérard and, particularly, Jean-Michel Frank, but where he once admired their cool chic, it is now perhaps the whimsy of Bérard and the attention to detail and use of exquisite materials in Frank's interiors that he finds most appealing. Roos also talks with great enthusiasm of the rooms created in Paris and Venice after the war by the legendary Charles de Beistégui and of things done thirty years ago by Renzo Mongiardino, another theater designer turned decorator.

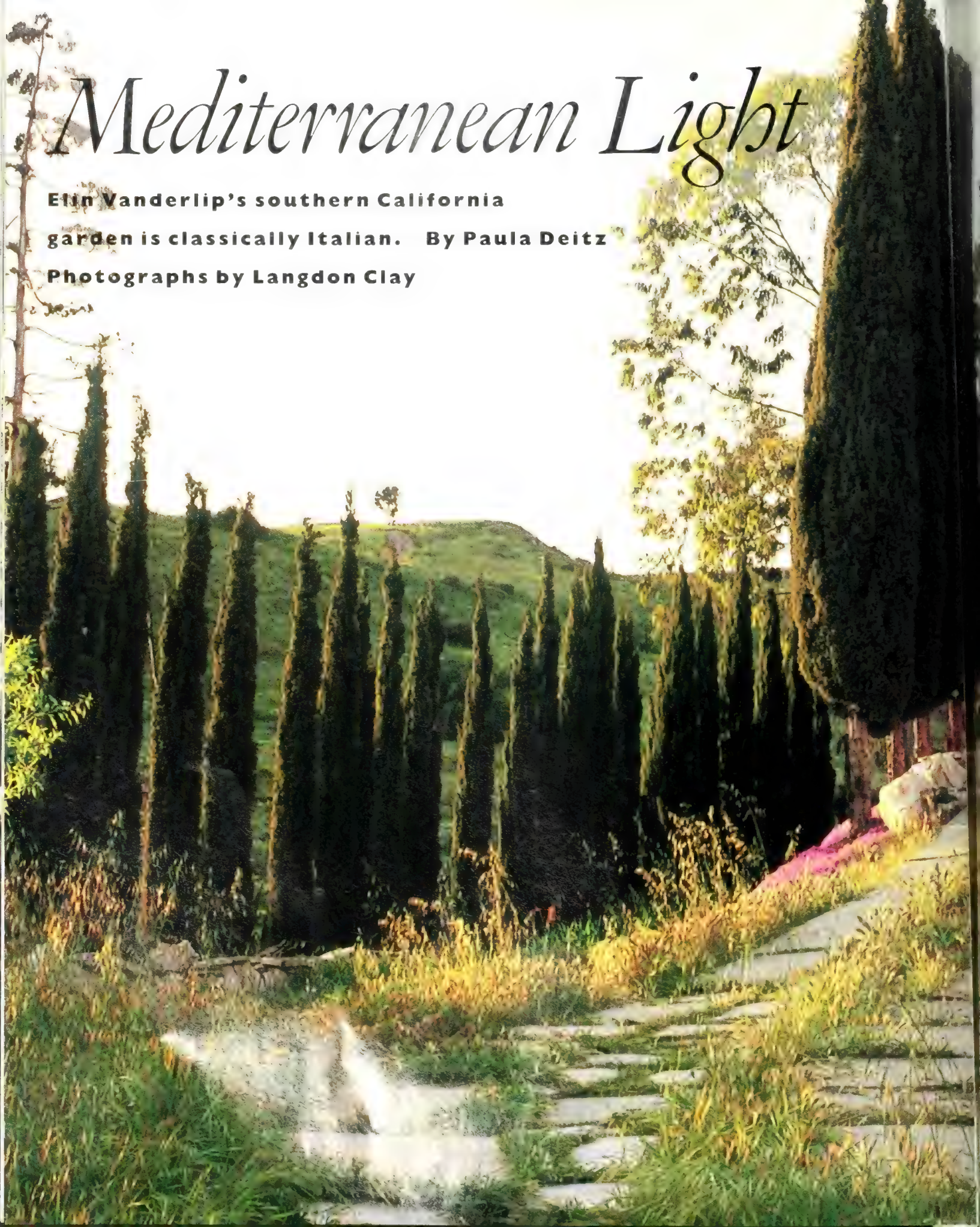
The showpiece of the house is the double drawing room on the raised ground floor, which retains a pair of elegant pale marble mantelpieces. These, along with other surviving architectural features, such as the original elaborate plaster cornices and the baseboards, have been carefully restored. Roos treated the two rooms as one decoratively, although each is furnished and arranged as a distinct area and they can be divided by large folding doors. A sense of order and symmetry is given by matching elements in the two rooms. The windows at each end are uncurtained but have wonderfully rich valances of colored passementerie and black lace that hang from elaborate poles with ornate finials. Similarly, above both fireplaces are tall looking glasses flanked by matching pairs of sconces with hand-painted glass shades. The mirrors are canted out from the walls to give more intriguing reflections, and their frames are covered in a cut-pile velvet in yellow and purplish brown. A great Roos favorite, this fabric appears in appliqué stripes on a low stool and suggests a distinctly seventeenth-century opulence. Against the *(Text continued on page 174)*



Mediterranean Light

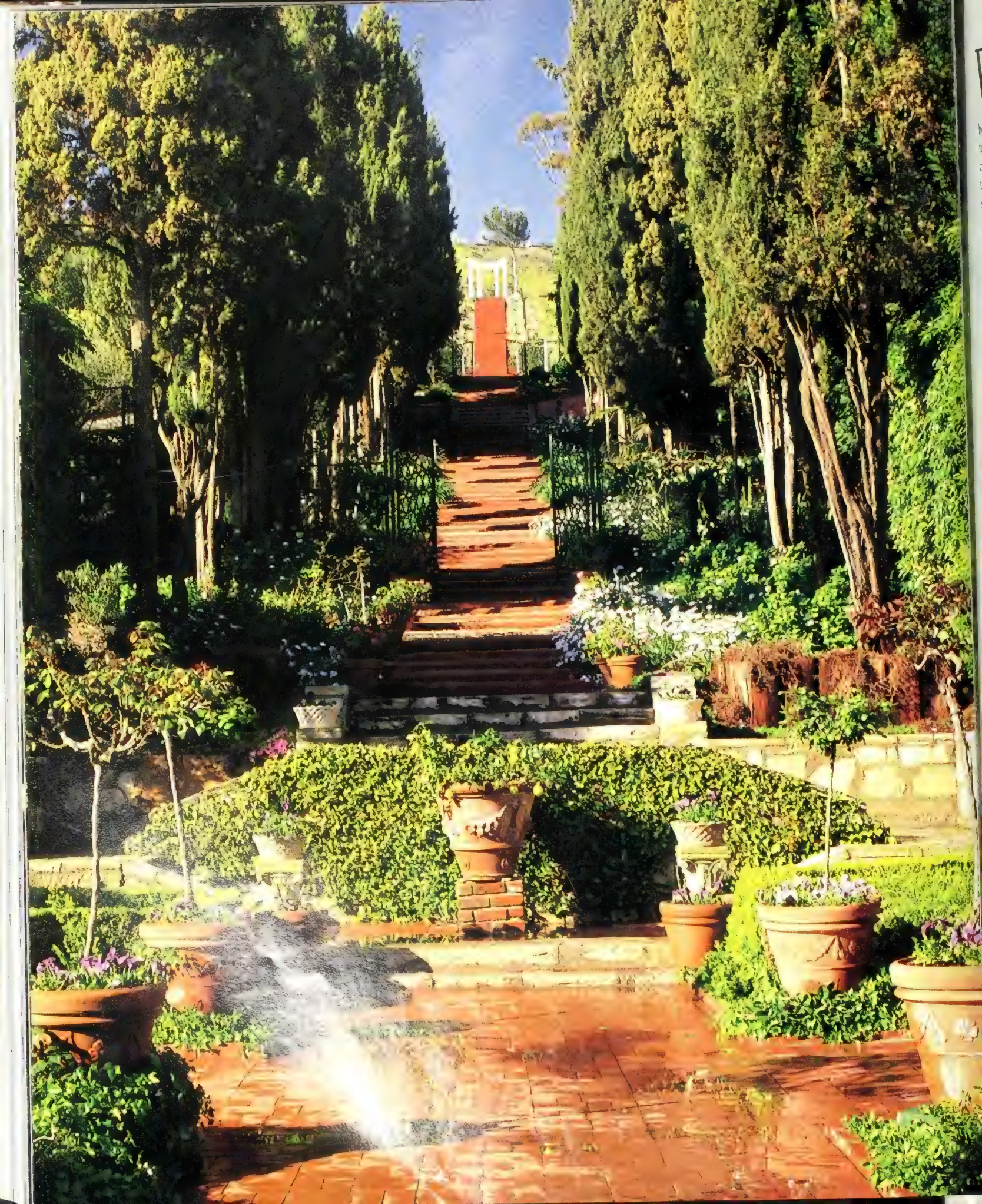
Elin Vanderlip's southern California garden is classically Italian. By Paula Deitz

Photographs by Langdon Clay





In the Palos Verdes Hills, on a peninsula south of Los Angeles, a cypress walk, paved with local flagstones, leads up to the Villa [illegible]. Like the warm light of Italy, the California sun casts a glow over an embankment of pink bougainvillea and ice plants interspersed with freeway daisies. Originally landscaped in the 1920s by Frederick Law Olmsted Jr., the property is being restored and developed by its current owner, Elin Vanderlip.



When, in a letter to a friend, Pliny the Younger describes his Tuscan villa and its gardens on the lower slopes of the Apennines, he succeeds in setting every detail of the estate before the reader's eyes: "A semicircle . . . densely shaded by the cypress trees . . . roses grow there and the cool shadow alternates with the pleasant warmth of the sun . . . ." Centuries later, those vivid descriptions come to mind on the grounds of a villa in southern California, where the sharp contrasts of light and shadow, the glistening blue waters of the Pacific, and hills rising from the sea create a landscape that could almost be the Italy Pliny knew.

Halfway up a canyon on the Palos Verdes Peninsula, just south of Los Angeles, the Tuscan-style Villa Narcissa and its nine small guest cottages clustered along steep winding paths—only a hint of terracotta tile roofs shows through dense greenery—possess all the intimate charm of an Italian hill town. Although the villa and the plan for the surrounding landscape were created in the 1920s, it is owing to the present owner, Elin Vanderlip, a woman devoted to the conservation of art and architecture, that this complex of buildings and its restored gardens are now enjoying their finest moment.

Mrs. Vanderlip is the founder and president of Friends of French Art, an American organization that has privately raised almost $3 million in the past ten years to restore important works of French art and architecture in both France and the United States. In 1984 she was decorated as a *commandeur des arts et des lettres*. This year Jack Lang, the cultural minister of France, gave a fête in honor of Mrs. Vanderlip's seventieth birthday. While shepherding her group through France, in an annual movable feast of a house party held at various châteaus and gardens, her eye has never been idle. The restoration of the Villa Narcissa reflects a personal taste informed by life and travels abroad.

Born and raised in Norway, where she still owns an island, Mrs. Vanderlip married her American husband, Kelvin Cox



Some of the cypresses brought from Rome in 1920, left, still line the northern vista to the Doric temple. Right: On the Hortensia Terrace, faience lions perch on stone tables from Vicenza against a background of Italian marble columns in a green niche of *Pittosporum undulatum*.

Vanderlip, in 1946. Her father-in-law, the New York banker Frank A. Vanderlip, had purchased the original 16,200-acre Spanish land grant of Rancho Palos Verdes in 1912 with the hope of developing the peninsula. But it was not until the 1920s that he established the early automobile suburb called Palos Verdes Estates, working with Olmsted Brothers of Boston as his landscape architects (Frederick Law Olmsted, the founder of the firm, is best known as the codesigner of New York's Central Park). Vanderlip's own villa built in 1924 and named after his wife, Narcissa, was sited, with the help of a meteorologist, at an elevation above the fog that comes rolling in over the sea. Overlooking the surf at Portuguese Bend and, farther out, Catalina Island, the rustic villa in the form of a farmstead and courtyard was a guesthouse for a main residence that was never built.

But the grounds were grand enough as laid out by Frederick Law Olmsted Jr., who built his own house nearby. Terraces and an orangerie at the villa were home to many exotic birds, and the call of peacocks remains a distinctive part of the ambiance. The major and still most dramatic feature of the landscape is a 268-step cypress allée that climbs a steep northern slope from the house. Two years ago Elin Vanderlip, who has been widowed since 1956, was finally able to acquire the upper half of the allée from other family members and begin a serious restoration of this landmark vista.

Ravaged twice by brushfires, the thick old cypresses brought over from Rome in 1920 recall the towering trees at the Villa d'Este in Tivoli as drawn by Fragonard from the foot of the steep ascent. In her 1904 book *Italian Villas and Their Gardens*, Edith Wharton's description of going down the steps at the Villa d'Este captures the mood of the Villa Narcissa as well: "There are such depths of mystery in the infinite green distances and in the cypress-shaded pool[illegible] garden, that one has a sense of awe rather than of pleasure in descending from one level to another of darkly rustling [illegible].

In front of a forest of [illegible] and a peacock-proof wall [illegible]

One of several resident peacocks [illegible] across the lawn of [illegible] garden [illegible] raised cutting bed for large boulders. A semi-rondelle of cypress curves behind an Italian terra-cotta statue of Summer







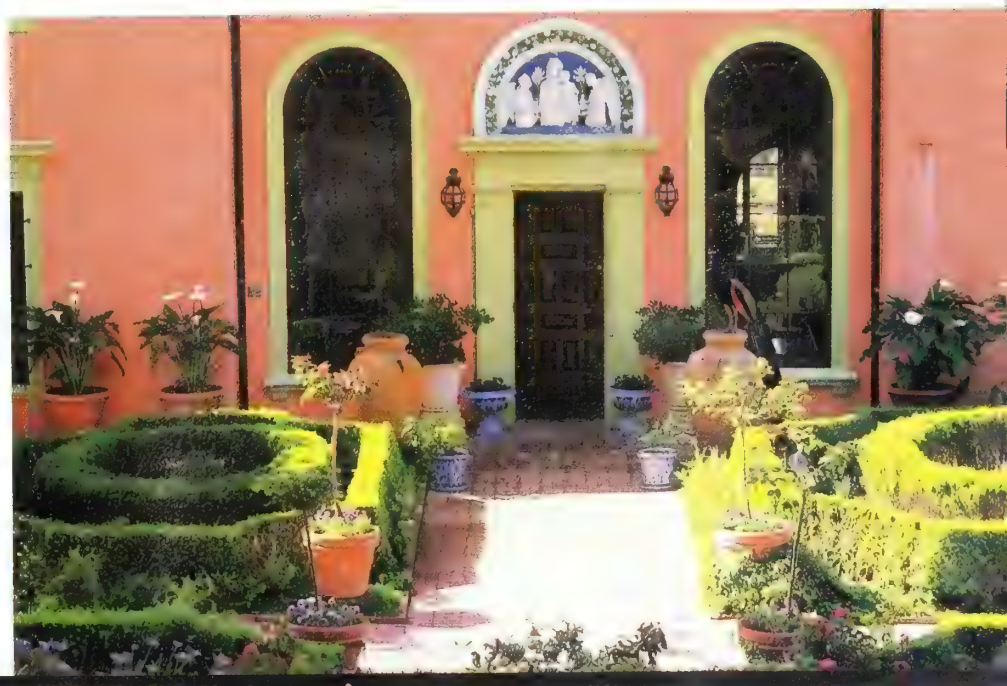
cypresses form a dense wall until one arrives at iron gates leading onto the open hillside. There, between newly planted cypresses, steps of crushed terra-cotta roof tile imbedded in a rosy concrete are held firm by railroad-tie risers, and a predominantly blue floral border rambles among the tree trunks. The wild profusion of plumbago, Mexican sage, cornflowers, white alyssum, fuchsia ice plants, freeway daisies, and wild poppies is also drought-resistant. On a plateau at the top of the steps, a Doric temple stands within a semicircle of oaks near a recently completed Greek amphitheater. There is a suggestion of Hollywood here: the Corinthian proscenium columns are salvaged fiberglass film props. The semicircular tiers of seats are rows of automobile tires half-buried in earth and covered over by a growth of ice plants. Another line of cypresses marks the wings. For a recent evening of amateur theatricals, family and friends came dressed as Olympian gods.



As one looks back down the hillside, the slopes are crisscrossed with new allées of olive and golden rain trees on one side and jacaranda underplanted with statice on the other. A circle of banana trees, Brazilian peppers, shocking-pink geraniums, and purple statice composes a living garden folly dubbed the Temple Eliana, in honor of one of Mrs. Vanderlip's granddaughters.

The guesthouses, which Elin Vanderlip designed herself in the shape of towers or Italian roadside houses, also resemble garden follies. Private garden enclosures feature olive trees on stilts, a Chinese moon gate, *(Text continued on page 172)*

Amid an enclosure of winter jasmine, left, a terra-cotta statue of Winter. Above: Clusters of century plants in the drought-resistant landscape. Below: Crowned by a replica of a Della Robbia Madonna and Child, the north entrance opens onto a formal courtyard parterre of clipped box with standard roses, gardenias, and calla lilies in terra-cotta pots.

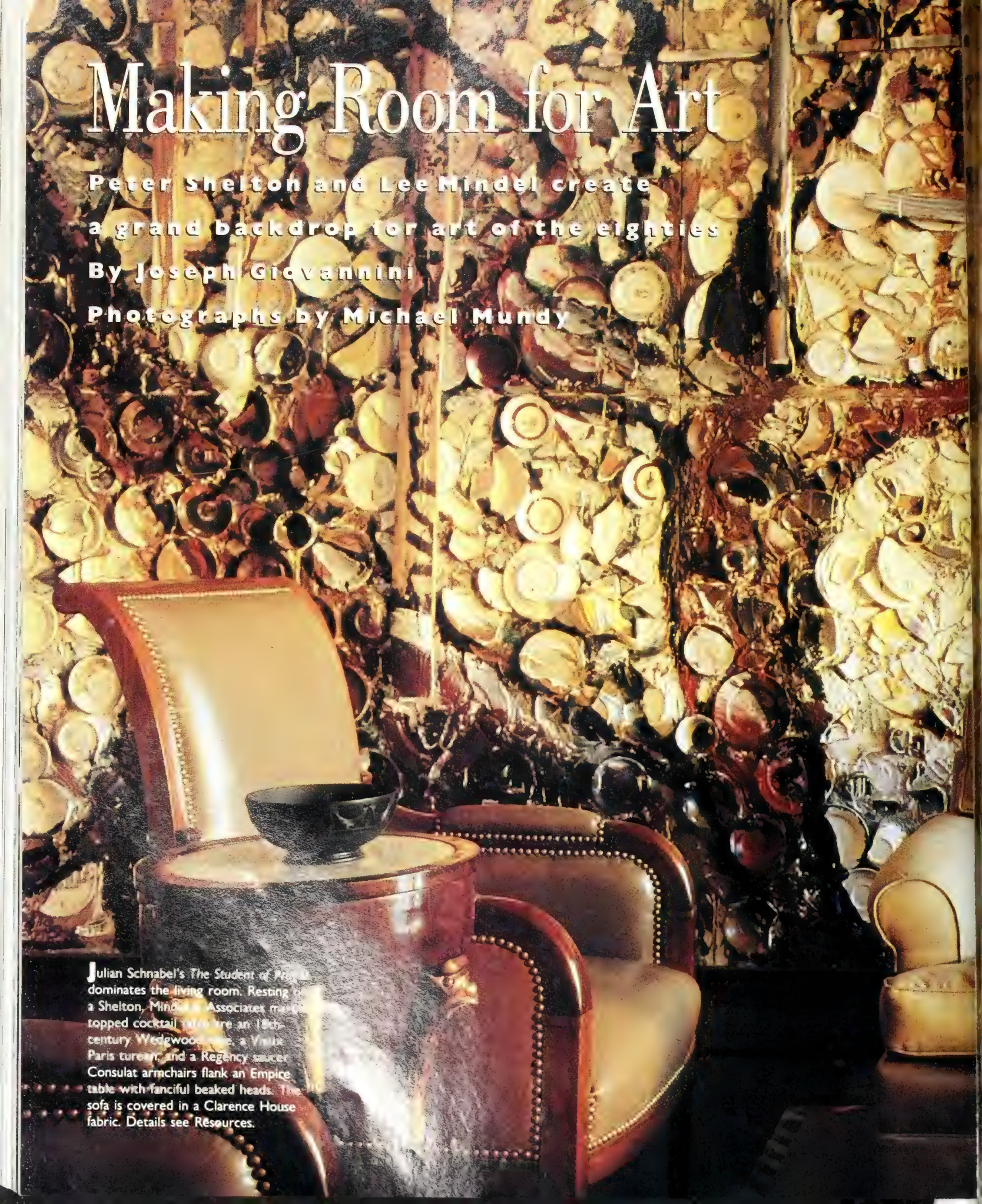


Making Room for Art

Peter Shelton and Lee Mindel create a grand backdrop for art of the eighties

By Joseph Giovannini

Photographs by Michael Mundy



Julian Schnabel's *The Student of Prague* dominates the living room. Resting on a Shelton, Mindel & Associates marble-topped cocktail table are an 18th-century Wedgwood vase, a Vieux Paris tureen, and a Regency saucer. Consulat armchairs flank an Empire table with fanciful beaked heads. The sofa is covered in a Clarence House fabric. Details see Resources.

Several years ago when developer Jerry Spiegel and his wife, Emily, were looking for a Manhattan retreat from their Long Island house, two thoughts prevailed. They insisted on a view, and their collection of large-scale art insisted on headroom. "We found several spectacular apartments on Park Avenue but none with the view," he recalls. "This one on Fifth had the view but not the architecture. We bought it instantly. The ceiling had height."

Jerry Spiegel has seen a lot of houses in his day—since the late 1940s he has been one of the most prolific builders on Long Island. (His career, he says, started on his uncle's potato farm—"a little building here, a little building there.") But when he surveys his newly renovated apartment, its thoughtfulness gives him pause. "Everything you see," he says, "has a design to it and a reason."

For New York architects Peter Shelton and Lee Mindel most of the designs and reasons stemmed from the fact that the Spiegels' weekend apartment would really be used as a private museum. The couple often lend paintings for exhibitions, and they rotate the art on their walls frequently. Out-of-town museum groups visit regularly, as do artists. That the full-floor apartment is located on a stretch called Museum Mile is only coincidental to its niche in a larger New York ecology of art, artists, patrons, galleries, and gallery visitors. Mindel and Shelton knew they had to present the museum-quality works well: it was a debut for the collection in a discerning and potentially critical city.

The question was how to transform stately but conventionally boxy spaces into comfortable living quarters that still suited canvases scaled to the lofts in which they were painted. "The spaces can't be too open or you lose the paintings, but if they're too closed, you stifle them," says Mindel. "And the apartment had to be understated to avoid competing with the art. Still, we wanted to retain the grandeur of Fifth Avenue, but how do you achieve a grand design without looking retro?" Complicating the task was the issue of taste: definite



An inlaid oak and walnut path (dubbed the Yellow Brick Road by Lee Mindel and Peter Shelton) in the entrance gallery leads past a Donald Judd sculpture to Anselm Kiefer's *Wood Room*. A painting by A. R. Penck hangs in the adjoining living room.





their contemporary paintings and their Richard Neutra International Style house on Long Island, the couple wanted an "old-world design."

When Emily Spiegel answers the door, she offers a warm smile and an assist with briefcases and umbrellas. Since the early 1980s, when the couple started acquiring contemporary works, she has guided a collection that has become one of the eminent ensembles in the country. And she is protective: here, as in any museum, objects with sharp corners are tactfully closeted.

In the long entrance gallery, its wood floor inlaid with oak and walnut to resemble limestone, a small but impressive group of canvases by German artists Sigmar Polke and Anselm Kiefer greets the visitor. The hostess and resident curator leads the way, walking freely through an apartment that has high substantial walls but flowing space around them. Each area has two or more ways in and out, and the multiple openings encourage random paths. Having eliminated corners by keeping walls from meeting, the architects have created different angles from which to see each room and painting. The resulting parallax sets up unexpected relationships that generate small visual epiphanies for the Spiegels: "Look at the Judd against the Salle and then the Salle against the Baselitz," she says, virtually miniatured next to an apocalyptic tableau of smashed plates by Schnabel. "Julian does everything big, everything outsized."

Emily Spiegel often moves the paintings, careful always for the right fit of artwork, space, and sequence. A small canvas of a skull by Gerhard Richter is secreted behind a fluted column. *Corporate Wars* by Robert Longo—a teeming metal relief of suited figures climbing and claw-



Russian Empire candlesticks and a Vieux Paris tureen form the centerpiece on a Louis XVI table, above left, in the dining room. Behind Italian Empire chairs is David Salle's *Zeitgeist Painting #2*. Left: Armchairs converge before a fire in the sitting room. Ross Bleckner's *Brother, Brother* rests on a limestone mantel carved in Italy. Right: Project architect Randall Pregibon constructed a hinged wall that provides a small-scale gallery for photographs and can be opened all the way to unite the dining room and the living room beyond. The painting is Gerhard Richter's *Two Candles*.

ing their way to success—sculpts the space in a back gallery. "It's the art that you have trouble with that gives you the most pleasure later on," notes Jerry Spiegel.

The collection is arranged in areas organized to encircle the elevator core. Guests move from painting to painting, room to room, without having to retrace their steps, as in a well-planned museum. To make the spaces kinetic, the architects created large architectural patterns—coffers in the beamed ceilings and inlay in the floors—and shifted them into subtle cubistic compositions of overlapping planes. Elegantly proportioned antiques—French Consulat, Empire, and Directoire pieces that emphasize structure over fabric and pattern—anchor the rooms.

The bones of the apartment prevail not only because the architects have toned down the decoration but also because the engineering is hidden. Mindel cites 165 clustered spotlights, all on dimmers; hollow walls for art storage; and plywood backing for the plaster walls to facilitate hanging. The biggest window, facing Central Park, swivels in to accommodate works of art that the elevator can't.

With little visual competition from the the architecture and furniture, the paintings—large enough to be nearly environmental—quickly condition the eye and mind. From this apartment the view to the clifflike row of buildings along Central Park West and the reservoir below seems like another element in the collection. When the scrimmed shades on the windows are drawn, the scenery transforms into a luminous Turner.

Facing this landscape but gesturing to a sour-colored Brice Marden on the wall behind her, Emily Spiegel reflects, "These paintings are tough. Many of them aren't figurative or representational but about concepts. There's pain in buying work that is not simply beautiful. Art gives me ideas. It's changed my sensibility. When I hear music now, I see paintings." ▲

Editor: Heather Smith Ma[illegible]



The architects, with associate Helen Elkner, created a neutral shell of cream hues in the master bedroom to enhance the Spiegels' revolving collection of large-scale paintings. Displayed on the far wall is David Salle's *Footman*. A quilted Pratesi coverlet and walls upholstered in fabric from Manuel Canovas add to the cocoonlike aura.



Island of Calm

Chessy Rayner's Saint Martin retreat is a study in elegant simplicity

By Barbara Howar

Photographs by Jacques Dirand



In the living room the 19th century Anglo-Raj mahogany furniture bor[illegible] s' Ushak rug. Japanese Seto ceramic plates, c [illegible]20, are displayed on a custom-made oak table. Two sculptures by Betty Parsons adorn the walls. Opposite: From the pool one can gaze acr[illegible]s to the island of Saba. Details see Resources









The muted earth tones of a Turkish rug, top, set off the c
wicker furniture and muslin curtain
porch. Above: The pool with the
wing beyond. Opposite: Doors leading
the French porch are opened to reveal
the encroaching garden. Straw hats and
flippers hang on an Anglo-Raj hatstand.

Caribbean houses ought to hold to the same standards demanded by a persnickety visitor to a family of bears: nothing too soft or too hard, too hot or too cold, too pretentious or simple, and never overly formal or sloppily casual. Tropical abodes, in fact, should be like Chessy Rayner's in Saint Martin: just right.

Situated serenely atop a cliff on the French side of the island, the one-story white coral dwelling is private yet accessible with all the amenities and little maintenance but absolutely no ostentation. Which is not to say elegance is absent—there is indeed plenty of the unstudied variety characteristic of Chessy Rayner, who with her friend Mica Ertegün founded the interior design firm of MAC II.

Neither the house nor its owner grabs the visitor by the lapels. Both are simply inviting and greet guests with the statement that it's not only acceptable but desirable for them to do as much or as little as they like. Opportunities abound, but there are no forced marches through shops or over golf courses, and few stray beyond the French border into the Dutch gambling casinos. Instead, some [illegible] known to hibernate for days. Such relaxed attitudes are derived in part from the physical layout of the house as well as its furnishings, which Rayner has gathered from around the world and grouped with her remarkable eye for harmony and easy elegance. Totally without contrivance, it's as if the house just sprang up amidst the bougainvillea and hibiscus, complete with totemic sculptures by Betty Parsons and spare Japanese Seto ceramics tastefully scattered about.

Still, it's not the small treasures that catch the eye upon entering from the front courtyard. The immediate and enduring joy is the bright grand parlor with its tray ceiling that slopes toward a wide covered terrace and a startling panoramic view of the sea. Strategically positioned throughout are wicker chaises with crisp cotton cushions, Turkish rugs, and expansive Anglo-Raj mahogany sofas conducive to conversation or indolence. Books are stacked on simple trestle tables made on the island; reed baskets hold cassettes, magazines, or towels, making whatever's needed conveniently at hand. Solitude is stored in tucked-away corners, sun-filled or shaded; even the pool, jutting out over the cliff, has ample space for swimmers to go it alone.

Off the vine-tangled walkways connected to the main veranda, each bedroom has a sheltering entry area and a sizable bath and dressing space. The mosquito netting above the beds is mostly for effect, and



sphere as well as breezes. Were there beaded curtains at the doors instead of louvers, Sidney Greenstreet might part them to enter.

But for all its laid-back exoticness, the Rayner house smacks of order and efficiency, of being ready at a moment's notice to expand or contract to accommodate the unexpected. In fact, on many occasions the parlor has embraced such seemingly disparate groups as British rock stars, Italian couturiers, sixties radicals, and Hollywood moguls—the ragtag mix who regularly wash up on the balmy shores.





The kitchen, modern but user-friendly, can bear the traffic. Unless it is temporarily commanded by a local cook and butler, the willing guest is free to join the hostess there in turning out seemingly effortless buffet lunches served on the porch, as well as the occasional seated dinner. But part of the fun of the thoroughly French enclave of Saint Martin is the variety of little waterside restaurants well worth the effort of putting on shoes. In the small village of Marigot alone, dozens offer as fine a fare as any commensurate spot in the south of France and without the rampant rudeness of the mother country.

One of the best bets on the island is La Samanna, long considered exceptional among the exclusive resorts in the Caribbean. Though neither seen nor heard from the Rayner villa, the hotel is just a short amble down the hill and provides a number of advantages, namely a bilingual switchboard operator, tennis courts, a prized chef, and the choicest celebrity ogling in the vicinity. During holidays swells from the Khashoggi or Agnelli yachts cavort at the bar.

Once returned to the Rayner high ground, however, with privacy and priorities restored, sympathy can be mustered for anybody s[illegible] indulgent denizens of hotel suites. At these mellow moments, awash in moonlight [illegible] something equally intoxicating, the dazzled guest might wonder if the [illegible] roundings actually had been designed to his or her own just-right standards. ▲

In the guest room, right, an Indian mirror inlaid with mother-of-pearl, bedspreads of Brazilian cotton piqué, louvered doors, and mosquito netting create an atmosphere of tropical ease. Above: Watercolors capture the native flora of the island. Opposite below: Art supplies are conveniently set out on the porch for the inspired guest.





If there were beaded curtains
at the doors instead of louvers, Sidney
Greenstreet might part them to enter



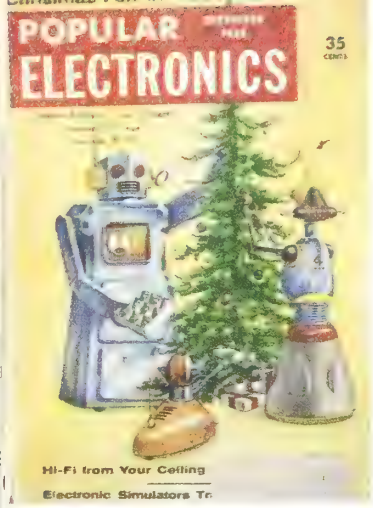
THE WELL-TEM

No longer lost in space, mechanical wonders come down to earth to relieve domestic drudgery. By Kent Black

Produced by Dana Cowin Photographs by Chris Callis



PERED ROBOT



What was it about the robot on TV's *Lost in Space* that made you want to be Will or Penny Robinson if you were stranded on some distant planet? This robot not only exuded humor and power, he was also the first user-friendly machine—playing chess with Dr. Smith and baseball with Will, cutting out dolls with Penny, and still having time to beat up some aliens. One look at his Plexiglas dome, rotating grippers, blinking lights, and sturdy armor and you knew anything was possible. Hop on, kid, next stop, twenty-first century.

Like Mars colonies or light-speed travel, robots often represent the unfulfilled promise of tomorrow. But now technology is catching up with our fantasies. Small companies are about to unleash an army of robots of every size, shape, and function. They have come a long way in the three decades since Joseph Engelberger designed the groundbreaking General Motors assembly-line robot that, in the creator's own words, "looked like a desk with a gun turret." Engelberger's company, Transitions Research Corporation, like dozens of others is betting on the profitability and accessibility of the consumer market for its robots, the domestic setting that has made once-outlandish appliances such as toasters, microwave ovens, televisions, and personal computers feel quite at home.

Visions of grandeur once predicted a chicken in every pot, so why not a robot in every broom closet? They will cut grass, clean the pool, do windows, and repel intruders. They will vacuum, mop, pop the Swanson's in the microwave, serve drinks, and then plug into your keyboard and act as your personal computer so you can calculate how much quality time you've saved. They will, in short, take on household drudgery without complaint. "Actually," says Engelberger, "one of the only things we can't program into them is how to make beds."

Although the robot maid that worked for the Jetsons is a few decades away, domestic slaves such as Technical Solutions' Lawn Ranger, Bloomfield Research & Development's Securité, Arne son's pool-cleaning AquaDroid, and TRC's Star vacuum cleaner for Electrolux AB of Sweden operate in surprisingly diverse and efficient manners. The tiny Star—whose designers admit looks like a "crummy little vacuum cleaner because we didn't want to frighten away customers with something too futuristic"—will vacuum a room according to an equation based on a star pattern. The Lawn Ranger is informed by sensors. Once the unit has been manually run around the perimeter and any obstacles, it automatically seeks out taller grass. The battery-operated Securité is free-roaming; its system is alerted when unaccountable movement occurs. It can be programmed to call the police or turn on all the electronic gadgets in the house. Simplest of all is the AquaDroid, whose preset gears are activated by waterpower. Some may seem mere toys, but all are robots by dint of their semi-independence.



As early as 1958, "Christmas Fun with Electronic Robots" was proclaimed by *Popular Electronics*, above left. Left: Bloomfield's beetlelike Securité droid can set off alarms, call the police, or turn on the Jacuzzi. Dan Friedman's sculpture *Power Tower*, to its right, looks even more robotic but is simply a lamp. Below left: Gaetano Pesce's cabinet is ready for takeoff.

The concept of imbuing inanimate objects with life has existed in European lore for centuries—Rabbi Judah Loew built his golem of clay in the sixteenth century and in the nineteenth Mary Shelley's Frankenstein terrorized the good burghers. But the term itself is traced to the 1920 play *R.U.R.* (Rossum's Universal Robots), by Czechoslovakian writer Karel Čapek, in which robots revolt against their human oppressors. Robot comes from *robota*, a Czech word translated as "forced labor." This tradition of humanlike machines has given us such futuristic images as Roy Batty in *Blade Runner* and Big Arnold in *The Terminator*.

But androids have a separate appeal from the "bubbleheaded booby" at which Dr. Smith directed his ire in *Lost in Space*. These machines were born from the marriage of fact and fantasy, equal parts *Popular Electronics* and *Buck Rogers*. They were speculative inventions, expressions of space-age optimism that grew out of the emerging technology of the 1930s and came into



Tobor (robot spelled backwards), preceding page left, was modeled on TV's *Captain Video* in the early 1950s. It once flashed its lights and told space stories outside department stores. Preceding page right: Technology mirrors art—Ameson Products' pool-cleaning AquaDroid and Dan Friedman's sculpture *Neolite* look remarkably similar. Details see Resources.

POPULAR ELECTRONICS COPYRIGHT © 1958 ZIFF-DAVIS PUBLISHING COMPANY. TOBOR COURTESY ROBERT LESSER & CO. LOS ANGELES

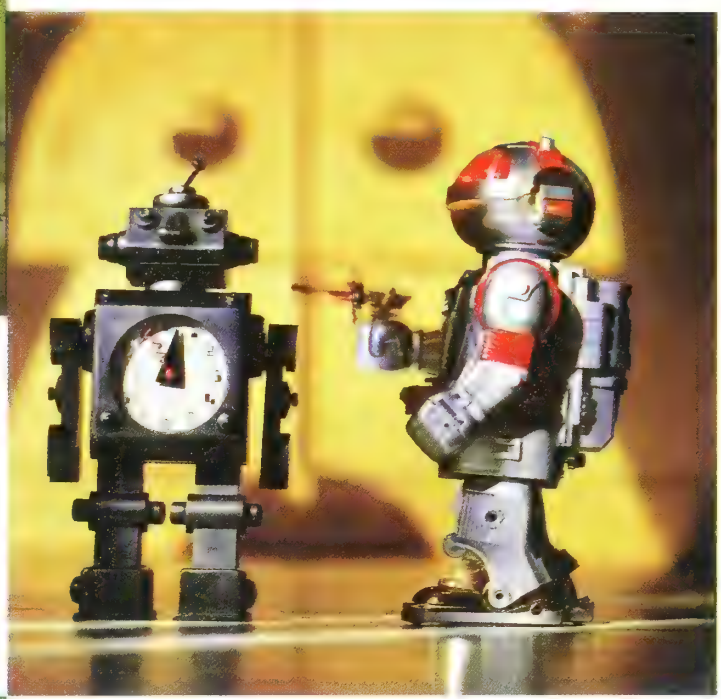


Robots will vacuum, mop, pop the Swanson's in the microwave, serve drinks, and calculate how much quality time you've saved



their own with the launching of the Gemini space program. Today, that early vision still exerts its influence. Artists and designers are creating more playful images of robots than the inventors of the next high-tech droid. The cabinet by Gaetano Pesce, Canetti clock, and Toby toy equipped with a gun are certainly more robotic-looking than their mega-mental counterparts.

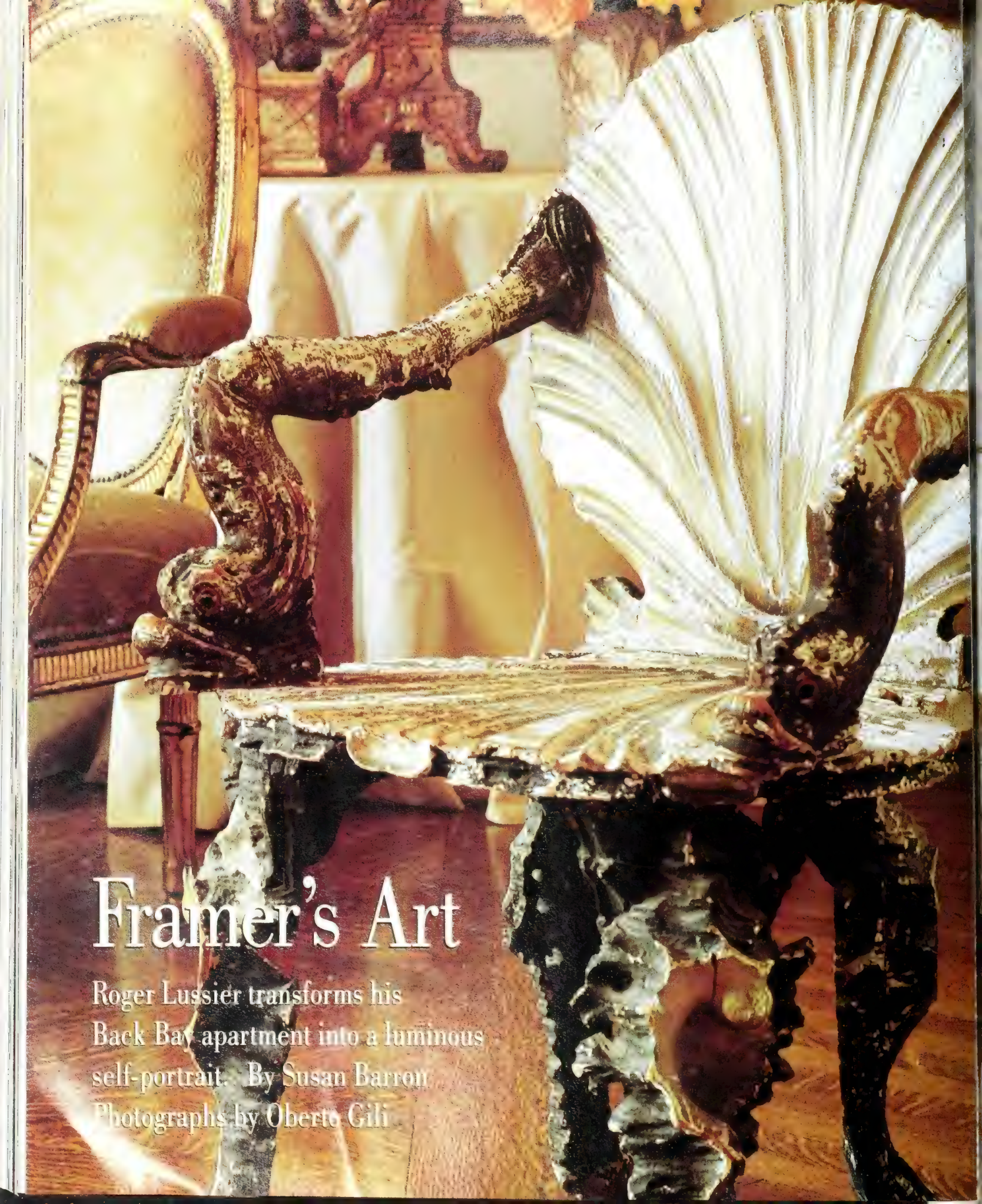
"Because of the science fiction nature of robots, people expect them to look and perform as they do in the movies," says Douglas Bonham of the Heath/Zenith Co., whose instructional robot, Hero 2000, looks like a combination of R2-D2, a slot machine, and a trash compactor. "I feel we are at least a couple of decades away from that reality." John Bloomfield, developer of Securité, agrees: "Design has to be totally subservient to function to make these practical and affordable. It's easy to get weird with the design and stick on some blinking lights. It looks good but doesn't do anything."



Dan Friedman, a New York artist who showed a collection of futuristic furniture at the Art et Industrie gallery this past year, laments the dearth of inspired robotic design. "American design in the thirties and fifties excelled because of its futuristic vision. There was a romantic notion then that I think is missing today, an optimism and fantasy about what the future would hold."

Granted, few have the Art Deco coolness of a Hamilton blender or the wizardry of the robot star of *Short Circuit,* but many exhibit a whimsical quality. The Mercury Vac-Sweep for swimming pools looks sleek and slightly dangerous like a stingray. Skywasher, the high-rise window *(Text continued on page 172)*

The low-lying Lawn Ranger, top left, from Technical Solutions seeks out tall grass. The Silver Bullet, designed by Chris Callis and Bill Boston, is a light that follows models as they move. In the background, one of the most sophisticated movie robots to date, the star of *Short Circuit.* Above: Toby, a toy from New Bright, opens fire on a clock locked in a robot's body. Left: Heath/Zenith's educational Hero 2000 lifts, spins, walks, and talks. The design of the fan in its grip makes a nod to adorable E.T.



Framer's Art

Roger Lussier transforms his Back Bay apartment into a luminous self-portrait. By Susan Barron
Photographs by Oberto Gili



Roger Lussier displays a Conger Metcalf portrait in his signature frame, a bolection molding covered in Chinese pongee silk. The Italian gilt architectural brackets support 17th-century French delft vases. Beneath the close arrangement of drawings are an early 18th century Venetian carved eagle and a French altar candlestick lamp. Opposite: An 18th-century Italian gruuo chair in silver-gilt is paired with an 18th-century Danish chair covered in Scalamandré silk velvet. Details see Resources.

Roger Lussier, reserved and soft-spoken, has occupied an apartment in the heart of Boston's Back Bay for the past eight years. But he still moves through these rooms as if beholding them for the first time. With a visitor, he pauses on occasion to touch a fringe of silk, gaze at a picture, or ponder possibilities. "The mood changes," he observes cryptically, "but the mood is always the same."

Lussier's apartment, which once belonged to photographer Richard Avedon, is in a Victorian building that used to be an apartment hotel with an adjoining town house. Lussier first viewed it with John Bremer, a management computer consultant, who found it "complicated, uninteresting, and badly colored." For Lussier, however, it was redeemed by wonderful space and the feel of old Boston. Though the living room overlooks the treetops, one might barely notice; the predominant view within is Lussier's. His compelling vision evokes memories of Coco Chanel; her apartment, in the words of her friend Hervé Mille, was "the decor of her personality."

Lussier, who owns a print and framing studio, modestly concedes that he is an artisan, but chafes at the label decorator. When he has tried to duplicate his efforts for others, he says, he has failed: "It takes an unusual temperament to accept something this soft. This is my little workshop." Standing in the entrance hall, Lussier traces a round marble table with his fingers. Suffused with the intimacy of art, it is a quiet, graceful room, suggestive of a grotto. A grouping of stone dogs, ball finials, and urns flanks a doorway to mystical effect. Lussier likes the repetition of form and texture. He has arranged the unexpected on two opposite walls: a wire candelabra, a Venetian lion, a soft gold bow

In the living room muted gray walls are the perfect foil for the glamour of a zebra skin rug, a Venetian chandelier, an assortment of gilded frames, and a Louis XIII camelback sofa upholstered in a silk velvet leopard print from Brunschwig. Early 18th century French bronze candlesticks and delft garnitures rest on a 19th-century Italian table. Inset: Lussier suspended an 18th-century Italian mantel mirror from a sash of the same Chinese silk he often uses on his mats. Another gilt frame is attached to the mirror with a carved bow.



In the pale light, these objects take on a talismanic power



Pieces of an 18th-ıtury English cream ware dinner service were mounted on a dining room wall. The 18th-century Italian gilt altar candlesticks—transformed by the addition of gilt iron arms—dominate a Louis XIII fruit-wood table. Italian, French, and Swedish chairs are carried in from the bedroom for dinners. Antiques dealer John Andersen, from whom Lussier bought his finest Scandinavian pieces, inspired him to paint the chairs gray.

suspended from a silk tassel. Nothing jars or overwhelms. In the pale light, these objects take on a talismanic power.

Then there is the subtlety of Lussier's palette. His bedroom is awash in the palest apricot. The walls in the entrance hall are combed gray and white, colors whose value he came to appreciate through the decorative painting of Scandinavian antiques dealer John Andersen. A washroom is papered in a golden orange that Lussier suitably terms magical. Its precise shade, however, is elusive. Asked how one would describe it, Lussier smiles enigmatically. "One doesn't have to," he says.

The living room draws much of its effect from texture. A sofa in muted brown satin, an armchair in a tawny gold satin, a French camelback sofa covered in leopard silk velvet, and an Italian grotto chair are arranged in comfortable proximity. A nineteenth-century gilded table holds eighteenth-century French bronze candlesticks.

Lussier began collecting objets d'art and furniture in his youth. "Antiques were easier to find then," he says, acknowledging the influence of the late Raymond Mentzer, a Worcester, Massachusetts, antiques dealer. For the most part, Lussier does not buy names. A connoisseur by instinct, he is indifferent to status, susceptible only to feeling. He loves France but gravitates to Italy. When he describes the Venetian chandelier in his living room as colorless, he pays it a high compliment.

Like all self-created worlds, Lussier's is rooted in childhood. Growing up in Worcester, he had an aversion to the commonplace, a penchant for surprise. He remembers the lure of closed doors, the anticipation of opening them and perhaps coming upon something. At age ten he was drawn to his aunt's house for reasons that prefigured a philosophy. "There were few adornments, few furnishings," he recalls. "But they were beautifully arranged. It was a nice polite home."

Still insistent upon magic, he pauses before opening the door to a small room: "It was once an overrun cloak closet. An unsuspected area." Now it has a painted stone floor. A soft green fixture of beguiling simplicity hangs from the ceiling. On the far wall, one lone object, a painted Venetian side chair, occupies a preordained place. Its presence seems less a statement of decor than of destiny. The apartment abounds in quiet revelations. He avoids placing mirrors at eye level, hanging them at heights that reflect the details of a drawing or candlelight.

For more than 25 years he has been col-

Beneath a wall-hung Victorian fire board in the kitchen, above, an American Empire sideboard painted white holds pressed-tin tulip bouquets, an English lion's-head jar, and a collection of porcelain dishes. Below: A German Baroque surround frames the doorway to the pantry where a French marble store counter supports an Italian tulipière. The wall and floors were marbleized by decorative painter Cheryl Battaglia.









Lussier, far left, in front of an engraving of St. Paul's Cathedral. Above: In the master bedroom peach walls papered in Cowtan & Tout's Marlborough Stripe set off Italian chairs and a Swedish Gustavian desk, all painted gray. Left: A guest room window is draped with silk taffeta. Right: Lussier wrapped a pair of English marble garnitures in remnants of a wallpaper border.

lecting drawings—pen and ink, crayon, charcoal—which he frames in uncommonly beautiful ways. The mattings are fresh and simple; the frames, some whitewashed in the manner of the French Impressionists, others fabric covered. The bedroom hall is populated with Palladian black and white engravings in white frames. A print of St. Paul's Cathedral is wrapped in a thin gray sash that Lussier calls a whisper. Above the living room mantel is Conger Metcalf's drawing of an urchin, a gift from the artist. In characteristic defiance of the obvious, Lussier rejected gold. Instead, he framed it in distressed silver leaf over red clay. Lussier believes in the power of details, but he also knows when to leave things alone. "The entrance hall is a wonderful void," he says. "If something makes it complicated, I remove it. Sometimes I stand here and feel that nothing is around me. Then I look again and it is there."

A sense of ambiguity pervades the dining room, at the center of the apartment, which Avedon used as his darkroom. Now a collection of English porcelain hangs on the far wall. Lussier loves the echoes here, particularly those of forks hitting plates. "It's decadent," he says laughing. "If it's twenty past the hour and everything goes quiet, I'll *(Text continued on page 172)*





...interior and most of the ... this 1930s lo... still in use as a ... retreat. In the master bedroom an electric-blue and white fringed leather barrel chair glows in front of a pine chest carved and painted with the spotlit silhouette of a bandy-legged gunfighter. Right: A cockfight unfolds on the colorful terrazzo floor of the basement game room



A 1930s log house captures the romance of home on the range

By Margot Guralnick

Photographs by Oberto Gili

Colorado Cabin Fever

Long before Ralph Lauren launched cowboy shirts and concho belts into the mainstream, long even before Roy Rogers hit the lonesome trail, Thomas Molesworth was industriously hammering, sawing, and selling his own version of the Old West. From the outpost in Cody, Wyoming, where he set up shop in 1931, this craftsman-designer devised interiors of such rugged exuberance that they fulfilled every city slicker's fantasy of a home on the range. A rousing combination of Adirondack rustic materials, thirties Moderne forms, and OK Corral accessories, the Molesworth look was as romantic as it was serviceable. Soon its inventor was being summoned to spread his style everywhere, from dude ranches to luxury liners, from his neighbors' rumpus rooms to Dwight Eisenhower's den.

Of all Molesworth's grandest commissions—projects in which even the wastebaskets, doorstops, gin rummy scorecards, and coasters bore his imprint—few, if any, have survived in as close to pristine condition as the Glenwood Springs, Colorado, ranch he completed in 1935 for prominent New York stockbroker George Sumers and his family. An avid outdoorsman whose interests and social circles extended well beyond Wall Street, Sumers had discovered Glenwood in the early thirties when a rockslide stranded his Nevada-bound train. Floating in the steamy waters of the town's natural hot springs, he fell in love with the mountain setting and decided

Laura Hunt, left, whose parents acquired the lodge in 1986, continues to oversee its restoration. Below: The exterior of the lodge against clay-colored hills and big sky. The logs were milled in Minneapolis and arrived in Colorado as a giant kit of parts ready to be assembled.





Indian pots line up on the mantel of the living room fireplace constructed of Colorado sandstone. The leather-upholstered sofa and armchairs are faced with 1930s Chimayo weavings from the Ortega workshop, still active in Chimayo, New Mexico.



Arrowheads dangle from wrought-iron chandeliers in the two-story living room in which even the piano bears Holesworth's imprint. Navajo blankets hang trading post style over the railings of the gallery that connects upstairs bedrooms. A cowboy leads the way to the master bedroom.



to sink some of his savings into the wide open spaces nearby. And so with the purchase of ninety prime acres of valley, Sumers called upon Thomas Molesworth to deliver the ultimate rancho deluxe.

On a grassy bluff overlooking the Roaring Fork River a two-story log structure took shape quickly, thanks to a Minneapolis company that milled, notched, and numbered all of the timber before packing it off for on-site assemblage. More chalet than cabin, this kit of parts gave Molesworth fifteen rooms in which to show his colors, and he corralled craftsmen from all over to execute his designs. Italian artisans laid terrazzo floors patterned with scenes of cockfighting, flamenco dancing, and broncobusting. A German blacksmith based in Denver forged all the hardware, from the four chandeliers that dangle arrowheads to the one-of-a-kind strap hinges on every door. Hand-stitched rawhide lampshades arrived by train from Oakland, California. And out of Molesworth's own Cody workshop came his signature cowboy furniture, which elevated all of the other elements from mere curios to essential parts of a finely orchestrated composition.

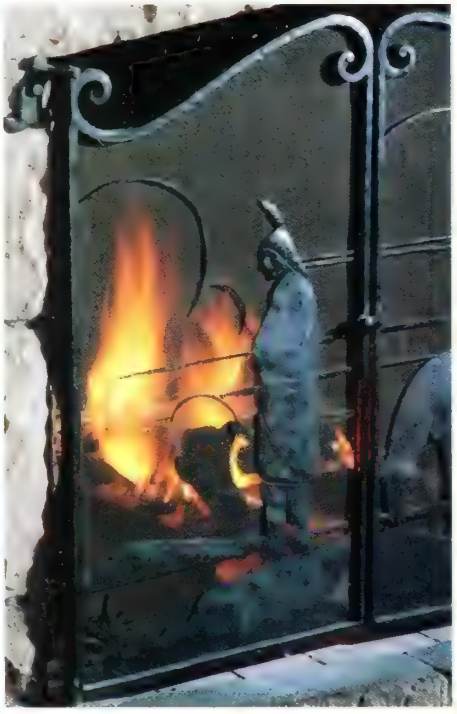
Electric-blue and oxblood-red leather sofas and armchairs with massive burl legs set the tone in the living room where Navajo rugs were slung trading-post style over a second-story balcony. Thunderbirds spread their wings on chairbacks and Chimayo wool curtains in the dining room where the white leather topped table was set with Fiesta ware. In each of the nine bedrooms gunfighters, Indian princesses, and elk beckoned from the routed surfaces of simple wooden furniture.

It was in this setting that Sumers, his three children, his eleven grandchildren, and a perpetual flow of guests convened every summer for nearly thirty years. Rarely did the routine alter: days were for horseback riding in the mountains, nights for soaking in the mineral springs. "I could be a cowboy or an Indian from June to September," remembers Sumers's el-





Molesworth's Indian-style wrought-iron and painted-mica light fixture, above, beams onto a Navajo horse blanket. Above right: Cattle stampede on the painted-hide shade of a burl lamp, while a broncobuster jolts across the terrazzo floor. Right: A wrought-iron fire screen glows with the silhouette of an Indian guiding his steed.









In the living room, right, vibrant Indian-style pictograms adorn a door. Far right: Corral scenes and cowboys decorate the footboards and chest in one of the nine bedrooms. Above right: Custom hardware, such as the owl strap hinge, sets a theme for the decoration of each room.



Light filters through wood blinds in the boys' dormitory where four pine and fir beds are covered with Hudson's Bay blankets. The fishing creel is used to carry trout caught in the river in back of the house.

dest granddaughter, management consultant Toby Lafferty, who as a girl dyed her braids black, pitched a tent behind the house, and learned to rope cattle. "It was an addicting place to be," she says. "People arrived and left and quickly came back again." Among those who came back was Ethel Merman, who, as local lore has it, dreamed up the story line for *Call Me Madam* on one of her visits.

In the early sixties, when fewer family members were using the ranch, Sumers sold it all, including the house and its contents. The buyers, an order of Catholic priests, immediately went to work tempering their playful headquarters with touches of piety. In the basement game room the pool table was pushed aside to make way for a chapel. Miniature figures of saints were brought in to hobnob with Indians in the frontier diorama that decorated the dining room. Even the stable was put to new use as a school where novices studied in former horse stalls.

Ranching and religion, however, didn't prove to be a lasting combination. The place eventually passed into the hands of developers who sold off most of the land and many of the Indian artifacts but mercifully spared the work of Molesworth, who died in 1977. Texan Laura Hunt first spotted the house in a Sotheby's real estate catalogue fourteen years ago and spent the next decade regretting that she hadn't bought it. She was on the verge of building her own log lodge when the Sumers ranch again turned up on the market. Incredulous, Hunt toured the interior and discovered the burl furniture, the pony-skin curtains, the Giacometti-like jackrabbit ashtrays, and the Chimayo cushions all still there and intact. "Wild Bill Hickok couldn't *(Text continued on page 174)*







Thunderbirds spread their wings on chair backs and Chimayo wool curtains in the dining room. The table, topped with white leather, is covered with a Navajo Eye Dazzler runner, c. 1930, and set with Austrian wine goblets, New Mexican pewter plates, and part of Hunt's collection of antique wooden candlesticks. Opposite: Mounted cowboys and steers gallop across a steel pot rack, which was a housewarming present to the current owners.

FORECASTS

Beyond the Fringe

Tassels take on new twists
in every area of design
By Margot Guralnick



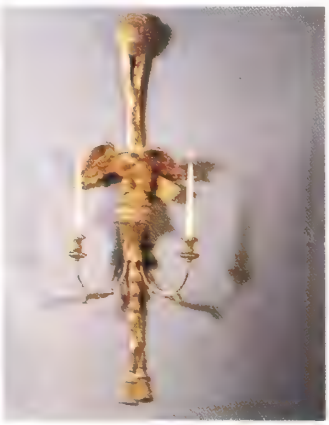
Clare Mosley's double tassel tiebacks, above, from Charlotte Moss, NYC. Right: Tassel from Clarence House's Cafe Royale cotton fabric. Below: Reproduction of a turn-of-the-century French gilded iron garden chair from Yale Burge, NYC.





The versatile tassel, long the trim of choice for kings, cardinals, and graduates, has won new adherents of late. Applied by the fashion world in quantities that would satisfy Queen Victoria, fringe flourishes have cropped up on everything from Christian Lacroix's satin brocade shoes to Bob Mackie's gypsy-style resort wear. More tassels have been spotted trailing off linen napkins, velvet table skirts, and Baroque-style swagged curtains. According to decorator Charlotte Moss, whose shop specializes in passementerie and other decorative accessories, tassels supply "color, texture, weight, and a dollop of grandeur." Next in line for a comeback is tassel and rope-twist furniture, an all-frills genre that was particularly popular during the ornament-strewn days of Napoleon III. Made of carved wood or cast metal, these fanciful chairs, stools, and sconces prove you can take tassels almost anywhere.

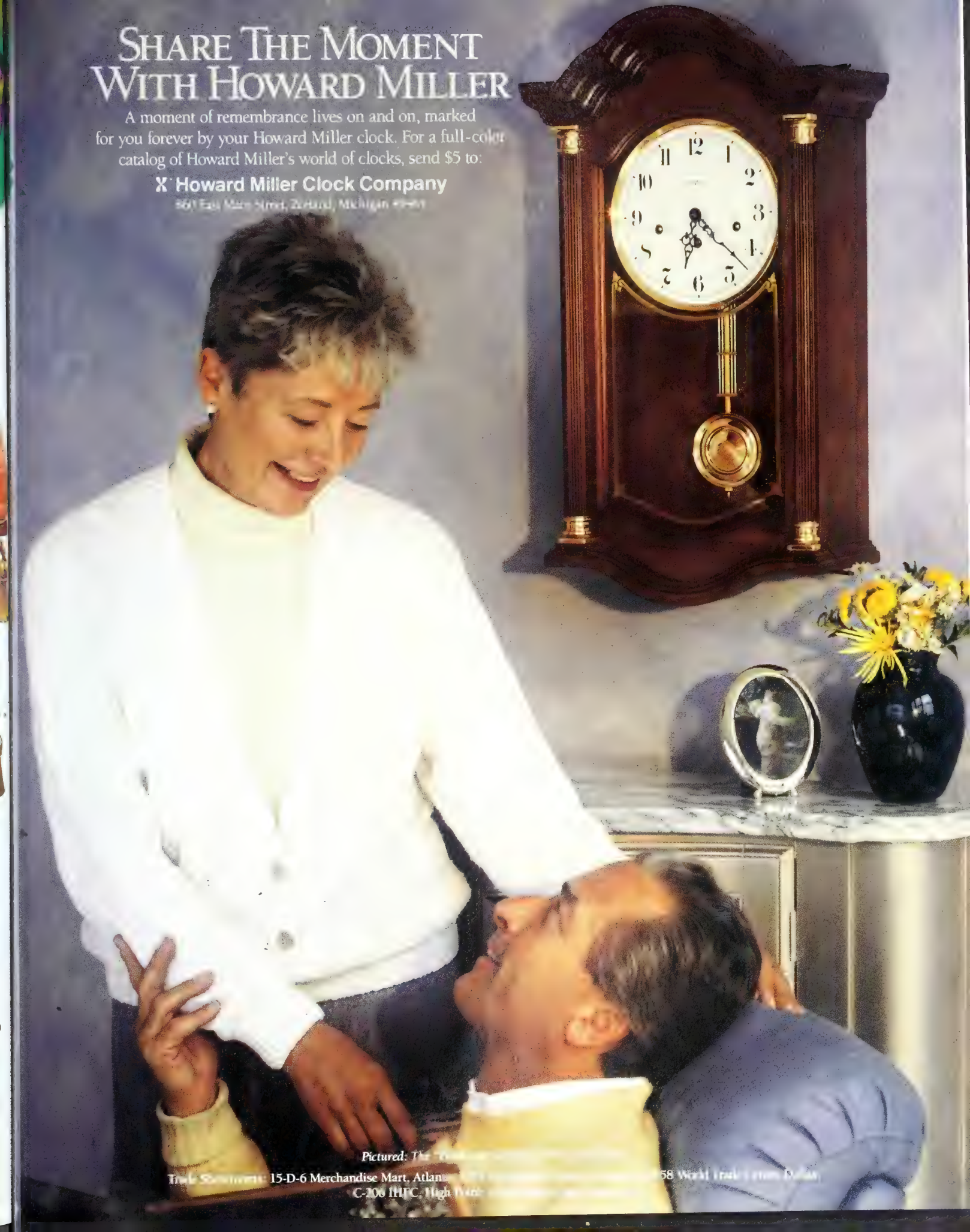






Ferronnerie scarf, top right, from Hermès. Above right: Satin brocade mules from Christian Lacroix, Paris, on a 1940s Italian gilded metal stool from Hubert Des Forges, NYC. Right: One of a pair of English giltwood wall sconces, c. 1810, from Florian Papp, NYC. Below right: Italian 1940s gilded metal [illegible] abound [illegible] Details see Resources.




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Cultivated Beene

(Continued from page 94) room where women friends usually stay is done in delicate pastel tones. Beene emphatically states he has never used pink before in a room, but the color here was dictated by the nineteenth-century trompe l'oeil canvas panels in the bed alcove, which were bought at auction. There is a decidedly romantic pull to the room—Beene laughingly comments that guests have said it incites dangerous liaisons.

Another unprecedented color scheme occurs in the master bedroom. The walls are painted the color of papaya in order to create the perfect setting for a blue fabric that Beene first saw in Vienna and tracked down in Venice six months later. "When I painted the room, suddenly it was as if I were inside some exotic fruit. There was a glow as if from the sun, even at night."

Just as dress fabrics perform in unexpected places in Beene's world, fruit and vegetables show up in odd spots around the house. A bowl of peppers sits on a table in the master bedroom. "Most people would put peppers in the kitchen, I guess," he says, "but I put them in the bedroom because the form and texture are so luscious. There are some colors in vegetables you don't find in flowers." Beene's passion for flowers, particularly orchids, is also evident throughout his house where exotic stalks preside over piles of books and rare porcelains. A greenhouse was added three years ago to accommodate the two thousand orchid plants Beene has collected. Dress fabrics in his 1989 resort collection include a fresh array of embroidered and beaded blossoms. "The orchid is the only flower I cannot reproduce in fabric," he says. "It's too complex in its perfection."

Beene's passion for fabric started in childhood. "I have collected over two thousand ties since I was young, and I don't even like ties. But I can't part with them. I finally realized after all these years that I have just been collecting strips of fabric. I am fascinated by fabric, by something so flat that can be turned into form and substance. Working with fabric is like sculpting clay." Fabrics tend to recur in Beene's life and work. A silk floral print from a Lyon mill, which still employs sixteenth-century looms, was used two years ago for a group of vests and now covers a table in the guest room. In the dining room a stool is upholstered in Beene's black and white printed-silk pattern, and the entire room has become a play on that print, including the mural walls, which "look like the belly of the snow leopard."

"I have always wanted to design a print indigenous to the house," says Beene, "and this print is as close to myself as anything I have ever designed. In the end, graphics, particularly black and white, are what I relate to most. They have a clarity and balance that always works." This abstract animal print, inspired by a French schoolchild's notebook, was developed two years ago and has already been used for gloves and shoes in various collections. It will also be the signature print for his new boutique, which opens this month on Fifth Avenue. "To me that print is the direction of the nineties," says Geoffrey Beene, the American designer whose inimitable vision continues to fashion the future. ▲

Eloquent Bouquets

(Continued from page 100) acquired throughout the world: Dutch ships had brought back the flowers, bulb by bulb, from Turkey and places east of it. Dutch adventurers had dug and dived, bartered and bargained for the curiosities of every kind that it was the prerogative of a great nation to collect. Dutch merchants had made the money that allowed them to set up as men of taste as well as patrons of learning and science.

On that level, therefore, the pronks were prime examples of "If you've got it, flaunt it." They stood not only for imaginary reorderings of the world around us but also for conspicuous consumption in excelsis. They were to the Golden Age of Holland the equivalent in our own time of a custom-built Bentley convertible, a wardrobe full of never-yet-worn dresses by Christian Lacroix, and last week's record-priced item on the auction market. They went nowhere, served no particular purpose, and proved nothing except that someone, somewhere, had a massive share in Holland's newfound and apparently limitless prosperity.

But they also documented the ambivalence, the awareness of transiency, and the terror of making the wrong choices that ran throughout that archetypal consumer society. Hidden meanings were everywhere in the pronks, and every educated human being of the time could read them. Flower after flower and insect after insect had implications of good or evil, redemption or its opposite. Where we tend to see primarily a small miracle of exactitude in representation, a whole world of warning was waiting to be deciphered. Cricket and grasshopper, butterfly and bumblebee, vine and snail—all had something to add. The pronks beat the big drum for those who owned them, but not everyone forgot that it is also the big drum that signals the arrival of the Day of Wrath. Fear and foreboding were integral to the pronk.

So maybe we should stick with those ready-made bunches at the Korean corner store after all. ▲

Palm Beach Story

(Continued from page 118) Mar-a-Lago's 75-foot-high lookout tower to the servants' quarters tucked away beneath the main floor, every chair, table, lamp, and bedspread, every carpet, lantern, vase, and bibelot, every item of every one of the 27 china patterns, and all 4,000 pieces of silver have been cleaned, polished, repaired, refurbished, and set back in place. Wherever upholstery or curtain fabrics were threadbare, Ivana called in Scalamandré, Brunschwig & Fils, and Henry Cassen to re-create as accurately as possible what was already there.

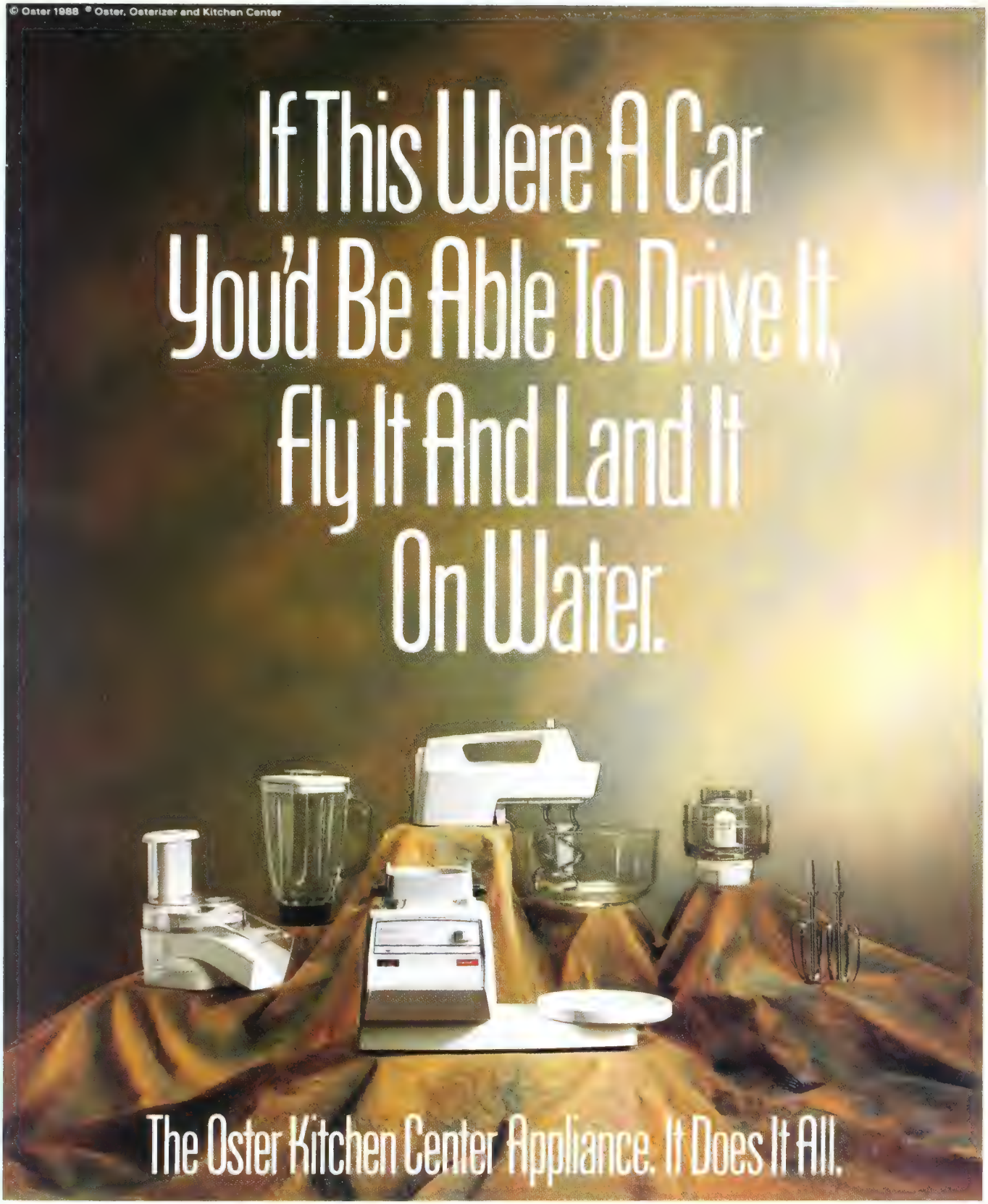
Given that the Trumps are hardly timid, their eagerness to serve as curators of Post's legacy is perhaps surprising. "The house works so well and it's done so well that we just wanted to restore it," explains Ivana. "We are secure people, so we didn't feel the need or the urge to put our personal stamp on it, because it was already very beautiful. We can put our stamp on a lot of other things which need to have it and which are not p[illegible]ect." To ensure the continued perfection of Mar-a-Lago, the Trumps maintain a full-time staff of 32. Off-season that number drops but not significantly. "It takes a very good manager and excellent help to maintain the house," reports Ivana. "And that's our strength."

Another Trump strength, as it turns out, is an unabashed love of opulence. Who else would make so fervent a commitment to rescuing the long-suffering dinosaur that Marjorie Merriweather Post left stranded on South Ocean Boulevard? Who else would choose to reopen this wildly indulgent chapter in social and architectural history by calling the 118-room Mar-a-Lago home? Palm Beach owes them one. ▲

Editor: Susan Goldberger

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Framer's Art

(Continued from page 157) drop a utensil. The effect is magical. The room is always beautiful and simple, and people bring in the light." In the interest of serenity, he refrains from putting chairs around the table when guests are not present. At Christmas, however, he places 36 gold ballroom chairs throughout the house. On the oval fruitwood dining table there is a pair of silver-gilt candlesticks adorned with gold rosettes. Like almost all his acquisitions, they were found in Boston. "With something beautiful, I like to go one step beyond," he says.

Lussier approaches a Victorian cedar bench of gaufré velvet. Sometimes, he says, he can lie here indefinitely, facing one of his more startling aesthetic gestures: a robust Baroque doorway with which he is on intimate terms. The piece had been lost to him for fifteen years. When it was a muddy uninteresting green, it was lent to him and later sold by George Gravert, a Boston antiques dealer. It later reentered Lussier's life, perhaps as a reward for patience: "It's a long process, but if you wait, things come to you."

The doorway, at once rugged and gentle, underwent a transformation. Painters, chipping at the surface, unearthed its original marbleizing. It was then that Lussier had a vision. He imagined a grotto extending to the serving room beyond it. "It was a nothing beige," he recalls. "Suddenly it demanded the unusual." Now, in the serving room, a collection of English creamware hangs above a French marble counter. The walls, painted by Boston artist Cheryl Battaglia, are a surreal blue green. In this corner of light and shadow, they suggest dreamwork.

Lussier escorts the visitor to a massive Dutch chest in John Bremer's bedroom and lends her a chair so she can climb to its uppermost level and glimpse a secret. There is a garden here. Lussier calls it "my porcelain maze." Created from a Bavarian centerpiece, it is a complete horticultural world invisible to visitors below. "It's wonderful up here," he remarks, craning his neck to point out a porcelain George Washington mounting his horse. "You should never make this easily accessible. You'd lose the joy."

In his own bedroom, a Swedish desk contains porcelain figurines, gilt-edged writing paper, Dutch ink drawings, a Chinese inkwell. Near the bed an antique watch is suspended from a silk sash. Lussier opens the doors of a Danish linen press to reveal the unexpected: a porcelain house rich in details, occupants, and artifacts. He has furnished it with an attic and maids' quarters. To keep the surprise fresh, he does not like to look upon it often. Nor does he wish to complete it. "It will go on," Lussier says, "as everything around it will go on. It's one's life. If you make anything a finished product, you lose the magic." ▲ *Editor: Carolyn Englefield*

Well-Tempered Robot

(Continued from page 149) washer, and Bloomfield's little red beetlelike security droid are both reminiscent of insects from other worlds. "Whenever people see it," says Bloomfield of his invention, "they want to ascribe a gender or name to it." Engelberger sees this anthropomorphism as a natural future for these new creations: "This is a physical world we've shaped for humans, so naturally robots will possess many of the same attributes." Britain's Shadow Group is at work on a domestic robot with a nonthreatening humanoid design. The five foot two prototype will feature air-powered "muscles" under a pliant "skin" and the ability to replicate certain gestures, such as a shrug. No doubt it won't be long before robots will be programmed to display the characteristics of their professions. A bureaucratic droid, for instance, might be immensely round, rude, incompetent, and repeat continuously, "You're in the wrong line."

As long as machines are invented to relieve people of menial tasks, there will be those who claim this robs them of their humanity. But servitude to those tasks is the most dehumanizing of all. Surely human potential can be put to better uses than guarding empty buildings, mowing lawns, or serving up warmed-over cheeseburgers.

By the turn of the century, robots may be a common presence in the house. At the start of a day an owner may program into the computer of the valet robot instructions for itself and the various droids on the property. At appointed hours the valet would activate the gardening droid and the housekeeping unit. Throughout the day it may serve as secretary and answering machine and scan information services for your perusal. If you are late getting home from the office, it could prepare a microwave meal and help the kids with their homework. It might even teach little Will to throw a curveball. ▲

Mediterranean Light

(Continued from page 131) and a canopy of burnt orange bougainvillea. Her own courtyard is a formal parterre of clipped box in circles within octagons. Terra-cotta pots with gardenias and roses are placed against the apricot-colored stucco of the wall.

On the south side of the house, columns of magenta bougainvillea frame the entrance. There the brick Hortensia Terrace facing the sea, patterned after a similar terrace at the Villa Aldobrandini in Frascati, displays pots of richly colored hydrangeas. Twisted marble columns terminate parallel rows of olive trees, whose lacy foliage dapples the sunlight over stone dining tables. At the other end of the brick terrace, a terra-cotta statue of Winter framed by winter jasmine presides over a rose garden with potted pittosporum shaped into parasols. Statues of all four seasons overlook a swimming pool surrounded by a hedge of white oleander, rosemary, and hibiscus. All of the statues were imported from Impruneta, the terra-cotta capital of Italy. The decorative pots came in the 1920s in a single shipment from the same source.

Much of the rest of the vast original Vanderlip property has lost its landscaping through the neglect of other owners, but in the present eleven-acre environs of Villa Narcissa the tradition of the Italian Renaissance-style garden of the twenties reigns supreme with stone pines, parasoled magnolias, an herb garden, and hedges of jade. Just as Mrs. Vanderlip single-mindedly initiated the restoration in France of the Bouguereau ceiling in the Grand Théâtre of Bordeaux, the Brunetti staircase murals at the Musée Carnavalet in Paris, the mill at Pontoise painted by Cézanne and Pissarro, and the balcony in Renoir's *The Luncheon of the Boating Party*, she has applied the arts of conservation to her family property. The scale of this achievement is apparent from the first glimpse of the entrance drive, bordered with lavender geraniums and dark green pittosporum under an umbrella of pepper trees. As Edith Wharton wrote of the villa architects of Italy, Elin Vanderlip has obtained "with simple materials and in a limited space, impressions of distance, and sensations of the unexpected, for which one looks in vain in the haphazard and slipshod designs of the present day." ▲

Editor: Senga Mortimer

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ge 89 Dress, $5,590, at the Shop of Geoffrey ne, NYC, 24 Collection, Bal Harbour; Bergdorf odman, NYC. **90–91** Walls by muralist Jack ia, Queens (718) 932-7834. Les Touches, to the de at Brunschwig & Fils, for showrooms call 2) 838-7878. Somali Panther carpet, 12′ wide, 6 sq yd, to the trade at Stark (see above for pg Table, similar items to the trade at Karl Spring-NYC (212) 752-1695. Jacket from two-piece ug and dress set, $7,390 for set, at the Shop of offrey Beene, NYC. **93** Pumps, to order at the p of Geoffrey Beene, NYC. **94–95** Tudor jac-rd, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, for show-ms call (212) 752-9588. Double Satin Stripe ss fabric, by Taroni, 48″ wide, $105 yd, through mani, NYC (212) 221-5802. Gloves, to order at Shop of Geoffrey Beene, NYC. Jacket from -piece shrug and dress set, $7,600 for set, at Shop of Geoffrey Beene, NYC; Sara Freder-, Boston, Palm Beach; Bergdorf Goodman,

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Framer's Art

(Continued from page 157) drop a utensi
The effect is magical. The room is alway
beautiful and simple, and people bring in th
light." In the interest of serenity, he refrain
from putting chairs around the table whe
guests are not present. At Christmas, howev
er, he places 36 gold ballroom chair
throughout the house. On the oval fruitwoo
dining table there is a pair of silver-gilt car
dlesticks adorned with gold rosettes. Like al
most all his acquisitions, they were found i
Boston. "With something beautiful, I like t
go one step beyond," he says.

Lussier approaches a Victorian ceda
bench of gaufré velvet. Sometimes, he says
he can lie here indefinitely, facing one of hi
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of richly colored hydrangeas. Twisted ma
ble columns terminate parallel rows of oli
trees, whose lacy foliage dapples the sunlig
over stone dining tables. At the other end

Restoration Drama

(Continued from page 123) subtle duck-egg blue of the walls another lavish effect first perfected in the seventeenth century—flocking—is used to create a dado around both rooms at the height of a chair rail. Bands of deep claret arabesques are played off against a plain background sprinkled with whimsical stars, hand-drawn and gilded.

Here, as in all the other rooms, the furniture is Neoclassical in taste, severe yet sumptuous in this setting. An imposing pair of armchairs in red striped velvet dominate the back drawing room. In the front, a Baltic Biedermeier center table with lion's-paw feet comports with a William IV sofa. A screen in faux rosewood and mahogany with glass panels, meant to deflect the prying looks of passersby, was made to Roos's design. He had a splendidly architectural Charles X desk restored without flashy ormolu mounts to enhance its chaste grandeur.

Upstairs, the heady mix of rich materials and a subtle palette continues in the designer's bedroom. The walls are lined and hung with a glossy deep green and black damask, which also covers the tufted headboard and was made into curtains for symmetrically paired cupboards. As always, Roos's contrasting colors, in this case an intense red and the soft mingled shades of an old Aubusson used as a counterpane, are deliciously perfect. There is very little else in the room and yet the effect is one of dark and mysterious luxury, an atmosphere redolent of Fortuny's palazzo in Venice. Down in the basement Roos has his studio and office, a magic world of brilliantly dashed-off watercolor drawings, swatches of damasks, brocades, and brocatelles, and exquisite ropes and tassels.

It is curious how often people remark that Roos interiors are "historical," even though he seldom uses accurate period details. He explains that the overall feeling of richness, the use of saturated color, and the bold counterpoint of stripes and pattern-on-pattern create an impression that all too often is associated only with the past. David Roos is passionate about the creation of grand interiors today and does so without the need to present them in the terms of period style. As he says, "If you have to explain what a room is about, it hasn't worked visually." When Roos has set the scene and raised the curtain, his rooms work. The drama is complete even before the grand finale unfolds. ▲

Editor: Judy Brittain

Colorado Cabin Fever

(Continued from page 166) have come up with a better set than this," she told her parents, Joan and George Bayoud. They caught the next flight out of Dallas and purchased the house on the spot.

Since then, Laura Hunt has devoted her energies to re-creating Molesworth's vision. Using the pictorial door hardware as a clue to decoration, she has reassembled the rooms in close to their original state. With the help of Denver art dealer David Cook, a new collection of pre-1930s Native American pots and rugs has been compiled to fill in the gaps. And worn furniture has been restored with the advice of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody whose exhibition of Molesworth designs opens next March at the Gene Autry Western Heritage Museum in Los Angeles.

Now with all of the lodge's parts back in place, life there goes on much as it did during Sumers's time. Friends and family stream in and out. Days revolve around whitewater rafting, skiing, fishing, and leisurely meals. And, as always, the main indoor activity is simply sitting stu[illegible]nd trying to absorb every flourish of Mole[illegible]do. ▲

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Signed: J. Kevin Maiden, Publisher

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NOTES

Page 31 Circus, 48" wide, $48.90 yd, to the trade at Kent Bragaline, for showrooms call (718) 784-2012. Parade des Animaux fabric on floor, 51" wide, $99 yd, to the trade at Clarence House, for showrooms call (212) 752-2890. Croquet set, $69, Babar clothes tree, $125, rocking horse, $119, Cat night-light, $34.95, from Conran's Habitat (212) 371-2225. Winterthur Collection's children's bench, $210, at Zona, NYC (212) 925-6750. Baby blanket, $600, from Rima Mardoyan-Smyth, NYC (212) 431-6361. Flower seeds, $19.95 pr, Eyewitness Books, $12.95 ea, from Nature Company (800) 227-1114. Folding chair and table, $250, at Judith & James Milne, NYC (212) 472-0107. Sterling baby fork and spoon, $160, sterling bud vase, $50, La Maison des Enfants china, $267 set of 6, from Cartier, NYC, Beverly Hills, Chicago, Dallas, Fort Lauderdale, Houston, San Francisco. Playtime china, $45 set of 4, from Laura Ashley Home (800) 223-6917. Sterling baby spoon (#1772), $72, at MOMA Design Store (800) 447-6662. Silverplated Winnie-the-Pooh frame, $30, 6-oz cup, $40, from Reed & Barton (800) 343-1383. Chair cover, $225, at Chicago Museum of Contemporary Art (312) 280-2686. Eddy lamp, $39.95, wire basket, $36, at Dot Zero, NYC (212) 533-8322. Cirrus mobile, $56, Humpty Dumpty doll, $15, at the Children's Book Shop, Metropolitan Museum of Art, NYC (212) 879-5500 ext. 2928. Ecological print boudoir shams, $95 ea, from Pratesi, NYC, Bal Harbour, Beverly Hills, Palm Beach.

DESIGN

Page 36 Swid Powell's Graves candy dish, $225, place mats, napkins, other Swid Powell items, at D. F. Sanders, NYC, Boston, Washington, D.C.; Bullock's, Beverly Center, Century City; Geary's, Beverly Hills; Bloomingdale's, Marshall Field's, Neiman Marcus. Harris Tweed sisal carpet without stenciling, 13'1" wide, approx $50 sq yd, to the trade at Stark Carpet, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Gregory Alonso, Cleveland; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco; Dean-Warren, Phoenix; Designers Showroom, Seattle. **38** Swid Powell's Winged Bowl, by Stanley Tigerman, $175 (see above).

COLLECTING

Pages 53–54 Sources for Christmas ornaments: Antique Christmas Shop, 5761 Rte. 202, Lahaska, PA 18931 (215) 794-3210; Gotham Book Mart, 41 West 47 St., New York, NY 10036 (212) 719-4448; Holiday Antiques, Susquehanna Antiques Center, Rte. 15, Allenwood, PA 17810 (717) 538-2355.; Jackie Chamberlain Antiques, 1520 Foothill Blvd., La Cañada, CA 91011 (818) 790-5416; Kelter-Malcé, 361 Bleecker St., New York, NY 10014 (212) 989-6760; Strawberry Patch Antiques, 418 Main St., Monroe, CT 06468 (203) 268-1227. **Mail order** Joann Davidhizar, 6040 Virginia St., Merrillville, IN 46410 (219) 980-5725; Barbara Koppes, 5819 Lance Rd., Medina, OH 44256 (216) 725-4400; Bob Merck, River House, 44 Newtown Tnpk., Weston, CT 06883; Bettie and Ed Petzoldt, 6705 Queens Ferry Rd., Baltimore, MD 21239 (301) 823-0725.

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Page 68 Sources for penwork objects: NEW YORK Bardith I, 1015 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021 (212) 737-6699; Florian Papp, 962 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021 (212) 288-6770; Hyde Park Antiques, 836 Broadway, New York, NY 10003 (212) 477-0033; Kentshire Galleries, 37 East 12 St., New York, NY 10003 (212) 673-6644; Newel Art Galleries, 425 East 53 St., New York, NY 10022 (212) 758-1970; R. Brooke, 960 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10021 (212) 535-0707; Trevor Potts, 1011 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10021 (212) 737-0909. WASHINGTON, D.C. Peter Mack Brown Antiques, 1742 Wisconsin Ave., NW, Washington, D.C. 20007 (202) 338-8484. LOS ANGELES Richard Gould Antiques, 216 26 St., Santa Monica, CA 90402 (213) 395-0724. SAN FRANCISCO Daniel Stein Antiques, 701 Sansome St., San Francisco, CA 94111 (415) 956-5620; Dillingham & Co., 470 Jackson St., San Francisco, CA 94111 (415) 989-8777; Therien & Co., 411 Vermont St., San Francisco, CA 94107 (415) 956-8850.

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VICTORIAN REVIVAL

Page 102 Wheeler House wallpaper and border, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 90–91). English carpet, available as Woven Wilton, to the trade to order at Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges, for showrooms call (212) 688-7700; to the trade to order as Custom Wilton Collection carpet at Rosecore Carpet, for showrooms call (212) 421-7272; to the trade to order as Petit Trianon, at Stark (see above for pg 36). **103** Moiré Stripe wallpaper, $37.50 roll, to the trade at Fonthill, for showrooms call (212) 755-6700. Wallpaper border (see above). Carpet (see above). **104–09** Curtains, shades, wall upholstery, by Jean-Charles Morinière. to the trade at Trade France, NYC (212) 758-8330. **104–05** Blenheim, 54" wide, $93 yd, to the trade at Rose Cumming, for showrooms call (212) 758-0844.Victorian needlework rug (#1850), to the trade at Rosecore (see above). **106** Regency Column, 54" wide, $93 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 31). Kirkmichael lace (#32500), 48" wide, $61 yd, to the trade at Greeff Fabrics, for showrooms call (212) 888-5050. Lacar Nappa cowhide, at Hermes Leather, NYC (212) 947-1153. New Tolmac Velvet gaufré, Vintage Royal border and wallpaper under chair rail, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 90–91). **107** Syon Damask, to the trade at Lee Jofa, for showrooms call (201) 438-8444. **108–09** Hopetoun, to the trade at Lee Jofa (see above). Blakeford Stripe, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, for showrooms call (212) 753-4488.

THE PALM BEACH STORY

Page 110 Wool jersey dress, $1,590, at the Shop of Geoffrey Beene, NYC; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Neiman Marcus, Saks Fifth Avenue.

RESTORATION DRAMA

Pages 120–23 Decoration, by David Roos, London 254-9931. **122** Gothic, 50" wide, $247.50 yd, to the trade at Christopher Hyland, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Bander & Daniel, Dallas; Bill Nessen, Dania; George Wallach Antiques (retail), Los Angeles; Trade Wings, Washington, D.C.

MAKING ROOM FOR ART

Pages 132–33 Shelton Mindel cocktail table, $2,190–$4,905, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, for showrooms call (212) 838-6420. Vermandois, 51" wide, $60 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 31). **136** Clarence House's Vermandois on chairs (see above for pg 31). Shelton Mindel cocktail table (see above). **138–39** Pratesi's Quiltino, $1,200 king/queen size (see above for pg 31). Soliman fabric, to the trade at Manuel Canovas (see above for pgs 94–95). Custom carpet, to the trade from V'Soske, NYC (212) 688-1150, outside NY (800) 847-4277.

ISLAND OF CALM

Page 140 Anglo-Raj furniture, similar items at Harrington Antiques, NYC (212) 794-1076. Seto plates, similar items at Gordon Foster, NYC (212) 744-4922. **142** Wicker chairs, $125 ea, chaises, $395 ea, at Second Chance, Southampton (516) 283-2988. Jules cotton on chairs, 57" wide, $66 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for 31). **143** Anglo-Raj coatrack (see Harrington above). Brunschwig Plaid, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 90–91).

THE WELL-TEMPERED ROBOT

Page 146 Dress, by Etak, $44, at Bebe Thompson, NYC (212) 925-1122. **147** Neolite, by Dan Friedman, $1,200, at Art et Industrie, NYC (212) 431-1661. AquaDroid, $329, from Arneson Products (800) 369-POOL. **148** Samsung/Bloomfield's Securité available in mid 1990, call Samsung (201) 587-9600. Power Tower, by Dan Friedman, $2,500, at Art et Industrie (see above). Koss shoes, by Diego Della Valle, at Diego Della Valle, NYC; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia. **149** Clock, by Canetti, $120, at Bloomingdale's, NYC, Chicago, Washington, D.C., or by special order. New Bright robot, at selected toy stores. Hero 2000, $4,500, from Heath/Zenith (800) 253-0570.

FRAMER'S ART

Page 150 Danish chair, similar at John Andersen & Co., Boston (617) 542-1515. Stylized Peony to the trade at Scalamandré, for showrooms call (212) 980-3888. **151** Frame at top, similar custom framing, from Roger Lussier, Boston (617) 536-0069. **152–53** Leopard Velvet, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 90–91). Raindrop taffeta on tables, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above). Cocktail table, custom made to order, from John Andersen. (see above). **154** Chairs, similar items at John Andersen (see above). Chair in Directoire striped damask, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above). Floor, by decorative painter Cheryl Battaglia, Boston (617) 859-0675. **155** Haitian tin tulip bouquets, $115–$250, at LaRuche, Boston (617) 536-6366. Walls/floor, by Cheryl Battaglia (see above). **156–57** Marlborough Stripe wallpaper, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pgs 108–09). Italian chairs, similar items at George Gravert Antiques, Boston (617) 227-1593. Swedish console, similar items at John Andersen (see above). Guest room curtains, Scalamandré's Raindrop (see above). Asbury wallpaper and border, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 90–91).

FORECASTS

Page 168 Ferronnerie scarf, $175, at Hermès, (800) 441-4488. Mules, Fr7,350, to order from Christian Lacroix Haute Couture, Paris 42-65-79-08. Stool, $875, similar items at Hubert Des Forges, NYC (212) 744-1857. Bob Mackie dress (#458), $2,570, at Sara Fredericks, Boston, Palm Beach; Stanley Korshak, Dallas; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach; to order at Kane's, Chicago; Martha, NYC; Neiman Marcus. Sconce, $48,000 pr, at Florian Papp, NYC (212) 288-6770. Chair, $1,400, at Hubert Des Forges, (see above). Garden chair, $870, at Yale Burge, NYC (212) 838-4005. Clare Mosley's double-tassels, $195 ea, at Charlotte Moss, NYC (212) 772-3320. Cafe Royale, 48" wide, $135 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 31).

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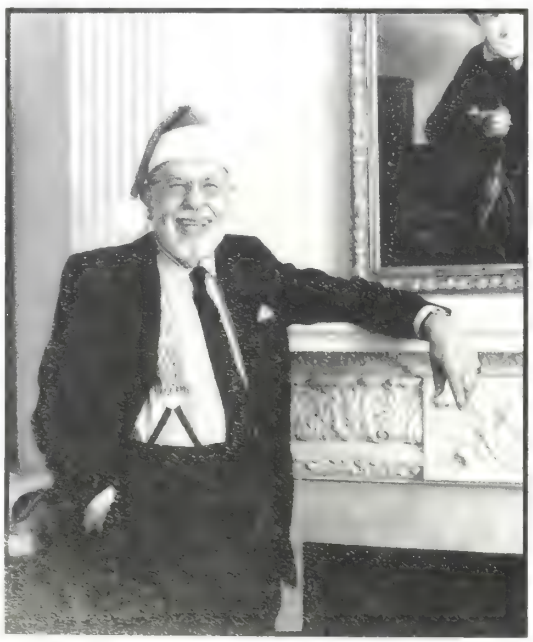
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Gandee AT LARGE

Mr. Stanley has a gift

Stanley Marcus is a jolly old man of 84 with a white beard, a big stomach, a twinkle in his eye, and a candy apple red Range Rover in which he bounces along the bone-rattling back roads of Santa Fe, New Mexico. It has been thirteen years since he officially "cut the umbilical cord" to the retailing empire his father, Herbert, cofounded in 1907 on the corner of Elm and Murphy streets in Dallas, but even after stepping down as chairman and CEO, Mr. Stanley, as the troops at Neiman Marcus called him for fifty years, has not lost what has always been regarded as his professional passion and personal genius—the gentle art of gift giving.



"I probably know more about gifts and gift giving than anybody kicking around," confirmed Marcus, when the dusty drive from town was behind us and we were sipping lemonade on soft leather lounge chairs in the sun-filled modern house he and his wife call home three months out of the year. Having read *Minding the Store*, *Quest for the Best*, and *His & Hers: The Fantasy World of the Neiman Marcus Catalogue*, Marcus's autobiographical trilogy of life in the retailing fast lane, I didn't doubt my host's claim, but on the off-chance that perhaps I did, he recounted his most recent gift-giving coup. For the September opening of architect I. M. Pei's new Morton H. Meyerson Symphony Center in Dallas, members of the building committee decided to present the orchestra's conductor and manager with tokens of their collective appreciation. But what? After a series of respectable but unremarkable suggestions were considered and rejected, all eyes turned to the seasoned veteran on the committee, who said he'd take care of it. "I had an idea," recalled the gimlet-eyed sage. After a quick call to Isaac Stern, Marcus tracked down an original Ravel score for the conductor—whose favorite composer is, of course, Ravel—and for the manager a signed letter from Stravinsky, which made reference to orchestra management. "There were tears in both men's eyes," reported Marcus, who added that those tears bore out his golden rule of gift giving. "My theory is that you can enhance the joy of a gift if you only think about the person—give them something that relates to what they like, to what they do. Gifts should have those added dimensions."

"Sometimes I forget who I bought something for. Then I'm in a hole"

To ensure that he never personally falls short of that mark, Marcus remains vigilant throughout the year, and he advises others to do the same. "I buy Christmas gifts in January, April, May. Oftentimes you'll find just the right thing in the spring that you'll never find in the winter—it just doesn't exist then." The only flaw in Marcus's system is that "sometimes I forget who I bought something for. Then I'm in a hole."

Packaging is another crucial element in the perfect present presentation, according to Marcus. "Back in the thirties, during the Depression, we developed the idea of doing specially wrapped packages with specially designed paper and ribbons and gadgets and so forth to enhance the excitement of the gift." Something in Marcus's tone caused me to venture, "Kind of like foreplay?" "That's right! Exactly!" said my host, adding that Neiman Marcus was the "first to use colored tissue paper on the inside, and we always sealed it with a little butterfly. That meant the person had to break the seal off the package."

No matter how well conceived the gift, however, and no matter how well planned the presentation, success is never guaranteed. For instance, when Coco Chanel came to Dallas in 1957 to receive the Neiman Marcus Award for Distinguished Service in the Field of Fashion, Marcus gave her a traditional Texas cookout that included a "bovine fashion show" with livestock as models. (The finale was somewhat traditional haute couture—the cow was dressed as a bride, the bull was dressed as the groom.) Although Chanel was delighted by the award and the surreal fashion show, she was less excited by the menu. To her credit, she tried to be discreet about her displeasure, but it was nonetheless revealed when she emptied her plate of barbecue and baked beans under the table—directly onto the satin slippers of her dinner companion Elizabeth Arden.

I asked if any of the presents Marcus had received over the years were particularly memorable, and he recalled the birthday, a few birthdays back, when Jean-Louis Dumas-Hermès, the head of Hermès, presented him with eighty ties. "It was a very simple thing," noted the happy recipient. "But he knew I liked Hermès ties, and it was my eightieth birthday."

With Christmas coming up, I asked Marcus if there was anything special he'd like to see under the tree this year. "I always reply to that question with a stock answer," he said. "Like Oscar Wilde, I have the simplest of tastes—I am easily satisfied with the best."

Charles Gandee